FRASER'S

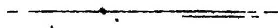
MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY TO JULY, 1831.



LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;

JOHN ANDERSON, JUN., EDINBURGH; AND

GRANT & CO. DUBLIN:

SOLD ALSO BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSMEN

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Gunnell & Shearman, Crown Court, Fleet Street.

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No. XIII. FEBRUARY, 1831. VOL. III.

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JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;

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M.DCCC.XXXI.

TO THE EDITOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I and my family have taken in your Magazine since the month of June, and were pleased to find its tone improving, by dropping personality and substituting in its room much entertaining matter—lively and occasionally vigorous. We have, however, resolved on discontinuing it, on account of two things appearing in the current number: I allude to the burlesque "Passages from the Diary of St. John Long," and that part of the Notices to Correspondents in which you characterise the "Passages," &c. "of a late Physician," in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The former is indelicate and coarse to a degree, and is, beside, pardon me for saying, a weak caricature of a very successful popular writer. But the latter is my chief reason for withdrawing your Magazine from our circle. From reading such a dreadfully violent philippic, curiosity naturally led me to look at the last "Passages" in *Blackwood*; when, judge our surprise, to find our perusal rewarded by one of the most powerful and masterly things we have read for years; and which, so far from deserving the hard names you give it, and the *shocking* terms in which you characterise it, seems to us, who are *ladies*, calculated to render lasting service to the cause of morals.

Excuse us, Sir, but we consider this as evidencing a very bad spirit; and that if there be any ill blood between you and another Magazine, why sprinkle it on your readers and the public.

We are far from being vain enough to suppose our withdrawal can be of any consequence, but it is possible our example may be followed. Both *Blackwood* and yourself are too *political* for us; so we shall take the *New Monthly*.

Regent's Park, 5th Jan. 1831.

We are happy to make over such a namby pamby milk and water set to the *New Monthly*. And that as many may follow the example of the "Regent's Park *ladies*" as please, we publish the letter. The countenance of such people does no credit to the increasing honours of REGINA. We suspect, however, that our Correspondent is some connexion of the Physician-contributor to the Magazine which "has excited our ill-blood." For ourselves, we profess not to have lost all regard for decency, and therefore we in part burlesqued, and in part noticed in indignation the *beastly* story impudently inserted in the Magazine in question. We have heard of "dragons of female virtue;" we suppose our ladies of Regent's Park to be kindred to that tribe. If they like the Magazine story so well, let them go and increase their pleasure and "surprise" by witnessing the living exhibitions in the Lock Hospital.

WEST INDIAN SLAVERY. A TICKLER—BY OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

A base calumny is in circulation. It is said we refuse to insert papers against Slavery. THIS IS FALSE. The only condition we impose is, that the abolitionists shall not state as existing facts obsolete horrors and tales of fifty years old. Indeed we desire their communications. It is only by having it in our power to squabash their sophistry that justice can be done to the much-injured planters.

Our friend Galt has not favoured us this month on the question of compensation, and the obstacles which usage and custom have raised to the equitable adjustment of the slave account. The abolitionists say they do not object to compensation; but Lord Brougham, their oracle, has said no such thing, and there are nearly three thousand witnesses, in the shape of petitions, before the House of Commons, clamouring with false allegations for the immediate emancipation of the negroes, and not one word is said in them of compensation, which should be first settled. Pious frauds are of ancient date; and here, we should remark, that there are only about thirteen hundred market towns in England and Wales, and yet Mr. Fowell Buxton and Co. have evacuated above three thousand petitions on the table of the House. Let Mr. Manners Sutton look to this abomination.

What Galt said in his last letter, respecting the mode in which Christianity, by improving the spirit of man, works the overthrow of slavery and the reformation of governments, is no doubt indisputable; but, had he examined the New Testament a little better, as he ought to have done and should do, he would have seen that Christianity, by the Apostle of the Gentiles, RATIFIES the existence of slavery. Who will contradict St. Paul? Had Galt gone a little farther into his scriptural researches, he would have seen, in the SIXTH chapter of the Apostle's First Epistle to Timothy, that slavery is quite as fully recognised there as by the statutes of Jamaica? and that the conversion of the slaves gave them no freedom from the yoke of their masters. The word in the text δοῦλος (doulos*) which has been translated *servant*, signifies *slave*; θεράπων is the Greek for servant. Then there is the seventh chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, verses 20, 21, 22, and 23, in which St. Paul says, plainly, if the slave can get his freedom he may *use* it; but where, in all the New Testament, is the master directed to give his slave freedom? Above all, there is St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon, in which he entreats that christian gentleman to receive back his slave Onesimus into servitude; and he asks it as a favour to himself for having instructed Philemon in christianity. Verily, ye stirrers up of strife among the comfortable labourers of the West Indies, in what are ye better in this matter of the slave question, than those farmers with Cobbett, Carlile, and Co., among the victims of their sedition in the disturbed districts?

O. Y.

Want of space prevents us from noticing Moore's second volume of the *Life of Byron*. Next month, however, it shall receive ample justice at our hands.

The National Library, and *Nicholas on Historical Learning in England*, also, in our next.

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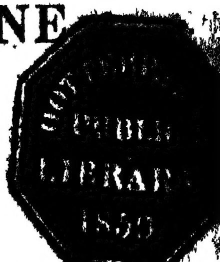
* Galt's friend, Leddy Grippy, might have told him, that *servits* in Scotland are made of doules or dowlas—"filthy dowlas," as Sir John Falstaff says—slaves' clothing.

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THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington introduced his memorable concession bill in 1829, he assured the House, in the most solemn manner, that, in his opinion, the time had arrived when, in order to preserve the integrity of the empire, and avert the horrors of civil war, it was indispensably necessary to conciliate his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects of Ireland by some such measure as that which had been brought up from the Commons. The noble Duke, inured to all the gory scenes of the battle field—to the crimes, the cruelties, and the desolation of contending armies—invoked all his sanguinary reminiscences against which his own sensibilities were steeled, for the purpose of making an impression on the minds of his hearers. He expatiated upon the consequences of domestic feuds, in which the father and the son, the brother and the brother-in-law, wage war upon opposite sides—in which all the ties of blood and affection are torn asunder—in which all that is sacred is desecrated—in which victory and defeat are equally destructive—in which the pure are defiled, the affluent robbed, the peasant trampled upon, the sanctuary invaded, the domestic hearth converted into a shambles, and property, chastity, and life itself placed at the mercy of a rude, incensed, and perhaps inebriated soldiery.

These arguments were first of all addressed to the King; secondly, to the bench of bishops; and, lastly, to the peers of the realm and the public generally. These acts of horror, the inevitable consequences of civil war, were the *bane*, and the Catholic Bill the *antidote*. Their lordships were desired to make their choice—either to yield concession, or prepare for war—either to pacify Ireland, or reconquer it—either confer eligibility upon the Roman Catholics, or encounter rebellion, buckle on their armour, and waste the best blood of both countries in a long, exterminating, and perhaps doubtful struggle. The minister, moreover, told them, that, apart from the consequences of rejecting the bill and lighting the flames of civil war in Ireland, the measure which he had to propose, if carried into effect, so far from endangering the church or the Protestant religion of Ireland, would consolidate the power of the one, and extend the benign influence of the other. He assured them it would at once allay all the discontents and heartburnings of that country; that it would convert the order of agitators into peace-makers; a lawless population into loyal and obedient subjects; and besides enabling the government to withdraw a large portion of the troops, and reduce the military establishments, would ultimately give repose and prosperity to the people of Ireland.

For these reasons, and *some other reasons* which it is unnecessary, and in fact it would be painful to enumerate here, the bill, in despite the indignant remonstrances of the majority of our countrymen, was permitted to pass into a law; but before it did pass, the Duke of Wellington, in order to silence every doubt which any of those who heard him might entertain, expressed himself in nearly the following words:—

"If, my Lords, when this bill is carried into effect, it shall fail to produce those benefits which his Majesty's government anticipate from it—if it shall fail to allay those dissensions which have so long convulsed Ireland—if its effects, instead of being of a healing, shall prove of an injurious nature, leading to fresh agitations—*in that case I shall not hesitate, my Lords, in coming down to this House with another bill to alter, or modify, or repeal the present one, as the case may require.*"

These are not the exact words, but they convey the substance of what the Duke of Wellington uttered on the occasion.

Nearly two years have now passed, and the Protestants of England have silently, patiently, stoically sat, like the soldier by his night-fire, watching the effect which this pretended soporific would produce upon the people of Ireland. After the first burst of passion, and the intuitive sense of shame, which the measure *and the means by which it was carried* had aroused, the Protestants of England have suppressed their feelings, sealed up their griefs, and have studiously refrained from uttering a single murmur. Even the Orangemen of Ireland, insulted on all sides, persecuted alike by the government and the priests, held up to execration by the mercenary bloodhounds of the popish press, have carefully abstained from any demonstration of party resentment, and merged the frivolities of long established habits, and those rites which men usually pay to the memories of their patriots and martyrs, in the generous desire to conciliate their Catholic countrymen. Their conduct has been temperate, forbearing, and pacific in the highest degree. An honourable and laudable desire to obey the laws, eradicate early prejudices, and establish for the general welfare the reciprocities of concord and benevolence, has characterised, with scarce a single exception, all their proceedings.

But up to this hour, nearly two years after the passing of the "healing measure," what is the result? In what isolated fact, or in what event originating in chance, do we see evidence of the fulfilment of any one of the predicted benefits of the British government? Has a single soldier been withdrawn, a barracks dismantled, a trooper unhorsed, a priest conciliated, an agitator silenced, an incendiary reclaimed, or one solitary declaimer, who was an enemy before, won over, except by virtue of a bribe, as a friend to the government and the institutions of England? On the contrary, the agitations have not only been revived with ten-fold power, and for purposes a million times more hazardous; but the people with an unanimity which has seldom been witnessed in any nation, instead of seeking a participation in the benefits of the British constitution, demand an unqualified alienation from it. They throw back with scorn, the boon which opened the doors of St. Stephen's to the Irish catholics. The act of concession which they wrung from us, they now despise. That which they extorted, from the fear of a civil war, they now tell us, does not enter into the catalogue of their claims; and that the disabilities which they compelled us to remove, were never recognized as holding any important place in their list of grievances.—They declare that they never made any terms with the imperial parliament, and deny that they are bound by any of its enactments. In short they demand a repeal of the Union, the restoration of the Irish parliament, and the dismemberment of the kingdom, as a matter of right; and if they shall deem it expedient, they will further demand the independence of Ireland, and the complete separation of the two countries!

This, then, is the situation of Ireland, after all our concessions, the insults we have endured, the menaces before which we have quailed, the innumerable acts of apostacy, baseness, meanness, falsehood, and cowardice, which she forced upon us, and which must remain a "dishonouring blot" for ever on the characters of our public men. Here we have Ireland again, the curse of our own shallow and vacillating policy, the foremost in the ranks of our worst enemies. With one bold demagogue to lead, and exasperate her lawless population, she bids defiance to England, points to the tri-coloured flag, and proclaims her independence.

All this, too, is done under the

pretended sanction of the law. By some means or other, the agitators have invariably had the *law* on their side. They have affected the most scrupulous regard for legal forms. For ten years they have threatened us with revolt, and inundated the press with treasonable and seditious speeches; they have shaken public credit to its base, levied taxes by their own authority, converted every chapel into a political forum, intimidated the weak and robbed the ignorant, and have stirred heaven and earth to bring the King, the senate, the courts, the ministers, the judges and the justice of the country, into contempt. But they have done all this according *to law!* Their acts and deeds, their vices, their tumults, their processions, their badges, their taxes, their mob assemblies, and their inflammatory harangues, have all been *perfectly legal!* The British government have been derided, held up to ridicule (and, perhaps, deservedly so), and its functions and orders in council trampled upon, and defied, without any act being committed *contrary to law!* When they have summoned their ragged followers to some grand political fête, the King's lieutenant-governor has certainly fired a vice-royal proclamation amongst them, which they have generally retired to laugh at. The ministers have, undoubtedly, kept up a furious paper cannonade, which has caused much merriment. They have bombarded them with upwards of 5,000*l.* worth of cotton rags annually, and knocked them down with printer's ink, and Heaven knows how many "God-save-the-king's," from which, *mirabile dictu!* they have uniformly recovered, gathering fresh strength apparently from every repulse, and becoming more audacious under every repeated shower from the printing establishments of Dublin Castle.

If it had been the secret object of those who, for the last few years, have been entrusted with the government of this country, to make the people of England the dupes of Ireland, or encourage a sanguinary rebellion in the latter country, they could not have adopted measures more calculated to promote this object. The system which has been pursued, has been dictated either by imbecility or dishonesty—either by a disregard for the mutual interests of the two countries, or by an insidious desire to promote their separation. But let it not be imagined, that we mean to impute the paternity of this wretched policy to the House of Commons. We might as reasonably affirm, that the metal conductor is the cause of lightning, or that the eloquence of Mr. Horace Twiss has increased the popularity of Cicero's orations. We freely acquit the Honourable House of any consciousness of guilt—of any preconcerted outrage—or of being accessories to any measure, *animo furandi*. The Commons of England who could form majorities in support of the administrations of Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, and the Duke of Wellington—in support of the Duke when he was *opposed* to emancipation, and in support of him when he was pleased to *advocate* emancipation—and all this amid astounding cheers, like filthy gods at a Christmas pantomime—the Commons who could do this, are men whom we are bound in charity to handle gently, and commiserate rather than criminate. Such men should be relieved from the responsibility of enacting laws, the effects of which it is obvious they are incapable of perceiving. It is unreasonable in the people to impose upon them the duty of protecting interests, the peculiar nature of which they were not born to comprehend. It is cruel to place them in a position where they have no alternative but to vote with the minister, whoever he may be, and where the only portion of a speech they are permitted to utter is a cough, their elocutionary action the wave of a brown hat, and where their ideas are personified by what is colloquially termed a huzza. Ought we in charity to blame men who are powerless, brainless, irregularly dined, wearing collars like Gurth the swine-herd, summoned to roost like his own bipeds by sound of horn, and otherwise loaded with the irons of some imperious feudal lord or borough proprietor! It is most unreasonable and unjust. The optics of a flounder are not diamonds; we cannot extract gold from a cucumber; there are no powers of volition or prescience in a

mushroom; the weathercock cannot say to the winds, "I shall turn, and turn, and turn, just as *I* please."

We, therefore, most cheerfully exculpate the "representatives of the people" from all moral responsibility for their own acts, in voting away the interests of England, in lighting the torch of anarchy in Ireland, in endangering the stability of the throne, and encouraging the dismemberment of the empire. The minister is the only responsible party. It is in vain for him to shelter himself behind the tombstones of the dead. The parliament which lauded his measures, and patronized his policy, is defunct, and cannot be made answerable *here* for its errors or its offences. It is sufficient for the justice of the country that the minister survives, and that he should be made answerable for measures of which he was the sole author. Whether in effecting his pernicious schemes he wished Ireland to be independent, and England free, the one of the law, and the other of the burthens which oppress both countries, it would be rashness to conjecture. If it were justifiable to draw inferences from personal character, we should be at no loss in forming an opinion. Or if it were deemed fair to judge of motives by the effects of any specific measures, we should, if called upon, be obliged to declare that all that we impute and suspect is warranted by the policy which we are bound to condemn.

But let the truth find an avenger when the day of appeal shall arrive. This one fact is plain, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland, spurning the concessions made by England; thankless for the boon which they extorted from fear; conscious of that strength which the British government were the first to acknowledge; hating England for its injustice, and hating her much more for her pusillanimity, now *demand* the repeal of the Act of Union, and the abrogation of those covenants which incorporated their laws, their interests, and their affections with those of Great Britain. If we could believe that these manifestations of revolt are but the smiles which faction assumes under the garb of hypocrisy, or are but the ingenious artifices of the negociator, anxious to effect the best terms in a disputed or unconcluded contract, we should treat them with the same levity as that which enlivens the hilarity of the Horse Guards, or the maudlin sentimentality of the Noodle club. But, happily for us, we have neither pension nor the chance of promoting a dear son or cousin to a higher rank in the army or the navy, than his merits or his servitude warrant; and, therefore, are we independent; and in a situation to express an opinion upon which there is yet no direct tax, and but a very trifling stamp duty.

And this opinion is, that IRELAND IS LOST!

She is not merely on the verge of rebellion, for that would be only a partial representation of her condition; but she is on the brink of revolution, on the confines of independence, *enceinte* of kings or republican presidents, changing the red cross for the tri-coloured flag, and eradicating the lion from the British shield. The English ministry covertly, deceitfully, blindly, bigottedly, and criminally laid the foundation of this new revolution when they passed the bill of Catholic emancipation. From the first preliminary step in this bold bad measure, we who now write, predicted the fatal consequences. These have now come upon us like the mountain-flood by night, or the irresistible avalanche in the broad sunshine. The ink is scarce yet dry upon the bond which granted eligibility and conferred upon the subjects of a foreign power all the rights and immunities of British liberty, when these subjects advance fresh claims, and desire to make the dismemberment of the kingdom a memorial of their gratitude. The great mass of the people of Ireland are in favour of this disunion; Dr. Doyle, a leading Roman Catholic bishop, and all the priests are in favour of it; the traders, shopkeepers, and manufacturers of Dublin and the large towns, are in favour of it; collections are made at all the chapels in aid of the project; the eloquence of the pulpit and the influences of religion and fanaticism are employed in promoting it; the county of Roscommon, with the High-Sheriff at its head, has declared in favour of it; the leading agitators,

daily and hourly, in speeches, in letters, and in placards, recommend it as the only panacea; itinerant agents are daily making converts to it in all parts of the country, and the majority of the Irish press, echoing the sentiments of Mr. O'Connell and his coadjutors, are its enthusiastic advocates.

And who are the parties whom the government have to oppose to these anti-unionists. Perhaps the Protestant clergy—certainly not the lay Protestants of Ireland. The archbishop and the bishop; the clerical owner of a borough, and the fat pluralist; the happy few who have the honour to be fundholders; the clerks of the Customs, Excise, and the Post Office, are in all probability, and for cogent reasons, in favour of the Union. But as to the great body of the Protestants, or even of the Orangemen, they are either opposed to it, or indifferent as to the result. The time indeed *was* when every Protestant heart would have beat with indignation, and every sword would have started from its scabbard, at the bare proposition of the repeal. *That* time however is gone by. Insult, calumny, persecution and liberalism, have alienated the affections of these men. The poisoned arrow still festers in their hearts; their wrongs are but of recent date, and their wounds still bleed. Every feeling of pride that once sanctified the tie which bound them to England, has been outraged; and the recollections of the past, that ministered to their loyalty, have been made a source of sorrow and bitter humiliation. The English government have made the name of Orangeman a national reproach, by virtue of Acts of Parliament; and in order to benefit the aristocratic Catholic, the poor Protestant has been robbed of his political privileges. In order that a few noisy Catholic barristers, and the eldest sons of a few crazy families of distinction, the adherents of the old religion, might be rendered eligible to sit in parliament, the poor Protestant freeholders of Ulster have been disfranchised and stript of their hereditary rights. To conciliate the agitators, these men, after being plundered, have been branded as outlaws and slaves. And yet we call upon them for succour in the hour of calamity! We have reviled them, pillaged them, slandered them, degraded them, spit upon them, and now we solicit their assistance!

No, no! there must be no more of this. We have sown the wind, and we must reap the whirlwind. Omnipotent justice must have its day of retribution. The English Government are now utterly helpless in Ireland—the friends they scorned stand aloof—the enemies they courted hurl defiance, and return evil for good. The old heart is withered and seared, and the young arm is raised against them. Whatever the churchmen may preach, the lay Protestants of Ireland, writhing under their wrongs, can place no confidence in the professions, or feel any sympathy for the embarrassments of England. The measures of the last few years have opened their eyes to the narrow, selfish, and avaricious policy of the English capitalists. The people of Ireland might emigrate, starve, or die—no matter, provided the price of the English funds could be maintained. Their silk trade is consequently destroyed; their linen manufactures are struggling with annihilation; the Germans have obtained what is tantamount to a preference in our colonial markets, and the kelp trade of Connaught is transferred to our devoted allies, the boors of Russia. The court and the parliament of England attract thither their nobility and gentry; the fall in the value of property has exiled a large portion of their landowners; the Pettys and Fitzwilliams seldom, while the Courtenays dare not, visit their Irish estates; consequently the produce of the soil has to be exported to maintain them in idleness abroad, while the agent and the middleman tyrannize over their tenantry at home.

The question, therefore, resolves itself into this—is it practicable to regain the confidence of the Irish Protestants? and, if so, could we with their assistance suppress agitation and pacify the country? Perhaps another question arises out of this, namely, is it indispensable for the happiness and prosperity of both countries that the Union should be continued, and Ireland be for ever a colony of England?

It will be conceded that this union ought not to be endured a day longer than it can be demonstrated to be for the equal benefit of both islands. It

is not whether England would be weakened by her separation from Ireland; or whether she would lose a corn country and a cloth market; (and these might not be affected by any such change); but whether, by leaving Ireland to her own internal government, the payment of her own debt, and her own system of commerce and manufactures, *her* rank would not be elevated in the scale of nations, and the moral condition of her people improved. It might be desirable to maintain that branch of the episcopal church in Ireland, which, during so many years of strife, in which its laity have suffered severely, has nevertheless been richly and splendidly supported. But zealously and conscientiously as we are attached to the Protestant church, we may not make its preservation the alternative of a people's happiness. And we advance this the more confidently, from being convinced, that the church and the Protestant religion of Ireland incur more hazard from the connexion with England, and the continuance of these domestic agitations, than they could possibly incur were the separation of the two countries completed to-morrow. It is now clear that many of the dignitaries of our sister church, and a vast number of her higher clergy, have lost much of that esteem and popularity which they once possessed. Their recent conduct, with regard to the concession bill, and the part they acted in the late election, influencing the choice, and returning individuals avowedly and notoriously inimical to the best interests of Ireland, has alienated the affections of many of the most upright and conscientious members of the church. With these hostile feelings arrayed against her on one side and within her own pale, and with the Catholic population assailing her on the other, it is self-evident that [illegible]rolongation of the present diff[illegible]s, and the more serious consequences likely to arise [illegible] them, must ere long prove [illegible]o her existence. If therefore the repeal of the Union be dependent upon th[illegible] interest or the increased securi[illegible] the church, there can, we [illegible]d, be no doubt as to the side [illegible] we should consider it our dut[illegible]. No possible change of [illegible] render the Protestan[illegible]ments more helpless or more at the mercy of a hostile people than they are at present. That may be annihilated in the collision of factions, which might be rendered a bond of concord, and the guarantee of independence acknowledged and ratified in the act of settlement. Conceiving therefore that the stability of the Protestant church would be strengthened, her influence extended, and her immunities more readily acknowledged and solemnly confirmed by the change which we nevertheless would wish to avert, we for the present place her claims in abeyance with respect to the general discussion of the subject.

We also dismiss from our minds the hope of the present administration being able to regain the confidence of the Irish Protestants. They have been the victims of so many administrations of late years, that we cannot imagine the possibility of any exigency arising, which would justify them in running any additional risk of being duped and betrayed. What could they accomplish in a contest supported by trustless friends, who cling to them in a moment of frenzy, and who would fling them off as soon as they had served their purpose? What confidence could they repose in men who have all their lives been their inveterate enemies, and who, although elevated to power, and driven to the alternative of seeking their assistance, are only more consistent in their enmity from being less unprincipled, and perhaps less treacherous than the apostates? To repose confidence in the present cabinet, although Earl Grey is premier, and the Duke of Richmond a cabinet minister, would only evince their weakness, if it did not indicate their despair. What would they gain by increasing the resentment of their Roman Catholic countrymen — in fighting a vain battle, for which even as victors they should have dearly to pay in the increased insecurity of their private property and their lives — or in case of defeat, when they should be left unprotected and unpitied, to the mercy of their incensed enemies? The Protestants of Ireland we hope will stand aloof from the consequences of so rash an experiment. They can gain nothing by active warfare in defence of the present policy of England. The fundholders of the Stock Exchange would

not thank them, although by a victory, at the expense of their own extirpation, they should raise consols an eighth of a per cent. Their duty is to be the quiet spectators of the present contest—every man with his sword by his side, but not to be drawn, except in self-defence. Neutrality is their best policy. Let them watch events, and take advantage of them; and perhaps a better day will soon dawn upon their hopes, their attachments, and their devoted, but ill-requited loyalty.

But, supposing the Protestants should be induced, from a regard for their religious institutions, and their natural abhorrence of popish tyranny, to make common cause with the present government; and that their old spirit should be revived by solemn promises and irresistible temptations; are they in a condition, however well supported, to overawe and ultimately suppress the threatened revolt of the Roman Catholics? We much question if they are. In the first place they are divided amongst themselves. The zeal of one party is damped by the suspicions and the inflexible apathy of another. Every effort would be restrained by some lurking fear of being led into ambuscade—of being deserted and betrayed. It is true they own by far the larger portion of the property of Ireland; and it is equally true that they are the only loyal and intelligent part of the population; but the curb has galled them, their withers are wrung, their feelings are ossified, and a series of insults has chilled the ardour and the confidence of former days. They might, at the very outset, despair of success, and thus augment the evils they had rashly engaged to resist and remove. On the other hand the Roman Catholics are a united phalanx; in point of numbers, five and a half millions to two and a half; animated with the strongest prejudices against England; scorning her rule, and hating her domination; intoxicated with the fame and the glory of their late triumph; and believing that what they prescribe must be received, and what they dictate must eventually be obeyed. In short, the policy of the English government, in subverting the influence of the Protestants, has been like that of an engineer who has changed the course of a river. An embankment was cut down, and a new channel formed, which left the old one dry or stagnant, to be filled up with the leaves of autumn, and the dust of the March wind. It is a more difficult task, however, if not an impracticable one, to entice the river back to its old bed, or make it flow in the deserted channel which the engineer had destroyed. Thus it is with Ireland. We have planted the thorn on which we now think we can gather grapes—we have dried up the source whence we drew our political influence—we have made stagnant all that was once fertile and vigorous—we have raised inaccessible obstacles in the way of our own career—we have cut off our right arm in order to propitiate those deities who insist upon the amputation of the other.

For these reasons we think that any appeal on the part of the present government to the Protestants of Ireland would be fruitless, and which, even if well received, would not only fail in producing the counteraction, which is desired, but would also excite the prejudices and the rancour of the one party, without re-establishing the influence, or averting the ruin of the other.

This leads us to the most important question of all—what would England lose, or what would Ireland gain by a repeal of the Union, or by an entire and independent separation of the two countries? We are aware of the delicacy of this question, and of the numberless embarrassments which it involves. It is necessary to premise, therefore, that we do not approach it without due deliberation. It is a question involving the rights of the crown, the integrity of the empire, the colonial influence of England, and the policy of resisting or submitting to the claims of a powerful and discontented people, struggling with laws which they deem oppressive, and which have for ages paralyzed their energies, overwhelmed them with pauperism, and placed them far beyond the landmarks of European civilization.

To be enabled to understand the importance of the question, in a commercial and financial point of view, our first duty is to enquire what the union of the two countries has done for either, and whether Ireland has not uniformly been, and is at this

moment, a burthen to Great Britain? We have before us the finance accounts for the year 1829, which show the comparative income and expenditure of both islands. Great Britain, with a population of fifteen millions, produces a net revenue of 51,029,728*l.*, and Ireland, with a population of eight millions, produces 4,383,927*l.* But, in order to make allowance for those imports, the revenue of which is received in England, although a portion of the imported article is consumed in Ireland, we shall take the one to be 50,000,000*l.*, and the other at 5,500,000*l.* In England and Scotland this enormous revenue bears upon the population in the ratio of 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per head, while in Ireland it amounts only to about 10*s.* 3*d.* per head. We complain not of this inequality, although we might do so upon good grounds. The people of Ireland complain of it, and it consequently becomes a duty to enquire, how much of this revenue of 5,500,000*l.* is actually applied to the debt, and the expenditure of the *United* Kingdom. No one, we think, can reasonably demur, considering the situation of Ireland, her numerous harbours, her commerce, whether foreign or coasting, to our charging the modicum of one-fifth part of our naval expenditure to her account. For the same reason we charge her with a fourth part of the ordnance expenditure, and a fourth part of the army estimates. Let us therefore see how the account stands :—

EXPENDITURE.

	Great Britain.	Ireland.
	£.	£.
Navy	5,878,794	1,175,758
Ordnance	1,728,908	432,224
Army*	7,734,993	1,933,748
Parliamentary Expenses, Printing, &c. &c. . . .	140,000	40,000
	£15,482,695	£3,581,730

This sum, deducted from the revenue of Ireland (and we maintain that it is not a farthing too much), reduces the 5,500,000*l.* to a nice little unaudited balance, as Mr. Goulburn would call it, of about 2,000,000*l.* sterling. We shall have no difficulty, however, in disposing of this balance for the present benefit of Ireland. The accounts for the year above mentioned, and which may be taken as exhibiting the average income and expenditure of a long series of years, give the following :—

MISCELLANEOUS EXPENDITURE.

	£.
Kingstown Harbour	20,000
Howth Harbour	6,000
Protestant Charter Schools	10,583
Foundling Hospital	31,483
House of Industry	24,396
Richmond Lunatic Asylum	6,700
Hibernian Society	7,596
Hibernian Marine Society	1,850
Female Orphan House	1,646
Westmoreland Lock Hospital . . .	3,060
Lying-In Hospital	2,609
Doctor Steeven's Hospital	1,676
Fever Hospital and ditto of Incurables	4,365
Cork Institution and Dublin Society .	8,200
Belfast Institution	1,500
Society Against Vice	9,000
Education Society	25,000
Maynooth Seminary	6,696
Printing, Stationery, &c., Dublin Castle	15,000

* This is *exclusive* of the army in the East Indies.

Proclamations,* &c.	5,000
Printing Irish Statutes	3,500
Criminal Prosecutions	50,000
Dissenting Clergy	9,865
Ireland Navigations	5,547
Dublin Police	24,300
Commissioners of Judicial Inquiry	7,328
Board of Public Records	3,049
Public Works in Ireland	22,800
TOTAL	£318,759

We have omitted from this list various grants, sundry small annuities, all the pensions, salary of lord lieutenant, chief secretary, and many other items, which we are confident we do not over-rate when we charge at 150,000*l.* in all. In this we have also excluded that portion of the dead weight which should, in justice, be charged against Ireland. Nor have we made any charge for the immense sums advanced to public works, sometimes at a low rate of interest, and sometimes at no interest at all, amounting often to several millions. We conceive, however, that we are entitled to make a charge for poor rates. These impose a heavy tax upon the people of England, not only in the removing of paupers, but in the settlements which Irish labourers are enabled to effect. The influx of these labourers, however much it may benefit the cotton spinner or great capitalist, by enabling him to manufacture his goods cheaper, and realize a higher profit in the foreign market, is, nevertheless, a tax upon the agricultural parishes of England. Owing to this influx there is little or no demand for English labour in the manufacturing towns. There is consequently a redundancy of it in the agricultural districts, the support of which is thrown upon the farmer and landowner. For these reasons, and considering that there are no poor laws in Ireland, we deem ourselves justified in estimating this burthen upon the people of England and Scotland at 1,000,000*l.* sterling. When it is borne in mind that the sum annually levied for the support of the poor, and the removal of Irish vagrants, in England and Scotland, is not less than 8,300,000*l.*, the intelligent reader, we apprehend, will give us credit for framing our estimate on the lowest scale. The grand total, therefore, of the charge against Ireland will amount to nearly as follows:—

Navy	1,175,758
Ordnance	432,224
Army	1,933,748
Parliament	40,000
Miscellaneous	318,759
Sundries	100,000
Poor Rates	1,000,000
GRAND TOTAL	£5,000,489

Here, then, a paltry balance, not amounting to 500,000*l.*, is the whole amount of the contributions, by the eight millions of the finest peasantry in the world, in liquidation of 1,207,309*l.* per annum. Reserving this small sum, the whole produce of the taxes of Ireland is expended upon herself. Her spacious harbours, her splendid public buildings, her canals, her docks, her best roads, and many of her bridges, have been all built, or dug, or formed at the expense of England. While the national debt of England amounts to 744,902,835*l.* that of Ireland to not more than 32,384,511*l.* While the charge upon the debt of England is 27,409,443*l.* that upon the debt of Ireland is only 1,207,309*l.* Little more than one year's interest of the debt of England would wipe away the whole debt of Ireland; and yet she has been united with us ever since the formation of the debt of both countries! From these incontestable facts, it is plain, that whatever may be the grievances of the people of Ireland, they have no right to complain of English taxation, for they have participated in the full benefit of our trade, foreign, colonial, and domestic, and yet have not been assimilated with us in the pressure of the burthens. While a single regiment of infantry and a troop of dragoons are sufficient to maintain the peace of Scotland, Ire-

* What will be the cost of these for the present year?

land requires thirty thousand men. More money, drawn from the English Exchequer, has been voted for Dublin alone, within the last sixty years, than has been expended upon Scotland since its union with England. The per centage cost of collecting the revenue in Ireland is enormous, which shows that, if taxes be exacted, a very large portion of them are expended on the spot. Ireland may export its beeves and butter, its corn and hams, its pork and tongues, its linen and kelp; but two or three ship-loads of these, would pay all the taxes which she contributes to England. The remainder may be exported to the Pope, for any thing we care. The charge of her absentees is no charge against us. It would not affect the interest of the English people one doit, although she were to-morrow to confiscate all the estates of the English aristocracy. In fact, as regards taxes, she has been dealt with too leniently. The poor-laws should have been forced upon her fifty years ago, and twenty millions of money would have been saved to the people of this country. The grants, donations, advances, and charities she has wrung from us, surpass all belief. She has done nothing for herself but sit like a lazy beggar by the way side, adjuring the Virgin and asking alms. Instead of encouraging the arts or manufactures, she has laboured most unremittingly to annihilate them. Her nobility, gentry, and land-owners, instead of setting an example of industry in the improvement of their estates, in ameliorating the condition of the labourer, or in seeing justice done to their poor and oppressed tenantry, have either contented themselves with political jobbing in England, in darkening the doors of the Treasury, or in extinguishing the love of country in the indulgence of luxury and vice in foreign states. The enterprise and the industry of the north have been paralyzed by the indolence, the ignorance, and the bigotry of the south. A disloyal, unprincipled, and despicable priesthood have never missed an opportunity of fanning every breath of discontent into a popular convulsion. The poverty, of which they are partly the cause, and the ignorance, of which they are the sole cause, they have never failed to ascribe to the English government. They have thus excluded capital from Ireland, and destroyed all the sources of confidence and credit. Hence it is, that no advantage has been taken of her streams, her waterfalls, her inland navigation, and her innumerable localities, which might easily be made available in the acquisition of wealth. Her arable lands are not half cultivated, her meadows are not half stocked, thousands of acres of reclaimable bog-land lie stagnant, worthless, rotting in the sunshine.

This is Ireland as she is—and these are the benefits, or rather the burthens she imposes upon England. In a financial point of view she is of no value to us whatever. In a political point of view it is beyond her power to make herself, even if she were inclined, a dangerous enemy. So long as we retain our unrivalled navy, and live in the affections of the episcopalians and presbyterians of Ulster, we have nothing to fear even from France, Spain, Portugal, and the Popedom united. The Protestants, under any circumstances, whether she be a colony, an ally, or an enemy, would always look to England for protection, and this they would unquestionably receive. The presbyterians are, in a sense, united with Scotland, and this would always be an obstacle to any descent upon that quarter. As to private interests—the interests of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Courtenay, Lord Baring, Lord Rothschild, or any body else, we, *the people*, have nothing to do with them. Let them embark, if they please, and defend their estates; that is their duty, which, if they neglect, cannot be our fault. The Protestants are able to protect themselves, *if left to themselves*. Had the government of Ireland been confided to their care, all the commotions of the last few years would have been prevented. The wretched system of balancing, which we have employed in the administration of Irish affairs, has been one of the curses of the country. A viceroy drawing one way, and a secretary another—a chancellor conciliating, and an attorney-general coercing—the British parliament passing a bill to restrain the rabble, and the minister and his lawyerlings making it a jest, and declaring it to be inoperative—the prime

minister corresponding with a popish priest, and turning the King's lieutenant into ridicule, and making him an object of contempt;—these are the follies which have excited disgust, and made the government and the power of England the sport of the very rabble of Dublin.

The *gist* of this argument is, to show that the government have but the one or the other of two courses to pursue in pacifying Ireland and placing her in a condition either to take advantage of her own resources, or render these conjunctly available for her own and the interests of England. In the first place, are the government prepared to repeal the Catholic Bill, or consent to a repeal of the Union? One or other of these measures must be adopted. The bill of the Duke of Wellington was based upon conditions, futile enough, we confess, when it is considered that he is no longer in office or in a condition to enforce his salvo. But the question is, has not the *casus federis*, which he in some measure anticipated, not taken place? "If the bill," he said, "should, contrary to his expectations, not work the good effects which were intended by it, he pledged himself to introduce another bill for its modification or repeal." It is, we trust, sufficiently obvious that it has produced none of these good effects. The Roman Catholics, by their conduct, evince the utmost scorn of its concessions; they even make it the nucleus around which to rally the Protestants with themselves against the laws and the alliance of the two countries. Before the concession bill was carried, they had nothing to urge against the act of Union. If they had, why seek admission to an united parliament which it was their wish to dissolve? It is clear, therefore, that the *casus federis* of the Duke has occurred. If it is not to be acted upon, that is a different matter.

If they are opposed to the repeal of the Catholic bill, in order once more to govern Ireland, by means of the Protestants, the ministers must adopt the alternative, and consent to the repeal of the Union. If they think they can coerce Ireland, intimidate O'Connell, overawe the priests, restore tranquillity, and enforce a just obedience to the laws, with the assistance of the Protestants, they are mightily mistaken. They might as well attempt to tow Ireland into the middle of the Atlantic, by the power of a single waterman in a Thames wherry. If they suspend the *habeas corpus* and try force, what would be the consequences? The three per cent. consols are to day at 81½—to-morrow they would be 50. If they repose confidence in the army, let them remember the conduct of the 87th regiment. If the Irish soldiers threatened to mutiny, and could not be depended on, as the Duke of Wellington represented to his late Majesty; if such were their feelings, on a subject in which they had and could have no personal interest, but which on the contrary, militated against their interest, what would they do in a matter in which such men are all less or more concerned? To enforce poor laws upon Ireland, in the present state of that country, is impossible. To repeal the subletting act would do more harm than good. To abolish tithes would not retard for an hour the great measure. To restore the forty shilling freeholders to their former privileges, would only aggravate the evil; for every man in Ireland would set down these concessions to the score of weakness, and would consider them as sops thrown to a monster whom they dreaded, and deemed too powerful to be encountered. No minced meat—no bolus—no conserve of Whiggery—no juggle to delude—no snare to entrap, will have any good effect, or succeed in allaying the storm which the Wellington administration raised against themselves and the peace of the country. Military law and proscription cannot be enforced for ever. We may repel one wave, but another would come. We may crush O'Connell, but twenty O'Connells would start from the earth, armed against us, to avenge his fall. We may issue proclamations till we exhaust the Treasury, cover the walls with paper, and line the streets with soldiers, but all in vain. There is but one sovereign specific, and that we have named; withhold this, and we may say of Ireland as Lord Brougham said of Lord Lyndhurst on the appointment of the former to the chancellorship—"*we have cut the painter!*"

PETER NIMMO.

As upwards of two thousand men, or boys who at length become men, annually attend the University of Edinburgh, it follows, taking the average of their attendance at three years, that within the last quarter of a century, Mr —or, as he is now entitled—Sir Peter Nimmo, must have established some personal acquaintance with from sixteen to seventeen thousand British and Foreign individuals During such length of time has Sir Peter studied, with assiduity, in that learned Establishment, and formed, indeed, the most remarkable object there Allowing farther that each eye-witness of a wonder communicates orally his experience of the same only one hundred times over, which for most ready speakers is a very small allowance, we shall find that Sir Peter's fame has a quite amazing diffusion, that already in more than a million and a half of partially cultivated heads some picture of him must be reposited On such portion of its readers can any Universal Periodical, in treating of Sir Peter, hope to confer an altogether peculiar satisfaction

But independently of peculiar and personal considerations, the world itself is interested in these matters singular men are at all times worthy of being described and sung, nay, strictly considered, there is nothing else worthy If common men are, as it were, the common Letter press in the Book of Life, and impart little to us save the narrative of Accidents and Offences, Prices Current, and Lists of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, if at most Kings and Prime Ministers are the Capital Letters, or Illuminated Characters there,—then are your intrinsically singular men like so [illegible] Hieroglyphs and prophetic Runes, that from time to time diversify the pages, and attract every eye To the idle, indeed, they are objects [illegible] wonder, and speculation almost [illegible]sh, but to the thinking, [illegible] that has a seeing eye, and not [illegible] a gazing one, these Hieroglyphs are a true Sacred Writing [illegible] Napoleon, the Nimmo, are mystic windows through which we glance deeper into the hidden ways of Nature, and discern under a clearer figure the workings of that inscrutable Spirit of the Time, and Spirit of Time itself who is by some thought to be the Devil

For these reasons, it strikes us, our respectable Contributor could in that his state of embarrassment and detention, have done nothing fitter than reverting to his native city and singing, according to ability, the chief character therein the character namely of Sir Peter Nimmo For whether Nimmo, as himself asserts, be descended direct from Numa Pompilius or not, his procreation is undoubtedly derived from the earliest periods of History farther, to such as understand what is meant by Devotedness to Science, the spectacle of a man studying for five and twenty years without the smallest faltering, and without the smallest fruit cannot but have its significance its charm Better were it, perhaps, had our respectable Contributor penetrated more earnestly into the Philosophy of Nimmo, given us his Creed, his metaphysical religious political practical, and peptical Theory of the Universe, above all his Thoughts on the Present Administration,—with the whole particulars of which he is doubtless well acquainted however, a discerning public will gratefully accept what it here gets not foregoing the hope of more and better For the rest if any one asks, What manner of man this Nimmo is?—we must advise him, if his engagements permit, to take a cabin passage in the Steam-boat, and go northward himself and see Nimmo, from the earliest days of November, ever as the Bell jingles in that Edinburgh College Area, is visible and accessible, and here, as in so many other cases, Description throws down her paint-brush, and declares that it is in vain. Only as a slight foretaste, and whet, nowise as a meal, can our respectable Contributor's RHAPSODY serve, which we now, without farther preface, give unaltered.

O. Y

RHAPSODY.

Numeris fertur lege solutis.

Old Boece, in jail, did with a certain pathos
Write on *Consolation:* the *scribendi cacoethes*
Served his turn, so shall it mine, this rainy day,
Be it neither man nor woman heed my lay.
Praise to Cadmus! that from those same old Phenicians
He brought alphabetic letters for his Theban Grecians;
And from Grecian to the Scottish! The most sovereign thing
For all Sciences, and sedentary men that preach or sing!
Hereby Time and Space, our foes, if not annihilated,
Are laid on their beam-ends, lamed and quite prostrated:
Art thou lonely, idle, friendless, toolless, nigh distract,
Hand in bosom; jaw, except for chewing, ceased to act?
Matters not, so thou have ink, and see the Why and How;
Drops of Copperas dye make There a Here, and Then a Now.
Must the brain lie fallow simply since it is alone;
And the heart, in heaths and splashy weather, turn to stone?
Shall a living Man be mute as twice-sold mackerel?
If not speaking, if not acting, I can write—in doggrel.
For a subject? Earth is wonder-fill'd; for instance, Peter Nimmo:
Think of Peter's "being's mystery:" I will sing of him O!
Universe (so thou have time) attend my rhyming,
Sense with sound, on meekest theme, correctly chiming!

TO PETER NIMMO.

I.

H[illegible] lov'd Nimmo! art thou still, in spite of Fate,
Foot[illegible] those col[illegible] pavements; void of meal and mutton;
To an[illegible] from th[illegible] everlasting College-gate;
With thy blue h[illegible]k-nose, and ink-horn hung on button?

Always have I noted that long simple nose of thine,
How it droops most [illegible]ekly over shallowest chin,
Ever-smili[illegible] lip[illegible] with scarcely-squinting eyes does join:
Fittest bush for the "mild penny-wheep" is sold within!

[illegible] brown coat, I know, is buttoned, and thy motion
To all class-rooms is a short half-hurried trudge:
Peter! is there, was there any fact or notion
In that porous head of thine one night will lodge?

No one! Simplest Peter, wilt thou never know
That thy brain is made of substance adipose?
Whilst thou bear'st and heat'st it, all to oil does go;
Cease, fond struggling man, what bootless toils are those!

Canst thou τιμὴ yet decline, or know the gender
(On thy oath) of Neuter from a Feminine?
Peter, no! Thou know'st it not, thou vain pretender:
Met the Sun's eye ever so strange a case as thine?

For 'tis twenty years and five since thou art seen
In all Class-rooms, Lectures, thou unweari'd biped,
List'ning, prying, jolting, with an eye so mildly keen;
And what boots it? Vain were ev'n the Delphic Tripod.

Danaus's Daughters had a water-sieve to fill;
Fate like thine, poor Nimmo, yet in other guise:
Thee no Fear doth urge, but Hope and readiest will,
Hope that springs eternal, Hope of being wise!

II.

'Tis said that once, ere manhood's prime began,
My Peter, journeying thro' some mountain-pass,
'Gan meditate upon Life's mazy plan:
He had leisure for't, being mounted on an Ass.

'Twas summer sabbath-day, the Ass went slow;
Rose wondrous, silent hills, beneath blue sky;
From time to time, in valley far below,
The little Kirk, on verdant Knoll, attracts his eye.

Dark lay the world in Peter's labouring breast:
Here was he (words of import strange) *He* here!
Mysterious Peter, on mysterious hest:
But whence? How? Whither? nowise will appear.

What *was* this marv'llous Universe at all?
Some painted Diving bell in Chaos-Ocean?
Poor oysters we in dredge of Starry Ball?
And cries the Belly: Peter, *my* Promotion!

Musing these mighty topics, Peter's mind
In vortex dark from side to side did tumble;
Like drifting tub, "fix'd point" no where could find,
But, sport of waves, amid the sea-wreck jumble.

Seem'd nothing clear on Earth save trot of Cuddy,
That steadiest trot, yclept of "Butter-and-eggs,"
Which patters on, in roadway dry or muddy,
Nought heeding halter, heel, or dangling legs.

As thus the Ass and Peter on did work,
The Ass jogtrotting, Peter in brown-study,
His eye (Peter's) glanced on the little kirk;
The doors flew open: Peter stopt his Cuddy.

Forth rush'd a tide of shepherd dogs, and then
Of shepherd people, simple hearers there;
With hum of greetings scatter o'er the glen,
Each on his path, or climb the mountains bare.

Soon stands the Kirk alone among its tombs,
But Peter gazes on it for a space;
The scene had struck like "blue-bore" thro' his glooms,
And sunlit now he sees both goal and race.

Warm love in floods thro' Peter's bowels flows,
With *un*arm'd heel he wakes his beast,
And, (tears in eyes, and one on point of nose,)
Forth-jogging, says: God bids me be a Priest!

Oh, Peter, what an hour of heavenly knowledge,
Birth-hour of thy whole wondrous destiny!
Thou trottedst on to Grammar-school, to College,
Where still thou trottest—with what speed we see.

III.

And yet what a joy is thine, oh Peter,
The joy to be ever learning!
No lips of a maiden love are sweeter
Than light of Truth's first morning.

And dwellest thou not in that soul's Aurora,
The gates of the East, thy station?
No shadows behind, clear sheen before ye,
A hop'd, not come, Revelation!

Thou father, as Poets feign of Apollo,
Bright Young-one (gray-bearded, ragged,)
The wheels of the Sun dost ever follow,
(Not driving indeed, yet dragged).

IV.

Where Peter lodges? How his pot doth boil?
This truly knoweth, guesseth no man;
He spins not, neither does he toil,
Lives free as ancient Greek or Roman.

Some think on perfumes he is fed,
Like that bright Bird of Araby;
And being a Phœnix fowl, for bed
Doth roost at night on forest tree.

Vain talk! some earthly food he seeks,
As well as spiritual food and culture;
Myself have seen him eat beefsteaks,
Nay bolt, with appetite of vulture.

Or art thou, Peter, that old wandering Jew,
(Good Lord!) in new shape come again?
Pshaw! Look in's face, so parboiled, dusky-blue,
Yet patient, glad:—suspicion false and vain!

Where lodges he? Hath not the Crow a nest?
Fit fodder groweth for all beasts and men:
He lodges where he finds it readiest,
And feeds full oft the Lord knows how or when.

V.

At midnight hour did Peter come,
Right well I knew his tap and tread;
With smiles I placed two pints of rum
Before him, and one cold sheephead.

How joy'd thy soul at sight of prog,
With wind thy belly long kept full!
Like reek went glass on glass of grog,
Snick-snack, the sheephead is a *skull!*

And then, oh Peter, what a gabble:
High birth, preferments, and so forth,
Thy race known since the Tower of Babel,
Those famed 'Black Nimmos of the North!'

Should College honours from thee fly,
As Envy follows most the great,
Thou hadst an Earldom cut and dry,
In House of Peers couldst take thy seat.

There, too, wouldst think upon us all,
Wouldst be a friend without a marrow;—
Good soul! he from his chair did fall
Dead-drunk: I sent him off in barrow.

Thus, solv'd in sheephead juice and rum,
That soul's whole secret you might see:
His Essence (in strange menstruum),
Like yours and mine, was—Vanity.

L'ENVOY.

Who is mad without a peer?
Madder still from year to year?
Peter 'tis, I fear:
Sure 'tis Peter, sure 'tis Peter,
Life's a variorum.

Who is wise as Swift or Pope?
Arrow-straight his way doth grope?
Peter 'tis, I hope:
Sure 'tis Peter, sure, &c.

Who is like all sons of men?
On addle eggs a hatching hen?
Peter 'tis, I ken:
Sure 'tis Peter, sure 'tis Peter,
Life's a variorum.

OSCULATION OF THE STARS.

(From the German.)

Wide asunder in the azure All,
Mayst thou see two Starlets moving
That from far, so gladly, yet so sadly,
For a thousand years, were looking, loving;
Till a brief ambrosial kiss,
One, but one, as fast they rush together,
Brings them love's ethereal bliss,
And again thro' pathless Space they sever:
Yet will Love, god-consecrate,
Flame for ever thro' the Night of Fate.

Late it was the time had come
When those Starlets two united,
And, amid the dancing and the glancing
Of remotest Suns, did kiss delighted,
Lo! when least for her I look,
Cometh she I aye shall love so kindly,
One fond kiss she gave and took,
And stern hap did part us blindly:
Yet will Love, god-consecrate,
Flame for ever thro' the Night of Fate.

A DAY IN KENT.

At that pleasing period of the year, when, in spite of north-westers and the dropping leaf, all men of taste feel so much inclined to enjoy the delights of rural tranquillity, it need not be a matter of excessive wonderment that we with a party of our friends, meditated escaping from the murky atmosphere of this pestiferous metropolis, and plunging into the very bosom of the country. Indeed the plan had been long projected, but it was only now, that a moment arrived at which it was convenient for all to essay such an expedition. To give zest to the enterprise, we agreed, that some masculine amusement should be superadded to the mere exercise of walking, and, after considerable discussion, it was carried by a casting vote, in favour of fishing. There is no fishing equal to angling in winter—every body, but blockheads, knows that. One of us, an obstinate fellow, and therefore we will not name him, being fretted at being beaten in his views of fowling, obtained permission to put into his wallet two pair of Manton pistols, an air gun, and a blunderbuss, in case any of the feathered tribe whom he might affect, should wing their dreamy way within duelling distance. "Long shots," our friend was in the habit of saying, "only give the poor creatures pain. Recommend me eight paces and a half, with the advantage of a rest, and a great turkey fluttering its pinions in the pride of a monarch on a dunghill top. I once," he added, but we doubted the fact, "brought down a swallow while clinging to the eaves of a cottage, (which is the same as being on wing,) and I snugly ensconced in the door-way. It was well done, and like a man of might."

So we assembled. We consisted of Tom Campbell—Tom Moore—Tom Manumitter—(we are nearly all Toms, we suppose from reading so much, as our friend Rogers said of us)—Jerdan, and of course our reader's humble servant, Oliver Yorke—and (spare our blushes) *other* wits of the day and boon companions of the night. A more joyous group the morning sun never rose upon, or, rather we should say, the afternoon sun never tinged with his parting rays, as it was wisely considered that the stillness of approaching evening was the fittest time for preparing our minds for the fatigues necessarily attendant on such undertakings.

It was not, as the Man of Feeling says, on a burning day in September—one of the consuming visitations which, a short while ago, melted the cockneys into train oil—but on as warm an evening as a winter sun, kindly disposed, could conveniently give, that we and our friends congregated at the obelisk, it being determined to penetrate in the direction of Farningham, and thence, skirting the banks of the Darrant, to Shoreham, there to cast off, if we may be permitted the expression, in pursuit of the delicious sport we had in view.

The hour appointed was three; but whether from the irregularity of watches, or the temptation of parting tumblers, to brace both inner and outward man, the party, it must be confessed, dropped in, in rather a droppy manner.

First appeared Croly. It would have done your heart good to have but seen for a moment his portly gait and commanding bearing. Dignity was in his look and gesture. The very straps to his gaiters, in their ponderosity, partook of the vastness of the mind and man. He wore a green shalloon jacket, with duck trowsers white as driven snow, and wide and magnificent as the interminable gulf, yawning for the avalanche. His waistcoat was of thick massy bend leather. His hat was amorphous. In both hands he wielded a truncheon-looking rod, solid as the gnarled oak. It was what our Scotch neighbours call "gurdy," thereby signifying the essence of bulk and vastitude in the most compressed compass—a weaver's beam was a trifle to it. We would scarce exaggerate, if we compared it to the lever of a steam engine. His basket had once brought two and thirty turkeys from Norwich. Two folio volumes bound together with iron clasps, had been robbed of their leaves, and filled up with parchment divisions, in which nestled all sort of flies,—none of your midges, but those mag-

nificent creatures of the sun-lit stream, which in their blazing glory of green and gold, skim the water, hang on the breeze, and in their boldness and rapacity amidst the tiny race of frailed winged ephemera, vindicate their claim to the name of the victim of St. George's gallantry. It was rumoured that in a rose-wood box, slung over the shoulders, there were deposited half a score of stuffed humming birds, which, when bobbing to the ripple of the stream, might have the aspect of some mighty fly, and entice from its haunts the gigantic tyrant of the pool. But we have doubts on the point, although we must admit, that we have heard, on very credible testimony, that a gentleman habited as above, was seen lurking at very unseasonable hours, and with a most felonious expression of countenance, in the Natural History department of the British Museum.

Next came Mr. Thomas Moore. He was tightly ensconced in nankeen. His pantaloons scarcely reached the ancle, and were girded to the leg by three white buttons. Stockings of silk of the same hue, and slippers of pale brown thin leather. His waistcoat was of the Indian orange; and a jacket of the same colour hung like a French coatee over his hinderlings. A newspaper hat, after the fashion of our London carpenters, rose on the top of his head; a straw-coloured ribbon embraced his neck, and the ends curled and crisped through a gold ring, which he had borrowed from the Marquis of Lansdowne; a lovely taper oaten-straw-looking lengthy pipe was gracefully borne in one hand. It was like the spirit of a departed bulrush. His basket was a wafer box, painted with blue and yellow stripes, with large holes in the top that fish might breathe [illegible] Mr. Moore is a humane man. [illegible]the waistcoat pocket lay *perdue*, in a page of his *Life of Lord Byron*, which we had cut up for the occasion, three midge flies, with four [illegible] cheese maggots, in case the d[illegible] of the stream chose more s[illegible]tial fare; altogether he had [illegible]ry *dégagée* mien, which won [illegible]ersal admiration, and some [illegible]les.

Then arrived Tom Manumitter. [illegible]he affection of this young gentleman for us, language has not sufficient stores to express. We are the Pylades and Orestes of the modern times; like figs Siamesed in their basket of straw, we cling together, buried in each other's sweets. It is on this account that he wears for a crest the strawberry and thistle. The only point on which we differ regards the question of West Indian slavery. In the innocence of his heart, he thinks the niggars, as Hogg has it, are all starved, and every one of them is a Sir Isaac Newton. He was arrayed in a white muslin jacket, waistcoat, and trowsers, with a straw hat. He looked very like a slave-driver. He disdained to use a fishing-rod. He might be misrepresented in Parliament, as having carried with him the bloody whip, which had excoriated the bronze back of Cuffee Sam—Jam Bam—Mandingo Jack—Cushee Sall, and all the other intelligent labourers of the occidental islands. "I shall be a groundling," he said, "and fish for dabs, with a hand line." Croly winked to Moore, for Croly knew very well that dabs were a salt-water fish, and only were found in the Darrant, at the express desire of Mr. Baring, the proprietor of the demesnes, when he goes there himself.

The gathering now thickened, and Tom Campbell presented himself to the ardent gaze of his friends. He was clad in a demure drab-coloured M'Intosh patent no-water-admit linen suit, but his waistcoat was made of the remains of an old union jack. The pockets were comely, and cut after the true sportsman fashion. He wore a white beaver, with a large crape band, palisadoed with cigars in various degrees of consumption. "Be armed at all points," was his maxim; accordingly, while a very killing-looking trouting rod graced one hand, he held under his arm a long, stiff weapon for salmon any size, (we think a sturgeon would have looked very foolish at the end of it); and besides these, he featly played with a more taper article (a twin sister to Tom Moore's)—"a tickler," as the poet said, "for the minnows," after the fashion of the great geometrician, who is reported to have cut in the door of his parlour a large hole for his cat to pass through, and a small aperture for the

kitten. Tom had slung a wine merchant's bottle hamper over his shoulder as a snug retreat for the king of fish, while a blackbird cage was destined to be the depository of the trout, and a strawberry basket, tastefully decorated with blue ribbon, was to have the honour of entombing the smaller fry. His landing net was worthy of commendation, and he had fastened a fork to the end of his walking cane, in case, as he explained, he had an opportunity of "lestering the ruffians;" that is, empaling them on the steel.

Our attendants consisted of Thomaso Mungo, Mr. Manumitter's free black, and a suitable number of white helots.

But no one excelled in outward man our peculiar friend Jerdan. Furze and bramble bushes are great enemies to comfort; he therefore drew on a pair of good doe skin sad-coloured breeches, with leggins of tough fustian. His jacket was tightly bound round the waist with a black glazed leathern belt, a willow hat sat jauntily cocked on one side of the head; a netted bag was suspended from the girdle, and a natty imitation Indian cane stick curiously contained his rod. In his pocket lay our Magazine (for he could not for love or money recover a number of the *Literary*,) to hold all his good things, either for man or fish.

As it would not have been a genteel mode of departing from London to creep away on foot, Mr. Manumitter proposed that we should get into the first cruelty van we could meet; the machine would be a little crowded, but that was nothing; the horse was not a negro. We confess we rather hesitated at this arrangement. "You may be in a worse place," said Tom Campbell. "I remember when I was in the belfry at Hohenlinden . . . ." We all immediately leapt into a vehicle which had opportunely arrived, and away we drove. After all, the motion was not very disagreeable, and at any rate we were prepared for adventure, and resolved to be gratified with any thing. Indeed it was pleasing to see how ever and anon the inmates gently drew aside the dingy green curtains, and giving to the world a momentary peep of their glowing countenances, again sunk back in the calmness and simplicity of unostentatious joy.

"Dis dam hot," said Mungo, trying to rise. "Lie down, you scoundrel," said Mr. Manumitter, knapping him over the head with his rod, "what right have you to complain?"

"Nay, blackey's in the right," interrupted Jerdan, "it is infernally hot, and something else besides; and although all the fish that ever clove the Tweed were to be the reward, I shall travel no farther like a potted char in rank grease and fetid abomination. So here I go." And our friend springing out, rushed to a stand, and ordered immediate delivery of four score oysters, and a dozen of ginger beer.

By this time we were at the outlets of the town, and as we fervently hoped, beyond ken of all genteel company; finding, therefore, that there was some truth in Jerdan's complaint, and as our friend Campbell had begun again about the belfry, we one by one descended.

"Sirrah," said Mr. Manumitter, who happened to be last, "Sirrah, Mungo, I say, pay that ruffian the driver."

"Massa, me heb no more dan one tizzy," answered the negro.

"Give it to him, you blockhead."

"Him, coachee?—Massa—him no take tizzy, massa."

"Keep it then, you numskull."

"And so me shall, good massa. Stan out my way, you one leather brute you, Mungo free; and see Buckra, dis what Mungo get in morning when Willyforce men no see;" and he dexterously threw his knee into poor jarvey's stomach with such force, that, with Mungo at our heels, we had disappeared, innocent of the occurrence, before the coachman had recovered breath.

In about three quarters of an hour we gradually concentrated, and formed *en masse*.

"Here, Mungo, I'll thank you for that sixpence," demanded Mr. Manumitter.

"Massa, you said . . . ."

"It's not what I said, but what I say, sirrah. Render unto Cæsar . . . ."

"Massa, the tissy my own."

"Own! how?"

"Mungo got it from good young lady for shew him no web-footed."

"Oh, Mungo, that varies the case. That which is lawfully obtained, so may it be legally retained."

"Him clever as great book," observed Mungo, carefully removing the subject of contest into the more distant pocket—"Him like great book bound in calf."

The evening proved clear and serene. The sun had ridden through the heavens in undimmed glory; not a speck had chequered the sky during the day. But as night approached, filmy streaks suddenly darted athwart the horizon; soon they rolled into masses, and presented interminable heaps of hills and valley, bright and blood red as they received the descending rays of the sun: then with the next wheel, black and lowering. We had now reached a very bleak portion of the road. Not a house was to be seen in any direction. But a stage-coach came rattling up. "We had better get in here," said Jerdan. "We are going to have an evening that would revivify all the ducks and toads that have expired since the creation of the world. Four wheels for me."

"Oh for shame, Mr. Jerdan," exclaimed Tom Campbell, "is this a way to enjoy a rural pedestrian expedition? What, afraid of half a pint of water? Fie! fie! I remember once when I was in the belfry at Hohenlinden . . . ." Jerdan, and we, (that is, Oliver Yorke,) sprung into the coach, and the rest, except Mr. Manumitter, hurried on.

"Mungo, Mungo," he was heard to call, after sedulously groping into his pockets, which hung lanky like a washed glove, yet wet, "I have most serious doubts in the matter of that sixpence. I say, Mungo." But the African was no where to be found, and jarvey geehupping his geldings, was in a trice out of sight. Down came the rain as if the flood-gates of Heaven had opened, and there were no hinges on which to shut them again. Jerdan hastily endeavouring to pull up the window exposed to the storm, felt his foot rest on something warm and soft, and yielding. He had once sat down on a haggis, and almost thought the same accident had occurred again. "Ged," he involuntarily muttered, "I hope it will not burst!"

"Me hope so too," came an answer from under the straw, "for me squeezed like poor pig when him tumble in sugar mill. Oh, massa, take away foot."

"Who the devil are you?" exclaimed Jerdan.

"Me is me, Mungo."

"And what brought you there, you imp of ebony?"

"Ah, massa, keep sixpence dry. Him tizzy no love wet."

The rain continued to fall in torrents, and the skies became dark and pitchy. No tree, wall, or habitation could be seen. The footpath, saturated with water, yielded to the traveller's sinking feet. Notwithstanding their utmost exertions, our friends scarce made any advance. Their clothes got black with water, their hair streamed down their faces, their hats slipped with cold and clammy pressure over their foreheads. "Ye Gods," said Croly, "can we not even command the luxury of a huxter's cart?" As he spoke, a base vehicle, half laden with cheese and onions, appeared winding out of a cross road, and turning towards Farningham. In a moment a bargain was concluded, and the party ascended.

By break of next day, Susan, a pretty, blue eyed, intelligent, prudish, tempting chambermaid, at the Red Lion of Farningham, awoke us by her screaming to her fellow servants to come and look at a cargo of wild beasts, which had just arrived. It was the cart with our friends, who were certainly somewhat of the *feræ naturæ* description, as our friend Galt says, in his admirable work, *Southennan.* "Is it alive or stuffed?" asked Susan, drawing Tom Moore from below a piece of canvass, "Will it bite?"

"God be praised, they have reached this safe at last," exclaimed Jerdan, stretching out his neck out of the window, his head surmounted with a tapering red nightcap, (which having got entangled with the bell pull, every nod he gave filled the house with noise and confusion). "Breakfast, Mrs. Landlady," he shouted, "Breakfast, I say, Mrs. Hiccory; and what the devil does

your black highness want?" added Jerdan, as Mungo advanced.

"Ah, massa," he answered with a knowing look and wink, "you keep my tizzy, Mungo's massa now come."

"Why, how did you pay the coachman?"

"Ah! me cheat him too—me free."

After the whole party had been turned and twisted, and twirled before the great fire in the kitchen; Kitty, the laundress, with a mop, and Polly, the cook, with a hard-towel, rubbing up our friends into warmth and dryness, the travellers betook themselves to the parlour, and lost memory of their woes in contemplation and consumption of a magnificent repast, rising to their devouring eyes, like the hecatomb of a Grecian hero. There was no necessity for entreaty or of curiously coaxing to venture on another slice. No need of instituting comparisons as to the respective competitory advantages of the different dishes. There was one mighty cry that ever and anon rung through the apartment, echoed along the passages, and dropped in commanding tones on the ear of the lovely maid that presided at the bar. The war cry, the shout, the slogan of the thousands, was, "Chops, more chops, toast, muffins, and eggs."

Still it was amazing to Mrs. Hiccory that her supplies should not have the accustomed effect of abating at least the clamour, and of making the intervals of these rapacious demands somewhat longer. She, therefore, determined to watch herself the next export. All went well as it passed through the passage next to the buttery, but as the viands were moving in front of a small recess, there darted forth six arms, which, with the velocity of harpies clawed off the quarry, and retreated into utter darkness; while from above, stretched through between the banisters of the old fashioned stair, a black talon pounced down, and raised aloft, like the rocs of Sindbad, the rich plunder of the valley.

The culprits could not be the other attendants in the house, they were—with green and yellow faces, sipping hot tea with a kitchen scullion. Who then were the knaves? We are ashamed to confess that they were our own abominable varlets, and the mighty vulture from above, our black friend, the free man.

Quarrelling being useless, and besides Mrs. Hiccory being an excellent, worthy, good-natured woman, matters proceeded as before, except that the cook with a hot poker attended as a convoying frigate, until the vessel passed these piratical Algerines,—Polly making an upward flourish as she came near the balustrades.

Every man now feeling himself refreshed, sprung up, and resuming his weapons offensive, prepared for business; while this buckling and girding was proceeding, Tom Moore was observed to be earnestly gazing out of the window, and soon he quietly retired.

Immediately opposite lay a small pond, a miry spot, which served the various purposes of receiving the refuse of the drains, drowning cats, swimming dogs, ducking pickpockets, washing swine, and so forth. Having recently been flooded, the healthy supply of water had opened in the centre of the slimy moss, coating the top with a green mantle, one dark spot, one deep profound. In an instant Tom was at the edge, his tickler extended, and a maggot fly fluttered over the stink pot. It was beautiful to see his advancing and retiring attitudes; how the fly poised in mid air, floated for a moment in the breeze, then in the most insect manner possible, hopped on the surface, and struggled, and writhed to escape its watery death. There is no living fly could have behaved half as well. Still there was no rise to raise hope. The puddle remained dark, dank, and obstinate. At last a faint scream of delight escaped through the closed teeth of the entranced man. "He's nailed—he's nabbed," cried Tom with broken articulation, "Good Heavens! assistance! what! do I want a friend at a moment like this? Where are the landing nets? Campbell, your prong fork. Oh, Neptune, for thy trident! Take care," he added, as his friends came tumultuously about him, "for Heaven's sake give me elbow room; more line—more line! what a blockhead I was not to have got Tom's salmon rod!"

"Or mine," said Croly, "'tis thicker in the gird."

"Space, space," I say, continued

Moore retreating from the pond, and slowly drawing his prey, hid however from sight by the matted slime.

"Now," he resumed as the tenant of the deep, apparently quite exhausted rustled on the bank, "Now, let the sun, moon, and stars go on rejoicing; my race is run. Gentlemen, an arm chair if you please, and a tumbler of *eau sucrée.* Its weight, my friends; if you love me, quick, dispatch, let me hear the glorious tidings. Its measure—its feet!"

"Four feet, by gole!" shouted Mungo.

"Four, you black Christian? What! really four? Oh! I die.—This ecstasy is too great for mortal man. Hartshorn! Salts! What four? I die."

"Yes, massa, four, by gom; two before and two behind, ears, and a tail: him berry hairy, as I'm a sinner."

"Before and behind, ears, and hairy! What the devil does the fool mean?"

"Mean? Why, I axe your pardon," said John, the ostler, coming forward, hat in hand, "but that there is my master's setter, blue Bess, which we drowned last night for the matter of being cantankerous mad, and boiting fourteen young foals, and other beasts, besides women and childer. Lord! if I am of a sure mind that it's dead yet."

In an instant the whole party disappeared, and before we drew breath, had surmounted the height which looks down upon the lovely valley through which the Tarrant slowly, like a silver snake, undulates its sleepy way.

"Its devilish hot," observed Tom Moore, wiping his forehead, "confounded sultry!" "No wonder," remarked Jerdan, drily, "considering these are the dog days."

"Humph!" ejaculated Tom, and posted forward.

"Dat dam home," said Mungo, grinning with the gape of a Leviathan, "Dat through him gizzar."

Nobody could have given us a kinder reception than we experienced from Mr. and Mrs. Day at Shoreham. Fresh butts of ale were tapped; the roof of the kitchen was relieved of its pendulous burden of hams and flitches, and many a mite and maggot had to rue the masticating horror of that morning; yet who could resist the sweet blandishments of the landlady, or the frank invitation of the buxom brunette, her handmaid? For our souls we could not. In a trice Croly's face was hid in foam, and Jerdan was gnawing a pork shin-bone, of a flavour which would have corrupted the purity of Hyam Barnet himself. "You black ruffian," said Mr. Manumitter to Mungo, "if you stuff your fetid thumb into my cheese, I shall flay you alive. Carry your ivory to the kitchen, you heathen, and don't pretend to contaminate my presence with your nosegay carcass. The fellow is an absolute nuisance. I have a great mind to have him cut up into gobbets, and made bait for mackerel."

"Are we not men and brothers?" said Moore piously, but with an inward breathing, that robbed the words of distinct sound.

"Nay," interrupted Jerdan, "why indulge in such heat; if you desire Mungo's absence, you have only to make a short inquiry after that small matter of coin. Ged, the hint's taken already, and there snow ball goes, like a seapoy discharged from the mouth of an eighteen pounder carronade. But I'm astonished," continued our friend, wiping his lips, and folding half a cold fowl in an old *John Bull*, and depositing it in one of his wallet looking pockets, "I am ashamed to see you devote the glory of the morn to the indulgence of the grosser appetites, especially in these times of unprecedented distress and suffering, when the poor, even with the sweat of their brows, and the heart-wringing agonies of sleepless nights and overwrought days . . . . Landlady, I'll trouble you for a thimble full of Hollands, and let the claret be iced into a delicious coolness by the time we return. Mrs. Day, may I be permitted a salute? By Heavens, there's that inconceivable varlet, Ebony, pressing his large gluey lips upon the cadaverous cheek of the scullion! But, let us to the war, my ancients. Here I hoist my pennon. But where the deuce has he of the *Literary Union* been this hour?"

"Is it the gemman with the stump of a cigar," asked the gamekeeper, who civilly was in attendance at the door. "He axed brown Sally there to show him up to the high window,

that he might give his rod a preparatory flourish."

"And, by the immortal goddesses," exclaimed Croly, "there he is, elevated like the picture of Fame with an overshot trumpet. Nay, may I perish, but his bob-fly has caught the petticoat of the miller's wife!"

But we must at once descend to the river's side. Tom Moore led the way, and at regular distances the rest of the party took up their respective positions. Long, ardent, and unsuccessful were our friend Campbell's labours—at length a smile of confiding happiness stole over his features. "There's a May fly," he whispered to Croly, who had sidled down close to him—"Old Walton much commends a May fly."

"But this is November, Master Campbell!"

"Very true, but don't we drink March beer all the year?"

"Good. I admit that the reasoning by interrogative is just. So," continued Tom, "I'll nab one of these yellow gentlemen, and we'll see what monster of the pool will act Joseph, and shun temptation."

"Is it not rather of the large size?" observed Croly, lifting the fluttering insect from below Tom's hat. "I thought they had been more tiny and fragile."

"Substance, sir," replied Tom, "is a beauty in bait, whether worm or winged insect," and, fastening the animal on the hook, he cast it into the stream. And certainly, if grace of gesture, variety of position, could have lured the denizens of the stream to a tasty mouthful, the river ought speedily to have been depopulated.

In the midst of his labours, another person approached, his head was surmounted with a broad south country (we mean of Scotland) bonnet—his jacket was of coarse home-made grey—his waistcoat a curiously barred fustian, and his trowsers of a mixed colour, which defied all discovery as to tribe or genus. A handy rod was scientifically supported over the shoulder, and a basket, stained with the blood of the thousands it had received, hung to a belt tightly drawn round the middle. He was offering the miller a draught from a large leather bottle, having first himself, to shew the contents were not poison, partaken largely of the crystal fluid which lay within. "Gude morning, neighbour," said the stranger—"Gude morning to ye, Maister Campbell; wha wad hae thought of seeing the like of you capering on the banks of the Darrant, like a young cowt frae the braes. Hae ye killed a great feck of fish, sir?"

"What, eh, how!" exclaimed our friend, in almost speechless astonishment; "Do my eyes reveal the truth —what, Hogg—the Shepherd Hogg! In the name of wonder, what ferly brought you into these parts? Why, Mr. Hogg—but hush—good heavens! I felt a bite."

"I mak nae doubt of it," said the Shepherd, "there's a harse fly on your haffets, would gar auld Lucifer loup."

"Devil seize the horse-fly," pettishly answered Tom, brushing away the saucy blood-sucker. "It was a fish, sir—a fish—see how my rod bends to the pleasing burden."

"Bends—bends!" exclaimed the miller, "and no wonder, the man has got one of my goslings on the hook. That's the way my young flock disappear, sir. I'll trouble you for a crown as the penalty. By goom, I'll have my whole household transfixed before sun sets."

"Aye, aye, out with your spleuchan, and draw therefrom your siller penny," said the Shepherd, "you ought of a surety pay for slaughtering for bait young fry, whether feathery or scaly. But we are losing the height of the day, and as I am in my graith, so I maun tak to my day's darg. See ye, Maister Campbell. how nature invites us to repast upon her loveliness. Look ye at the trees hinging wi' the clustering hollan-berry—turn yeer ee upon that country lad, whistling as his scythe craps the young rashes, and keeps time wi' that sonsy hizzy rinzing her snaw white claithing in the bickering burn that's like to deave them baith. The very breeze comes rich wi' the perfume of nature. Then hear ye the murnfu' ripple of the river at our feet—see how the reeds and rispies woo, and strive to stay for longer converse the saucy stream that bubbles o'er them, while the birds hap frae branch to branch, and the honey bee, scorning the stealthy approach of winter, comes booming by."

"And de wasp and hornet—him

dam," observed Mungo, who was very much a matter-of-fact man, and had just crushed one of these plum-sucking infidels, a poor starved wight, in the hollow of his ear.

"And where, in the face of heaven, have you, ye sugar-making monster, sprang frae?"

"It's a Congo nigger," observed Mr. Manumitter.

"Well, Congo," continued the Shepherd, "let's see your tail."

"Eh, massa—what, massa?" inquired Mungo.

"I have an authority for the expression, Mr. Manumitter," said the Shepherd, drawing himself proudly up—

> "To Rokeby next he louted low,
> Then stood erect his tale to shew."

"To your story, man; if you had been plucking asindry Priam's curtains, what would your blackberry face have expressed?"

"Him great man," interrupted Mungo, addressing Tom; "him berry great man—like own massa—me no understand one word."

"Then, sirrah," observed Hogg, "I shall lower myself to your level; on what errand have you come thus breathless, thou son of 'Day and Martin?'"

"Oh, Oh! me sabe—me came to say Massa Moor in great fear—shake like pickininny—him cotched a crocodile—so him say—and Massa Yorke lap like dam."

"God bless my soul," exclaimed Tom, who had been straining over a pool, formed in a recess of the bank, in search of a water plant. "Are there alligators in Kent? Good bye, Mr. Hogg, I have particular business at the Union."

"Nay, my good friend—but it would be unkind to leave Maister Moore—(Tammy Little, nae doubt,) if in real jeopardy—and if there be alarm, are bairn's bogles to break up the day of glorious sport, which I can prophesy awaits us?"

"Crocodile be berry small, any how," remarked Mungo. "Me only saw him tail—him berry like water rat."

But whether Mungo's suspicions were well founded or not, remains a matter of mystery, which we have too much delicacy to unravel. To this hour, our friend swears it was a monster on a small scale, as it were a cross between a lizard and an armadillo. Its colour was brown—its snout was whiskered—its teeth slender and white, apparently very sharp—and its tail long and taper.

"It must have been a rat," observed Croly, after deep thought. "But to remove all doubt, I'll go and ask Phillpott."

But we were not the only participators of the rich enjoyments which this delightful valley affords. The Duke, throwing aside all affairs of state, had been seduced by the sunny beauty of the day, to wander classically forth amidst the green fields, with Horace for his companion. As they followed the devious meanderings of a foot-path, which led from the village church to a neighbouring farm, they suddenly came upon the river, stealing below the shade of a row of ancient willows, and mournfully murmuring over the projecting roots, or contending with the dropping branches.

"Horace," said the Duke; "by Ged, there's a pool for a grayling. How the rogue would cleave the water at a cocktail."

"Like lightning, your Grace," answered Horace.

"And yet, I suspect the Watford coachman would be the better fly."

"Much the better, your Grace."

"But, I doubt, Horace, if there are any grayling there at all. All loggerheaded chubs, I dare aver."

"Oh, every one a chub, your Grace."

"Yet it is a likely stream for larger fish."

"Very likely, your Grace."

"I have a great mind," said the Duke, thoughtfully, "to tickle some of the ruffians. I don't believe I could do less than land some two dozen before going to town."

"Oh, not one less, your Grace."

"Yet the day is too dark."

"Much too dark, your Grace."

"Or rather the trees throw the shade; for the sun is in his meridian glory."

"In the very plenitude of his power, your Grace."

"Do you think the fish will bite?"

Neither Horace, nor any courtier of common sense, liked such questions in the presence of the great; for a person cannot, intuitively, know how

the "Grit mon," as Macklin has it, would wish the answer.

"They ought to bite," at length observed Horace, bowing lowly. "It is not every day that such an honour awaits them."

"They must bite, sir. Have we not Walton's authority?—

'When the wind is south
It blows your bait into a fish mouth.'"

"Very true, your Grace; they must and shall. Will your Grace permit me to screw up your rod?"

"Let it be so," said his Grace; handing to Horace a truncheon-looking staff, which teemed with the parts, pendicles, and pertinents (as Scotch deeds bear) of a lovely tapering fly-rod. "Despatch, sir; do you not know how to manage the divisions?"

"Not so well as Paddy Holmes did—ha! ha!"

But observing his Grace did not laugh, Horace stopped suddenly, without adding, "ho!"

"Now, sir," continued the Duke, taking the rod from Horace's hand, and leaning over the stream, "I shall dip with a grasshopper over that pool, and if I don't rouse the black muzzled rascal—you see him under that stump, don't you?"

"Perfectly plainly, your Grace."

"Ged, then, Horace, you have as sharp sight as Goulburn; for deuce a thing I see, but a drowned kitten. Zounds, this bank is deucedly slippery," exclaimed the Duke, as he with difficulty kept his footing. "By the Saint of my country," he added, as, having once recovered his balance, he went over head and ears, "I am in again."

"Now, the Lord be praised," ejaculated Twiss.

"What do you say, sirrah?" shouted the Duke, rising from the stream covered with slime, and froth, and weeds—"What have you dared to utter?"

"I meant nothing, indeed, your Grace," meekly responded the Roman, deeply sighing.

"Pshaw," replied the Duke, "that is what Peel said of your speeches. By the bye, can Goulburn see with his blind eye?"

"A bull—a bull—a bull!" shouted forth Horace.

"What do you mean now, you impudent and presumptuous——"

But it was impossible to have expected Horace to answer or explain; as long before his Grace had reached to the end of his short interrogative, Horace was rushing through the grass, regardless of all mortal objects, save one, of which anon.

Tom Moore had been singularly successful with a palmer and dun-ash fly with mallard wing for a bob. He had caught two minnows, and severely injured the nether jaw of a gudgeon; he had also sacked a dead owl, two leeches, and a wounded jackdaw. Encouraged by such propitious doings, he changed his bait, and mounting a perniciously destructive badger hair-fly, mixed with the down of a sanded hog, retreated from the river side; then taking a race, to enable him to command impetus enough to reach the middle of the stream, he pitched the alluring morsel on the creamy crest of a tiny billow, created by the water bubbling over an Irish haymaker's hat, sunk with a stone in the river, to conceal some gunpowder which he had furtively borrowed from a farmer to blow stacks up with in the evening. At this, and indeed at any time, nothing could have been more peaceful than Tom's intentions, in regard to all mundane animals, saving and excepting the tenants of the flood—he meant no offence to any other of Heaven's creatures—he would not have injured the feelings of an earth-worm, unless he required it for bait.

But in this wayward world the best dispositions are not always sufficient to secure the fit reward for cultivating the kind and courteous inclinations of the heart. A yellow bull, the sultan of the opposite field, had recently suffered the misfortune of being robbed of a score of lovely heifers, to satisfy the abominable gluttony of the students and benchers of Lincoln's-inn. One fatal morning, while these victims of carnivorous desire were filling the air with the sweets of their balmy breath, and browsing near the gate of the farm-yard, a ruffian, in ankle boots, blue apron, torn hat, and armed with a bludgeon, drove them from their rich pasture, and hurried them to captivity and death; while their faithful mate—for once asleep on his post—stood with his mighty and

curled head, ensconced amidst the branches of a young ash, and cropped its withering leaves—ignorant of the ruthless and barbarous abduction. These are awful visitations—they fire the brain—over-rule reason—and lead to the most desperate resolves.

It is not, therefore, a matter of amazement, that this venerable brute should have been much moved by seeing the alarming gathering of strangers in and about his domain—under cover of a hedge he had attentively regarded the hop-step-and jump progress of Tom Moore—contemplated the approach of He of Hohenlinden—eyed us askance—looked with doubt upon Mr. Manumitter—with horror on Mungo—with astonishment at the Shepherd—with suspicion at Jerdan—roared with wrath and fury, as Croly, with mighty tread, followed the bending of the stream—and when suddenly the Duke and Horace came into view, the infuriated animal, already hoarse with its efforts of expressing its wrath, uttered low, broken growls—smoke poured from its nostrils—its tail lashed the air—in rage, it knelt to the earth, as if kneading in the very ribs of its imagined victim, and furrowed the ground with its hoofs—then bounding along, took a consolatory peep that the rest of the herd were safe, and again came thundering down, denouncing woe and horror to the rash intruders.

It was a critical moment—unfortunately Tom Moore's fly had got entangled in some weeds adhering to an old trunk of a tree half way in the stream, and after every species of ingenuity had been in vain exerted to free the line, Tom boldly advanced into the river. The bull did not hesitate a moment, but descending the steep bank, pressed his brawny breast to the wave, and snorting with very wrath, crossed the stream and scrambled on the opposite side.

But do not let our readers entertain any very serious alarm for Tom; while the bull bounded up, he bounded off, and in the retreat exhibited a [illegible] f heel quite indescribable. [illegible]mple was contagious—Tom [illegible]bell, taking advantage of the [illegible]ence of a tapering poplar, ran up [illegible] sides with the activity of a squirrel. "Him in belfry, now," said Mungo, rushing past, and seeking refuge in an alder bush; while our particular friend, the Shepherd, seizing a stake which lay at his feet, poled himself dexterously over the water, and halting, sat on the opposite side of the bank grinning, it must be confessed, at us, who, in the confusion of the moment, kept playing at bo-peep round the brushwood with the furious monster, until we got perched amidst the crisping leaves with Campbell. The brute now perceiving Croly, who was absorbed in sweet and deep thought, bore at full speed upon him; but (at that moment catching sight of Twiss looking for a grasshopper, (grasshopper in November!!) for the Duke) left the triton for the minnow, and furiously ran at the Roman. Can we be now amazed that Horace instantly disappeared?

"Ged," said the Duke, "my friend Horace is right—it is a bull, and the best I ever heard. The brute roars lustily, and has as varment a look as Spanish Don might wish to see. How the fellow tears up the ground—holloa, Horace—what the deuce lends lightning to thy legs. Truly, Horace, you bring up your rear with a rapidity that might shame an older soldier."

"Charge, Taurus, charge—on, Horace, on,"
Were the last words of Wellington,

who, as the maddened beast came disagreeably near, coolly stepped over a quickset hedge, proceeded down the lane to his carriage, and left Horace nestled between three pea sheaves, where, we have every reason to believe, he still remains. There have been no enquiries for him from the Colonial-office—and, therefore, why should he trouble himself by moving? *Requiescat in pace*, was the last vile pun made on this subject by Rogers.

As for the rest of the party, they had been dispersed, as if by some centrifugal force. A party of gentlemen from Whitechapel, with their servants bearing a cold collation of wine, fruits, ices, curaçoa, parfaite amour, and other delicious delicacies, to reward the inward man after the labours of the day, were routed as if a bombshell had exploded in their very centre. All fled, some taking to the land, some to the water—Mungo, more wisely, took to the wine; for perceiving the hamper thrown down

in the bearers' trepidation, our Congo friend hooked towards him the grateful prize; and, regardless for once of his master's entreaties to be released from the embraces of a blackthorn, which, as if in league with the brute, held him in frightful jeopardy, eat a couple of chickens, three plates of ham, a cold goose, a Stilton cheese, besides finishing two pints of pale sherry, before giving the least assistance to Massa Buckra. At first a person would have thought that Mungo would have felt the effects of his master's just indignation; but a sudden appearance of the bull's rump round a coppice of young beech, drove all thoughts of flagellation from our friend's mind; he hastened across the plain, while the sly Negro crept back into his concealment, and finished a pigeon-pie.

"Dem pickaninny birds berry good for tasty bit," observed Mungo, the brown juice and gravy streaming over his lips and chin, "but make poor niggar 'nation dry,"—and, so saying, he discussed two bottles of old Bordeaux, and, staggering to a bye lane, vandyked to Farningham—having, however, had the precaution of depositing in his pockets a brace of champagne, twins of hock, and the best portion of a Westphalia, for a cold check next forenoon. "Him free," he was heard exultingly to stutter, as he stumbled along, rejoicing. "Ah, Massa Willyforce good man—him nebber get drunk—dat dem immoral and berry bad—hiccup—hup"—and ever and anon he carolled the sweet air, so great a favourite in Jamaica.

"Me lub da niggar boy,
Picking out the jiggar boy
Wid da long pin.
But him lub da rum tuff,
Nebber tink him hab enuff,
Dat a big sin." &c.

If the audacious bull drove us off, the attractions of a good dinner, it must be confessed, drew us with a force far exceeding the power of gravitation, to the Red Lion. We came panting in. After having assumed our usual clothing, and we had congregated in the dining room, "By Hohenlinden," said Tom Campbell, "I have had a narrow escape. The ruffian of a bull had approached so near me, that the breath of its nostrils blew out my segar."

"Aye," observed Mr. Manumitter, "the fellow has very considerable speed; if I had not cudgelled the brute off, some of you would have had a very disagreeable elevation; but, with my good stick, I did so tickle his catastrophe—what are you laughing at, you cross between a hearse and a mourning coach?"

"Mungo no lap," answered the black, while his mouth was distended from ear to ear; "him only yawn."

"By St. Patrick," observed Moore, "the animal was close enough on me—see how it tore up the seat of my breeches; but I turned about, and gave him such a kick on the snout—what the devil do you grin at, you idea of crape—you essence of lamp-black—you condensation of pitchy abominations?"

"What me lap at?" said Mungo, "why, me lap at you. Dem!—me free. Mungo yawn when massa speak."

"Very natural," said Mr. Hogg.

"Now, for my part," added Jerdan, winking knowingly to us, "I pretend to no great feats, but if I had not, while the beast was passing, tied a loop upon its tail, which caught on the gate post, you would all have been in shreds."

"Oh, me die—me die!" shouted Mungo, and, rushing out, upset Mrs. Hickory, who was preceding all the domestics in the house, having in her hands a great tureen of hare soup.

"The muckle deel tak the mirk brute," said the Shepherd, dexterously saving the soup at the expense of the bearer, "the wark of my hands, and the wit of my brain, was weel nigh made a feast for the messin tykes; they are but ignorant bodies in this pairt of the warld—ken na mair how to mak mawkin brew, than a highlander of kneebuckles. Jugged hare!—faugh—it clean turns my stomach. It's like horse-flesh cutlets, soddened in stale yill—a perversion of the bonnie beasty's qualifications. I look on it, gentlemen, to be equeevalent to an ordinar murder to roast a hare; but it's parricide, maist abominable parricide, aggravated with heresy, blasphemy, and aw kinds of habits and reputes to have the supple creature stewed. The sinner of a cook that invented

sic a diabolical contrivance, deserved to be hung as a weight to his ain jack. But wha's to tak the chair?"

"The Shepherd—the Shepherd!" exclaimed all voices. Even Mungo shouted, "Massa Hug!"

"Another plateful, if you please," said the party, simultaneously, after having each discussed the contents of a hollow dish, holding at least a quart—"another plateful."

"I dinna wonner," resumed the Shepherd, as he finished picking the hare's head, "that ye should, in spite of the Guards and the Tenth, have cum on me in a fresh demand. It's maist liquorish and toothsome—greatly divertive to the inward man. And truly it is primely made.—Gentlemen, I wush ye had been me up to my middle in it."

The plates were instantly withdrawn—and even Mungo, who had stolen a cup full from the cook, became white with sickness.

"And what for this new manœuvre?" asked the Shepherd, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment. "Is that a matter of wonnerment?—would ye have had me stand like a coof, outside the door, and work through the key-hole?—na, na—I was in the very thick of it."

"Bodily, Mr. Hogg?" civilly asked Mr. Croly, half returning the plate.

"Aye, bodily," undauntedly replied the Shepherd; and Mr. Croly instantaneously plucked back the trencher.

"Aye, bodily. Could ye have skinned the brute, and gutted it, and chapped it, and seasoned it, ye idiots—that is, I beg your pardon—gin ye hadna been present, as heaven' made ye? So, I just gied cookie a kiss, and promised her a shilling."

"You should be just, and perform what you promise," observed Mr. [illegible]mitter. "As you come from a country where small coin is scarce—will you allow me to lend you at least part—here, Mungo, you loggerheaded ninny, give this gentleman that sixpence."

Mungo, who had begun to recover, became immediately so ill, that he was obliged to have recourse to the open air.

"So," continued Hogg, "I pat on the fire a muckle cauldron; and in wi' a wheen nievefu's o' saut, pepper, ingans weel minced, a chucky bird, a slice o' bacon, a bunch o' sweet herbs; and, when a' had cam to a simmer, plump gaed four hares, quartered. Lord! what a yelling the kitchen-craft set up. Mrs. Hiccory maist fainted."

"May I perish," observed Tom Moore, in an under tone, "if I understand a word the savage says.—Mr. Hogg," he added, more loudly, "permit me to trouble you again."

But it is impossible to dwell on all that passed at this festive meeting; or to detail the furious onsets upon the beef, the mutton, the lamb, the cutlets, the fowls, the geese, the fish, the game, the venison, the ham!—much more is it beyond the contents of half a score of our Numbers to give even a distant hint of the embraces bestowed on the claret, the burgundy, the champagne, the hock, the convent sherry, the madeira, the sauterne, the frontignac, the constantia, and the hollands! Suffice it to say, that, owing to the personal exertions of Mrs. Hiccory, Susân, Kitty, Sally, Polly, Betty, Jenny, assisted by John the ostler, his admirable son, seven postboys, and the guard of a Dover coach, we were able to proceed as "perependicularrelie," (as Ireland, we think, has it, in his forgeries on Shakspeare,) as we could to our respective dormitories, and fell asleep without being aware that we had ever been awake.

There is no scene more striking to a contemplative mind—especially of a moral turn—than is presented by a dining-room after the guests have retired. The quiet which reigns is horrid;—the earthy silence of the grave is not, in idea, more appalling. The chairs in disorder—the fire dying out—the table besmeared and bespattered—the bottles empty—all the vociferous joy departed—the roof no more echoing to "Barniebougle"—Tom Campbell silent, and Moore dumb. But we have no time for reflections.

About four hours after the party had retired, our friend the Shepherd dreamed, that, as a punishment for not jugging the hares, Mrs. Hiccory, Susan, Kitty, Sally, Polly, Betty, and Jenny, had silently crept into his room, seized him, pinioned him, and poured down his throat a decoction of Cayenne pepper, gunpowder, alcohol, and aquafortis. It was confound-

edly hot. If the Fire King's fingers jingled like cinders on a pianoforte through utter dryness, that was nothing to the aridity instantly created in our friend's throat. It seemed as if the simoom of the desert had whistled for a month through his teeth. His inside, even to the second stomach, crisped like a leaf in autumn; while the women, in Bacchanalian phrenzy, danced about, holding up to his devouring eyes large goblets of the most cooling beverages, and singing:—

> "The cat's kittled in Charlie's wig,
> There's twa o' them living, there's four o' them dead;
> The tane was a son, the tither a daughter—
> But the four dreed their weird in a bucket o' water.
> Water, water."

Unable to endure such an accumulation of horrors, Hogg, summoning all his strength, bolted up, and opened his eyes in a room dark as pitch, and he himself half strangled in the coiled sheets of his bed. After gasping and gaping for some time, he found that the departure of the vision had brought him little real comfort. His mouth was parched, and his very throat threatened to crack for want of moisture. He recollected where the toilet stood, and, leaping up, rushed towards the basin and ewer. Alas! the vessel was empty. The base scullion of a chambermaid had, in the multiplicity of her duties, totally forgot to fill the jugs with water. The Shepherd, overpowered with this calamity, stood stock still. He groped about for the bell, but could find none; he sought the door, it was locked outside—he stamped with his feet. He found he was on a ground-floor; he essayed to open the window—it was fast. He knocked on the partitions; but this last hope produced only the horrid conviction, that he struck a brick and a half wall. Again he rushed to the ewer, and rubbed his frying tongue and chopping lips upon the cool glazed outside; it only, by tantalizing, rendered his torments more intolerable. His eyes glared—his head turned round—all sorts of fearful ideas entered his mind. He thought he saw the bed, and chairs, and basin-stand suddenly move—then shuffle along—then dance, and set, jig, reel, and waltz; while ever there rang in his ears, "The cat's kittled," &c. and a chorus came like the rushing of clear waters over a pebbly course. Nay, he did hear some person pumping, with heart and soul, at the spring in the stable-yard. He dashed his hand through the glass, and shouted for a share of the envied draught; but the water-bibber,—(it was Mungo, who also scorching under the effects of a bottle of cogniac, which he and Polly the cook had purloined, had staggered from the hay-loft, in which Mrs. Hiccory had ordered the "unchristian reprobate" to be deposited,)—alarmed at the sound, hastily retreated.

The Shepherd, although remarkable for his resolution and fortitude under worldly adverses, was altogether unable to bear up against the torture of his trying situation. He folded his arms, hung his head on his brawny breast, and, like Britannia in the song, "Gave himself up to despair." It is not known how long he stood in that position, being, as he explained, like a lighted flue in a bakehouse; but it could not have been a mere moment, for the dusky shades of night were flitting away, and the sky was streaking with grey light, when our friend again became sensible of his forlorn state, "The cat's kittled in Charlie's wig," he mournfully repeated. "Alas, soon na thing living will kittle in mine, saving the worm and the maggot, and all unholy creeping things—faugh! Oh, that my weird were a 'bucket of water,' how I would wallow and swattle, and soom in the cooling beverage; ay, with my pairting breath, glut, glut, glut." As he raised his head in the action of inhaling a mighty draught, his eyes rested on a press door, which had before escaped his search. It was just possible that he might there obtain consolation. He hurriedly turned the key — the door, as if wooing his advance, flew open, and the dim light streaming through the window, disclosed to his gaze a comely capacious crystal caraffe, full of clear pellucid fluid. The Shepherd darted forward, pounced on his prey with the fury with which a mountain eagle drives its talons

in a new dropped lamb, raised the bottle to his mouth, and inhaled a large, long, delicious, life-restorative draught. He ceased not until he drained the very last drop.

"The heavens be blest," he murmured. "I'm sloakened at last, or rather I wish this pleasant vessel had a brither. I hae capacity for anither waught, and truly my mouth and throat are aw gazening of new. But, Lord, that same drink has na precisely the *gusto* of true spring water. May be the hizzy's let it be a hair owr lang keeped. And yet that should not have geen it a vile sweetish twang—ugh! ugh! It had a fushionless saftness maist unsuited to the occasion, and contraie to the ordinar nature of what's fresh frae the well. I houp there's been nae mistak, as the Duke says. But they English folk hae sad and unchristian dealings wi' potions, and lotions, the whilk in maist feck of cases wad spean a foal. I've some misdoubtings and misgivings. Again, I say, what healthy ingredient wud gie spring water that sickly, sugary, heartless—ugh! ugh! my stamach turns in the very recollection."

As the Shepherd thus pondered, he observed a slip of paper curled up at some distance on the shelf. He seized it, and straining his eyes, and holding it up to the growing light, he distinctly read, "Pisin for rawts."

"Pushion for rottens!" exclaimed Hogg, his busy mind tracing the connexion between the horrid fluid and this appalling label. "Pushion for rottens!" "I'm lost. Help, ho! Help, house! Maister Campbell—Maister Moore—Maister Croly. If ye have the bowels of compassion, bring help to a freend, sair distressed in body, in mind. Oh," he shouted, "to die is b[illegible]heuch, but to die of apprehension . . . .! I say, help, help!" and he threw himself with such force against the door, that the hinges gave way, and, in a trice, the Shepherd was groping along the passage, [illegible]king the house ring with h[illegible]ations.

[illegible]s. Hiccory is too watchful a [illegible]ndlady to have slept, if even a mouse stirred. Our readers may therefore easily conceive the velocity with which she shot from her couch, when the fearful cries reached her ear. The serv[illegible]omen in the next room had been roused by the same uproar, and all, except cookie, whose senses had been steeped in intense slumber, by the share of the cogniac which Mungo had allotted to her, rushed up stairs. At the first glimpse however of the Shepherd's great uncovered legs, rough as the back of his own sheep dogs, the ladies retreated; while Mrs. Hiccory, from round a corner, desired that if he wished any assistance, he would retreat to his own chamber, and ensconce himself in the bed-clothes. "In the North," remarked the worthy mistress, as the Shepherd obeyed the direction, "linen must be uncommon dear and scarce." "Very, ma'am," answered Kitty, "the gentleman's sheemeese ha'n't alf an hell in ole."

Neither did the rest of the house sleep out the tremendous summons of our friend. Greatly relieved from the effects of the night's excess, we "each particular" man, leaped up, as the noise assailed our ears, and, confounded and confused, ignorant whether it was the rushing of water—the yells of fire—the insults of duns, or the conflagration of the barn—gathered together as we best could our clothes. In one quarter, from some of us having been paired into double-bedded rooms, this hurry of mind led to rather fantastic consequences. Moore drew on Croly's breeches, which hung over his shoe tie, giving a very Dutchman-like exterior to the lower parts; while the coat, as to which a like mistake occurred, trailed the ground, something after the fashion of a slattern fishwench in Billingsgate. While Croly, after mighty efforts, and with some lacerations of the materials, pulled on Moore's pantaloons, scarcely reaching the knee, and thrust his arms into a surtout, that stuck out and curved up like the tail of a newly nicked hackney. But we cannot stop to detail these minor matters. "Mistress Hiccory, Mistress Hiccory!" the Shepherd was heard screaching, "ye may venture in, with aw safety to your commendable (deil tak her prudery,) delicacy; ye'll see barely the neb of my nose. I am sae carmuffled up in the sheeting. But, oh my sweet bonny lady, let nae time be tint. I have an awful question to put, and there's life or death on the answer."

In we rushed with the whole household, (cookie excepted,) headed by Mrs. Hiccory, and tailed by Mungo. "Madam," said the Shepherd, raising himself somewhat from the clothes, which Jenny observing, she partially fastened them down with corking pins. "Madam," repeated our friend, with husky and tremulous articulation, "May I be permitted to interrogate, what were the contents of this bit crystal joog?" And he plucked the decanter from below the pillow, with a jirk that dislodged the pins, and enabled the Shepherd to sit in a manner upright. He fixed an anxious eye on Mrs. Hiccory, stretching out his neck, and with brawny arm shaking the object of his alarm close to the landlady's face.

"What were the contents?" ejaculated Mrs. Hiccory, her face becoming as pale as possible, "What were the contents? Lord, sir, I hope you have not swallowed them!"

"I have, woman," answered Hogg, summoning all his resolution. "I have, aye to the last drop."

"Oh heavy hour! Oh heavy hour!" exclaimed the landlady, "it held . . ."

"I know it," interrupted the Shepherd, "it held pushion for rottens."

"Pisin for what, sir?"

"For rottens—rats; do you no ken English?" tartly replied our friend.

"No—no—no—sir, not at all—not pisin for rats."

"Then I'm a living man," joyously shouted the Shepherd in the act of rising.

"Its contents," continued Mrs. Hiccory, "Oh, well-a-day!—Its contents were gulard water, strong sugar of lead. I got it for the inflamed eyes of my poor tom cat."

"I'm dead," murmured Hogg, and sunk on the pillow. "The dream was prophetic. 'The cat's kittled,' and there with gluey, greasy, gummy eyes, it peers at me atween the curtains. Hence, thou beldame brute, hence!" and he drove the bottle at the apparition, which (it was poor Mungo) instantly sunk.

"That's one bottle more, blackie," observed Tom Campbell.

"My friends," resumed the Shepherd, after a pause, "we are all life like, and death like. The spoiler comes in among us, and wi' his ruthless scythe, craps the fairest flower. We have nae security but in the response of a good conscience. I have, during these short moments, been running over the catalogue of my offences. We are aw sinners; but, making allowance for my share of utter unworthiness, I have, I may say, few crimes to answer for, of willing act. I have injured nae man in word or deed. I have lost nae friend by unkindness. My debts I paid when my pouches were fu'. My bairns were to me like the apple of my ee, and my wife like the strings of my heart. At Ambrose's, nae doubt, there may have been mair than necessary carousing; but what could stand the magic of the Professor's converse. It would sook the lavrock frae the lift, and steal the hungry bairn frae its mother's bosom. If, on account of those hours, I shall hae meted out to me a less share of Heaven, have I not had my portion of it on this side the grave? A glass of spring water, Mistress, I feel exhausted; but I'm saying mak nae mistak as to the bottle. I'm done for, nae doubt, but for why shave a clipped lamb?"

"Och, och!" sobbed Mungo, "although him break nigger's head wit dat dam bottle, me berry sorry, him peak like buckra parson."

"Farewell, my good friend," continued the Shepherd, "I feel the pushion working in my veins; it is congealing the paths to my heart; soon I shall be the food for worms; but bear ye all testimony that I die like a man; although scorched with the infernal heat of that sugar of lead; curse (ah, heaven forgive me!) all tam cats, I shall not tremble though the banners visual of death were to shroud my very head."

"Och, och!" again murmured Mungo, "why him die? him berry grit man—him bigger dan Massa Camel in belfry."

"So farewell!" resumed the Shepherd. "Farewell, Maister Croly. Tak a dying Christian's advice. Gang nae mair to St. Bernard; try nae mair your fist at history—ye have made an unwholesome haggis of the doings of great George; cleave ye tull the Catiline; there ye flourish like the mighty oak, owr tapping all the trees of the forest. Maister Moore, yeer hand, mak ballads, sin nae more wi' *Lallah Rookh*—chaunt the tales of

your ain kintra. Maister Manumitter, your loof, let the niggers be as they are—poor brutes. Tam Campbell—Tam, I say, give me baith your nieves—gird up your reins—wha then you are fitter for the faught—unfurl again the banners of your poesy—search our very hearts wi' O'Connor's bairn—soom down the 'Iser rolling rapidly'—shinein out in the blaze of your glory—in 'the hurricane eclipse of the sun.' Mair water, Mrs. Hiccory, and ye might just colour it wi' a drap of brandy—I'm about rung in. But, gentlemen, gin ye are no owr proud to tak a lesson, turn your een on auld Edinbro'. There reigns He of the palms. I'm proud to be permitted to claim him as a friend. It has been the brightest beam in the sunshine of my life. There ye will see the deep-toned passion of the heart—the workings of almighty nature—the fervour which needs nae the meretricious artifices of language—it is inspiration!—my blood, even when I call to memory the workings of his giant-mind, runs riot—my brain maddens, and his enthusiasm becomes my own! But that's awe by—soon I'll be a clammy corpse, forgetting and forgotten." —(Here the ladies lifted up their aprons, and respectively wiped their eyes.)

"But," continued the Shepherd, "I had weel nigh been to blame, in no saying a word to Maister Jergun. Farewell, also, thou son of mirth, and grandson of pun! I leave to thee a legacy. When I am no more, if perchance sorrow reaches the bosom of my friends when they turn their ee and see my place vacant, dash awa' the tear. Solace them wi' your wit, your humour; and, in the *Literary*, dinna be ower severe on their warks or mine, Maister Jergun—or mine. *De mortuis*, ye ken, is a Christian maxim."

"Your works can never die," said Mr. Jerdan impressively; "they are imperishable while memory lives.—Bonny Kilmeny has wreathed your brow with unfading laurel."

"Ah!" murmured the dying man, a smile for a moment lighting up his pallid countenance, "ye are ower favourable, but it's kindly meant. And, Maister Oliver Yorke, I maunna flit awa' and no hae a word to you. Pursue your course gladsomely. Let your glaive be sharp; but haggle not when ye cut. Ye are a young eagle, wha hae impt its wings in the sun. Aff to your career; and may it—it must be glorious. And now again fareweel. Mrs. Hiccory, I forgie a' mankind, even to your tam cat. I neednae advise you to keep a good table for the public—nane—except in the matter o' the sugar o' lead.—Och! what a twitch!—nane come in here, that gangs awa discontented. Mungo, gie back Maister Manumitter his saxpence.—Lasses—I say, ye hizzies! as ye value heaven's blessings, fill the luggies wi' water—yea, even to the brim.

"What can have detained the doctor," said Mr. Campbell; "there is hope while a stomach-pump can be got."

"Stomach deevil!" abruptly observed the dying man, raising himself suddenly on his elbow; "do ye think I'll have a lang, gutty machine, like a new fashioned ear-trumpet, thrust down my craig? How ken I whare it last was? Na, na; it's ower late for ony experiments of that kind. And jalouse ye, that I'll leave as a legacy to my wife and bairns a mediciner's bill? I ken a ruffian of that tribe, wha ance charged me fifteen pounds for an ordinar hoast. Oh! I'm dying!" —and again the Shepherd stretched himself out.

He lay still and silent—his breathing became more weak and slow—a husky rattling in his throat told the struggles of nature against the thick phlegm impeding respiration. The world was rapidly disappearing from our valuable friend.

A noise was heard in the passage—the sound of hasty tread—

"Good Lord!" said a female,—(it was Polly, the cook, who had just recovered from the Nantz, and finding no human being in the kitchen, pantry, parlour, or hall, had searched the whole house for her comrades,)—"what, in heaven's mercy, has happened?"

"Berry little in mercy," blubbered out Mungo. "Him—grit Massa Hug—him hab die—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

"Die?" exclaimed the goddess of caloric.

"Yes, Polly," said her mistress, "die. A heavy calamity has reached us. In a manner we—I have murdered this good man."

"You, ma'am!—oh, Lauk, you!—My gemini, how that?"

"Very true," observed Sally; "the

gemman's pysined; that's flat. He drank a half gallon of gulard, which the potecary sent for black Tom's sore eyes."

"It's a lie, you jade—a berry big lie," interrupted Mungo. "Nigger hab a good eye as ebber blinked.—You know dat, cookie—eh?"

"Stand past, you brown morsel," said the queen of the kitchen; "let me ear more of this there. What, pysined with gulard?"

The company gave an affirmative motion of their heads.

"And where," said the woman, with increasing earnestness, "where got the gentleman the drug?"

"Oh, Polly," answered Mrs. Hiccory, "that slut Betty had forgot to fill the ewer, or water bottle. Mister Hogg awoke, burning with thirst. Groping about with his hand—ah, woeful day!—he fell on the decanter holding that shocking sugar of lead. In ignorance of the contents he drank them off; and, there—see—see him the victim!"

"What—what!" said the cook, "did the gentleman drink out of that there bottle?"

"Ay," interrupted Mungo, "out of dis dere bottle. Nigger know it berry well. Crystal dam hard; hit Mungo till blood come."

"Heavens be praised!" piously ejaculated Polly.

"Dat dam cruel," blubbered out Mungo. "Me sabe—me sall gib you no more French rum—good tuff—too good for kitchen vench, Got dam."

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the woman, heedless of Mungo's passionate address, "it is meet——"

"Ged!" said Jerdan, "she is going to give us another course, when there's too much cold meat already."

"Oh fie!" we observed; "Jerdan, you are incurable."

"It is meet," said Polly, "that I should confess my fault. Ye see—*hiccup*—when, some nights ago, the two real gentlemen, who are going to be Parliamenters for Hythe—I forget their names, but they were pinks of genteelity—staid here, they forgot to finish all their cold punch. The boy had gone to bed, and John, ostler, was driving a postshay. So none being up but myself—heaven forgive me! but I must make amends—I bottled off the leavings. I had the day before, by accident, spilt all the pisin; so, unless cold punch can kill, that ere gentleman should be no more dead than I am."

"Cold punch!" repeated the dead man, leaping up, and standing straight on his bed. "Cold punch!—Ged's my life, it was cold punch. I have the lime flavour on my tongue; and weel have the callants made and mixed it. My Beloved Polly, let me press thee to my heart, thou beauteous goddess of the pots! spouse of Pan!—first cousin to Cobbett, sister to the gridiron!—Toll-de-roll! I could sing—I could dance!"

"Oh, do not, do not, I beg of you," interrupted Mrs. Hiccory, who is a great observer of proprieties; "at least, Mr. Hogg, until you have made your toilet. Let me entreat you that favour."

But no expostulation had any weight with the Shepherd. The excitement occasioned by the sudden transition from death to life was too powerful to yield to even the most approved canons of civilized society. He sprung on the floor; and, like Burns's carline,

> "Coost his duddies to the wark,
> And linkit at it in his sark."

Of course, the ladies fled.

After some time, we induced our friend to sit down, and, by degrees, to dress himself. But nothing could altogether repress the ebullitions of fitful joy which ever and anon broke forth. He danced a waltz with Mungo—again insisted, notwithstanding blackie's right of preference, on kissing the cook—and, suddenly breaking away from us, rushed to a stage-coach, passing the door, leaped on the top—and, shaking the guard by the hand until the poor fellow's fingers caked together, was heard, as long as the coach was in sight, to sing, at the top of his voice:—

> "The cat's kittled in Charlie's wig,
> There's twa o' them living, there's four o' them dead;
> The tane was a son, the tither a daughter—
> But the four dreed their weird in a bucket of water.
> Water, water."

How the rest of the party got to town, we really have not time to tell.

FATAL PRESENTIMENTS.

> "'Tis the sunset of life teaches mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."
> CAMPBELL.

In a recent number of Regina we endeavoured to amuse our readers with some observations on the "Philosophy of Apparitions:" as a sequel to that paper, we now present them with some curious facts concerning the mysteries of *Presentiment.*

Every thing relating to futurity is powerfully interesting. The solemn obscurity of the dark and mysterious Future inevitably induces the mind to contemplate with aweful anxiety, that state of good or evil to which we all must come: and, as death is common to every one, so are its presages eagerly received, and by many, implicitly credited.

In Scotland, the *Bodach Glas* announces the termination of human life to the appalled and trembling persons: in Wales, the *Canwyll y Cyrph,* or Corpse Candle, indicates the same doom, and blanches the bravest brow; in Ireland the Death Fetch has the same ominous power; while here in England the harsh ticking death-watch points with equal certainty to the final struggle, and whitens the cheek of the aged nurse by its well known warning.

It would be no difficult matter to account for the *modus operandi* of these "Fatal Presentiments." The human mind is a strange machine, and when excited by intense anxiety, and wound up to the highest pitch by despair and fear, it is no hard matter to conjure up those "signs and tokens," which are now considered as sure and fatal prognostications of the worst of human calamities. The buzzing of a fly in the chamber of the dying, is an omen of sufficient magnitude to startle the strongest; and Hope,

> "Which draws towards itself,
> The flame with which it kindles,"

is frequently put to flight by a sound which at any other time would not be noticed. But it has been contended, and by persons of no mean understanding, that *Fatal Presentiments* are conveyed to the mind by means, if not supernatural, at all events mysterious and wonderful; and numerous examples, as we shall presently see, have been adduced in proof of the unerring certainty of the warning, as well as of its mysterious occurrence. Lord Rochester—a strange but not a despicable authority—indulged an impression, that the soul, either by a natural sagacity, or some secret notice communicated to it, had a sort of divination by which these presages were engendered; while many of the ancient philosophers believed that the mind was endowed, to a certain extent, with power of prescience totally distinct from, and independent of that conjectural sagacity in regard to the future, which is derived from enlarged and comprehensive experience of the past. This was the opinion entertained by Cicero; and in short, it is a tenet which has been common to men in all ages; embodied in their popular poetry and traditions, and disputed only in ages of sceptical refinement: and if we admit that every action and every event occur in conformity to general laws; in other words, that there is no such thing as contingency either in human actions, or the course of events, but that each must be determined by an adequate notice or cause,—there seems nothing repugnant to reason, or inconsistent with the known operations of the mind, in admitting the possible existence of such a faculty, though, for wise purposes, its operation is confined within narrow limits, and we are kept in salutary ignorance of futurity. If there be no contingency, every thing is necessary, and *may,* for any thing we know to the contrary, be sometimes, and to a certain extent, foreseen even by man in his present imperfect state.

This is especially the case as regards approaching evil, while prosperity, even when it comes suddenly, is seldom or never preceded by any presage of its approach. How are we to account for this? we may adduce two solutions of the marvel. *First:* it is no doubt, a wise provision to warn man of evil, as it is of more importance to him to receive a pre-

monition of approaching mischief,—than a coming good. *Second:* all our powers and faculties are primarily devoted to our preservation, and are most violently called into action, when this is endangered. Hence even the very instincts of our nature frequently impart a salutary presentiment indispensable to our safety. It is upon this principle chiefly that we would account for the presentiment of evil being so much more prevalent than that of good, which requires no harbinger to prepare us for its approach. And for the very same reason, that we have sometimes a general and an indefinite presentiment of coming evil, which is frequently complex in its character, we may have a *distinct* presage of the approach of death, the most awful event, which we are called upon to meet in this present state of our mortal being.

It is a well authenticated fact, that many men distinguished for great personal bravery, and the most intrepid contempt of danger in its most appalling forms, have, on the eve of battle been overwhelmed with a *fatal presentiment* that they should not survive the combat; and that, in no instance, so far as we have been able to ascertain, has this presentiment proved false. The self-doomed victim has in every case fallen as he had predicted. The following examples, for the authenticity of which we will vouch, are strikingly corroborative of the fact in question.

A young officer, of great promise, belonging to the 92nd regiment, was observed on the day before the battle of Corunna, to be particularly low spirited; which was the more observable, as he was generally gay, cheerful, and full of spirits. His brother officers enquired the reason—rallied him, as brother officers are wont to do—but received no answer. On getting an opportunity, however, of conversing alone with one of them, to whom he was much attached, as he was a namesake, and a fellow countryman—"M." said he, "I shall, to a certainty, never survive tomorrow. I know I shall not, and you will see it." His friend tried to laugh him out of this notion; and said, it was childish, and unworthy of a man, who had so often and so heroically faced the enemy, to harbour such dismal forebodings. The next day after the heat of the action, the two young men met by accident; and he who the day before had derided the gloomy imagination of his friend, accosted him with—"What, M.! I thought you were to have been killed:—did I not say you should not?"—His friend replied, that nothing could convince him that he should ever see the sun of that day set; and, strange as it may seem, the words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when he was struck in the breast by a cannon shot, which instantly deprived him of existence.

There are few regiments that have not some anecdotes of this sort to record. We shall mention one or two more, which have been communicated to us by officers of great respectability, as having passed under their own personal observation. Lieutenant M'D., of the 43d, was so strongly possessed with this presentiment on the eve of one of the battles in the Peninsula, that he sent for Captain S., of the 88th, who was a countryman of his, and requested him to take charge of several little things, and to transmit them safely to his relations, particularly to his mother. Captain S., in surprise, asked him the reason why he, who was in perfect health, should think of making such arrangements? M'D. replied, "I know I am in perfect health; and I know, also, that I shall never return from the field to-morrow." Knowing M'D. to be a particularly brave man, for he had already repeatedly distinguished himself, and never having heard him express himself in such terms before, Captain S. was lost in astonishment, and his first impression was, that his poor friend was suffering from the delirium of fever. He, therefore, proceeded to remonstrate with him, and to endeavour, if possible, to rally him out of that desponding presentiment, which appeared to affect him so seriously. M'D. heard him calmly, and, without taking any notice of what he said, repeated his request in so cool and collected a manner, as to leave no doubt that he was in the full and perfect possession of all his faculties. Captain S., therefore, readily promised to comply with his wishes, should he himself survive; they then separated, and each went to his post.

On the following day, after the tumult and *mêlée* of the battle had subsided, the British being, as usual, victorious, a number of the officers met to congratulate one another on their safety. When Captain S. joined the party, he immediately inquired after his friend M'D., but none of the survivors had seen him, or new any thing of his fate. The conversation of the preceding day now rushed upon his mind, and, without saying a word, he instantly returned to the field to search for him among the wounded—the dead—and the dying. Nor did he search in vain. He found him, already stripped of part of his regimentals; but he knew him at once, his head and face being unharmed. Captain S. became deeply affected, and could not help shedding tears over the lifeless body of the brave and gallant youth, fore-doomed to so premature a fate.

The same thing happened in the case of Serjeant Macdonald, from Lochabar, as brave a fellow as ever drew sword, or carried a halbert, and who had been in ten or twelve general engagements, in each of which he had distinguished himself. On one occasion, however, he was so overwhelmed with this presentiment of death, that, on the day of battle, when his regiment was ordered to advance, his limbs refused their office, and his comrades had literally to support, and assist the man, to whom they had been accustomed to look up to as an example and model of a brave soldier. The battle had not lasted half an hour, before he was shot through the head.

A private of the name of Mackay, a man of the most reckless and dare-devil character, used to be the delight of the bivouacs of the 43d, during the Peninsular war. He had a great deal of that coarse but effective wit and drollery, which never fail to excite laughter; he abounded in anecdotes and stories, which he told with a remarkable degree of *naïveté* and humour; and often [illegible]d he beguile the watches of the [illegible], as poor Alan did with M[illegible]ark, by singing the songs of [illegible]ar native land. The instant [illegible]kay appeared, hunger, thirst, and [illegible]gue were forgotten; the soldiers [illegible]lustered round him, and seating themselves by the watch-fire, thought only of listening to the joke, the tale, or the song. Even some of the officers did not disdain to mingle in these parties, and to acknowledge the rough but powerful fascination which hung on the lips of this unlettered soldier. Nor were his humour, mirth, and song, confined to the march and the camp; in the thickest of the enemy's fire he was as merry and as vivacious as in the bivouac! "Never," said the officer, who communicated to us these particulars, "shall I forget the impression made upon my mind by hearing Mackay's full and deep-toned voice pealing forth 'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' under the destructive diagonal fire from the enemy's artillery on the heights above the village of St. Boes. A soldier only knows the thrilling effect of such an incident at such a moment!"

Yet this singular man was seized with one of those *fatal presentiments* of which we have been speaking.—On the eve of the battle of Toulouse, he suddenly became thoughtful and silent. His previous character rendered this alteration more apparent, and his comrades eagerly crowded round him to inquire the reason, being at first inclined to jibe him with what they called his "Methodist face;" but, on observing his dejected look, the wild and unearthly expression of his eye, and the determined obstinacy with which he resisted all solicitations to join their party as usual, they stared at each other with astonishment, and ceased to annoy him.

It was his turn to go on duty to the outposts, and he, consequently, soon left them. On his way to his post, he met a young officer, who had shown him much kindness, and whose life he had been chiefly instrumental in saving. "Ha, Mackay!" said the officer, "Is it you? Bless me, how ill you look! What's the matter? Are you unwell? Stay—I will go to the Colonel, and request him to let some one else take your duty." "I thank you kindly, Mr. M." said Mackay, respectfully saluting the officer. "I am not unwell, and had rather go myself. But I have a favour to ask of you. You have always been kind—very kind to me, and I am sure you will not refuse it." "What is it? Speak it

out at once, man," said Mr. M. "It is *borne in* upon my mind that I shall fall to-morrow," rejoined Mackay; "here are ten dollars: will you take charge of them, and send them to my mother? You know where she lives; and—and—if it was not too much trouble, sir," he added, his voice faltering, "you might tell her, if you should see her, poor old woman! that her son—devil as he has been—has never ceased, day nor night, to beg Heaven's blessing on her head, or to blame himself with leaving her solitary and destitute."

The veteran wept like a child; and the young officer was scarcely less affected. Taking the money, he broke away from Mackay in order to conceal his emotion; and he retired to his quarters, oppressed with the melancholy feelings which this strange scene had occasioned; but anxious, at the same time, to persuade himself that it was a mere hallucination of fancy, and that the poor fellow's mind was touched. On the succeeding day, however, when the remains of the regiment were mustered, Mackay was missing: but the tears of his surviving comrades sufficiently indicated the fulfilment of his presentiment. He had fallen late in the action, beside one of the redoubts, pierced with more than twenty bullets.

The last instance of *this* kind, which we shall mention, is one that will probably make a greater impression than any of the preceding, as it relates to individuals of great historical importance. Napoleon, on the 7th of May, 1796, had surprised the passage of the Po at Piacenza, while Beaulieu was expecting him at Valeggio, and General Laharpe, commanding the grenadiers of the advanced guard, fixed his head-quarters at Emmetri, between Fiombio and the Po. During the night, Liptay's Austrian division arrived at Fiombio, which is only one league from the river; and having embattled the houses and steeples, filled them with troops. As the position was strong, and Liptay might receive reinforcements, it became of the utmost importance to dislodge him, and this, after an obstinate contest, was effected. Laharpe then executed a retrograde movement to cover the roads leading to Pavia and Lodi. In the course of the night, a regiment of the enemy's cavalry appeared at his outposts, and created considerable alarm, but, after a slight resistance, retired. Nevertheless, Laharpe, followed by a picquet and several officers, went forward to reconnoitre, and particularly to interrogate in person the inhabitants of the farm-houses on the road. Unfortunately, however, he returned to the camp by a different route to that by which he had been observed to set out; and the troops being on the watch, and mistaking the reconnoitring party for a detachment of the enemy, opened a brisk fire of musketry, and Laharpe fell dead, pierced by the bullets of his own soldiers, by whom he was dearly beloved. It was remarked that, during the action of Fiombio, throughout the evening preceding his death, Laharpe seemed very absent and dejected; giving no orders—appearing, as it were, deprived of his usual energies, and entirely absorbed by a fatal presentiment. Laharpe was one of the bravest generals in the army of Italy—a grenadier both in stature and courage; and, although by birth a foreigner (a Swiss,) he had raised himself to the rank of a general by his mere talent and bravery.

An anecdote, somewhat bearing upon the point, has just come into our recollection; and as it is characteristic and striking, we offer no apology for its insertion. On the night before Massena's attack on Lord Wellington's position on the Sierra de Busaco, the troops, ignorant of the enemy's proximity, and fatigued with their day's march, had lain down on the summit of the ridge to take a little rest; and both men and officers were soon fast asleep. Amongst them was the gallant officer who then commanded the Connaught Rangers. He had not, however, slept long, before he started up, apparently in great alarm; and calling a young officer of the same regiment, who lay close by him, he said, "D., I have just had a most extraordinary dream; such as I had once before, the night before an unexpected battle. Depend upon it, we shall be attacked very soon." The young man immediately went forward; and, after looking between him and the horizon, and listening attentively to every sound and murmur wafted on the night-breeze,

he returned, and reported that all was still. The Colonel was satisfied, and they again lay down. In less than half an hour, however, the Colonel again started up, exclaiming in strong language, that, ere an hour elapsed, they should surely be attacked! On seeing the Colonel and his young friend throw aside their cloaks, and move off, several of the officers by them took the alarm. And it was high time; for, on examination, it was found that the enemy's columns of attack were ascending the heights, with the utmost secrecy and expedition. Some of them had then reached the summit, and deployed into line, before the British were ready to attack them. They were immediately charged, broken, and driven down the declivity with great loss. It is remarkable that the same gallant officer, now a general, had a similar dream in Egypt, on the morning of the 21st of March, before the British position was attacked by the French, under cover of the darkness. The circumstance is certainly curious, although not exactly connected with the immediate subject of the present article.

The examples which we have hitherto adduced, are exclusively referable to incidents of a military character; but many of our readers, who reside in the secluded districts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, or even of more civilized England, will find no difficulty to charge their memory with abundant proofs of the realization of the gloomy forebodings of these fatal presentiments; not occurring amidst the careless bustle of a camp, or the heedless hum and popularity of the busy world; but in the silent and secluded glen, the gloomy grove, or the pine-clad mountain. To a soldier on the eve of battle, it is possible that a sad foreboding for the fortune of the morrow may find ready access to the heart. The bravest man may wish to live, if not for himself, at least for his wife and little ones, his parents, or his kindred. And the fond remembrance of these, rushing with all the force of separated affection into his bosom, may conjure up those feelings of despondency, which, in their extreme intensity, may constitute these fatal presentiments. But this cannot be said of those, who, pursuing their calm, sequestered path, on the wide road of human life, scarcely ever vary the events of their existence, and rarely quit the secluded spot which gave them birth. And that such persons are subjected to the occurrence of fatal presentiments, is too well known to need illustration here.

Supposing, then, that the occurrence of fatal presentiments be firmly established, is it possible, consistently with any known principle of the human mind, to offer any satisfactory explanation of this strange and mysterious phenomenon? It is obvious, from the preceding anecdotes, that this "fatal presentiment" cannot be considered as a mental hallucination, engendered by cowardice or fear, as, in all the instances adduced, the individuals have been remarkable for their courage, firmness, and intrepidity. It is curious, too, that the most striking concomitant of this prophetic anticipation of death, is the strong and overweening conviction of its positive realization.

It may be urged, that a person thus fatally possessed, may become so careless of existence, as, thereby, to insure his destruction. Be it so: but, we ask, what originally induces the presentiment? Soldiers, and particularly veteran soldiers, familiar with danger and death, are not generally liable to be troubled with hypochondriac feelings, or with phantoms of visionary terror. The evils to which they are exposed, are physical, not mental; their life has too much of stern reality in it to be embittered, or disordered by the fanciful phantasmagoria of the brain: food and rest after fatigue, and, after battle, victory and glory, are commonly the prime objects with which they concern themselves. It is, therefore, highly improbable that such gloomy forebodings as those which we have narrated, should, in the first instance, be occasioned by any distempered affection of the mind; and it is no less improbable that the constant fulfilment of the prediction should be a mere accidental coincidence.

Upon what principle, then, are we to account for the appalling certainty of approaching death thus irresistibly "borne in"—(to use poor Mackay's words) upon the mind? By what secret intervention is it thus, in some

instances, assured of the near approach of an event, which, to the vast majority of men, "clouds and shadows rest upon,"* till the fatal moment when it is revealed? Whence, too, the overwhelming conviction with which it is accompanied? We confess we cannot tell: but we believe the fact, because the moral evidence in its favour is irresistible. The physiology of the mind is a subject, of which we must ever remain in total ignorance. Spurzheim may unravel all the perplexing convolutions of the brain—he may discover new organs, new passions, and new combinations; he may, in short, exert all that ingenuity, for which he is so renowned; but he gains nothing by the effort, but our admiration for his anatomical skill and dexterity. The mind may have *latent* powers, which can only be called into action by a particular combination of circumstances; which combination may be of rare occurrence, and beyond the reach of our inquiries, when it does happen. Many of the lower animals are gifted with a presentiment of danger, the manner of acquiring which is probably as mysterious as that which we are now considering; and this seems to be given them by nature for their preservation.

Man, in general, is placed in a less enviable situation; because he has reason, instead of instinct, for his guide. Yet it has been believed, in all ages, that men have been, occasionally, forewarned of their approaching dissolution, and that "sounds by no mortals made," are intelligible to "death's prophetic ear." This belief, probably, originated in the observation of facts similar to those we have been mentioning; but how, at the "sunset of life, coming events cast their shadows before," is a mystery too abstruse for our mundane faculties. It is equally impossible, we suspect, even to conjecture, with any degree of plausibility, whether these premonitions result from any internal consciousness, or external agency;—from some latent power of the mind suddenly called into action, or from the immediate influence of that Mighty Being, of whom it is only an emanation. Be this as it may, we have adduced a sufficient number of proofs to answer all the purposes of our argument; and to set our thinking readers reflecting on a subject of great, and most interesting importance.

GEORDIE SCOTT.

A HAMELY PASTORAL. BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Shepherd lads o' Tweed an' Yarrow,
Sair exposed to Cupid's arrow;
Lads, o' amourous lads the wale,
Listen to my waefu' tale;
An' whene'er you feel a smart
Raund abaut yaur quaking heart,
Or a pang that gars you shiver,
Pant, an' breathe as in a fever;
When a maiden's killing blink,
Tells o' what you darena think,
Then, O then, be ne'er forgot,
What befel to Geordie Scott.
  Geordie dreaded a' transgression,
Cameronian by profession;
He was sober, decent, homely,
Visage neither fair nor comely;
Wore a plaid o' underlockings,
Corduroys an' good gray stockings;
Locks of black, an' oily glow,
Sleekit nicely down his brow,
Which his hand, wi' ready will,
Sleekit close an' closer still.

Such our Shepherd—you can see,
Face an' mind, as well as me;
For a painter sits within,
Drawing forms wi' little din;
A great master of the art,
Near the region of the heart.
Strange his colouring and keeping,
Whether we're awake or sleeping;
Tell him draw unto the letter,
Geordie five feet ane an' better;
Legs like pillars, stout an' stumpy,
Figure square an' rather dumpy;
Mind, a cloudy murky din,
Passions just like other men.
Think o' sic a lad o' figure,
In the prime o' youthfu' vigour,
Frae his lonely habitation,
Coming to *a great occasion*,
All his spirits in emotion,
Shedding tears of deep devotion;
Pierced at ance through heart and marrow,
By a twang of Cupid's arrow.—
Gude forgie us! can it be?
Is this case a certainty?
Yes, forsooth, an' without peaching,
In the middle o' the preaching;
With his thoughts on heaven above,
Geordie's spirit bowed to love;
Thrilling, killing, sweet he felt it,
A' the saul within him meltit;
Shepherds, sure you'll wail the lot
O' the simple Geordie Scott.
Ah! but had you seen the creature!
What a form an' what a feature!
Eye so heavenly, pure an' chaste,
Grass-green veil down to her waist.
All her robes of snowy hue,
Ribbons of cerulean blue;
Shetland bonnet, hose, and shoon,
Brooch o' goud like half a moon;
Frill o' seemly Paisley lace,
Numbering fifty points like v's;
With birks an' bowers an' lily flowers,
A wily sketch of youth's amours.
And then ilk playfu' breeze that pass'd her,
Showed her brow of alabaster;
Handsome foot and taper limb,
Rounded form so sweetly slim;
Neck, the ivory polished new,
Lips, the cherry wet wi' dew;
Face in holy calmness steeping,
Sweetness in her bosom sleeping;
Stare or wonder man could not,
At the fate o' Geordie Scott.
O, that love! it costs us dearly!
Acts sae quietly an' queerly!
What is't like? what can it be?
'Tis like sugar put in tea.
Life is bread, grown rather stalish,
Love's the kitchen gars it relish;
That's what love is like, I wis—
This precisely what it is.

'A' the holy service through,
Geordie felt he wistna how;
Ilka thing was dearer, sweeter,
Saums in prose an' saums in metre.
Preachings, prayings, doings, jarrings,
Even the terrible debarrings,
Had a zest, a sterling merit,
Never felt by Geordie's spirit.
Love, soft, sweet, an' precious love,
Foretaste gave of bliss above;
O, that love! how sair it snools ane!
Fashes, fuddles, fikes, an' fools ane!
 Geordie's wits were sairly stoundit,
Oft he glower'd like ane dumfoundit;
Neighbour shepherds fand him lying,
Sometimes laughing, sometimes crying;
Every night he lo'ed her better,
Prayed an hour that he might get her;
Then with blessings breathed her name,
 Dearest, sweetest Annie Graeme!
 Oh! what pity sic a bonny ane,
 Shoudna be a Cameronian;
 But, ere long, if she is not,
 Blame the wit o' Geordie Scott."
 Geordie could nae langer thole,
For his heart burnt like a coal;
Off he set to desperate game,
Copper nose an' cheek o' flame;
Lip half curled, beard new shaven,
Hair as sleek as glossy raven;
Tongue that ne'er could sentence gather,
Save a word about the weather;
Think o' sic a lad o' frame,
Courting bonny Annie Graeme.

GEORDIE.

Annie, I've a word to say,
Come an' hear it if you may,
Just a wee bit ower the green,
Out o' sight o' human een;
There I'll tell you, lassie dear,
What, I hope, you'll like to hear.

ANNIE.

May be sae, but I ken weel,
What it is ye wad reveal;
Some love message frae the nailer,
Or a joke frae Tam the tailor;
Honest blackfoot, be content,
To take back this message sent.

GEORDIE.

Annie!

ANNIE.

What?

GEORDIE.

I scarce dare tell!
Annie—guess the truth yoursel'.

ANNIE.

No, I canna!—yes, I can!
It is your master—that's the man!

GEORDIE.

Annie, that wad be ill-seeming,
Gi'en to drink, an' gi'en to women!
Dancing on hell's very brim,
Sure, ye wadna think o' him?

ANNIE.

True; he's young, an' blithe, an' frisky,
Gi'en to fun, an' gi'en to whisky;
These, to lasses, are exciting,
Just the things our hearts delight in:

GEORDIE.

Fie for shame! had ye been saying,
Reading, singing saums, an' praying,
Were your pleasure, I could then
Tell what ye wad like to ken.

Dear lad, what need ye make sic wark,
He kiss'd me ae night i' the dark;
An' whisper'd i' my lug fu' clearly,
"Annie! faith, I loe you dearly!"
Then, what for need ye stand sae prim,
I ken the message comes frae him.
Poor lad! for a' his buts and bens,
I like him better than he kens!

GEORDIE.

Oh, sin' sirs! life had a beginning!
There's naught but sinning! sinning! sinning!
An' ae wee step aside, we ken,
May often lead to nine or ten!
Ah, bonny lass! ye're little trowing,
What may lurk aneath sic wooing!
When the beauties o' the kintry,
Aince begin to mell wi' gentry,
Ony ane may guess wi' me,
What the hopefu' end will be!
But, bonny Annie, wad ye win
The gates o' Paradise within,
Wi' farmers dinna moop an' mell,
But take a lad that's like yoursel;
I ken o' ane wha wad expressly
Always love ye, an' caress ye;
Pray wi' you baith morn an' even,
Point the path that leads to heaven;
Looking for a brighter morrow,
Sharing a' your joy an' sorrow.
If sic joe your fancy strike,
You may get him when you like.

ANNIE.

I like religion—think it charmin',
At a kirk or mountain sermon,
Folks look sae braw wi' decent air,
I like it better than a fair;
But e'en an' morn to whine an' pule,
It turns to be a saut o' drule;
Therefore, the neist time that ye see him,
Tell the lad I winna hae him.

GEORDIE.

Annie, he can make you lady
Of a press an' good grey plaidy;
A cow, a stirk, a pot, a ladle,
A good brown yaud an' a side-saddle;
Sixty ewes o' rare creation,
An' a toop wad mense a nation;
Twa good limbs as stout as steel,
An' a heart that likes ye weel.
Annie—I dare hardly tell,
But the lad is just mysel'!

ANNIE.

What, you?—he, he!—now, I'll be sworn,
I never heard sin' I was born,
Sic royal fun!—I'll gar it spread
Through links o' Yarrow an' o' Tweed;
An' to the poet straight I'll send it,
Though 'tis sae rare he canna mend it;
But into ranting rhymes he'll string it,
And make a sang, that I may sing it.
Are ye no saying this in daffing?
For if ye're no, I'll dee wi' laughing!
He, he!—to think o' sic a dumpy,
A moorland Cameronian stumpy,
To come in sad an' serious frame,
To ask the hand o' Annie Graeme.
It is enough to turn love's passion,
An' sweet, sweet wooing, out o' fashion.
Gae hame an' kep your kibbit ewes,
An' tell your mammy a' the news,
How ye came on at courting Annie,
A quean right wicked an' uncanny;
Wha disna value at a bodle,
A Cameronian's corby noddle;
An' gar her feel that haggies pate,
For the grand bump o' self-conceit.
He, he!—your wooing's gone to pot,
Farewell, an' thank ye, Geordie Scott!

Geordie's sunk look grew something prouder,
He flung his plaid out ower his shouder,
An' stumpit off he wistna whither,
Ower the Morton hills o' heather,
At the ways o' woman fretting,
Sometimes praying, sometimes greeting;
Wailing his unhappy lot,
Wae's my heart for Geordie Scott.
It fell out 'gainst a' misgivings,
Geordie's mair than any living's,
That bonny Anne, the country's pride,
Came hame his master's winsome bride;
An' lives a lady weel directit,
Weel beloved an' weel respectit;
But Geordie, to this hour o' grace,
Darena look her in the face;
But hings his head and stumples by,
An' turns his murky face awry.
O shepherds, let us wail the lot,
O' the hapless Geordie Scott!

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

> Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
> And shame and terror over all!
> Deeds to be hid, which were not hid,
> Which, all confused, I could not know
> Whether I suffered or I did.
> For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe;
> My own, or others, still the same
> Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame."—COLERIDGE.

I.

THE cottage of Andrew Dawson was one of the prettiest among the many pretty little dwellings on the picturesque banks of the Tyne. Would I could describe it as it first struck my fancy, on a sunny summer morning, when I first rambled amid these scenes, in the days of the years of old. It stood almost in the centre of a large park or pasture ground, surrounded on three sides by the bending river, whose banks were fringed with a row of thriving willow trees. Over the front of the dwelling eglantine and honeysuckle were festooned, and with the luxuriance of years had come to spread themselves almost over the grey roof itself, half overshadowing every window. Behind, a large jargonelle tree was plaited to the walls, below which lay a range of bee-hives, whose busy murmurers revelled amid a profusion of flowers, with which the tidy little garden was bordered. At the extremity of the enclosure ran the mill-dam. The mill itself, of which three generations of Andrew Dawsons had been the successive tenants, stood a little farther eastward, over the top of which, on the opposite higher banks of the river, might be seen, amid the rich green old [illegible] the ivied towers of the kir[illegible]in which they had from youth [illegible]ge joined the assembly of the people in the praise of their Maker, and at whose feet they had in turn lain down in faith to sleep the sleep of death.

The [illegible]iller and his wife were now so[illegible]hat advanced into the vale of [illegible] but though industrious from [illegible] and a sense of duty, the exer[illegible]ns of youth had received an adequate recompence in the comforts which these enabled them now to enjoy. Around their home and within it were abundant indications of rural plenty; and, in the possession of an only child, they found an outlet for those feelings, with which nature surrounds the heart of a parent.

And well was Jessy Dawson worthy the affections, which she repaid threefold in filial duties, and with an earnestness, an alacrity, and devotion which seemed to render their exercise a matter of pleasure. In person she was rather above the middle stature, with fine hazel eyes and auburn hair; and though educated to even more than the usual degree of persons in her sphere of life, she retained an innocence and simplicity of nature about her, which marked her at once as possessing a superior mind, and rendered her the pride and delight of her friends. She had that light-heartedness, which clothes the countenance in the radiance of perpetual smiles, as if all the thoughts within were pure and happy, and though care seemed never to have thrown its darkening shadow over her, it might be read in her features, that hers was a bosom quick in its sensibilities, and as ready to sympathize with the mourner, as to join chorus with mirth and laughter. The cheerfulness of her natural disposition seemed contagious, and communicated itself to all that approached her, and by assiduously endeavouring by all innocent means to please every one, she became, almost in contradiction to the proverb, a universal favourite.

Blessed with such a child, who was as light to their old eyes, the aged couple lived a life of contentment and happiness. They had no aim, no wish in this world, but to see their daughter happy; nor she, save in making them so.

II.

Jessy had now reached her nineteenth year, and the zenith of her feminine beauty. The management of the family concerns had been for a year or two gradually resigned into her hands, and was now almost wholly so; nor did she belie the expectations of her friends in her foresight, prudence, and discretion.

Such worth and beauty were not destined to pass unobserved, and she lacked not for admirers in abundance. The favoured one, however, was a young man, who acted as clerk at a neighbouring bleachfield, and who had been long assiduous in his attentions in seeing her home from church. He was an Englishman, of the name of Dennison, and carried with him all the attractions, that a handsome person and insinuating manners could bestow. Acquaintanceship gradually repened into feelings of a warmer nature—little presents were exchanged between them—and by degrees almost imperceptible, a few words of gallantry were introduced into the conversation of the wooer. Nor were such altogether unpleasing to the ear of our heroine; for, be it confessed, that, almost unconsciously to herself, the seeds of a latent affection for him were fostering in her bosom.

Once a week she went to the neighbouring market-town; and, as good fortune would have it, she almost invariably met Mr. Dennison on the road. It seemed pure accident, and it never struck her that though for years she had pursued the same practice, she had never happened to meet with him until lately! The day and the hour of her setting out now became to be looked forward to and counted on, with something of the feeling of an era, and she took a pride and a care in decorating her person, beyond her wont. Perhaps of this she was scarcely herself aware; nor were her innocent endeavours ineffectual. Kind looks and kinder words passed between them; of Platonic love they wot not; and their intimacy soon ripened into strong and overweening affection. From indifferent subjects, their conversation soon concentrated its power on topics congenial to their mutual feelings; and left behind more trembling hopes and fears, and misgivings of the spirit, that indicate the formation, and the presence of genuine love.

Never were soothing words or flattering appeals lost on the ear of beauty, and young Dennison shewed himself not incapable of such ingratiation. As he walked by her, he would, with a sigh, deplore their approach to the field at the foot of which they were to part, and indicate by broken allusions, how happy he could be in some home, however humble, with one like her. He told her the history of his earlier years—of his boyish exploits—of his youthful frolics—of his school-day friendships—and whatever he imagined could the more engage her to him. Thus by reposing confidence in her, and making her the repository of bosom-feelings, he won not only her confidence in return, but her unmeasured, unrestrained, although unconfessed love.

III.

One clouded but luxurious autumnal evening, when the insects were humming over the channel of the Tyne, the trouts leaping from its dark slumbrous mirror, and the birds singing unseen amid the deep woods, Dennison stretched along the grass at the foot of a willow tree, awaited the return of Jessy from the town on her homeward way.

As she approached, he started up, and running towards her, said in a manner in which anxiety seemed mingled with passion, as he seized her hand within both of his, "Come away, come away, my love; I thought I was never to see you again; and yet as I measure my happiness by yours, it were as well that I had missed you, as I have but sorry tidings to communicate. I have this morning received a letter from Yorkshire which calls me home, and about an hour ago I have resigned my present situation. My place is, I believe, already filled up, and by the end of the week I bid adieu to these scenes, I fear for ever!"

As he said this he looked her in the face, and observed her face not

only to lose the blush which their meeting had occasioned, but to wane to the most ashy paleness. He took no notice, however, of this not unwelcome token, but continued.

"Well, well, Jessy, away I must go; there is no help for it; out of sight, you know, out of mind; and a month hence you will have no remembrance of him who has left his heart with you, and can never hope to meet with another Jessy Dawson on earth. And you will get other sweethearts, Jessy, plenty of them, but none, who will ever love you so faithfully as I do Yes, yes, they may wait for you as I have done on yon bank by the water side; and perhaps you may tell them, that another in bye-past days has looked for you from that spot at evening to see you home, and to pour out his overflowing heart before you: but that he went away, and you never heard more of him. The newest love is aye the sweetest, the past is over and gone!"

The poor girl was overcome by the abruptness of this declaration, and in the warmth of her feelings she laid aside all disguise. "Oh, say not that!" returned Jessy, with some animation, "for perhaps you are judging more harshly than you should do. Changeable some women may be—and are; but all are not alike, and better than that may be expected from some among us. See that the fault may not be laid with more propriety at your door than at ours."

"So you doubt my constancy, Jessy, do you?"

"I do not altogether say that. Do ye see the swallow's nest yonder at the corner of our window? For a number of summers—ever since I was a little girl, that same bird has bigged in that spot, and reared its young ones; and though forced, by the cold of winter, to leave us, it aye returned with the glinting of spring, after its far journeying through the air, though many a grander and more glittering bield it passed by on its way; and all, perhaps, because we saved it from being molested long ago. Travellers are like the swallows that flee away, but whether in absence they remember their friends, is a matter of doubt. You know, Charles, that they are said to have sweethearts in every town; and, likely, leave a breaking heart in each; so be not so bold in preaching up constancy."

"No, Jessy," he said, giving her hand an affectionate squeeze, "I may have had likings before; but I never was in love until now. 'Tis true—'tis true, as yonder sun is now setting · do not take your hand from me. I might have said as much before; but I did not dream of being hurried away from you at this rate."

"You are jesting now—you are jesting now," said Jessy, affecting a smile, which betrayed both pleasure and pain; then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "but I am a giddy girl, to be lingering here; and, at all events, I am determined never to desert my father and mother. No, no! I cannot think of leaving them in their old days. But what am I speaking about? I would not leave them for the whole world. But what is that you have brought me?—a gold locket, I declare!"

"Take it, Jessy, as a keepsake from me, and wear it in your bosom. When you look at it, may you call to mind him who is far away."

"Well, I will keep it for your sake," said the artless maiden; "but see we are almost upon the house, and what will my father think if he see us thus wandering together. See, yonder he is himself, standing beside the door—what can I say to him?"

"Say nothing to him, for he cannot know me at this distance; and, since we must part, good night; but as you have a particle of regard for me, meet me here tomorrow evening Do be sure and come, now, as it is the last time I may see you, and it would be a heartbreak to me to leave this without bidding you farewell." So saying, he shook her hurriedly by the hand, and departed.

IV.

[illegible] hastened forward to the cot[illegible] by the side of which her father [illegible] rooting up some weeds from the [illegible]ower bed; and, as she approached him, he stopped for a moment from his occupation, and said, "Jessy, my dear, who was that who parted from you a little ago, I scarcely think I know the lad?"

"Oh, I dare say not, father," answered Jessy, untying her bonnet with some degree of embarrassment,

and colouring slightly. "He is a clerk at the bleachfield, and I would like that you knew him too; but it is not now worth while making his acquaintance, for he leaves this, and goes back to England in a day or two."

In spite of herself she could scarcely articulate the latter part of the sentence, into which a mournful half-querulous tone was involuntarily thrown.

"Jessy," said the reverend old man, as he rested on his hoe, "how came you to be acquainted with him? Beware of strangers. It is hard to judge ill of any body, because we do not know them; but it is much better to trust them we have tried."

"Are ye there, my bairn?" said her mother, as she showed herself at the threshold, "come away in, you will be wearied. Your father is not thinking that you must be both tired and hungry. Come away in, my dear."

So saying, Mrs. Dawson turned round, and stepped in; while Jessy, casting a hurried look to the path on which Dennison was disappearing, heaved a sigh, and followed her.

When Jessy lay down that evening, her mind was in a state of perturbation; the serenity of those who lie down without care to sleep—the sleep of the innocent—had fled, and she felt like a person who has just left the flowery paths of childhood to wander amid the thorny brakes of the great world. Gloomy and desponding thoughts—the fears and doubts of separation—the consciousness of blame, in not revealing her secret to her kind parents—and the consciousness of her standing on a brink, from which she might plunge either into happiness or misery, weighed on her spirits, and she counted the lagging hours, as they passed silently forward from midnight toward morning. She was up, however, early as usual, and busied about her household tasks, although that cheerful song was mute to which the caged linnet sang responsively.

The day was a long and a tedious one, but at length it passed over, and the hour of her parting assignation with one, already too dear to her, approached. The sun was pouring his crimson glory from the west over the tops of the forest trees, and obliquely staining in mellow hues the walls of the apartment in which she was arraying her beautiful form for this meeting with her lover; and as she gazed in the mirror, she seemed for the first time conscious of her own witchery. More time was lost at her toilet, than was at all usual with one so artless and simple, and often she did only to undo, for her thoughts were flurried, and her heart beat quick, but pardonably enough she thought within herself,—this is perhaps the last time we may ever meet together. Oh, I would like that it should appear to him that Charles Dennison is about to leave one, neither in make nor mind unworthy of his regard. Her bosom was the seat of a thousand contending feelings: she was glad, tumultuously rejoiced at the near prospect of meeting the man she loved: afflicted that this meeting was a parting, perhaps a last one. She considered that she was totally unexperienced in the ways of the world, that she was still but a girl in her nineteenth year; yet she felt what a month had brought forth, what eras may occur within the lapse of a few weeks; that, as it were but yesterday, she was a happy, careless, childish creature, and now the pledged wife of one, who was almost a stranger. She was fearful at the lengths things had already come with one, of whom she knew almost nothing, save his affection for her; and who, for aught that she could say to the contrary, might have been a cause of sorrow and reproach to his relatives. Her parents knew nothing of the matter; their advice she had not asked; their feelings she had overlooked; their confidence she had despised; and as she poignantly and sorrowfully pondered on these things, a warm, silent, reproachful tear gushed over her cheek, but "she wiped it soon." Her young, buoyant, unsuspicious heart overcame all scruples, and hushed, if it did not extinguish all fears, as in the beauty of her youth and innocence, she stepped from the cottage door into the glowing lustre of the evening.

The aspect of nature was almost unearthly beautiful: birds were singing amid the bushes, as she passed along in that luxurious state of suspense which only lovers know, when joy seems too ardent and bright to be

lasting, and life—the very feeling of existence—is a species of enchantment. She looked around with eyes which were not her own; and, as the sun darted up his farewell beams through the dark, massy, and picturesque clouds, they brightened up into domes, palaces, and pillars, of fairy illumination. At her feet the cows lay basking in ease and enjoyment, ruminating their food amid the fresh green grass. The wild flowers glowed with hues beyond their wont, and almost seemed not only endowed with a consciousness of their existence, but of their beauty. The winds were asleep; yet, out of very dalliance, the leaves twinkled, and showed their white linings on the tall, bending willows. The golden grain stood in ripeness over fields, which it seemed to encumber with its luxuriance; and, far off, the green receding hills showed their woods and cottage windows sparkling in the casual flood of mellow sunlight. In the distance was heard the monotonous but not unpleasant murmur of the village, "a low, continuous sound"—the lively, distant dog-bark, and the lowing of remote oxen. Life seemed to assume a new aspect before her, and her feelings were different from the feelings of other days. She looked at heaven, she looked at earth—all was reposing, and bright, and beautiful; then she glanced, half unconsciously, down on her own person, and, while her heart fluttered within her, she felt happy—happier than words could express.

V.

Thus strayed on the artless and innocent Jessy Dawson, in a perplexity of enjoyment, a tumultuous crowding of luxurious and romantic thoughts; nor was she recalled to herself till, at the appointed hawthorn-tree, she perceived her lover awaiting her arrival.

They had selected a little-frequented path, that none might intrude on the privacy of their feelings. She linked her arm in his. The sun was just darting his farewell rays over the western hills, whose declivities rapidly became purplish and hazy. They wandered on in happiness, as if all the wants and wishes of life were satisfied. One after another the songs of the small birds ceased, leaving the silent air to the twitter of the swallow. The hedge-rows on each side breathed forth their perfume of wild rose bushes; and, as the lovers sauntered [illegible] earth seemed as if created but for their enjoyment alone. Onwards and onwards they loitered, unconscious of the shades which were deepening around, and of the distance which was lengthening between them and home. Her gentle weight hung upon [illegible] arm, and she felt herself m[illegible]n happy. She feared it [illegible] be for the last time—for the [illegible]mities of human enjoyment and [illegible]ffering often fearfully conjoin—and her will warred with her duty when she thought of turning back. "It shall not happen again," she thought to herself; "life is not so full of sweets, as that we should spurn them aside when they come in our way; and I should like that the remembrance of this evening should be a long theme for meditation to each, when we are far separated from each other—may be, by lands and seas." But at length the deadening twilight called her from the delicious reverie; and drawing her arm from within his, she pointed to the gathering stars, and said, "What a foolish girl am I, to be wandering here, and the night coming down upon us!"

The lovers stood for a few moments in silence gazing on each other; then, seizing hold of her hand passionately, Dennison said, "And, since we part so soon, do you grudge me an hour of your company? Ah! Jessy, Jessy, you are cruel, cruel; but let this plead for me;" and drawing her graceful form within his arms, he imparted a burning kiss upon her lips.

Then came pouting and soothing; the gentle rebuke, and the gentler excuse; until at length the remedy was worse than the ail. Her youth, her passion, her unsuspecting innocence, were but precarious safeguards—— but I have not heart to proceed.

VI.

Alas! how dreary is the plunge from light to darkness!—When Jessy Dawson left the cottage of her parents, she felt herself in her sinless innocence—a being almost removed, by happy thoughts and feelings, by the passion of pure love, and by the romance of hope, beyond the withering sway of time, and the perishable elements of mortality. What was she now? To what had a moment of heedlessness and unguarded thought reduced her? She feared to think—she hated herself—she hated the world—she execrated the hour of her birth!—Suddenly had her sky been overcast, and a storm of horror, which was destined to overwhelm her, was blackening and brooding there. All unforgiving she knew was the world; and, "Oh!" thought she to herself, "if heaven be as unforgiving as earth!"

She sate down upon a large stone by the gate of a wheat field; it was wet with the vesper dews, and lay beneath a dark, umbrageous chesnut tree. The sun was gone—the stars were met in the sky—the night-wind was abroad, stirring the branches above her with a hollow and complaining sound. The Tyne, dark and unillumined, murmured sullenly over its channel. Here and there, on the plain, she saw the sparkling of the cottage windows, and felt that no home could evermore be a happy one for her. How was she to return to hers? The pride of her heart was bowed to the dust; her "self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts," was lost. She was as a tree scathed by lightning—a flower, over which the poison-snake has crawled. And her parents—her heart, as if it would burst, swelled into her throat—her doating and unconscious parents!—her dear father, and her dear, dear mother! what were to become of them? How had she repaid their labours of affection—how were all their instructions forgotten—their advices trampled on in derision—their implored blessings set aside as "trifles nothing worth." The finger of scoffing was to be pointed at their home—infamy coupled with their names—wretchedness brought on their grey hairs! A cold sweat came over her; and, as she trembled, a sense of suffocation caused her to unloose the strings of her bonnet, that she might breathe more freely. Then she arose, in her despair, hurriedly from the stone, and, hastening wildly onwards, kept speaking aloud to herself in the tumult and bitterness of her heart—"I am miserable!" she cried; "I am undone for ever! Oh, that my parents could forget they ever had a daughter—that the earth would gape, and swallow me for ever!"

VII.

Weeks passed on, and the hopes and heart of Jessy Dawson were shaded in sunless gloom. A visible change was perceptible in her mien and countenance. The light, buoyant thoughtlessness of youth seemed suddenly to have evaporated, and over her hung that dull, settled pensiveness, which had changed a Hebe into an Urania—yet diminishing not a line of that beauty, which seemed even now more bewitching in its quiet pensiveness. She pursued her usual tasks; and if the same alacrity was not shewn, there was even more than her usual carefulness in her operations. Always attentive and obedient to her parents to whom she was attached with all the devotedness of an only child, she now became more solicitous than ever to please them—more anxious than ever not to offend. She hung about her mother in her household tasks, as if she felt delighted to share the presence of one on whom her thoughts could rely in the confidence of affection—although bitterly conscious of having abused that affection, and of having withheld that confidence concerning her actions which she deserved. Her heart was humbled alike by sorrow and sin; yet the hope that truth was not to be utterly despaired of in man sustained her from altogether sinking, and, at times, she almost believed, that vows sacredly pledged, and fervently iterated, were enough, and more than enough, to secure a heart wholly by the feelings, not alone of generosity, but of humanity, honour, and justice.

At length a letter came. It had been agreed on between them that she should be addressed under a ficti-

tious name, to prevent her letters finding their way to her father's house, and thus laying open a correspondence and connexion which, with the fear ever attendant on error and its consequences, she was in perpetual dread of being prematurely discovered. After many a repeated call at the post-office, at length she found a packet—and it was a drop of honey in her cup of gall.

The restoration to cheerfulness was, however, only partial and very transient. Like a lily that has been trodden on, in its bloom and beauty, by the careless foot of the passenger, withering silently away, so was she still a picture of loveliness; but the glow of health was gone, and languor, paleness, and decay, betokened a damming up of the vital spirits.

Old Andrew and his wife observed—how could they otherwise?—the change on one in whom centred their tenderest hopes and fears. For the playful girl, who was the life of their household, they now saw one whose silent thoughts seemed only to hold communion with sorrow—whose pensiveness was unsuited to her years and temperament, and whose natural cheerfulness had been eclipsed by some sudden cloud of melancholy, which, however unsettled for a moment by the light of parental love, or by painful internal efforts, came down again in darkness over her spirit, brooding like an evil genius. She still, however, continued her customary occupations; but she avoided observation, kept within doors, or, when obliged to go out, chose the least frequented paths, and shrank from the approach of her acquaintances; loving rather to be alone, and courting that solitude where she could indulge in the melancholy of her feelings, and where, as there was no eye to intrude on her dejection, there should be no tongue to question its cause.

Yet hope is the predominant passion in the heart of man, however fear may distract, or misery oppress it; and sometimes would she wipe away her tears, arguing with herself that she had no reason to doubt the fidelity of one who had given every possible pledge of affection, and whose latest protestations were full of seemingly sincere warmth. But the awful monitor within was not to be so silenced: it spoke of broken commandments, and shame, and dishonour; so again she would sink into dejection, and tears flowed down her pale cheeks, while tumultuous grief agitated her bosom. For long and dismal hours would these paroxysms of misery last; and, when the bitter struggle subsided, her mind slowly buoyed itself up, as she would dream of her lover's return, and anticipated the forgiveness of the world.

VIII.

Andrew Dawson and his wife were presbyterians, educated in the strictness of their sect; religious people, who, according to the definition of Wordsworth, "give God and man their dues," live in integrity and peace, and account dishonour worse than death, itself. They knew not of the dark cloud which brooded over them: yet the only chance of saving them from the unforeseen, undreamt of calamity, was the return of Jessy's lover. Alas! it was written in the book of predestination that that lover was never to return.

Four months had elapsed, and no second letter had arrived. At length one came concerning, but not from, him—it was from his wife! The villain was the husband of another woman, whom he had deserted, and the letter of Jessy had fallen into her hands. Dennison himself had absconded, and, it was supposed, had passed over to America.

To describe the agony of poor Jessy's mind when this miserable intelligence reached her, is beyond the power of words. It was night falling over nature for ever; a sudden extinguishment of all her hopes; in a word, utter despair. She lay down in a raving fever, and, in the midst of her delirium, she often called on her lover by name, implored him to return to her, and, in broken exclamations, summoned death to snatch her away from infamy and ruin. Her parents were horror struck; for it was but too evident that her ail was of the heart, that some awful doom had been overhanging her, and that the gradual decay of their lovely and beloved child owed its origin to some

silent and secret sorrow, in which it was too much to be feared, that guilt was not unmingled.

Religion was the anchor of the old man's soul, and the bible the source, whence he sought for comfort in this the day of his bitter and overwhelming calamity. Yet often would he lay down the sacred volume, and rising, stand with his bald reverend head at the side of that bed, on which lay blasting and withering the only green leaf of his wintry hopes. Her mind seemed quite alienated, and she would keep muttering dark and incoherent sentences. "Come to me, come to me!" she would exclaim, stretching forth her arms, "why will you desert me thus? leave me thus to die in misery? You should not do it; you will not do it; you cannot do it. No—no—I know you love me. You swore to me that you loved me; that you would marry me! Oh, Charles, you are pale, pale as wax, and who is that, who is sitting beside you? I thought you loved me alone, and yet you look up in her face, as if your heart were hers. There is blood on your right hand; let me wash it off. I will wash it away with my tears. Take care, take care of that great black horse, for he will run over you: and come away below yon tree, and let us sit down. Lean your head on my bosom: will you then run away and leave me? I will follow you, but I cannot, cannot run, from weakness. I am worn and weary, and my head aches. There is a noise in my ears, like the rising sea. Hark! how it is roaring, roaring like a great storm. Leave me not, oh, for the sake of heaven leave me not, for the great waves compass me about, and I must perish in the waters! In the waters —no—no—not in the waters, but among the tongues of curling flame. I know not where to fly; I cannot go home. I am ashamed to go home. I cover my face with my hands, but the whole world sees me. Look at Ellen Hume! She knew you were my sweetheart, and now she asks me whither you have gone, and she is laughing at me. My heart is breaking, for I knew that all would forsake me, except my father and mother; all but they; and they cannot look to me for weeping. Tell Johnny Selkirk, the grave-digger, to make a house for me and him, that my burial must take place to-morrow. I will creep into the dark hole, and die there!"

Thus would she utter wild, dark, and unintelligible things, through which a line, associating them with her own circumstances could be but faintly traced, and these paroxysms generally ended in violent sobbing, and other indications of extreme grief. Towards the evening of the second day, she fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion; and her wretched parents, on whom a sense of her miserable situation had more than obscurely glimpsed, tended her bedside, silently gazing on her slumber, with words that may not be uttered. Heavy must have been the dispensation, even had she died in her innocence; but the afflicting wound would have been soothed by the commiseration of all, who had enjoyed the means of appreciating the loss of her, who was its cause. The kind tones of friendship would have stilled the outbreakings of woe; and tears, shed for her sake by many, who loved her as a sister or a child, would have fallen like balm on the hearts of the bereaved; but thus to have fallen, to have sinned, and yet to be alive! to have forgotten the commandments of her bible; to have yielded to the call of the tempter; to be an object for the finger of mockery: an evil thing, pitied by the good, despised by the envious, and shunned by all—was more than they could bear—than could be borne; and as the poor mother leant her downcast head on her arm, she wiped ever and anon an involuntary tear from her eyes. The light of her age was darkened; she looked back to years of peace, pleasure, and sunshine, forward to "a night that knew no morrow!"

IX.

The sun had set—the evening star peeped out like the eye of an angel from the south, while the full round moon, bursting from a girdle of clouds, sailed majestically into the ocean of sky, as Andrew Dawson opened his garden wicket, and paced slowly, with his hands behind his

back, along the pathway in silent agony of spirit. How forcibly the serene quiet of evening, contrasted with the tumult of his thoughts. All was still around—the soft-murmur of the leaves seemed the echo of repose;—the green forest slept in the flooding moonshine, and the remote blue-tinted hills seemed slumbering in the tranquillity of nature. He strayed on and on, wrapped in meditation. The shadows of the trees lay dark and motionless on the ground; the water sang a low, faint, gentle tune, and the holy quietude of the scene fell like oil on the troubled sea, calming the tempest of his spirit, and subduing its tumults into peace. Over him hung boughs, which he had himself trained; beneath his feet were shrubs and flowers, which she, the cause of this dark family calamity, loved once to rear. Household thoughts, and old remembrances, a stirring throng, were uppermost in his mind; the love of a parent triumphed over every weaker feeling, and when he reached the hawthorn hedge at the foot of the walk, he knelt down, and poured out the tide of his hopes, fears, and wishes before his Creator.

"Oh God!" thus prayed the old man, "do thou sustain our hearts under this heavy dispensation of thy Providence; crush every rebellious thought, which is but too apt to arise in our sinful bosoms, and resign us to whatever is thy holy will. From the hour of our birth hast thou sustained us—all the days of our life hast thou preserved us! Shall we receive good at thy hand, oh Lord! and shall we not receive evil? forgive our impious rebellion at thy decrees. Teach us to bear, and to suffer, knowing that thou afflictest not willingly, and that thou chastenest us only that we may be healed. Yet let not the thunder-bolt of thy righteous anger bury us under its ruins. How long wilt thou spare us amid our sins? How long wilt thou spare us, oh Lord, that we may turn unto thee, and be saved? We enter into the dark cloud of the pavilion of sin, and trust in our foolishness that thou seest not our secret thoughts—but darkness is like noontide to thee, and the prayer of him who prayeth in silence and in secret, ascendeth as surely to thine ear, as that of him who lifteth up his voice at the corner of the streets. Have mercy, gracious Father, on my poor child, a miserable sinner! purify her soul with the fires of repentance, and drop down the consoling dews of thy promises on her burning heart. As to him who betrayed her steps from the paths of innocence, we pray, oh Lord, as thy disciples are commanded to pray, forgive him, as he is forgiven by us—may he see the darkness of his way!—and, at death, receive his spirit into thy rest. Living or dying, in joy or sorrow, may we put our trust in thee; and, clinging to the anchor of Faith, may neither the allurements nor the frowns of the world be able to shake the firm purpose of our souls! Teach us resignation, teach us humility, sanctify our sorrows to our immortal weal, and do unto us what seemeth thee good, oh Lord, our strength and our Redeemer."

The night passed over, and on the morrow Jessy awoke as from a long perplexed dream; she called on her mother, who rejoicing in heart to behold her daughter restored to soundness of mind, sate down by her bedside, and bedewed her hand with tears.

It was only in her delirium that poor Jessy had indicated her fall, and her mother preferred remaining silent on the subject, to risking a relapse, which a disclosure, even though attended with forgiveness and consolation, might have hazarded. By care and attention, and the gentlest nursing, the forlorn creature became in a few days so far recovered as to be able to leave her bed; but how altered from what a few months before had seen her! Her cheek was roseless and emaciated; her eyes sunk and hollow; her whole physiognomy indeed indicated mental suffering, exhibiting that relaxation of feature, which grief uniformly occasions, and which, while it deprives the countenance of its natural expression, imparts to it a heavy uniformity of outline. But at times this left her for a still more formidable change—a vacancy of look betokening the occasional triumph of despair. Often when endeavouring to employ herself in little domestic concerns, she would pause, from forgetfulness of what she had been doing; at other times she would mutter aloud to herself unconsciously; while in her calmer and more collected moods, she was fre-

quently observed in tears. The sight of a stranger was agony to her, and from known faces she stole away, to avoid recognizance; so for hours and hours she would sit by herself alone, and for hours and hours she would wander about in the garden, often forgetting to return to the hearth, till long after the sun had gone down, and the evening dews lay heavy on the wildflowers.

This went on for some time, till one night, having remained out, even later than usual, her father went out into the garden to look for her, but no Jessy was there. In about an hour after, however, she returned, and when asked where she had been, only answered that she had been taking a long, long walk. She sate down by the table as usual, but her mother several times caught her, with her eyes fixed stedfastly on her countenance, with a gaze as it were of penetrating affection, until she could sustain it silently no longer, and she said—"Jessy, my dear, is there any thing you wish to say to me?"

The poor girl gave her head a shake, and said, "no—nothing."

In a little time she rose, and stepping into her own apartment, took out her scissors, and cut off from her bonnet the ribbons—the ribbons she had received from her false lover, and huddling them together, thrust them into her bosom. As she slipped to the threshold, she folded her hands together, and gazing towards her parents, implored a silent blessing on their heads—then rushed out into the darkness.

In a short time she was missed—and, with a heart that boded the worst, her father set out in search of her. An awful night had that turned! The winds swept through the moonless sky, and tossed to and fro the arms of the strong trees, as if they were green withies; till all the forests round were roaring like a mighty ocean, in tempest and turmoil. Dark volumes of cloud rolled over the sky; and the rains fell, as if again to drown the world. The old man rushed through the heart of the storm; and, in the intervals of the blast, his voice might be heard, calling aloud for his child. The lightnings flashed—the thunders rattled—the rains poured—and the winds blew. Despair came over his heart. A dim presentiment that all was over, seized upon him with the force of conviction; and, as he uttered—"Oh Lord, receive her spirit!" he felt aware that the soul was parted from the body, and had returned to Him who gave it.

When he returned to his own door, he found his wife standing in the threshold; and, seizing her convulsively by the hand, he said, in a voice broken by agitation—"Helen, we are childless—we have no daughter—we have no Jessy now!—we are left alone in our old days."

When the storm had somewhat abated, all the neighbours were out on the search, but it was a fruitless one. About a mile from the cottage of Andrew Dawson there is a pond overhung with trees in the centre of a large park. From the thickness of the undergrove, no part of the surface of the water is visible, until within the circle of beeches. Here was her body found floating. In one pocket were some wet papers, which, when unfolded, were found to be two letters she had received from her seducer, together with the psalm-book she used to carry to church. A bunch of blue ribbons crumpled together, were found adhering in wetness to her cold marble bosom.

The old man never held up his head more; the iron had entered into his soul. The consolations of friendship were lavishly poured upon him, for he was loved and respected by all; but his heart was gone; and though he attempted to go about his customary occupations, the blight of decay fell over him as rapidly as over the leaf of November. A smiling spring and a sunny summer crawled alike joylessly over him. The beauty of the blue heaven was lost [illegible] eye; the singing of the birds brought no pleasure to his ear. The present was a blank; his thoughts dwelt amid the past; and when autumn embrowned the landscape—when the days crept in—and the leaves fell—and the harvest riches, carried into the granary of the farmer, left the fields bare and sterile—he took to the bed from which he never more arose.

The stone in the churchyard, at the foot of which the whole family are buried, tells that, in less than a month, the beloved partner of his joys, his labours, and his despair, followed him to the same grave!

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF BUNYAN.*

THIS is another of the excellent works, of which, in our anxiety to make a clear stage, we have deferred a regular critique. It, however, has not passed without notice and welcome from us already. Indeed, we are inexpressibly glad that the life of a man of genius like John Bunyan, is at last, once and for ever, rescued from the taint of sectarian or fanatical authorship. It would be well if the lives of other writers of deserved popularity, who have treated the high and solemn themes of religion, could be similarly rewritten in a critical and philosophical spirit. The present could scarcely have fallen into better hands than Mr. Southey's, whose finely moralized mind, elevated with the purest religious sentiments, is exactly fitted for such a subject and for such a man.

"John Bunyan," says Mr. Southey, "has faithfully recorded his own spiritual history." But it is not only in the "Confessions," which, like Rousseau, he has left behind him, of his personal experience, that we find this history; it is also given, though in a generalized form, in his great work, the *Pilgrim's Progress* itself. That work, like every work of real genius, was produced by the growth of his own mind—the fruit of a living vine, even his own spirit; not a piece of work constructed by a man of talent for a temporary purpose—to gain fame, or to make money. His brain was pregnant with this Minerva: he felt it struggling towards its birth, and yielded to its importunity. His heart was inditing a good matter, hence his pen was that of a ready writer. His own account of the composition of this work is curious.

> "When at the first I took my pen in hand,
> Thus for to write, I did not understand
> That I at all should make a little book
> In such a mode: Nay I had undertook
> To make another; which when almost done,
> Before I was aware, I thus begun.
> And thus it was: I, writing of the way
> And race of saints in this our gospel day,
> Fell suddenly into an allegory
> About their journey and the way to glory,
> In more than twenty things, which I set down.
> This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
> And they began again to multiply,
> Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
> Nay then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
> I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
> Should prove *ad infinitum*, and eat out
> The book that I already am about."

The whole history of Bunyan's life was but a process in order to the [illegible]ation of this beautiful work of genius. Destitute of the ordinary means of education, Providence supplied a method of its own, in the circumstances in which he was placed, for the cultivation and expansion of his vigorous intellect.

Bunyan's "Confessions," to which we have alluded, are entitled "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners." Of this work Mr. Southey has made much and proper use in his life. It is characterised by those qualities which usually attend similar productions. Rousseau, in his Confessions, has charged himself with faults which another would have passed over, and exaggerated their enormity in a way which another would not have ventured. Even the virtuous Franklin has made an *exposé* of some particulars, which his biographer would certainly have omitted; and Lord Byron, in his Memoirs, is understood to have said that he had included some matters, of which none could possibly have any conception: he had not spared himself. In most of these

* The Pilgrim's Progress, with a Life of John Bunyan, by Robert Southey, Esq. Illustrated with engravings. John Murray. London, 1830.

instances vanity—vanity has been the motive-spring for such conduct. An excess of candour and honesty has been aimed at. A consciousness has been felt that men looked with suspicion upon a man's account of himself; and, in order to preclude the opinion that too favourable a representation has been made of the autobiographist's own character, certain peculiarities, which it is believed the world will readily forgive, are overcharged. No such trick, however, is attributable to Bunyan. His acknowledgments are made in the spirit of truth—they are stamped with the impression of sincerity. The interests were too concerning, the feelings which he expressed too deep and solemn, for the display of such weakness. His weakness was of another sort. Theirs was but an excrescence—an affectation. Not so his; strange to say, in this very weakness of his lay his strength. What it was, and how the paradox is reconcileable, we will endeavour to illustrate.

The prime characteristic of Bunyan's mind was *energy*. From the manner in which he accuses himself as the chief of sinners, readers in general conceive we know not what horrid ideas of Bunyan's depravity.

"The wickedness of the tinker," says Mr. Southey, "has been greatly overcharged; and it is taking the language of self-accusation too literally to pronounce of John Bunyan that he was at any time depraved. The worst of what he was in his worst days is to be expressed in a single word, for which we have no synonyme, the full meaning of which no circumlocution can convey, and which, though it may hardly be deemed presentable in serious composition, I shall use, as Bunyan himself (no mealy-mouthed writer) would have used it, had it, in his days, borne the same acceptation in which it is now universally understood—in that word, then, he had been a *blackguard*."

In another place Bunyan's amiable biographer defends him from any worse vice than that of swearing:

"He was no drunkard, for if he had been he would loudly have proclaimed it. And, on another point, we have his solemn declaration, in one of the most characteristic passages in his whole works, where he replies to those who slandered him as leading a licentious life with women. 'I call on those,' he says, 'when they have used to the utmost of their endeavours, and made the fullest inquiry that they can, to prove against me truly, that there is any woman in heaven, or earth, or hell, that can say I have at any time, in any place, by day or night, so much as attempted to be naught with them. And speak I thus to beg mine enemies into a good esteem of me? No, not I; I will in this beg belief of no man. Believe, or disbelieve me in this, 'tis all a case to me. My foes have missed their mark in this their shooting at me. I am not the man. I wish that they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would be still alive and well. I know not whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the copes of heaven, but by their apparel, their children, or by common fame, except my wife.' And, 'for a wind-up in this matter,' calling again not only upon men but angels to prove him guilty if he be, and upon God for a record upon his soul that in these things he was innocent, he says, 'not that I have been thus kept because of any goodness in me more than any other, but God has been merciful to me, and has kept me.'"

Such, then, is the extent of Bunyan's offences; and the judicious reader, we are sure, will readily concur in his biographer's position, that "the self-accusations of such a man are to be received with some distrust, not of his sincerity, but of his sober judgment." But it would seem, that in the peculiar sin of which he was guilty—and in which whosoever offends, the Lord will not hold him guiltless—Bunyan was remarkably outrageous. This was owing to the strength of Bunyan's genius. It was in this species of blackguardism that his characteristic energy first manifested itself. One curious circumstance is related by himself of his extravagant profanity.

It happened that as he stood at a neighbour's shop-window, "cursing, and swearing, and playing the madman," after his wonted manner, the woman of the house heard him, and though she was, he says, a very loose and ungodly wretch, she told him, that he made her tremble to hear him; "that he was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that ever she heard in all her life; and that, by thus doing, he was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town if they came but in his company." This vice, however, led to his conversion; and in this the strength of his will—(all genius con-

sists in the energy of the will)—was shewn as much as it had been before in his depravity.

"The reproof came with more effect than if it had come from a better person. It silenced him, and put him to secret shame, and that, too, as he thought, 'before the God of Heaven;' wherefore, he says, 'while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation.' From that hour, however, the reformation of this, the only actual sin to which he was addicted, began. Even to his own wonder it took place; and he who, till then, had not known how to speak unless he put an oath before, and another behind to make his words have authority, discovered that he could speak better and more pleasantly without such expletives than he had ever done before."

Mr. Southey has not neglected to notice this energy of will, though he has not dwelt upon it at large. After stating that Bunyan was, previous to his reformation, a *blackguard*, he proceeds:

"Such he might have been expected to be by his birth, breeding, and vocation—scarcely indeed, by possibility, could he have been otherwise—but he was never a vicious man. It has been seen that, at the first reproof, he shook off, at once and for ever, the practice of profane swearing—the worst, if not the only sin to which he was ever addicted. He must have been still a very young man when that outward reformation took place; which, little as he afterwards valued it, and insufficient as it may have been, gave evidence at least of right intentions, under the direction of a strong will; and throughout his subsequent struggles of mind, the force of a diseased imagination is not more manifest, than the earnestness of his religious feelings and aspirations."

It would seem as if a strong will, in union with a vivid imagination, were the constituents of that extraordinary manifestation of mind, in any particular direction, which is called genius. Both elements were equally strong in John Bunyan. His mind had been early directed, indeed, to religious impressions. "Though," as he says, "of a low, inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land"—(he was of a generation of tinkers born and bred)—nevertheless his father was able to put his son to school, in an age when very few of the poor were taught to read and write. The boy learnt both, "according to the rate of other poor men's children;" but soon lost what little he had been taught, "even," he says, "almost utterly."

"Some pains also," rightly observes Mr. Southey, "it may be presumed, his parents took in impressing him with a sense of his religious duties; otherwise when, in his boyhood, he became a proficient in cursing and swearing above his fellows, he would not have been visited by such dreams and such compunctious feelings as he has described. 'Often,' he says, 'after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have, in my bed, been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits; who still, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them.'—His waking reflections were not less terrible than these fearful visions of the night; and these, he says, 'when I was but a child, but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith. Yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish, either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil,—supposing they were only tormentors,—that, if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor, than be tormented myself.'"

At so remote a time are frequently deposited, and so long remain concealed, "in the last recesses of the mind," the germs which ultimately break out and modify the character. From the first was Bunyan's spirit prepared for that change in his conduct which made him, at last, immortal on earth and in heaven. Never was the sense of right and wrong extinguished in him, and it was revived ever and anon into a quicker flame by certain providential escapes which occurred to him in early life. But to his marriage more than all Bunyan was indebted for a beneficial influence on his moral being. His wife's father, as she often told him, was a godly man who had been used to reprove vice both in his own house and among his neighbours, and had lived a strict and holy life both in word and deed. She brought him, for her portion, two books which her father had left her at his death. "The Plain Man's

Pathway to Heaven" was one: the other was Bayley, Bishop of Bangor's "Practice of Piety," which has been translated into Welsh, (the author's native tongue,) into Hungarian, and into Polish, and of which more than fifty editions were published in the course of a hundred years. These books he sometimes read with her; and though they did not, he says, reach his heart to awaken it, yet they did beget within some desires to reform his vicious life, and made him fall in eagerly with the religion of the times, go to church twice a day with the foremost, and there very devoutly say and sing as others did.

In the then darkness of his mind, he felt superstitious veneration for the ceremonies and ministers of public worship, and formed the vain conception, that if he were one of the race of Israelites, whom he had heard called the people of God, his soul must needs be safe. Once, a sermon against sabbath-breaking smote his conscience; but, after dinner, he returned to his old sports. Married men then engaged in games on a Sunday afternoon, now only practised by boys. The sermon, however, was not without its effect. In the midst of a game of cat, as he was about to strike the cat from the hole, it seemed to him as if a voice from heaven suddenly darted into his soul, and said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins, and go to heaven? Or have thy sins, and go to hell? At this," he continues, "I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices."

This is one among the many instances in Bunyan's life in which his conscience gave fearful reality to its own suggestions—to visions only seen by the mind's eye. He fell in company with a poor man, who talked to him concerning religion and the Scriptures in a manner which took his attention, and sent him to his Bible. The historical parts pleased him—the epistles were above his comprehension. All this produced so much change in his deportment, that he began to be commended by his neighbours. This reformation gave to these conscientious suggestions still more vivid reality. These suggestions took their form and colour from the previous habits of his life, and his station in society. Bell-ringing, in which he once delighted, he now rightly called a "vain practice." All such "vain practices" he justly felt to be so many sins—for they were so many hinderances to his spiritual improvement.

"Yet he so hankered after this old exercise, that though he durst not pull a rope himself, he would go and look at the ringers, not without a secret feeling that to do so was unbecoming the religious character which he now professed. A fear came upon him that one of the bells might fall: to secure himself against such an accident, he stood under a beam that lay athwart the steeple, from side to side; but his apprehensions being once awakened, he then considered that the bell might fall with a swing, hit the wall first, rebound, and so strike him in its descent. Upon this he retired to the steeple door, thinking himself safe enough there, for if the bell should fall he could slip out. Further than the door he did not venture, nor did he long continue to think himself secure there; for the next fancy which possessed him was that the steeple itself might fall; and this so possessed him, and so shook his mind, that he dared not stand at the door longer, but fled for fear the tower should come down upon him—to such a state of nervous weakness had a diseased feeling brought a strong body and strong mind."

Dancing was the last amusement from which he weaned himself. But it is not our intention to write over again the life of Bunyan, seeing that it is already so admirably written in the beautiful volume before us. Mr. Scott, in his life of Bunyan, thought it not advisable to recapitulate those impressions which constitute a large part of his religious experience. This notion, however, his present more enlightened biographer rightly repudiates, and thinks that—

"Bunyan's character would be imperfectly understood, and could not be justly appreciated, if this part of his history were kept out of sight. To respect him as he deserves, to admire him as he ought to be admired, it is necessary that we should be informed not only of the coarseness and

brutality of his youth, but of the extreme ignorance out of which he worked his way, and the stage of burning enthusiasm through which he passed—a passage not less terrible than that of his own pilgrim in the valley of the shadow of death."

These last words, aptly enough, remind us of the propriety which we indicated of tracing the course of the author's life in the progress of his pilgrim. One reason of the superior interest of his great work over every other allegory, (not excepting the *Fairy Queen* itself,) is that, in such a shape, he has only embodied his own experience. In what has been stated of this, the reader will readily perceive the association with the pilgrim's terror at the ruin which is impending on the city of his sojourn, and from which he knows no escape as yet. As yet the "physic for his sick soul" has been "carnal" only. His error regarding the Jews marks the state of mind. Not only does it demonstrate the brutal ignorance from which he was about to be emancipated, but also shews how unawakened his conscience was to that moral law, which is a law of liberty—at the same time perfect law and perfect liberty—and acts freely from within, and not necessarily from without, or as existing in certain conditions of things. He was, in reality, a Jew in heart, when he wished to become one in act and habit. He had, indeed, heard the cry of Evangelist, and felt intensely the conviction of the necessity of flying from the wrath to come; but how he fell into the Slough of Despond has been sufficiently apparent. But not yet did he attain to the Wicket-gate, before which he preferred a worldly morality. Of this state he has preserved a record. Having left off the idle amusements of bell-ringing and dancing, he felt such satisfaction in the consciousness of having done his duty, that, "To relate it," he says, "in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. Poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness, and had perished therein had not God, in his mercy, shewed me more of my state by nature." In this condition, well might he be afraid, like his own pilgrim, that the thunders of Sinai would fall on his head.

This condition of mind, however, was of great benefit to him, for it preserved him from the errors of the Ranters, with whom he now became acquainted; a set of professors, who persuaded themselves, that, having attained the perfection of saints, they were discharged from all obligations of morality. But Bunyan's mind was opened to still more enlarged views of genuine Christianity by an association of Baptists with which he connected himself. He now began to take delight in Paul's epistles, which before he "could not away with;" and the first strong impression which they made upon him was, that he wanted the gifts of wisdom and knowledge of which the apostle speaks, and was doubtful whether he had faith or not. The gift of knowledge he certainly wanted. All the errors, whether of conduct or opinion, which Bunyan, up to this time, had committed, originated in ignorance. Ignorance, falsely esteemed the mother of devotion, is the fruitful mother of that worst impiety, that most flagrant blasphemy, which is uttered by superstition, whether of the seven-hilled city or of humbler station. Mr. Southey attributes Bunyan's enthusiasm to "the circumstances of the age in which hypocrisy was regnant, and fanaticism rampant throughout the land. "We intended not," says Baxter, "to dig down the banks, or pull up the hedge and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease." No; for the intention had been under the pretext of abating one tyranny, to establish a far severer and more galling in its stead; in doing this, the banks had been thrown down, and the hedge destroyed; and while the bestial herd who broke in rejoiced in the havoc, Baxter and other such erring, though good men, stood marvelling at the mischief which never could have been effected, if they had not mainly assisted in it. The wildest opinions of every kind were abroad, "divers and strange doctrines," with every wind of which, men having no longer an anchor whereby to hold, were carried about and tossed to and fro. They passed with equal facility from strict puritanism to the utmost licence

of practical and theoretical impiety, as antinomians or as atheists; and from extreme profligacy to extreme superstition in any of its forms." Now, while we agree with Mr. Southey in every particle of this, we feel it necessary to add, that these very circumstances were part and parcel of the ignorance of the age; that ignorance was the one substratum wherein their foundations were laid. It was for want of a philosophical knowledge of the word of God that it was thus, by these sects, improperly divided, that faith was separated from practice—the tree divested of its fruits. What could it then be but a barren tree? And how could it be but barren, when unwatered by the dews of knowledge, when unbreathed upon by the spirit of wisdom? The sap was dried up in the root, and bound in the stubborn and knotted trunk; never could it extend into the branches and the leaves, and express itself in bud and blossom, and perfect fruitage. We shall find, in the sequel, (and it is worth observing,) that Bunyan's views of religion improved and rectified themselves precisely in proportion to the increase of his knowledge, until at length the energy of his character was expressed in works of charity and opinions of tolerance. He became ultimately catholic in his feelings and affections, as his reason more and more expanded into universality, and purified the idea of religion from the pollution of sectarian dogmas, whatever the name and rank which they bore in the religious *world*, which, like the profane world, is characterized mainly by whatsoever is the reverse of Christian verity and affection.

The wrong notions of faith which were generally induced by this prevailing ignorance, may be well exemplified by Bunyan's own experience. He doubted, as we have said, whether he had faith; this was a doubt which he could not bear, being certain that if he were without faith he must perish. Being "put to his plunge" about this, and not as yet consulting with any one, he conceived that the only means by which he could be certified was, by trying to work a miracle, a delusion which, he says, the tempter enforced and strengthened by urging upon him those texts of Scripture that seemed to look that way. One day as he was between Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon him, that he should put this to the proof, by saying, "to the puddles that were in the horse pads, *be dry;* and to the dry places, *be ye puddles!* and truly one time I was going to say so indeed; but just as I was about to speak, this thought came in my mind, 'but go under yonder hedge, and pray first that God would make you able.' But when I had concluded to pray, this came hot upon me, that if I prayed, and came again, and tried to do it, and yet did nothing notwithstanding; then to be sure I had no faith, but was a cast away and lost. Nay, thought I, if it be so, I will not try yet, but will stay a little longer."

If others, in the same imperfect state of religious knowledge, have not given in to the same extravagances, it has arisen only from their not being so imaginative as this gifted man. Indeed, in this we may recognize the omnipotence of genius, how, in despite of ignorance, it works its way, and breaks up the mind for the reception of knowledge. It is, in fact, nothing more than a strong will, with a boundless and unconquerable sympathy for knowledge. It is an inherent wisdom seeking for constituent knowledge, and attracting all towards it; as all things that have life, whether vegetable or animal, attract the external elements to subserve the purpose of their sustentation and growth.

The fact, however, is, that all who have worked out their salvation with trembling from the state of lowest ignorance, cannot fail to be carried away by these extravagances: they are the natural consequences, arising from the necessary misunderstanding by such of the symbolical language of the Bible. These symbols were primarily designed for the sensual man, and for him they are excellently fitted. But the sensual man, will, in his ignorance, at first apprehend them literally, and this literal apprehension, while it leads him into all manner of speculative errors, will yet serve the admirable purpose of exciting him to a feeling of his spiritual condition. This feeling, however bewildering as it may be, will be the

beginning of knowledge. All as yet, must necessarily be without form and void, and darkness shall remain on the face of the deep; but soon the spirit of God will move on the face of the waters, and God will say, Let there be light! and light shall be. The chaos must necessarily exist in the uninformed mind, when thus in the first process of its creation. We say, in the first process of its creation, for while immersed in brutal ignorance and blindness, mind, as mind, cannot be said rightly to exist in any individual. Pity it is that the state of society at some periods and in some places is such, as to make it an inevitable circumstance with the majority of certain classes, that much of their early life, and with most the whole of their hard-working existence, must be past in such darkness and blindness. Schemes of education are afoot, but no scheme by which education may be made available for moral improvement. The usages of trade and manufacture are, in too many instances, such as to counteract the beneficial influences of moral instruction. The humble classes of society are even yet by too many considered, as Dr. Chalmers lately remarked, "only in relation to their animal wants; their spiritual natures are never weighed—they are regarded as mere machines—their limbs the levers—their living breath the moving impulse—useful only as they add to their wealth, or, as they administer to their necessities or their luxuries; estimating human nature alone by the physical strength it may be made to yield in its application to the toils of busy artisanship. An avaricious feeling has crept into our merchantmen, by which human nature is brutalized. It is a reproach to merchandize, that while it calls for the exertion of physical strength, it cares nothing for the eternal welfare of the people." If the education which is now generally diffused be intended to be made morally available, commerce must be conducted on principles the reverse of those condemned by the eloquent preacher. Leisure must be found for the operative classes of society, to improve the early instruction which they now receive, and cordially do we agree with Dr. Chalmers in believing, that, "THAT were a noble achievement in mechanics, which should discover a plan from which should originate a system of more wages and less work, that the labour of the handicraftsman might be lighter on his hands, and his earthly blessings and little comforts be increased; and *that* were a still more noble achievement in philanthropy, which should teach him to fill his intervals of time with the study of philosophy, and the pursuit of literature and science."

From this gulf of extreme ignorance, however, Bunyan was now in a fair way of deliverance, and ere long, he arrived at the Interpreter's House. The interpreter, in his case, appears to have been John Gifford, the pastor of the baptist meeting, of which he had become a member. The singular history of this man is given by Mr. Southey in Bunyan's life. And now it was that the first idea of his Pilgrim seems to have dawned upon his mind; for about this time, the happiness of his poor acquaintance, whom he believed to be in a sanctified state, was presented to him, he says, in a kind of vision—that is, it became the subject of a reverie, a waking dream—in which the germ of the *Pilgrim's Progress* may plainly be perceived.

"I saw," he says, "as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought also betwixt me and them I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall, I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time. At the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain, until I was well nigh quite beat out by striving to get in. At last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head; and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body; then was I exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun. Now the mountain and

wall, &c. was thus made out to me. The mountain signified the church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were within; the wall, I thought, was the word, that did make separation between the Christians and the world: and the gap which was in the world, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father. But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I would not but with difficulty enter in thereat, it shewed me that none could enter into life, but those who were in downright earnest; and unless also they left that wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul, and sin."

The mind capable of conceiving this vision, was already in an advanced state—it could be no longer limited to mere literal interpretation, but was now able to allegorize in turn, and adumbrate the spiritual in symbols of its own. But he was not yet capable of grappling with scholastic questions. Those relative to election and grace were too much for him—the doctrines of original sin, and that against the Holy Ghost were more than he could grapple;—and he was continually, as Mr. Southey observes, "shaken by the cold fits of a spiritual ague." But, in this state of mind, his imagination was highly excited, and the reality of the world of ideas was demonstrated in his person by the influence which they possessed over his conscience and conduct. Shapes and sounds, religious suggestions, and blasphemies unutterable, haunted him night and day. Temptations, not of this world, vexed him sore. These things, says Southey, were "real to him in the impression which they made, and in their lasting effect; and even afterwards when his soul was at peace, he believed them, in cool and sober reflection, to have been more than natural." More than natural they were, though not in any fanatical sense, but as ideas, which always must *per se* be supernatural, having their origin not from natural phenomena, but in the operations of the reasonable soul. Equally in the educated and uneducated mind do these ideas subsist; but, as Coleridge has well shewn, these ideas are manifested in a different way, in the two classes of character. In the latter, they subsist in a manner unconsciously, yet powerfully influencing a man's thoughts and actions; so that of the generality of men, it can only be truly affirmed, that they are *possessed by* an idea—it is the privilege of the few to *possess* an idea. The many may pass from cradle to coffin, without having once contemplated an idea, so as to be conscious of the same, or without possessing the power of presenting it to the minds of others, or even to their own thoughts, verbally as a distinct proposition. But no man, who ever listened to the labourer, over his Saturday night's jug of beer, discussing those social or political acts of injustice which particularly affect his own condition in life, will doubt for a moment of his being fully possessed by an idea of a better than the existing order of things. Bunyan was in that state, in which the mind begins to become sensible of being so possessed, and struggles to obtain the mastery, and in this struggle endeavours, by a conscious act of the understanding, to comprehend the idea—to comprise it in a known class—to reduce it to a conception—to express it in definite words. Fearful and wild, from the depths of his ignorance, was this contest for the mastery, but Bunyan was ultimately the victor.

"While Bunyan was in this state," says his present biographer, "a translation of Luther's Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians fell into his hands; an old book, so tattered and thumb-worn, that it was ready to fall piece from piece if he did but turn it over. Here in the work of that passionate and mighty mind he saw his own soul reflected as in a glass. 'I had but a little way perused it,' he says, 'when I found my condition, in his experience, so largely and profoundly handled as if his book had been written out of my heart.' And in later life he thought it his duty to declare that he preferred this book of Martin Luther before all the books he had ever seen, (the Bible alone excepted,) as fittest for a wounded conscience. Mr. Coleridge has delineated with his wonted and peculiar ability, the strong resemblance between Luther and Rousseau, men who, to ordinary observers, would appear in the constitution of their minds, most unlike each other. In different stages of his mental and spiritual growth Bunyan had resembled both; like Rousseau he had been tempted to set the question of his salvation upon a cast; like Luther he had undergone the agonies of

belief and deadly fear, and according to his own persuasion wrestled with the enemy."

Like Luther and Rousseau Bunyan certainly was; but he had a still greater resemblance, in our opinion, with Jacob Böhme, the celebrated German mystic. Like him, he was an uneducated man of genius; like him, he was emphatically a visionary—one who sought to realize, and in some measure succeeded in realizing, the presentments of his supersensuous faculty in symbols of the sense. To this end, both sought confirmation for their faith in some particular revelation. The shapings of Böhme's mind, however, were of a gentler kind than those of Bunyan's. He had, in all humility and simplicity, walked from his youth up in the fear of God, and his religious improvement had grown up in peace of mind and in a speculative habit of thought. The forms, however, under which his revelations were suggested were not a little singular. "Once," (to use his own words,) "he was surrounded with the divine light for the space of seven days successively, and stood possessed of the highest beatific vision of God, and in the extatic joys of his kingdom." His next vision was of a humbler sort, being "enraptured a second time with the light of God, and with the astral spirit of his soul, by means of an instantaneous glance of the eye cast upon a bright pewter dish, (being the lovely jovialish shine or aspect,) introduced into the nethermost ground or centre of the recondite or hidden nature." The poor man was induced, by the "sensation of this glimpse," which grew stronger and stronger upon him continually, to write that wonderful treatise of his (wonderful, proceeding from such a man) *De Signaturâ Rerum*, having conceived that he had been thereby enabled to look "into the heart and most intimate nature of all the creatures." These incidents, and that alluded to by Mr. Coleridge in the essay mentioned by Mr. Southey, of Luther's throwing the inkstand at the devil, are all of the same kind, and capable of the same solution. Each referred all things to his own ideal; the things of the external world were occasions only of excitement to this imaginative power; which, however, differed in kind and degree in either. "The strange influences of bodily temperament on the understanding of Rousseau," says Coleridge, "his constitutional melancholy pampered into a morbid excess by solitude; his wild dreams of suspicion; his hypochondriacal fancies of hosts of conspirators, all leagued against him and his cause, and headed by some arch enemy, to whose machinations he attributed every trifling mishap, (all as much the creatures of his imagination, as if instead of men he had conceived them to be infernal spirits and beings preternatural,) these, or at least the predisposition to them, existed in the ground-work of his nature: they were parts of Rousseau himself." It was during the friendly imprisonment of Luther in the Warteburg that the incident relative to him occurred. The black spot from his thrown inkstand yet remains on the stone wall of the room he studied in, as shewn by the warden of the castle. Mr. Coleridge credits the story. "Luther's unremitting literary labour," he argues, "and his sedentary mode of life, during his confinement in the Warteburg, where he was treated with the greatest kindness, and enjoyed every liberty consistent with his own safety, had begun to undermine his former unusually strong health. He suffered many and most distressing effects of indigestion, and a deranged state of the digestive organs. Melancthon advised him to severe exercise, and for some time he followed the chase, but discontinued it, being haunted during the sport with theological fancies. In consequence of a more luxurious diet than he had been accustomed to, he was plagued with temptations both from the "flesh and the devil." It is evident from his letters that he suffered under great irritability of his nervous system, the common effect of deranged digestion in men of sedentary habits, who are, at the same time, intense thinkers: and this irritability added to, and revivifying the impressions made upon him in early life, and fostered by the theological systems of his manhood, is abundantly sufficient to explain all his apparitions and all his nightly combats with evil

spirits. I see nothing improbable in the supposition, that in one of those unconscious half-sleeps, or rather those rapid alternations of the sleeping with the half-waking, state, which is *the true witching time.*

———— "The season
Wherein the spirits hold their wont to walk;"

the fruitful matrix of ghosts. I see nothing improbable, that in some of those momentary slumbers into which the suspension of all thought, in the perplexity of intense thinking, so often passes, Luther should have had a full view of the room in which he was sitting, of his writing table, and all the implements of study as they really existed, and, at the same time, a brain image of the devil, vivid enough to have acquired *outness*, and a distance regulated by the proportion of its distinctness to that of the objects really impressed on the outward senses."

We much wish that we had space to conclude this philosophic writer's remarks on this interesting subject, but enough has been quoted to show how the resemblance is made out between these eminent men. For one other passage concerning Luther, however, we must find room. "He deemed himself gifted with supernatural influxes, an especial servant of Heaven, a chosen warrior, fighting as the general of a small but faithful troop, against an army of evil beings, headed by the prince of the air. These were no metaphorical beings, in his apprehension. He was a poet, indeed as great a poet as ever lived in any age or country; but his poetic images were so vivid that they mastered the poet's own mind! He was *possessed* with them, as with substances distinct from himself. Luther did not *write*, he *acted* poems."

Such poets were all these authors, and it is remarkable that, with such, they are generally thus possessed. It is not so with professional poets: they obtain a mastery over these vagaries of their mind, which they find it necessary to reduce to subjection, as instruments of their art. Of this a great instance was Shakspeare. Wordsworth, and Scott, and Southey, have been also remarkable for this power over their mind's creations; while Byron, on the contrary, appears but to have been but the instrument of his. Exceptions, of course, are to be found among poets; but this is the general rule, which obtains, in proportion to the acquired skill of the poet, and so far forth as he is careful to cultivate his judgment, as well as exercise his genius. But with prose writers of an enthusiastic turn, the contrary rule, for the most part, obtains. Having no great occasion, in their compositions, to observe those principles which are necessary to the due execution of a work of art, no restraint of metre, or rhyme, or style, but all left wild and free, they yield themselves as passive instruments to their momentary inspirations, and indulge, without reluctance, in rhapsodies sometimes vain and unreasonable enough. That Bunyan was ultimately emancipated from this condition, was owing, no doubt, as much as any thing, to his acquiring control over his genius, by exercising it in a work of fancy, and, perhaps, even by his cultivation of rhyme, rude as are his efforts in this kind.

Bunyan, like his pilgrim, after he had dropped his burthen at the foot of the cross, had yet other trials to encounter. He had yet to scale the hill *Difficulty*, to pass between the lions, to do battle with Apollyon, in the valley of the shadow of death. Even after his victory over the great enemy, we have seen, he was subject to "supernatural solicitings" to evil. It is thus that these minor ghostly struggles, on which we have dilated, are gracefully touched in the *Pilgrim's Progress.*

"One thing I would not let slip: I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded, that he did not know his own voice; and thus I perceived it:—just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and, whisperingly, suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than any thing that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme him that he loved so much before; yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know whence those blasphemies came.

"When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable

time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, 'though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear none ill, for thou art with me.'"

But it is high time to quit this theme, though we must be permitted to observe, by the way, that it is with exquisite tact the author places at the end of this valley the caves of the two giants, Pope and Pagan; for it is in such influences that superstition has ever had its strongholds—such are the frames of feeling which it has ever fostered, and of such it never failed to take advantage.

After the death of Gifford, which happened in 1655, Bunyan received a roving commission from the meeting, to itinerate in the villages round about, a work in which he proceeded with much diffidence. This diffidence he gradually overcame, when he felt in his mind a secret pricking forward to the ministry, and people came by hundreds to hear him preach. About this time he engaged in controversy with the Quakers, to which, however, he gladly put an early termination, for he found that he had no liking for controversy, and, moreover, saw that "his work before him ran in another channel." His great desire was, to get into what he calls "the darkest places of the country," and awaken the religious feelings of that class of persons, who then, as now, in the midst of a Christian nation, were like the beasts that perish. In this useful work he was interrupted by presbyterian ministers, who "could not bear with the preaching of an illiterate tinker, and an unordained minister." Slanders were stirred up against him—and, at last, he was arrested—(the time was a few months after the Restoration)—and committed to Bedford Gaol. His imprisonment, however, was not very strict, as he had a friend in the jailor, who allowed him to go whither he would, and return when he thought proper. He frequently preached at midnight, to baptist congregations in Bedfordshire. This imprisonment was so far beneficial, as it gave him leisure to brood over his own thoughts. He had his Bible and his Book of Martyrs. The fever of his enthusiasm had spent itself; the asperity of his opinions was softened, as his mind enlarged: and the *Pilgrim's Progress* was one of the fruits of his imprisonment.

He remained a prisoner twelve years. Such accidents his own pilgrim met with in Vanity Fair.

A year before his discharge he was chosen pastor of the baptist meeting, and was enabled to exercise the office by being a prisoner at large. His life passed smoothly on to the end. His congregation and his other friends bought ground, and built a meeting-house for him, and there he continued to preach before large audiences. His annual visit to London was attended by thousands of people. He became a voluminous writer, and published about three score tracts or books. His Calvinism, in his earlier works, had a repulsive air; but, in his later productions it is much softened down and liberalized. He looked for a millennium, though he did not partake the madness of the fifth-monarchy men, nor dream of living to see it. He held that difference of opinion concerning baptism should be no bar to communion; and for this he was attacked by Kiffin and Jessey, two of the most eminent among the baptists.

We mention these particulars to shew the direction which his characteristic energy took, when his mind was emancipated from the trammels of ignorance He then was strong in error, whenever he fell into error; and the exertion necessary to his redemption was proportionately great—so great, that Mr. Southey has observed (and rightly,) that "it is almost miraculous that any mind should have escaped without passing into incurable insanity." But when once it had got into the right road, it was equally strong to persevere—he turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, until he gained the Celestial City to which he journeyed. He became as mild and as gentle in his character and opinions as he was before vehement and dogmatic. Because of his tolerance, indeed, he began to be persecuted by his own sect, for, in fact, his mind had enlarged itself beyond the limits of sectarian prejudice, and had, at any rate, glimpses of truth in its universality and purity. It was the same characteristic energy of will which produced and perfected this wonderful

change in his conduct and conversation.

"His was indeed so catholic a spirit," says his biographer, "that though circumstances had made him a sectarian, he liked not to be called by the denomination of his sect. 'I know none,' says he, 'to whom that title is so proper as to the disciples of John. And since you would know by what name I would be distinguished from others, I tell you, I would be, and hope I am, a *Christian*, and choose, if God should count me worthy, to be called a *Christian*, a *believer*, or other such name which is approved by the Holy Ghost. And as for those factious titles of anabaptists, independents, presbyterians, or the like, I conclude that they come neither from Jerusalem nor from Antioch, but rather from hell and Babylon, for they naturally tend to divisions: you may know them by their fruits.'"

The concluding act of his l[illegible] was particularly marked by [illegible] or character; but [illegible] was [illegible] of blind [illegible] of enlightened charity. A [illegible] of his who [illegible] resolved to disinherit his son, the young man requested Bunyan to interfere in his behalf; he did so with good success, and it was his last labour of love; for, returning to London on horseback through heavy rain, a fever ensued, which, after ten days, proved fatal.

Mr Southey [illegible] justice to Bunyan's style:—

"His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one: and what difference is there between its homeliness, and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! It is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, who would drink of the living waters in the clear stream of current English—the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style, Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity; his language is every where level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shews, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual [sensible] ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing, as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader, perhaps, sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline only of the picture is presented to him, and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers."

A critic on the *Pilgrim's Progress* has suggested that it was ill-judged in the author to represent Christian as having a wife and family, since, whatever be the spiritual lesson intended to be conveyed by his leaving them, one cannot help being impressed with a certain notion of selfishness and hard-heartedness in the hero. We confess that in reading the *Pilgrim's Progress* we were never impressed in this way: the spiritual lesson intended is perfectly scriptural, and the allegory throughout is so obvious, that we can never in any part separate the fable from its moral application: [illegible] never bodily left them, but spiritually only. Another objection, [illegible] we think is equally [illegible], is urged that, one is somewhat surprised at the wickedness of different characters who present themselves to Christian after the journey is almost terminated, and who, according to the leading idea of the work, that Christianity is a pilgrimage, could hardly have been expected to have advanced so far in their progress. This objection is the same that is brought against many passages in Spenser, where the allegory involves physical impossibilities. In [illegible] of those instances the physical impossibility is probably intended to denote something unnatural in the thing represented. In others it may be well considered as a pardonable licence in the poet, who was willing thereby to give the reader a gentle hint that it was a symbolical, and not a literal production that he was perusing. In Bunyan's case the objection was unavoidable: it may hold against the composition of allegory in general, but not against his allegory in particular. It is true that the leading idea is that of a pilgrimage; but the spiritual states are blended with the temporal states, and the pilgrim might have met with persons of the same age who were less religious. In the reality which it is designed to

represent, we know that this is the matter of fact. Even to the verge of death, however good may be the Christian, he is still surrounded with the men of this world, and his temptations from such never cease until his soul has departed to its account.

Mr Southey's remarks upon the Second Part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, deserve to be quoted

"There is a pleasure in travelling with another company over the same ground a pleasure of reminiscence, neither inferior in kind nor in degree to that which is derived from a first impression The author evidently felt this, and we are indebted to it for some beautiful passages of repose, such as that in the Valley of Humiliation The manner in which Christian's battle is referred to, and the traces of it pointed out, reminds me of what is perhaps the best imagined scene in Palmerin of England, when Palmerin enters a chapel, and is shown the tombs of some of the knights of king Lisuarte's court"

Bunyan's *Holy War* appears not to be so great a favourite with the general reader as its predecessor It is, however, a more ambitious production, and, perhaps, in some respects, a more experienced composition It represents the Christian's progress under the other scriptural image of a warfare Some of its scenes are elaborately constructed, its characters are numerous and well drawn It is full of business and occupation and, on the whole, bears about the same relation to the *Pilgrim's Progress* that the Iliad does to the Odyssey, but Bunyan's Odyssey, unlike Homer's, was written before his Iliad

Mr. Southey was, of all men, the most fit to edit the present work, for he has a genius which is of kin, though higher in degree, to Bunyan's His *Thalaba* and *Curse of Kehama*, represent the progress of a religious soul under two aspects, one of action and one of patience, and accordingly, after the manner of Bunyan, he carries his hero into the spiritual world, and represents him, after death, in his beatified state Poetical justice requires that the virtuous man should be left rewarded at the end This frequently is contrary to experience which is wont to show the wicked flourishing like the green bay tree In such cases we are obliged to satisfy ourselves with the assurances of revelation that there is another and a better world, where all wrongs shall be redressed, and suffering virtue meet its eternal guerdon

Mr Southey, in these two poems has fulfilled the conditions both of poetic justice and of temporal experience His heroes are left happy —but it is in the world to come His two poems may be well considered as fine allegories a kind of composition to which he was probably induced by the study of Spenser his master-decree and it must have been with a congenial feeling of pleasure and of sympathy for his author, that he undertook to write the life and edit the principal work of John Bunyan Need we wonder that, with such an essential qualification for the duty, both tasks have been equally well accomplished?



"THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

No. IX.

CROFTON CROKER.

GENTLE READER, permit us to introduce to you Crofton Croker, the king of all the fairies, "finely attired in his robe *de nuit*." Rare jewels, they tell us, are packed in small caskets; and if this be the case, Crofty's must certainly be of the rarest. Tom Moore and he heaped like Pelion and Ossa of old, one upon the head of the other, would not reach the height of Carus Wilson, erst of Furnival's Inn.

Appropriately, therefore, he has chosen fairy ground as his natural home; and appointed himself historiographer to king Oberon, and all his Cluricaunes. Whether by this selection of his topic he meant slily to insinuate that he is one of the race himself, and determined, like Lord Grey, to support the interests of his "order," we cannot say; but nothing can be more certain than that he has Hibernicized the whole realm of faery for ever and aye in the literature of England. And with reason good; was not the *Fairy Queen* itself written in Ireland? yea, beneath

> "Old father Mole—so hight that mountain gray,
> That fronts the north side of Ardmulla's vale,"

by the waters of "Mulla mine," which Spenser tells us he had taught to weep. Crofty himself, a native of that very county, in which Spenser wrote, and of which but that he [Spenser, not Croker] ran away from the Desmonds, he was to have been sheriff in 1598—a Corkonian true, born on the lovely bank of

> "The spreading Lee that like an island fair,
> Encloseth Corke with his divided flood,"

had a just right and title from the soil to plant his tiny friends upon "the sod," and to decorate them with all the full richness of that round and racy brogue which flourishes in most admirable perfection in the mighty metropolis of beef and butter.

If Crofty be an original nursling of the fairies, it is impossible to conjecture the antiquity of his age; for whether he be a Phooka, a Cluricaune, a Leprechaun, or any other of the tribes upon which these euphonious names are bestowed in the Irish dialect, we believe that they keep the secret of their years before the flood, with as much care as an uncourted maiden of nine-and-twenty. But supposing him to be of mortal birth, he stands 4 feet 10' in his height—weighs 7 stone—averages 30 odd years old (as he is only lately married we leave out the unit)—was born in Cork, the beautiful city—is of the best blood of the Crokers (let nobody imagine that he is related to the late secretary of the Admiralty, whose real genuine name is Crohoore)—wrote various pretty antiquarian papers in a thousand unheard-of vehicles—came to London full of fancies of fame, and found the Admiralty congenial quarters—conceived the idea of Irishizing the fairies, and did it well—lived like a gay convivial fellow, with sundry droll companions—emptied his bottle—made love and raked as Irishmen are wont to do—wrote books, of all sizes—sowed his wild oats of course—soberized—etceterazed; and there he is, in a slight degree reduced from the size of life, nestling among our leaves.

Time has not done him the superfluous injustice of bending him in his iron hand; though, as the plate opposite betrays, he has thinned his flowing locks; and the picture drawn by his nurse, and immortalized by being published in our pages,* is still applicable to Crofty. All blessings then from the "good people" upon

> —— "His dark eyebrows,
> And eyes bright and merry,
> And cheeks that resemble
> The hawthorn berry."

* Fraser's Magazine, vol. i. p. 200.

PLAN OF THE METROPOLIS, AND ITS REPRESENTATION.

Parish of St Pancras

NORTH LONDON
246,013 Inhabitants
Unrepresented

Parish of St Marylebonne

Islington.

Hoxton

Clerkenwell

St Lukes

Shoreditch

CITY OF LONDON
Inhabitants
Two Members

WESTMINSTER
Inhabitants
Two Members

Lambeth

SOUTHWARK
Inhab
Two Members

Bermondsey.

Kennington

UNREPRESENTED LONDON.

Little doubt seems now to be entertained in any quarter, that it is the intention of the present ministry to offer to confer the elective franchise upon the principal trading and manufacturing towns which are at present unrepresented. The grounds on which this will be proposed, are, we apprehend, as follows :—

It was not originally intended, by the framers of our representative system, that any large and important body of the people should be left without representatives. The towns in question have grown into wealth and importance since the period when the creation of new boroughs, by an act of the Crown, ceased and was discontinued. More than a century has now elapsed, since the franchise has been thus bestowed. Great changes have taken place in that time;—property and population have settled themselves in spots before left waste. It therefore now seems advisable to give the elective right to these places; as it is not in accordance with the spirit of the constitution that great masses of the people should continue unrepresented.

If these are the grounds on which Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham are to be enfranchised, we beg leave to suggest that there is one other place, of modern growth, which has far higher claims than either of these towns. We allude to *North London;* especially to that densely peopled district comprised in the four parishes of St. Mary-le-bone—St. Pancras—St. Andrew with St. George the Martyr—and St. Giles with St. George's Bloomsbury.

This great district of the metropolis has, like Leeds or Manchester, arisen to wealth and importance within the last century. But while Manchester contains 186,942 inhabitants,—Birmingham, 106,722, and Leeds, 83,796,—the inhabitants of these four parishes, lying all contiguous to each other, and within an easily defined circle, amount to no less than 246,613 persons! If, then, the plans about to be brought forward are based upon any definite and consistent principle, surely something must be done for *unrepresented London.*

But perhaps it may be said, that this district forms part of the metropolis; and that the metropolis has already eight representatives. On this latter point it is obvious that eight representatives are too few even to transact the ordinary parliamentary business of the metropolis; and, if population and representation have any connexion with each other, it appears absurd that a district containing more than *a tenth part* of all the inhabitants of England and Wales, should be allowed but *eight* out of the *five hundred and thirteen* English representatives.

But let it be further remembered, that these eight existing members are not representatives of the whole metropolis; but are chosen by, and sit for, certain districts only of that metropolis. The members for Southwark, for instance, are chosen by the votes of the men of Southwark; the members for Westminster hold their seats from the housekeepers of Westminster; and the members for London from the citizens of London; and neither of all these have the least concern with Bloomsbury, Mary-le-bone, or Pancras. The fact is, that the franchise was conferred upon London, Westminster, and Southwark, long before Bloomsbury or Pancras had any inhabitants. But, as these parishes are now more populous than either London, Westminster, or Southwark, they surely ought, if Leeds and Birmingham be enfranchised, to be also invested with the same privilege.

We have said that these parishes are more populous than either of those metropolitan districts which possess representatives. The following are the facts, according to the census of 1821 :—

Westminster	182,085
City of London	125,434
Southwark	85,905
North London, comprising —St. Mary-le-bone—St. Pancras—St. Andrew and St. George—St. Giles and St. George Bloomsbury .	246,613

Looking at these proportions, do we ask too much, when we demand at least four representatives for this immense district.

Perhaps, however, it may be objected, that the inhabitants of this district are represented by the coun-

ty members. But this objection is never advanced in the case of Leeds or Manchester. It is not said of them, that the members for Yorkshire or Lancashire sufficiently represent their interests. But the district to which we are alluding, is peculiarly situated, even in this respect. The members for the county, it is well known, are chosen by the freeholders; and in this district of the metropolis there are scarcely any freeholders. The immense estates of the Duke of Bedford and other great proprietors, render it impossible that there should be many constituents of the county members in this part of Middlesex. On the east of London, in the Tower Hamlets, the case is different, and that is one reason why the franchise seems less needed in that quarter.

A reference, however, to the state of the county at large, as to its representation, will serve considerably to strengthen our case. Middlesex is the worst represented county in the empire. It is quite absurdly destitute in this respect. The comparison between the ratio of its population and its representatives, and the ratio of Cornwall or Wiltshire, is perfectly astounding. These are the facts:—

Wiltshire has 226,600 inhabitants, and 34 members;—or one representative for every 6,700 persons.

Cornwall has 262,600 inhabitants, and 42 members;—or one representative for every 6,250 persons.

These are the two counties which, of all others, are the most ridiculously crammed with boroughs and representatives. Compare them with those two which (excluding Middlesex) are the worst off in this respect:—

Cheshire contains 275,500 inhabitants, and elects *four* members;—being only one representative for every 68,800 persons.

Lancashire contains 1,074,000 inhabitants, and returns only *fourteen* members;—being at the rate of one representative for every 76,700 persons.

But now, having compared two counties remarkable for *over*-representation, with two which are as decidedly *under*-represented; let us turn to Middlesex, which certainly contains a larger mass of intelligence, education, and property, than any other district of the empire, and let us look at her ratio.

Middlesex has 1,167,500 inhabitants, and returns *eight* members only;—being *one* representative for every *one hundred and forty-six thousand persons!!*

Dorsetshire contains 147,400 inhabitants, and returns *twenty* members. Middlesex would people Dorsetshire *eight* times over, and Middlesex has *eight* members! instead of *one hundred and sixty*, which, at the Dorsetshire ratio, she ought to have!

Once more; compare the three most populous counties of England together, and compare also their representation—

	Inhabitants.	
Yorkshire	1,197,100	38 members.
Lancashire	1,074,000	14 members.
Middlesex	1,167,500	8 members.

Of these three, the second, Lancashire, being notoriously *under*-represented, is about to receive several new members, for Manchester, Blackburn, &c.; and can Middlesex, which is still more strikingly deficient, be passed over without notice?—Surely not!

The effect of these irrational discrepancies is well known. The merchants and gentry of the metropolitan county want seats in parliament; and in Middlesex, their own county, no seats are to be had. Cornwall, on the other hand, has more seats than she wants; and the natural consequence is, that the inhabitants of the Regent's Park and Russell Square are obliged to go to the Land's End, to purchase those seats which they ought to have, by the free suffrages of their neighbours, in the district to which they properly belong.

But if Middlesex receive, as she surely must, some addition to her representation, it must be made in the manner we have pointed out. The extent of the county is not so great, nor are the freeholders so numerous, as to call for an increase of *county* members. The new districts of the metropolis are evidently the proper depositories of the franchise; and among those districts, that which we have pointed out stands foremost.

There is, indeed, an immense population on the east and north-east

of London; but it would not be easy to form the inhabitants of these districts into a constituent body. The Tower Hamlets with their two thousand freeholders, Islington, Shoreditch, and Hackney, lay so wide, and embrace such a vast tract of half-peopled suburbs, as to make it difficult to frame any plan for their enfranchisement. The inhabitants, too, are mostly of a lower class than those of Mary-le-bone and Bloomsbury. Indeed, in the four parishes we have pointed out, the large proportion of inhabitants who appear in the population abstract as neither connected with trade nor with agriculture, denotes the general respectability of the district. More than two-fifths of the families are thus designated, while in the City of London, the like class, who must be taken to be for the most part professional men, are less than one-fourth. As far, then, as education and intelligence fit men for the enjoyment of the elective franchise, the people of this district may be taken to be well qualified.

Something, however, must now be said of a feasible plan for the formation of this new constituent body. And we incline to that of a small, but popularly-elected corporation;—not, indeed, to monopolize the representation among themselves; but to regulate and facilitate its exercise among the inhabitants of the district.

Suppose, then, that one hundred burgesses of the borough of North London were annually chosen by the householders; perhaps forty in the parish of Mary-le-bone, thirty in St. Pancras, and fifteen each from St. Giles and St. Andrew. This corporation would each year choose its chairman, or high bailiff, and to their hands might be committed the care of the watching, lighting, paving, and the police;—most of which matters are now managed by the select vestries, who ought to have nothing to do with them.

But it should be the especial duty of this body to appoint a register office, and a clerk of enrolments, for the purpose of keeping an accurate list of all the voters of the district. He should receive from the vestry clerk of each parish a list of all the inhabitant householders, rated at twenty pounds and upwards, and should form them into a permanent register; this list he should compare, every half year, with the new rate books, and make the necessary alterations.

The electors should each be under the necessity, before they could vote, of obtaining from this clerk of the roll, a certificate of their right of voting, paying for it the sum of two guineas; which payments would defray his own salary, and also provide funds for the erection of a hall of meeting. Previous to each election, the electors should take their certificates to the clerk, in order that he might compare them with his roll, and see if they were defaulters to the rates; and then, finding their claims to be good, hand to each of them, at the charge of one shilling, a special certificate of their right to vote at *that* election. At the poll book, therefore, they would only find it necessary to present these certificates, and swear that they were the persons described therein, and that they had not before polled at that election.

A prejudice exists in some quarters against corporations, but we believe it to be ill founded. We would not institute a rotten corporation, or a rich corporation, with large funds for feasting and parade; or with great patronage, and extensive powers of levying tolls and rates upon the people. We merely propose a body *annually elected by the people*, to take charge, as it were, of the rights of the inhabitants at large, and to furnish the best facilities for the free exercise of those rights. We would, indeed, commit to them charge the Paving, Lighting, and Police of these districts; because we believe that these concerns would be better left in their hands, than, as at present, in the hands of Parochial Select Vestries. To the latter, we would leave the care of the Church and Poor, and these are the only duties which properly belong to them.

In conclusion, we beg to suggest, that much of this little plan of a corporation might be adopted beneficially in Birmingham or Manchester. If, however, a simpler and equally efficient method can be invented for those towns, the same will probably also answer for North London. The

only point we are particularly anxious to enforce, is this, that Manchester and Leeds and Birmingham cannot be enfranchised, and North London left unrepresented, without the grossest injustice.

One other difficulty may, however, be started. It may be said, that the claims of this particular district cannot be conceded, without producing similar demands from the other unrepresented parts of London. If Mary-le-bone be enfranchised, Shoreditch will next ask for representatives.

This kind of reasoning is not held good in other branches of the question. Every plan of Reform, except that of Universal Suffrage, omits some classes or districts of the population. It is supposed that ministers intend to give members to towns of 10,000 inhabitants. Those towns which have but 9,500, may complain, but the answer they will receive must be, We are obliged to draw the line somewhere.

If, however, any feasible plan can be suggested for giving representatives to the *eastern* as well as to the *north-western* parts of London, we shall offer no objection. But if this should be found too difficult, let it not be used as a reason for neglecting that which we have shewn to be easy. All practical men know, that the impossibility of *doing every thing*, can never be a good and valid reason for *doing nothing*.

THE BEETLE.

Poor hobbling Beetle, needst not haste;
Should Traveller Traveller thus alarm?
Pursue thy journey thro' the waste,
Not foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what errand grave thou hast.
"Small family"—that have not dined?
Lodged under pebble, there they fast,
Till head of house have raised the wind!

Man's bread lies 'mong the feet of men;
For cark and moil sufficient cause!
Who cannot sow would reap;—and then
In Beetledom are no Poor-Laws.

And if thy Wife and thou agree
But ill, as like when short of victual,
I swear, the Public Sympathy
Thy fortune meriteth, poor Beetle.

Alas, and I should do thee skaith,
To realms of Night with heeltap send!
Who judg'd thee worthy pains of Death?—
On Earth, save me, without a Friend!

Pass on, poor Beetle, venerable
Art thou, were wonders ne'er so rife;
Thou hast what Bel to Tower of Babel
Not gave: the chief of wonders—Life.

Also of "ancient family,"
Tho' small in size, of feature dark!
What Debrett's Peer surpasseth thee?
Thy Ancestor was in Noah's Ark.

FRANCE IN 1829-30.—BY LADY MORGAN.

REVIEWED BY HER LADYSHIP'S CORTEJO, MORGAN RATTLER.

"On n'y saurait marcher que sur des belles choses."
Les Femmes Savantes.

WELL, MILADI MORGAN, let the world say what it will, you are an amusing person: we are indebted to you for many a hearty laugh—millions and millions of delicious moments have we spent with you—and we think it a pity you should ever die. We wish, therefore, you would negociate through some mutual friend (Lafayette, for instance), an arrangement with the *Wandering Jew*; he is an uncommunicative sullen dog; we hear of him only at second hand; but your Ladyship is all openness and candour. Besides, it is given on the best authority—the authority of the Rev. George Croly and the Hon. Mrs. Norton (*a*)—that he is tired of his bargain; and, consequently, your "cabin in Kildare Street"—"the fair little companion of all your enjoyments" (*b*)—and the copyright of those "forty volumes" which the impoverished Colburn is now selling at half-price—would, probably, procure the assignment of his lease for ever. Your Ladyship might then delight yourself by "*mizzling*" eternally through the world like the lady in the song (*c*) "through Temple Bar," and delight us and our children and our children's children for all generations, by telling of these your wanderings. In all books—in all languages—in all arts—in all sciences, you are already learned; and thus inexhaustible materials would offer themselves for your graphic pen. The younger people now existing might hope to read of the homage rendered to your Ladyship by the Calmuck and Kentucky sages—the De Tracys and DeSégurs—the Julliens and Lafayettes of regions hereafter to be classic—and they might also expect to witness the chaste mysteries of the Turkish harem reproduced before their eyes by the free and vigorous pencil which bodied forth, with such abandonment, the fervent loves of Salvator Rosa; while those yet to come would, undoubtedly, be blessed with an account of the state of society at the New Swan River, and a *France in* 1929-30. But let us not, in casting an enraptured glance on the visions of what *might* be, forget that which actually *is*. *France in* 1929-30 would certainly be delicious: who would not barter years of existence for a peep into its magic pages?—just to ascertain if there will be, in those days, such a thing as a throne in France—or such a place as Paris—and whether long or short waists will be then in vogue amongst the women—and whether the men will have so progressed in their disinclination to dancing and intrigue, as to have conceived an antipathy for all species of motion? (*d*)—Oh! the book would be delightful!—*Would be*, did we say? *will be* delightful; for the world must have it. And, alas!

> How happy the lovers and friends who shall live
> The days of its glory to see;—
> But the next dearest blessing which Heaven can give,
> Is the pride of thus gazing on thee."

"France, 1829-30!"—and, by all that is lovely, an extremely pretty work it is!—Of all your Ladyship's productions it is the best; for your own mild, modest, unaffected, and religious spirit is more extensively infused into it, than it ever was into any other whatsoever. We have always considered that the little narrative of the personal feelings and adventures of the traveller—the record of his hopes and fears—his joys and sorrows, forms the pleasant places in a book of travels; and, therefore, have we always loved your Ladyship and the Abyssinian Bruce, above all travellers, on account of the liberal information you communicate respecting yourselves and all others who were fortunate enough to have been brought into contact with you. Under the patronage of the precise and copious Scotchman, we feel ourselves quite at home at Gondar, and can

really fancy ourselves on terms of intimacy with the beautiful Ozoro-Esther and Ras Michael—a sort of African Lafayette, commanding the armed citizens, and exercising a salutary control over the sovereign he had himself placed upon the throne; now, the lady we admire exceedingly; and for the Ras we have the highest possible respect: we are sorry, however, notwithstanding Bruce's admirable delineations of character, and notwithstanding his picturesque descriptions of all he saw and all that befell him—we are sorry that it was not your Ladyship who went in search of the fountains of the Nile. Bruce evidently laboured under *mauvaise honte* in describing fashionable life at Gondar. The 'march of intellect' in his day was very slow. He shrunk from a description of pleasurable details at the dinner-parties and *soirées*, which in all the pride of philosophy your Ladyship would have scorned to omit. On the contrary, you would have felt delight in enlarging upon the freedom from jealousy, coquetry, and conventional forms, which prevails in the polished society of the Abyssinian capital, and you would have drawn a triumphant distinction between the brutality and superstition of this country, and the true politeness and genuine piety which there induces the amiable of both sexes to seek and confer happiness without delay, affectation, or disguise. Even in the vague sketches of Bruce, the scenes at some of the *soirées* are exquisite; what would they not be in the vivid colouring of your Ladyship? But, hollo! stop; are we not straying again? Let us see—yes, we are; so to return. This last book is decidedly your Ladyship's best, because it may be in some sort considered the mirror of your divine self. Herein all your thoughts and feelings are unreservedly shadowed forth, and this to us, stupid things in breeches, as some fine lady in an old play calls us, is no matter of trifling interest; for true it is, as Louvêt, a [illegible] and moral author, and an especial favourite of your Ladyship, has written, *l'homme le plus adroit ne peut encore se tenir au niveau de la femme la plus vraie*. Ample stores are, therefore, opened to our contemplation; we have clearly before us the various charming arts by which you bewitched Lafayette, the general, and Carême, the cook; Rothschild, the banker, and Beranger, the *chansonnier;* De Tracy, the philosopher, and Gerard, the painter; David, the sculptor, and Jullien, the executioner; the romanticist with the open shirt collar, and the classicist with no shirt at all. Everything, in a word, is of you in these enchanting volumes; from the frontispiece in which your face appears, to the postscript wherein you make your curtesy as Sydney, Lady Morgan, *née* Owenson. But now, Miladi, touching this face, or rather full length of yours, we have a little—a *leetle* crow to pluck with you. Why were you so precipitate? Had you but waited for a month, we would have given you a place upon the bosom of *Regina*. There you might have dazzled and delighted millions in the guise which best pleased you—as Juno, as Pallas, or as the Erycina Ridens. You should have had a face twice—aye, three times as handsome; and your form and figure, too, would have been displayed to the best advantage; for, upon principle, we always allow our ladies to choose their own attitudes.

It is useless, however, to lament longer an act of imprudence which cannot be recalled. As the great Persian or Hibernian moralist (I forget which) has it, "grief is no comfort, and sorrow is dry." So let us, to borrow the happy expression used by Aboul Khan Buth na Ha-san, the Sophi's ambassador in your Ladyship's "cabin," or canister, (I forget which you call it,) in Kildare-street—let us take another SNIFTER (*e*) and proceed with our review.

In your preface your Ladyship tells us, that—

> "Having left Ireland in the dark moment which preceded the bright rising of her political day; after lingering there till hope delayed had made the heart sick, we went abroad in search of sensations of a more gracious nature than those presented by the condition of society at home. It matters not whether any preconceived intentions of authorship influenced the journey. *A second work on France can alone be justified by the novelty of its matter, or, the merit of its execution.*"

That is true, Miladi, and every thing in your second work on France is new and meritorious. You never said a word about yourself before,

while herein you are always with us; and what can be more meritorious than holding up such a model of perfection as your Ladyship to a faulty world. Your Ladyship goes on to say—

"It may serve however as an excuse, and an authentication of the attempt, that I was called to the task by some of the most influential organs of public opinion in that great country. They relied upon my impartiality; (*for I had proved it at the expense of proscription abroad, and persecution at home;*) and desiring only to be represented as they are, they deemed even my humble talents not wholly inadequate to an enterprise, whose first requisite was the honesty that tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. This I have done to the full extent of my own convictions, and to the utmost limit of the sphere of my observation. I answer for no more."

And is not this enough, Miladi? There can be but one reply. But here it may not be amiss to remark, that we met a man the other day, who hinted—(he only hinted, if he said it, we would have knocked him down, as we had occasion to do afterwards)—that he did not believe your Ladyship was called to the task by some of the most influential organs of public opinion in that great country! Whereupon we informed him, as we now inform the world at large, that we ourselves saw the document in which you "were called to the task;" saw it with our eyes, as Homer has it. And it was in the form of a round-robin, none of "the most influential organs of public opinion in that great country" wishing to grant precedence to any other in a matter of such national and historical importance. They said, come to France, Miladi Morgan, and write a book, and describe us all impartially; and then they went on to state in elegant French, that your Ladyship should want for nothing during your sojourn amongst them; and then they jocularly added, that they had no doubt the London booksellers would come down handsomely with the half-pence. The fellow was something astonished, when we told him this, but nothing abashed, he replied, "Well," granting that she was "called to the task," how could she describe these people impartially, when she went there just to eat their victuals, and see every thing as they might choose to show it to her? We scorned to answer such a low-minded question, and therefore contented ourselves with declaring, that we had a sovereign contempt both for his taste and understanding. At which he laughed, and said he would be sorry to quarrel with us about an "OULD MOUSETRAP." Now we knew he kept a cinder-wench—a horribly ugly old thief—called MOUSETRAP—and indignant at such an implied comparison, we forthwith laid him prostrate. We mention this not out of vain-glory, but simply to show our hatred of prejudice, and our promptitude in avenging the cause of injured innocence and insulted genius.

Having now given due honour to the preface, we will proceed to the work itself, first complimenting your Ladyship on the simple style you have adopted. We are happy to observe, that your Ladyship has reduced the number of languages in which you write, as the Sibyl did her books, to three. You have wisely discarded German, Spanish, the dead and oriental languages. A book written in a single tongue is certainly one of the most tiresome things in nature; there is such horrible sameness in the turn of the expressions, and the appearance of the words! We do not think, however, that a person can conveniently write in more than three languages at the same time; we, therefore, highly approve of your Ladyship's restricting yourself to the Hibernian dialect of French, English, and Italian.

Your opening chapter is beautiful and characteristic:

"Oh the delicious burst of agreeable sensations!—It was for this a Roman emperor, in the plenitude of his power, offered a premium, and offered it in vain. Were I to write a receipt for its acquirement, it should run thus:—

"First, take up your residence, for any given time, in 'the most unhappy country that is under heaven.' Then devote to its interests all your sympathies—to its cause all your talents. Draw upon yourself the persecution of one party, without securing the protection of another. Get sick of exhaustless discussions upon long-exhausted subjects; get satiated with party watchwords, applied to the purposes of personal pre-eminence; become disgusted or indignant (according to your temperament) with petty intrigues and semi-civilized views;

and, when the horizon looks darkest, and the storm rages loudest—when the vessel, you have seen nearly within hail of port, seems suddenly dashed back among the breakers, leaving hope forlorn, and exertion without farther motive—then 'cut the painter'—escape, as you may, upon raft or hen-coop—reach, as fast as you can, a foreign shore, and mingle with another population, congregated under other institutions. Be the transition rapid—the contrast striking—site, scene, and climate, all novel and opposed—change the bitter *bise* of a northern spring, for the heavens all blue, and air all balm, of a southern region. In a word, leave Ireland in its worst of times and worst of weather, and get to France in the happiest epoch of both, when the season and the people, alike fresh from the touch of regeneration, give the best aspect to the moral and natural world; and then, *probatum est*, you will enjoy that new pleasure for which imperial magnificence offered its reward, and offered it without success.

"This delicious burst of sensation I am now enjoying, in the first flutter of an escape from Ireland, and arrival in Calais."

There, reader, there is simile and sublimity for you; and what admirable truth! As Thomas Moore, the bard of Erin, happily observes in one of his after-dinner speeches, in praise of his beloved country, "Ireland is a fine place to live out of." And, Miladi, you were persecuted by one party, without securing the protection of another; in fact you were persecuted by all parties—notoriously by a low review, called the *Quarterly*, and a stupid magazine, published by one Blackwood, a bailie, (*f*) (which, we suppose, is the Scotch for a bell-man,) and with even greater venom by the leaders of the Catholic party. O'Connell, the villain, described you as "an indelicate, ignorant, gossiping old woman." Shiel squeaked out that you were "a *parvenue* lady, and would-be-gentlewoman," and abused you with as much virulence, and in as many tropes and figures as he did his late royal highness the Duke of York. Once, however, on the French coast, you had "a delicious burst of sensation," (doubtless, I am afraid, to the destruction of your stay-tapes,) and you did not care a fig for any of them.

"What a delightful place" (you add), "by the bye, this Calais is," (for I take it for granted I am not mistaking internal disposition for external objects). "'After Calais,' says Horace Walpole, when writing from Italy, 'nothing surprises me.' Calais surprised Doctor Johnson too! The genial Yoricks and the saturnine Smellfungusses have alike paid their tribute, and lighted a taper at the shrine of Nôtre Dame de Calais; and all British travellers who, for the first time, have left their boxes of brick and faces of phlegm to see houses that are not boxes, and faces that are not phlegmatic, have never failed to be astonished, even if they refused to be pleased."

We take for granted, Miladi, that Johnson has been substituted for Smollett, by some typographical error; it is no great matter, however; they were both doctors; and, as your Ladyship, when alluding to the knighting of your relatives, facetiously observed, one doctor *vaut bien un autre*.

It is consolatory to ascertain from the latter part of this chapter, that superstition has completely disappeared from France. Her Ladyship, as became one of the ancient faith, went to the cathedral, to return thanks for her escape from her "semi-civilized country," and she observed that the congregation consisted almost exclusively of females, who were engaged in chatting and laughing.

"What particularly struck me in the congregation," (quoth her Ladyship) "was, that, with the exception of a few old men, who looked either poor or infirm, it was so exclusively female. I remarked this circumstance afterwards to a gentleman of the town, who replied, with an ironical smile, '*Madame, nous sommes indignes nous autres.*' But I remember (I said) seeing the military, the authorities, and many others of the male population, assisting at vespers, when I first visited Calais. 'And when was that, Madame?' 'In 1816.' '*A la bonne heure*; but we are not now in 1816. This is the year 1829.'"

"Oh, it's all by the march of intellect!" as the *refrain* of a favourite song of your Ladyship's expresses it.

The next chapter is about the inn at which your Ladyship stopped. A common place traveller, like Sterne, would have mentioned its name; but you, from a feeling of delicacy and kindness, and a love of justice, which cannot be too highly lauded, declined doing so, lest you might ruin all the other inn-keepers of the town. Nobody could thenceforth dream of drawing up any where except at the *Hotel de*

Morgan, or, as everything is now Anglicised there, according to your Ladyship's account—at Morgan's Hotel.

We will pass over the chapters on the Barrière de La Villette, and the Rue de Rivoli, in which your Ladyship has given the usual information of the Guide Book, *couleur de rose*, and proceed to "old friends," who, to us, are always welcome. Your Ladyship says—

"The morning of my arrival, I took up my old Paris visiting book for 1818, to look for addresses, to dispatch cards to old acquaintances, and notes to friends, after the Parisian fashion The first name that met my eye was one that made me shudder, and feel, as I had felt, when I broke the black seal of the letter which so unexpectedly announced the decease of its owner. Well might that distinguished name present itself the first upon the list. The first hand that was wont to hail our return to France, was Denon's. The first cordial smile that gave us the assurance of a welcome, was his. Other hands were now extended, other smiles beamed now as brightly, but his were dimmed for ever."

Alas! poor Denon! you had many things to send you 'down the tide of time,' and recommend you to the affectionate notice of posterity. You were, (to use her Ladyship's words,) the page, minister, and *gentilhomme de le chambre* of Louis XV.—the friend of Voltaire, the intimate of Napoleon, the traveller and historian of modern Egypt, the director of the *Musée* of France, when Paris was the museum of the world. As courtier, diplomatist, author, artist, antiquarian, you had passed the ordeal of the greatest changes, the most violent transitions the world had ever seen, and you had passed them with principles unshaken, and feelings unworn. All this were you, Denon, and yet you would have been, perhaps, ere long, forgotten; but fortunately, you "suited" Miladi Morgan, and she "suited" you, and, therefore, will you be remembered till time shall be no more.

"The next came my old and kind friend, Madame de Vilette, the *belle et bonne* of Voltaire; to me the link between the last age and present; she, too, was gone for ever! And then came Ginguené, Talma, Langlois, Lanjuinais—but I closed the book with the feelings with which Macbeth flings away the magic mirror, and involuntarily exclaimed, 'I'll see no more,' so, closing my eyes, as I might, upon the past, and giving myself up to the hope of the future, under the influence of a climate which developes a sensibility prompt, not deep, I threw open the window to the sunshine and fresh air, which poured in with a burst of light and odour. I thought of all that death had left me—of the greater still behind, for Lafayette and many other illustrious friends, whom time has spared for the benefit and glory of their nation, still live;—each, in his way, a specimen of that genius and virtue, which, in all regions and in all ages, make the *ne plus ultra* of human excellence."

We will not injure the effect of this unaffectedly grand and touching passage by attempting any comment. There is in it a truth, a pathos, a sublimity, which defies all criticism, and is above all praise. The next chapter, "Old and New Paris," we shall pass over with all proper compliments to your Ladyship and Dulaure, (*g*) simply stopping to thank you for enriching our language with some new words. We will also pass over your Ladyship's history of Lafayette, which is strictly impartial, and which describes all the great achievements of this most gallant, adventurous, and consistent of republicans. We understand your Ladyship intends having it printed by your friend Murray in a volume of the *Family Library*.

The strange thing in your Ladyship's chapter on Anglomania is, that the persons in the various shops you visited during your first morning in Paris—the perfumer's shop—porter shop, &c., should have at once discovered you were from the British Islands; because we are well aware that your Ladyship speaks French better than any Frenchwomen; "your vocabulary, (however, as your Ladyship observes,) was not, perhaps, sufficiently aired," and you only went into those places to rub the rust off your tongue after your sojourn amongst the thick-spoken Hibernians. We are quite sure, however, that if you went to buy essences and perfumes, it was not on your Ladyship's own account; and as to the accident which occurred to you in the alehouse, it was merely a matter to be laughed at; and your Ladyship records it pleasantly. You state, "I was hurrying away from the shop when I was shot on the left cheek, and covered

with a shower of froth by the explosion of a bottle of 'Whitbread's Entire,' the pride of the counter and the boast of its owner."

"Royalism in 1829," is a pretty chapter. It is quite delightful to perceive the homage which was done to your Ladyship by all the modern royalists—the Count de Sabran, and so forth. It was different in 1819, but "it's all by the march of intellect." Your Ladyship says:—

"I frankly expressed my surprise at the change which had taken place in the manners and tone of society, and I related to him (another Baron *féodal*) a rencontre I had had at a masqued ball, in 1819, when two ultras (the sons of the most devoted danglers in the antechamber of Napoleon) aided by an *ex protégé* of the Buonaparte family, had attacked me with more Bourbonite zeal than gallantry, and had availed themselves to the utmost of the privilege of the mask. That, said the party in question, was the eagerness of *girouettism*, so anxious in 1819 to distinguish its questionable loyalty, no matter how. It is now toned by a prevailing liberality and by the natural subsidence of all exaggeration. Such strange things take place every day (I replied), that I should not be surprised to find on my return home, that Monsieur de Martignac had written himself down at my door; or that the minister of Marine, my neighbour, (who is one of the best speakers, I think, in the chambers), should invite me to his Tuesdays' assemblies; nay that the king himself should smile on me as he passes my window, and that I should exclaim with Madame de Sévigne, after a similar favour, '*Le Roi est le plus grand roi du monde*.'"

Ah, Miladi! if the king had only smiled upon you, and taken your advice, he would not now be a wanderer upon the face of the earth!—You might have turned off the old apothecary—(I mean the Medical Cavalier), and he the Jesuits; and France would have been admirably governed by your joint endeavours. Madame de Maintenon and Louis XIV. would have been fools to you.

The paper headed the "Count de Tracy," is charming; this excellent philosopher seems to have introduced the benefits of method and classification into all the ordinary affairs of life. The arrangements at his assemblies appear to be admirable.

"The assemblies of Monsieur de Tracy, which occur weekly during the season, are among the most select and remarkable in Paris. '*Inaccessible to common-place mediocrity and pushing pretension, their visitor must be ticketed in some way or other to obtain a presentation.*'"

Well now, what a gloriously philosophical arrangement that is! What wear and tear of servants' lungs, and injury to the sensibility of those who are curious as to the right pronunciation of their name, is spared! How often has it not been our own misfortune to have our beautiful and euphonious title "Morgan Rattler" metamorphosed into all manner of uncouth sounds in its transmission from the hall-door to the drawing-room! Whereas if we had our tickets on our back, there could be no annoyance, no mistake, and we could be at once sure to meet with that respect which must naturally be accorded to all who are connected with your Ladyship. We cannot therefore too highly applaud M. De Tracy's system; and we despise the fellow who affected to call us all '*ticket porters!*' We look upon the device, in fact, as altogether admirable. By it ignorant and ill-bred persons would be virtually excluded from society. For their own name—the mark of the beast—would be upon them. But why waste words upon the subject? To be admired, it only requires to be known: your Ladyship's approbation will give it universal publicity, and we have no doubt it will be adopted in all civilized societies.

It seems your Ladyship condescended to go to a ball at the English Embassy, and on the first burst of this magnificent assembly on your dazzled eyes, your Ladyship, (in your youthful and unsophisticated feelings,) felt pretty much as Hortense is supposed to do when she gives vent to her feelings in the following exclamation:—

"Que d'objets, que de gens inconnus jusqu'alors,
Tous les ambassadeurs, des maréchaux, des lords;
Des artistes, la fleur de la littérature!
Des femmes quel éclat, quel goût dans leur parure;
Dieu! les beaux diamans!"—*L'Ecole des Vieillards.*

which is elegantly translated by your Ladyship:—

> "What a scene, and what faces one ne'er saw before,
> Lords, marshals, ambassadors, princes *galore;*
> Romanticists, classicists, blue-stocking peers;
> With artists in *virtù* steeped up to their ears!
> Then the women! what splendor and taste in their finery,
> And, ye Gods! what fine diamonds, all glitter and shinery."

There, reader, there is poetry for you, and translation to boot. Can any thing be more exquisite or more accurate? If you know aught of the original you must swear by her Ladyship's familiarity with the peculiar idiom of the favourite language of all the decent people in Europe.

Your Ladyship, it seems, was much pleased with the exhibition; but the boundaries of pain and pleasure being always close at hand, the persons whose appearance excited your feelings the most were the vile servants of the Austrian despot. Your Ladyship observes,

"The most striking group was that formed by the Austrian embassy; splendidly attired in ancient historical costumes, with a numerous troop of *attachés*, the *élite* of the gay, the gallant youth of their country, in all the gorgeous pageantry of the middle ages. When his Austrian excellency was announced, how I started, with all the weight of Aulic proscription on my head. The representative of the long-armed monarch of Hapsburg so near me, of him who, could he only *once get his fidgetty fingers on my little neck, would give it a twist that would save* his customhouse officers all future trouble of breaking carriages and harassing travellers in search of the pestilent writings of 'Lady Morgan.' I did not breathe freely till his excellency had passed on with his glittering train into the illuminated conservatory, and was lost in a wilderness of flowering shrubs and orange trees."

Ah Miladi, fidgetty as are the fingers of the long-armed monarch of Hapsburg, if he once saw your little neck he would not think of twisting it. His persecution and proscription of you, however, was great. He prevented you from making a book in his dominions.

Therefore he certainly cannot be considered as a friend of your Ladyship's, (though he is of the London coachmakers, for nobody can travel without your book, and thus his carriage is sure to be broken,) and yet you are fortunate in illustrious and high born associates. Passing over those already-mentioned, there is your friend Ségur, the son of the gallant Maréchal de Ségur, the brother of one of the most brilliant wits of France, the father of the best military historian of the present day, the uncle of the illustrious Lafayette, and the companion of his *striking* campaigns in America; the most successful diplomatist of his time, the ambassador of Louis XVI. to Russia, Prussia, and Rome; the friend and travelling companion of Catherine of Russia, of the Emperor Joseph, of Frederick of Prussia, ("*a striking evidence, by the bye, of the possibility of the highest intellect occupying the highest place under false and baneful institutions, with little benefit to mankind,*") and one of the most voluminous writers of modern France. He certainly had claims upon the attentions of an EDUCATED stranger, which must have rendered him an especial object of interest in any circle, however brilliant.

But as your Ladyship was the most admirably EDUCATED OF STRANGERS, (thanks to your illustrious sire,) so did you take greater interest in this philosophic statesman than any body else could presume to do. Your Ladyship, as you observe, knew full well,

> "He was a man who had seen many changes,
> And always changed as true as any needle,
> His Polar-star being one which rather ranges,
> And not the fix'd—he knew the way to wheedle," &c.

And knowing this, his propensity to change, your Ladyship feared lest he should have changed his constitution by losing his health, or his identity by losing his consciousness. And, as you tenderly declare, "I waited, therefore, till my husband had visited him, and reported to me the state of his health, that I might not come upon him in all the redundancy of my own newly-kindled excitements, and with spirits too exuberant, perhaps, to be in harmony with his own." Fortunately, however, Sir Charles found the old gentleman as playful as a kid, and positively enraptured at

the news of your arrival. It is curious to observe, nevertheless, that he does not appear to have entertained your Ladyship handsomely; but you, with your usual delicacy and good nature, repeatedly entreat he may be excused, and attribute the fault not to his inclination, but his POVERTY.

We now, with a flutter of pleasure, approach one of the most delightful chapters in these volumes, "Romanticists and Classicists." Your Ladyship begins by "damning the unknown writer in the *Quarterly* of 1817, to eternal fame."

It is a pity you were not cognizant of his name; for it is troublesome to curse a man by a long description: for ourselves, therefore, we prefer pronouncing our daily execration upon "the *Quarterly*, and all belonging to it;" and thus the fellow is sure not to escape while other sinners come in for their well-earned share of the malediction. We humbly venture to recommend this practice to your Ladyship.

After having, however, consigned Racine to a perpetual and well-merited oblivion, as a mere ephemeral poetaster, and crucified the *Quarterly* writer, or writers, unknown, your Ladyship proceeds to say—

> "This morning, as I was looking over the *affiches* of the theatre, (a common writer would have had it play-bills,) in doubt to which of them we should go, (having, through the gallantry of new friends and the kindness of old, boxes assigned to us in several,) a young gentleman, to whom we had been presented the previous evening, called '*pour faire ses hommages.*' There was something of an *exalté* in his air, in his open shirt-collar, black head, and wild, melancholy look, that had engaged my attention the night before; and this, together with one or two paradoxical opinions which I heard him let fall, made me glad to see him again; for, like Madame de Sévigné, I hate '*les gens qui ont toujours raison.*'"

Ah, Miladi, Miladi, why will you always be comparing yourself to that old Frenchwoman? and to do so at such a moment: we tell you, you are a thousand times as clever, and ten thousand times as handsome!

But, to proceed, this *exalté* with the black head, wild, melancholy look, and open shirt-collar was commanded by his fair suzeraine, to whom he came "*pour faire ses hommages,*" to select a theatre wherein they might pass a portion of the evening. Your Ladyship, desirous of anticipating his wishes, suggested the *Français*, "if he pleased." But he replied—

> "'Go to the *Français* if *I please!* I sit out a tragedy of Racine's! Oh, Miladi, *vous plaisantez—vous n'y pensez pas.*'
>
> "The alarmed, imploring look with which this was said, with hands clasped, and eyes uplifted, astounded me; and I remarked, 'then you are of the same heresy with myself, and I am, like poor Iphigenie, who
>
> "'Voyait pour elle Achille, et contre elle
> l'armée.'
>
> "'You have with you all France,' he replied; '*à quelqu'exception près.* Nobody goes to the *Français* when Racine is played now; or, the few who go, do so to testify their disapprobation by hissing, as was the case with the *Athalie* the other night.'
>
> "I really lost my breath. 'What! not go to the *Français?*—Hiss Racine!—Oh, this is a mystification.'
>
> "'Pardon me, madame, I am serious.—You may—you must go to the *Français*, but not when Racine is played; whose pieces are only given in the intervals of our great historical dramas, and in the absence of our divine tragic muse, who is now in the provinces.'"

This tragic muse turns out to be Mademoiselle Mars; at which your Ladyship is much surprised, because she generally plays in comedy. You then ask, however, if not in Racine's, is it in Voltaire's tragedies the pearl of France plays? The young gentleman of the black head, and so forth, replies, with more candour than politeness, "Voltaire!—bah!—*C'est un roi détrôné, que ce bon Voltaire!*"—and then goes on to explain, that there is nothing in the world equal to the *Henri III.* of your Ladyship's devoted admirer, Dumas. He then tells your Ladyship an affecting story about one Joseph de Lorme, a young man, who got tired of the practice of surgery, as our poor departed friend Huskisson once did, until at last he—(not Huskisson, but the other gentleman)—retired to a poor little village near Meudon, where he gave himself up to the composition of works, which dissolve the soul in tears, or burn it with passion.

> "'Poor, neglected, worn out, he died last October of a broken heart, and a complicated pulmonary consumption.—You weep, *chère Miladi!*'

" 'Tis very foolish,' I said; 'but the fact is that the life and death of this unfortunate and very foolish young man recalls those of one, who, when in infancy, was the adopted of my father's house—the unfortunate Thomas Dermody, the poet. But you know as little of our modern poets, as I do of yours.'

" '*Que vous êtes bonne!*' said my good-natured friend, mingling his tears with mine. 'I am very sorry to have called up such melancholy recollections. But, dry up your tears, and *consolez vous*; in all that I have said there is not one word of truth.' "

The lying, impudent varlet, thus to trifle with your Ladyship's sensibility, and rudely strike a chord that was sure to vibrate painfully!—But perhaps the wretch was not aware of the youthful affection, the tender ties which bound you so fondly to Thomas Dermody. He knew not the fantastic feelings which prevented him from wedding the object of his idolatry, and drove him to seek refuge in solitary musings, and copious—alas! too copious—draughts of the liquor which your father always drank, in preference to the more costly contents of his cellar, even when he was the first comic performer in the Irish provinces. The romanticist knew not, that when Thomas Dermody, like Joseph de Lorme, might have united himself to the idol of his affections, he felt he was not made for *one*, and for *one only*. His somewhat *savage philanthropy* feared to imprison itself for ever within the circle of affections too limited for his nature—"*dans un égoisme en deux personnes*.—BESIDES, HE *had formed to himself an idea of* MARRIAGE, IN WHICH IDLE FORMS WENT FOR NOTHING." You knew not all this, fellow, or else you would deserve to be made shorter by that black head of yours, for recalling to her Ladyship the loved and lost—the sweet and bitter recollections of her girlhood!—But enough; you left the apartment at last, and her Ladyship bade you farewell in peace and forgiveness. If you went, however, to any theatre that night, you had to pay, for her Ladyship did not think proper to renew her offer to you of a seat in her box.

After the departure of this disciple of romanticism, a classicist arrived; and at once attacked Shakspeare, after the fashion, and not unfrequently, in the words of old Voltaire. Your Ladyship of course demolishes him, as our forefathers did the gaunt philosopher; and, at length, out of pure spite, he shows you an anti-romantic poem of Viennet's, in which you found your "own name wedged in between those of Stendhal and Schlegel;" and you were, of course, properly indignant, and ridiculed the verses, and him who read them, in the most overwhelming manner.

Touching your Ladyship's articles on Modern Literature and French, or Physiological Philosophy, we shall be silent; they are too profound for us. Upon recollection, however, it may be well to remark, that we once heard your Ladyship sensibly and succinctly declare your creed upon the latter subject, in the words of the admirable Bélise:—

" Je m'accommode assez, pour moi des petits corps;
Mais le vide à souffrir me semble difficile,
Et je goûte bien mieux la matière subtile."

Les Femmes Savantes.

Pass we on to "French Sculpture."

Your Ladyship, in the morning, excessively admired the statue of Condé, which seems about to vanish from the Pont Louis XVI. in a whirlwind; and on the evening of the same Wednesday, Baron Gerard stepped up to you.—

" 'There is a young friend of mine most desirous, in the first place, of being presented to you; and, in the second, of executing your bust.' "

The young man was all this while gazing upon you in ill-suppressed admiration, and was heard by a bystander to mutter *O Dea certè!*

" You observe, the bust was a bore; but I asked his friend's name. 'It is David,' he said, 'a young and very celebrated sculptor. You have, probably, seen his Prince de Condé, on the Pont Louis XVI.?'

" Such are the pleasant coincidences of a roving life. We meet, scattered over the surface of remote and variegated society, so many we wish to know, and who wish to know us, not merely perhaps for the respective merits of the parties, but for that magic bond—*vous me convenez—Je vous conviens*—I knew the author of the statue of Condé must be in *my way*, (be the confession an epigram or an *éloge*). And in the many pleasant hours we afterwards spent in his study in the Fauxbourg, while sitting for my bust in the Rue de Rivoli, at our hotel, and in the various rencontres of Parisian society, this first impression was

fully justified, as first impressions, indeed, very generally are."

There is nothing in my mind more beautiful in literature, ancient or modern, than these passages, excepting only Byron's description of the moonlight walks of Juan and Haidee. Here, it is true, the passion conceived by these admirable and romantic persons, which at first sight induced them to swear eternal friendship, was merely Platonic; but all right thinking persons must consider, that this adds a charm to the adventure. For ourselves, situated as we are, we might be suspected of writing with some bitterness on such a subject; but we are incapable of a feeling so unjust and unphilosophic as jealousy: like Dermody, De Lorme, and Don Juan, we are imbued too deeply "with a somewhat savage philanthropy."

"David is the sculptor of romanticism *par excellence;* he has a strong vocation to moulding the heads of those who have amused the public or *himself*, without much reference to sect, and still less with a view either to pecuniary profit, or (in my instance) to permanent fame."

This speaks the modesty of your Ladyship; but your bust nevertheless will immortalize David. It is an exquisite performance. We have now two casts from it before us—one of which we intend to present to our illustrious friend and fellow-collegian, the editor of *Regina*. Speaking of it, your Ladyship observes, "If I had my choice to leave my head as a legacy to those who have had the deepest interest in my heart, I should select the bust executed for me by Monsieur David." This will be easily understood, when we consider that, "the great characteristic of the likenesses of David is their spirituality. It is not the material outline that he gives, but the very soul of the original, which looks out of the bust, and appears to breathe upon the lips." —"In the heads of Monsieur David the common addition to the individuality of his subjects, is an elevation and natural nobility of expres[illegible] which intellectual power is [illegible] with candour and frankness. [illegible] men are patriots, all his women poets!"

What a delightful sculptor! judging from the disinterested criticism of your Ladyship, we have no doubt that Monsieur David will soon be the most popular sculptor in the world. Le Fevre did himself the honour of painting your portrait, and has thereby secured himself a place in history; but you cannot speak of the picture in the same terms of praise you have accorded to the bust. The painter was not sufficiently romantic and poetical to catch the spirituality of your exquisitely moulded features.

The chapter styled "Mornings at Paris," is at once calculated to excite astonishment and delight. It is scarcely possible not to be dazzled by the host of illustrious persons that assembled around you, and still less can we avoid feeling the utmost wonder at the manner in which you surpassed them all and each, in his own particular art, science, study, or pursuit. Your Ladyship truly states—"From twelve to four my little *salon* was a congress composed of the representatives of every vocation of arts, letters, science, *bon ton*, and philosophy, in which, as in the Italian opera boxes of Milan and Naples, the comers and goers succeeded each other, as the narrow limits of the space required that the earliest visitor should make room for the last arrival."

Thus seated in your little *salon*, with David executing your bust, and Miss Clarke, (whose young, fresh tones, and sweet expression, Rossini himself had deigned to approve,) singing at the piano, what monarch in the universe might not envy you, as Pigault Le Brun, and Mignet, and Mérimée, and Bayle, and Dumas, and Lefevre, and De Montrol, and Le Commandeur Gazzara, and Mr. B——, and Miguel de la Bana, and Don L. D'Arrandala, and Colonel Tolstoy, from Russia, and the Prince and Princess of Salms, from the Rhine, and the Count and Countess de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and the brothers Ugoni, and *son obligeance*, Monsieur Jullien, and Signor Barberi, and Signor Dottore Benati, with many others, bowed down before you; for what is the unwilling homage rendered to power, compared to that homage paid to genius, which alike honours those who give, and the sublime spirit which receives.

Your Ladyship's visits to your

friend Ternaux, the manufacturer at St. Ouen, and to your friend De Béranger, the great *chansonnier*, in his prison, are both beautifully described. In the latter, however, a scarcely pardonable modesty has prevented you from giving to the world the exquisite lines, wherewith the poet welcomed your blessed presence in the place of his captivity. Certainly they were rather warm, considering that his mistress, Lisette, and your husband, Sir Charles, were present; but this is permitted to romanticism. We can only recall the last verse, which ran something after this fashion :—

> "Triste roman que notre histoire!
> Mais Sydney au sein des amours,
> De ton destin—j'aime à le croire—
> Les plaisirs charmeront le cours.
> Ah puisses-tu vive et jolie,
> Long-temps te couronner de fleurs,
> Et sur le roman de la vie,
> Ne jamais repandre de pleurs!"

Your visit to the Hotel de l'Enclos is really touching. You resemble that charming person who gave it its name, in everything but her frailty; it is therefore no cause of wonder that you should feel highly excited in treading apartments which had once resounded to her footsteps. "Ninon was (like your Ladyship) one of the best linguists, the most charming narrator, musician, and dancer of her time." Like her too, you have proved, to an admiring world, that

> "There are forms which Time forbears to touch,
> And turns away his scythe to meaner things."

The brief history you have given of her is truly beautiful, and you moralize in an enchanting manner on Ninon's philosophical declaration, (which, alas! most have found to be too true,) together with the corollary from it (which is undeniable). "*Une liaison de cœur est celle de toutes les pièces où les entr'actes soient les plus longs, et les actes les plus courts: de quoi remplir ces intermèdes sinon par les talens?*" Sterne, and Rabelais, and Louvêt, have written on this same subject with more prudery, but not half so much real delicacy as your Ladyship.

We will not delay long upon your chapters on the theatres. Unfortunately, your descriptions of the several new pieces produced at Paris, are not so interesting as they would have been if all these plays had not been already translated and performed at some one or other of our own theatres. These paper and scissars familiars of the playhouses work by steam now-a-days. If there were any dramatic writers extant, they would have good grounds to petition parliament for the abolition of machinery. We must also remark that you are rather unfortunate in selecting the pretty Leontine Fay as a sample of the rigid virtue of the actresses of regenerated France; Leontine is, notoriously, the Duke of Orleans' mistress; the present King of the French played the *Maquereau* upon the occasion; arranged all the preliminaries, and signed the settlements. He found, in the words of the poet so celebrated in mural literature, that "the blandishments of pleasure had taken the young Duke's reason prisoner," and therefore resolved at once to procure for him the object of his idolatry. This was the chaste Leontine Fay, whose talents as an actress were observed rapidly to develope themselves after her acquaintance with the Duke of Orleans.

There is a highly piquant paper about your Ladyship's toilet, some attention to which was forced upon you by a French lady of fashion, just as you were about "to visit your illustrious friend Lafayette," who has, by the way, written you a very handsome letter, in return for your subscription of 10*l*., which we have no doubt the illnatured will say was sent as a bait for the epistle. We cannot, however, trespass farther on Fraser's columns in the way of extract, than simply to remark how happily and truly you compare yourself to Mary Stuart, on quitting the land of your adoption to return to your own semi-civilized country, and to apply the scissars to a passage in your account of the dinner provided for you by Carême, under the auspices of the Baron de Rothschild. With this we shall close our review, for it concludes with an appeal to all your enemies, which we, Morgan Rattler, in our own name, and on our own behalf, beg to repeat.

> "As I was seated next to Monsieur Rothschild, I took occasion to insinuate, after the soup, (for who would utter a

word before?) that I was not wholly unworthy of a place at a table served by Carême; that I was already acquainted with the merits of the man who had first declared against *la cuisine épicée et aromatisée;* and that though I had been accused of a tendency towards the bonnet *rouge*, my true vocation was the bonnet *blanc*. I had, I said, long *gouté les ouvrages de Monsieur Carême* theoretically, and that now a practical acquaintance with them filled me with a still higher admiration for his unrivalled talents. '*Eh bien!*' said Monsieur Rothschild, laughing, 'he on his side has also relished your works; and here is a proof of it.' I really blush like Sterne's accusing spirit, as I give in the facts, but he pointed to a column of the most ingenious confectionery architecture, on which my name was inscribed in spun sugar. *My* name written in sugar! Ye *Quarterlies* and *Blackwoods*, and *tu Brute*—(you, you brute!) false and faithless *Westminster!* Ye who have never traced my prescribed name but in gall, think of Lady Morgan in sugar; and that, too, at a table surrounded by some of the great supporters of the Holy Alliance!"

" * * I give it written *à trait de plume*, and I call on the testimony of the guests (*h*) of that enjoyable day, in favour of the fidelity of the details, should they ever be disputed by *Weeklies, Monthlies, Quarterlies*, or '*Lettres addressées à Miladi Morgan.*'

Our labour of love is now ended; may it prove acceptable to the bright object of our adoration! As for her personal enemies—those who dare to deny the supremacy of her genius, wit, and beauty—we defy them one and all to mortal combat. As for her literary foes—those who presume to doubt that the book we have reviewed will pass through ten thousand editions—we spit upon them, and defy them also. To each (dropping the honorary plural) let me say,

"*Je te défie en vers, prose, Grec, et Latin.*"

MORGAN RATTLER.

NOTES.

(*a*) The authors of *Salathiel* and *The Undying One.*

(*b*) Reader, do not be mistaken.—This is not Sir Charles, the patriotic author of the *Essay on Irish Starch*, he is a big, black apothecary. The person alluded to is Miss Clarke, the pretty daughter of another apothecary, who is married to her Ladyship's sister, and who, like his brother-in-law, was knighted by a tipsy Lord Lieutenant, in mistake. His Excellency, when bestowing the *accolade* upon Clarke the apothecary, (who, through the blunder of a drunken servant, had been brought from Dublin to the Lodge, in the Phœnix Park, to deliver the Dutchess,) fancied he was conferring title and honour upon Clarke the physician, and was not undeceived until it was too late. The blow had been struck—the irrevocable words spoken—and this modern Monsieur Fleurant, *qui n'avait pas accoutume de parler à des visages*, was every inch a Knight. He has since been denominated by his fellow-townsmen, the "Knight of the Bath;" for he keeps hot-baths, a swimming bath, and so forth, and his Lady, a romantic dame, is called "The Lady of the Lake." The young lady it will be perceived, would be at once an appropriate and an acceptable article in the barter, for the Wandering Jew is a great lover of the sex. Vide Mrs. Norton, *passim.*

(*c*) "Ramping Moll."

[illegible] Her Ladyship states, that the modern Frenchmen have grown so chaste, that it is at [illegible]sent impossible to establish an intrigue at Paris, except amongst the foreigners.

(*e*) A SNIFTER, gentle reader, of Pothien, sent to us by her Ladyship: it is our favourite liquor. Snifter or شقه يوريک العبد مع العب is the Persian for a tumbler of punch.

(*f*) [illegible] Morgan Rattler is mistaken in this ingenious hypothesis. Bailie is equivalent [illegible]an in our language; and is obviously, appropriately, and felicitously derived [illegible]e Saxon word "belly."

(*g*) The author of the *Histoire de Paris.*

(*h*) Among whom was the gallant Admiral de Rigny.

O. Y.

ON THE VOTE BY BALLOT.

"*The friends and opponents of the Ballot have put themselves upon the country, and a verdict has been given in its favour.*" So says the *Globe;* and certainly we never met with a more ludicrous instance of the mistaking—to use Burke's figure—the chirping of the grasshoppers, for the voice of the nobler inhabitants of the meadow. "A verdict has been given!" when and where, in the name of common sense, and by whom has it been pronounced? We are not, surely, to be expected to take the sudden freaks of four or five reform meetings, for the deliberate decision of the people of England? And yet, except the *Globe* refers, in this over confident assumption, to the meetings at Birmingham, Liverpool, Hackney, Newcastle, and Lincoln, we are quite at a loss to know upon what the assertion is founded.

These gentlemen, the Whig and Radical advocates of reform, either overlook or forget the real nature of the position they now occupy. They are about to see accomplished, in some sort, that very reform for which they have been striving for so many long and weary years; and, in the height of their joy, they really seem to forget that there are any other persons in the political world than themselves. *They* have carried the great question; the people are *with them,* or rather, *they are* the people; and, if there be any of the creatures called Tories left skulking about the world, neither they, nor their opinions, nor their intentions, are worth a moment's consideration.

Good honest folks! they seem to have entirely forgotten one little circumstance, namely, that they, the Whigs and Radicals, have been struggling for this said reform for more than half a century, and with so little success, that they seemed to get further off its attainment every successive year. They appear never to have asked themselves how it is that so great a change in their prospects has taken place. They see the whole country now demanding, with a voice that cannot be disregarded, that very same measure which Lord John Russell admitted, in the House of Commons, within these three or four years, to be one on which the people shewed a chilling indifference. They see the Duke of Wellington driven from office in the space of a fortnight, principally for having used language concerning this question, not one whit stronger or more decided than that adopted by Mr. Canning in 1821, and then used by the latter without loss of reputation or power. And yet, with all these striking circumstances before them, they still delight themselves with the idea that the coming reform is entirely their work, and that it is the natural result of their efforts to enlighten the public mind.

Once for all, we beg leave to inform these good folks, that their hopes of success spring quite from another quarter. The Tories, equal, or even superior to them in numbers, and vastly outweighing them in the influence of character, property, and intelligence, are no longer anti-reformers. The Duke of Wellington, however, and not the logic of the Whigs, has effected this change. That large proportion of the educated classes of the community, which felt a serious and conscientious dread of reform, lest it should, in its ultimate results, disturb some of our most valued institutions, and violate the integrity of the constitution itself,—has now seen, by one fatal example, that our institutions may be endangered, and the constitution "broken in upon," as well by the representatives of close boroughs as by those elected even by the lowest classes of the people. And with this proof of the evil working of the present system, there came also the most certain evidence that, had the people been more fully represented in the House of Commons, the "breaking-in upon the Constitution" would have been found more difficult. By these practical illustrations of the real nature and effect of the borough system, they have become satisfied that the existing state of the representation is not only indefensible in theory; but is also, contrary to Mr. Canning's representations, unsafe, and fraught with danger, in practice. And therefore they are no longer anti-reformers.

This it is that rendered the Duke of Wellington's declaration against reform, fatal to his political existence. This it is that makes the carrying of *some kind* of reform in the course of the present session, all but an absolute certainty. The Whigs and the radical reformers are, as they have ever been, clamorous for the measure;—and the Tories tacitly, and indeed openly, have given their assent. Therefore the thing will be done.

But, let it be observed, and distinctly understood, that what the Tories are willing and desirous to see effected, is, a restoration of the representative system to purity and to practical utility; *not* the destruction of the present, and the substitution of some new scheme of democratic government in its room. It is this *corrective species* of reform, that they expect at the hands of Lord Grey; and in the reliance that at his hands they need fear nothing of a revolutionary character, they are now waiting with anxious, but not fearful expectation.

We need hardly say, therefore, that they look for nothing in Lord Grey's plan, of a character so *novel*, and so *questionable*, as *vote by ballot*. They entertain no apprehension that an experienced statesman of almost three-score years and ten, will be carried away by the sudden tide which has lately set in, among the juvenile reformers, in favour of this nostrum. And feeling perfectly safe on this point, they have looked on in silence, during the outcry which is raised, and is still raising, by the advocates for the ballot; conceiving that this fancy, like any other notion suddenly adopted and vehemently espoused, without any just understanding of the merits of the question, would die away if left to itself.

But, because the most important and influential classes of the people have kept themselves aloof from this question, is advantage to be taken of [illegible] silence to assert, that "the [illegible] and the opponents of the Ballot, have put themselves on the country; and a verdict has been given in its favour?" If the writer of this assertion fully believed what he was saying, his ignorance of the real sense of the country must have been most complete.

Had he reflected for an instant, when he asserted that the *opponents* of the ballot had been heard, it must have struck him, that, saving from a stray Whig or two, at some of the public meetings to which we have already referred, not a voice had been raised against the ballot, throughout the country.* Did he seriously think, that the entire body of the Tories had swallowed the nostrum, without a single wry face; or was he imagining that they might safely be forgotten, as not worth the least consideration.

The other part of his assertion, that the *friends* of the ballot "had put themselves upon the country," may be in some measure true. Several long and laboured speeches have certainly been delivered, and, seemingly, much to the satisfaction both of the orators and their auditors. If, however, the success of the question,—we mean that kind and degree of success which it has obtained,—be owing to the arguments adduced by these its friends, then, truly, its success is likely to be evanescent enough; for certain we are, that there has been no argument yet put forth in its behalf, of which the vendor will not be heartily ashamed before six months have elapsed.

Passing over divers long declamations on the necessity of elections being free; the impossibility of votes being free without being secret; and such kind of generalities;—some of which beg the whole question, and the others, though truisms, having nothing to do with the point in dispute;—passing, we repeat, over these, let us see what are the *practical* grounds upon which the supporters of the ballot rest their argument.

First, as to instances in point.—Here, we conceive, they utterly fail. France is their favourite, their ever-quoted example; but the case of France is entirely dissimilar. When

* We are not here forgetting the powerful arguments of our friend, the *Standard*. We are speaking of public meetings alone. The *Globe* says, judging merely from a few public meetings,—that the verdict of the people has been given. We deny this. and we assert, that the Tories of England have not spoken.

England shall reduce her electors to eighty thousand for the whole kingdom, which is the present number of electors in France; *then, and not till then*, will the ballot become necessary in England; as it was, we are quite willing to allow, necessary in France;—France having an elective body of that confined description.

America has adopted the ballot. Whether it operates to the satisfaction of the people of that country or not, seems to be disputed, some persons having been respectably informed that it does not. But, granting that the system is ever so pleasing to the Americans, what then? The Americans prefer a republic; do we think that a good and sufficient reason for discarding our monarchical institutions? The Americans tolerate negro slavery within their own towns and villages; do we judge that to be reason enough for legalizing a trade in human flesh on British ground? Is the mere fact of the prevalence of a certain custom in America, ground enough for its legislative adoption among us?

At home the case is still worse for these gentlemen. They talk of our clubs. What is the custom of these societies? Is it not their practice, in order to secure perfect cordiality and harmony, to provide, that three or four black balls shall operate the rejection of a candidate. Is this the kind of ballot that our state doctors would give us? Oh no!—they mean something entirely different. Then why draw an argument from a case which you acknowledge to be totally dissimilar.

At the India House they use the ballot; and here we see how absurd it is to call vote by ballot *secret* voting. Almost every individual elector's vote is well ascertained long before the day of election; and as for the successful and unsuccessful candidates, their names are perfectly known before a single polling paper is put into the ballot-box. At the Bank of England we again meet with ballot; and here we have an instance of the *independent* character which it is said to give to all elections. What is called "*the house-list*" of candidates is, in every election, successful; and it is, therefore, as well known, every year, who are to be the directors for the year ensuing, on the day *before* the election, as on the day *after*.

So much for the arguments drawn from example. The reasons grounded upon other views of the question, are, if possible, still more absurd.

"I point to Liverpool," said a speaker at one of the late meetings, "and I ask, what but the ballot will put an end to the evils which the late election has shewn to exist there?"

In answer to which question, we assert at once, that the ballot would not put an end to those evils;—that the ballot is not the fitting or appropriate remedy for those evils;—and that the real remedy is very obvious; very easy of application; and wholly unconnected with the ballot.

The evil of the prevailing system at Liverpool, is, that the franchise has got into the wrong hands. The obvious remedy is, to put it into the right hands. The intent of the charter was, that the right of voting should be in the middling classes,—the respectable inhabitants of the town; but, by various means, the right of voting has got entirely into the hands of the lower classes, who are not independent, and who, in many cases, are not inhabitants. But nothing is easier than to enact such a provision as may restore the franchise to the great body of inhabitant householders, and exclude the non-residents. With ten thousand or fifteen thousand voters of this class, bribery becomes entirely impossible, and would never be attempted. Such a measure as this, then, without the ballot, would entirely put an end to the evils complained of in Liverpool at present, and would leave nothing for the ballot to do. Such a measure, therefore, without the ballot, would be effectual; but the ballot, without such a measure, would be ineffectual. Leave the franchise in the hands of those who at present hold it, and be assured that, whether by ballot or poll-book, they will sell their votes, and get paid for them too.

Next comes the *Morning Chronicle*, (of December 18,) and roundly asserts, that "*without the ballot the exercise of the franchise would be illusory;*" and that, "*to an honest man, without the protection of the ballot, the franchise would be the heaviest of all curses.*" By way of a short answer

to which, we beg to refer the editor to the City of London, in which he will find about ten thousand liverymen, who cannot be supposed to be all rogues; and who, instead of feeling the elective franchise to be "the heaviest of all curses;" *have every one sought for it*, and *purchased it at a considerable sum*;—each man paying, from twenty-five to one hundred pounds for admission to 'the livery,' which conveys the franchise.

These are the kind of arguments which are ordinarily adduced in support of this new vagary of the radical reformers. To us they certainly appear to be of very little value. In fact, we do not remember to have ever seen any matter of dry practical detail, either espoused with so much warmth of zeal, or supported by so exceedingly weak a set of arguments. The heat exhibited seems, in fact, to be in exact proportion to the lack of reason; just as a vessel containing a very small quantity of water will soon boil over; while, if filled, it will take a much greater time to become heated. But let us now take up the question seriously and in the most practical manner; and ask ourselves, with the intent, if possible, to arrive at a just and fair conclusion,—what would be the actual operation of the vote by ballot, if generally adopted in our elections of members of parliament?

After much consideration, we arrive at the following conclusions on the subject.

First, then, we have a right to assume that the practice of canvassing will continue, notwithstanding the adoption of vote by ballot. The fact that this practice is now carried on in elections at the India House,—in the Corporation of London,—and wherever else ballotting is used, entitles us to assume this point.

But further, we contend that the system of canvassing would be rendered more strict and more systematic, by the adoption of the ballot, than it is at present. Under the existing system, a man possessing influence, either of property or of character, is satisfied with merely expressing his wishes to those with whom his wishes will have weight. The knowledge that the votes actually given will be open to his and to every other eye, is sufficient, both with him and with the voter. But take away this feature of the election, and make the whole proceeding a secret one; the man of influence will then be much more earnest to secure, by every possible pledge that he can obtain, the moral certainty that the support which he expects from those around him will actually be given. Canvassing, then, will be rendered more strict, more systematic, and more earnest, by the adoption of a system of secret voting.

Having premised this much, we now come to the election itself. And we here submit to the serious consideration of every one, whether friend or opponent of the ballot, the following proposition; upon which, it appears to us, that the whole question turns:—

Every elective body, whether it be 300 or 3,000, would, under the proposed new system of election by ballot, divide itself into the following three classes:—

1. There will always be a certain portion, in every body of electors, who are, from their circumstances and their character, *independent*. Men who are either too wealthy to be subject to the influence of any one, or too inflexible in their own opinions to yield to such influence. These men are now accustomed to vote according to their own determination; and the proposed alteration in the mode of receiving their votes would make no difference whatever in their conduct. They now consult no other rule in giving their suffrage, than that of their own will and their own convictions. They would continue to follow exactly the same course, were the ballot adopted;—and as far as they were concerned, therefore, *the ballot would be wholly useless*.

2. Another class consists of those whose circumstances are not so favourable, or whose opinions are not so fixed as those we have just described; but whose moral character is such, that when they have pledged themselves to a certain line of conduct, they feel bound to adhere to it. These men, under the proposed system of vote by ballot, will still be canvassed; and we have already described them as open to influence. This influence being brought to bear upon them, their promises will be ob-

tained,—and when their promise is once pledged, their vote will follow. The consciences and moral feeling of these men will render the ballot of no avail to them. They now promise, and they fulfil their promise at the poll-book. Change the system, they would still promise, and would fulfil their promise at the ballot-box. With these, therefore, as with the first class, *the vote by ballot would be a dead letter.*

3. The remaining class would consist of the worthless and immoral voters;—men who do at present, and would under any system, promise without difficulty, and break their promises without hesitation. These persons would gladly embrace the system of ballot, because it would give them increased facility in the practices of perfidy and falsehood. But, let it be remarked, that these, and these only, would be the persons benefited by the ballot. Liars and deceivers, and none else, would be the gainers by the change. Those who constantly vote, under the present system, according to their own convictions,—disregarding all solicitations,—would be left under the ballot, to do precisely the same, *and their situation would be in no way changed.* Those who are accustomed, under the present system, to promise their votes, and who, having consciences, scrupulously perform their pledges,—would equally be left, by the proposed alteration, to pursue the same course, and *their* situation also *would be in no way changed.* While those who form the disgrace of the existing elective bodies, and are inured to every species of falsehood and perjury; would find, under the new system, fresh facilities for deceit; and might justly surmise that it was for their benefit, and for theirs alone, that the whole system of secret voting was contrived.

Entertaining these views, we should feel inclined to recommend that any bill brought into Parliament for the establishment of Vote by Ballot, should be entitled, as truth and common sense would dictate, *"An Act for the Encouragement and Increase of Falsehood, Perjury, and Deceit, at Elections for Members of Parliament, &c."*

Against this argument we have heard but two objections worthy of notice.

First, it has been said, that the ballot would put an end to canvassing; because that, as soon as a system of secret voting was established, and it became impossible to know any man's actual vote, all promises would immediately become worthless, and the candidate would not even think it worth his while to collect them. This argument proceeds upon the assumption, that if means were afforded to all the voters to break their promises with impunity, they would one and all become liars, and unanimously violate their engagements. This supposition, however, is utterly groundless. Doubtless the reform that will be proposed, let its details be what they may, will give the elective franchise to the great body of the middling classes. And this portion of the community, generally speaking, is composed of moral and conscientious men. Their promises might be generally relied on;—and their promises, we may rest assured, would be anxiously sought for.

But, secondly, it is said, that many conscientious voters are now injured, subsequently to elections, by the power of those against whose wishes they have voted; and that the ballot would render this impossible.

The real remedy for this evil, is, to extend the franchise to the *whole* of the *middling classes,* instead of leaving it in the hands of a *few* of the *working classes.* The middling classes are generally too independent to be open to this kind of attack;—and if the franchise was conferred upon them all, their votes would be too numerous to leave any inducement for individual revenge.

But the remedy proposed—*i. e.* the ballot—is not a remedy, save in the case of liars and perjurers. If the individual to be protected, be, as we began by supposing, a man of an independent and honourable character, the substitution of the ballot-box for the poll-book will not secure him. Trusting to the uprightness of his character, and the consequent value of his pledge, he will be earnestly canvassed by the parties having the means of doing him good or evil; and as his vote can only be

known by his answer, his answer will be taken to be his vote; and the conduct of his landlord or patron will be grounded upon that expression of his feeling; in place of being, as at present, grounded upon his recorded vote.

Such is our answer to this objection. In fact, view the question how we will, the result of every argument is, that the ballot affords advantages to the liar, but none whatever to the honest voter.

A few casual circumstances which are occasionally heard of, do not alter the general state of the case. A Whig sometimes hears that his butcher has voted *blue;* or a Tory is told that his hatter has voted *yellow,* and they each determine, in resentment, to change their tradesmen. Now it is true, that under the ballot neither of these would know how his hatter or his butcher *had voted;* but they would be just as likely to hear, how he *had promised to vote.*

We could say much on the *impracticability* of the use of vote by ballot, except as combined with universal suffrage, and an entirely new representative system, formed upon the American pattern. Those who are prepared to go this length, should speak plainly, and tell us at once, that it is not *Reform,* but *Revolution,* at which they are aiming. But those who would endeavour to unite vote by ballot with our present system of varied qualification, or with any modification of it, are attempting that which is all but impossible.

Any one experienced in large popular elections, must be well aware that the average of bad votes, at present, is generally about *one-tenth* of the gross number recorded. Frequently the proportion is much greater; and the only efficient check to the almost unlimited increase of bad votes, is the knowledge that the poll-book is open to subsequent examination and rectification. But when you so alter the system that a vote, once admitted, can never afterwards be examined, you obviously increase, in a ten-fold degree, the temptation to pass bad votes, if possible; and you, therefore, make it quite necessary to scrutinise *every vote* before it is received.

Now we are about to see, we apprehend, the breaking up of all small bodies of voters. Our elective bodies are in future to consist, for the most part, of large numbers of men, perhaps from five thousand to twenty thousand. How are the votes of five or ten thousand men to be scrutinized. Mr. Stanley declined a scrutiny at Preston, the other day, because, as he truly said, it was impossible to get through *three hundred and thirty-eight* questionable votes in the short space of ten days or a fortnight, that being the time allowed by law. To scrutinize the votes of ten thousand men, at this rate, would occupy many months; and if the radical reformers could only gain their other favourite point, of annual parliaments, we should probably see, in some instances, a new election commenced before the old one was completed!

But we merely allude to this point of impracticability, in passing, relying rather on our main objection, namely, that the ballot can only serve the purposes of the worthless, without bettering, in the least degree, the position of the honourable voter. And, even at the cost of repeating ourselves, we shall conclude by throwing the argument into the most practical form, by imagining, for a moment, that it might come before parliament as a question to be argued by council, and proved by witnesses. Assuming this to be the case, we venture to sketch the probable course that the argument would take, in the following manner:—

COUNSEL FOR THE BALLOT.

(*After a due quantum of the usual declamation, proceeds,*)—"And now, sir, having fully proved, and I trust to the satisfaction of this Honourable House, that, by the constitution of this kingdom, elections ought to be *free;* and having further shewn that, in order to be *free,* it is absolutely necessary that they should be *secret;* —I shall proceed to establish my arguments in the most irrefragable manner, by producing before you two or three respectable witnesses, who will explain to this Honourable House, both the actual working of the present most abominable system, and also the manner in which all the existing mischiefs would be eradicated, by the easy expedient pro-

posed, namely, the adoption of the vote by ballot.

Call Mr. Sturdy.

Mr. Sturdy.

Counsel. Now, Mr. Sturdy, you are one of the electors of the Borough of C——, are you not?

Sturdy. Yes, I am.

Counsel. Then, Mr. Sturdy, you are doubtless well acquainted with the working of the present system of taking votes at elections. Are you enabled to say that an alteration of that system, by the introduction of the use of the ballot, would materially improve the general character of the voting?

Sturdy. Certainly it would.

Counsel. Will you explain to us how it would operate towards that improvement.

Sturdy. Why, sir, there are many voters, within the circle of my own acquaintance, who would constantly vote otherwise than they do, were they able to do so without fear of the consequences to their families. These persons would, I suppose, if they could vote secretly, always vote according to their own opinions, instead of being influenced by the wishes of their landlords or employers.

Counsel. You know of many such cases, do you?

Sturdy. Yes, many.

Counsel. And their votes would be free and honest votes, if they could vote by ballot?

Sturdy. Certainly.

Counsel. That will do, Mr. Sturdy.

Cross-examination.

Opposing Counsel. Stop a little, Mr. Sturdy, I wish to have a word or two with you. You have given us some information about other persons, voters in your borough, but I did not observe that you said any thing about yourself. Now I would much rather hear something of your own personal experience of elections, than any speculations or suppositions as to the actions of other persons. Will you inform us, then, whether you have ever yourself been in the habit of voting contrary to your own convictions?

Sturdy. No, certainly not; I never gave a vote in my life against my own conscience; nor ever would, to please any man.

Opposing Counsel. Then the adoption of the ballot would not, I suppose, alter your conduct in the least, or make your votes more *free* than they have always been?

Sturdy. No; I do not say that it would.

Opposing Counsel. Then, as far as *you yourself* are concerned, the change would work no improvement;—it would leave things just as they are, and would, in short, amount to nothing?

Sturdy. Why, not quite so;—I have sometimes offended a customer by voting according to my conscience, and I should like to be protected from such consequences.

Opposing Counsel. And you conclude that the ballot would protect you?

Sturdy. Certainly I do.

Opposing Counsel. Now let me ask you—when you speak of having thus offended a connection, can you not remember that you were solicited by your customer to give him your promise, and that he was offended by your refusal?

Sturdy. Yes,—I believe that was generally the case.

Opposing Counsel. Well, then, you do not suppose that canvassing would cease when the ballot came into use. On the contrary, as your promise would then be the only security that your customer would receive at your hands,—would he not be even more earnest than at present to get you to give him a pledge?

Sturdy. I suppose he would.

Opposing Counsel. And if you firmly refused to vote as he requested, would he not be just as likely to resent your refusal, as he is now to resent your vote when he sees it in the poll book?

Sturdy. I should think, much the same.

Opposing Counsel. Then we come at last to this conclusion, that the substitution of the ballot-box for the poll-book would be to you, and to all such honest voters, of no service whatever; that it would not alter in the least the votes you give, nor protect you from any inconvenience which you are now exposed to. I won't detain you longer, sir. Call the next witness.

MR. EASY *at the bar.*

Counsel. Well, Mr. Easy, you are an elector, I think, of the borough of M——?

Easy. Yes, sir.

Counsel. And you are aware, Mr. Easy, that we are now upon the question of the ballot. Will you tell us, having reference more especially to your own case, if the adoption of that system, in place of the present one of the poll-book, would be likely to be beneficial?

Easy. Surely it would, sir.

Counsel. Will you explain to us your reasons for thinking so?

Easy. Why, sir, I should hope that it would, in a great measure, do away with all canvassing, which alone would be a great good. And then, too, I have often found myself in a difficulty, having connections on each side in a contest, and being therefore forced to disoblige either one side or the other. If the votes were secret, all this unpleasantness would, I should hope, be avoided.

Counsel. You are therefore decidedly of opinion, grounding that opinion upon your own experience, that the adoption of the system of ballot would render the votes generally more free and honest?

Easy. Decidedly so, sir.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Opposing Counsel. Now, Mr. Easy, a word with you, if you please. Your evidence touches two points,—we will take them distinctly. First, you stated your expectation that the use of the ballot would put an end to canvassing; allow me to ask, upon what facts do you ground this expectation?

Easy. Why, sir, I hardly know; but I have always heard it argued, that the ballot would put an end to canvassing, by the impossibility which would exist of knowing whether a man performed his promise or not. They say, that as promises would then be worth nothing, they would not be sought for.

Opposing Counsel. I wish, Mr. Easy, instead of receiving implicitly what other people say, you would use your own good sense in arguing upon facts within your knowledge. You are, I should hope, in the habit of keeping your own promise, when you make one?

Easy. O yes, sir, indeed.

Opposing Counsel. Invariably. I suppose?

Easy. I never failed, sir, when once I had pledged myself.

Opposing Counsel. And should you think yourself at liberty to break a promise, merely because you could do it with impunity, under the covert of the ballot-box?

Easy. Surely not, sir.

Opposing Counsel. Well, then, Mr. Easy, would not your promise be worth having, and worth asking for? And do not you suppose that there would be hundreds more of the same class in every elective body?—But let us appeal to experience, Mr. Easy; have you never known an instance of election by ballot?

Easy. Yes, sir; the surgeons and other officers of our county infirmary are always chosen by ballot.

Opposing Counsel. Well, then, here we shall find the truth. Are those elections carried on without canvassing?

Easy. No, indeed, sir, the canvas is generally sharp enough.

Opposing Counsel. So it is ever found. And I have a right to argue, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, that the assumption that the ballot would put an end to canvassing, *is perfectly groundless.* Now let us proceed to your other point. You think that you would escape the necessity of offending your connections, if the ballot were brought into use. But this supposition is equally ill-founded with the first. Your vote, it is true, would not be known by the *poll-book;* but, as you are a man of your word, and doubtless are considered to be such, it would be fully known by the *promise books.* Each party would be fully aware whether you voted with them or against them; and those who now choose to be offended with you, on receiving a refusal, would not be one whit the less offended because a ballot-box was put in the place of the poll-book. Do you not see this?

Easy. But could not I keep my vote unpledged?

Opposing Counsel. Yes, if you have no friend whom you are un-

willing to disoblige, you may. But then you are, like Mr. Sturdy, perfectly independent, and to you the ballot is of no service. If, on the other hand, you have connections who have a strong influence over you, tell me how, when they come and ask for your promise, you will refuse to give it, without incurring just the same risk of giving offence which you fancy the ballot is to save you from. But let us refer again to the elections of the County Infirmary. Do you not always promise your vote at those elections; and is not your vote very well known to all parties? And if any of them choose to feel or express resentment, have they not just the same ground for doing it, which they would have were the poll-book used?

Easy. Why, I believe it is so, indeed!

Opposing Counsel. Then we arrive, in your case, as we did in that of Mr. Sturdy, at the conclusion, that the adoption of vote by ballot would *in no way improve or alter your situation.* You may retire, sir.—Now for the next.

MR. SCAMP *at the bar.*

Counsel. Well, Mr. Scamp, in what borough is your franchise?

Scamp. In the borough of S——, sir.

Counsel. What information can you give us with respect to the ballot?

Scamp. Sir, the ballot is the best of all possible—

Counsel. Gently, my friend, we don't want eulogiums; but tell us how it would work in your borough.

Scamp. Oh, admirably, sir,—no doubt of it.

Counsel, (aside). (I don't half like this fellow, I won't ask him any more). Well, that will do, Mr. Scamp.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Opposing Counsel. Stay, Mr. Scamp, let me have a word or two with you. Why do you feel so certain that the ballot would work well in your borough?

Scamp. Why, sir, you see, sir—elections ought to be *free*, you know; and how can they be free if a man's vote is known to all the world.

Opposing Counsel. I don't see how that should prevent the vote from being free;—but tell me, do you never promise votes in your borough?—and is a man's vote free after he has pledged?—and is not his promise very well known on all sides?

Scamp. Yes, sir, but electioneering promises you know—

Opposing Counsel. I understand you; you are not accustomed to think yourself very strongly bound by a promise of that sort.

Scamp. No, sir, you know one may often have a good reason for changing one's mind.

Opposing Counsel. Pray, is a *ten pound note* reckoned a good reason in your borough?

Scamp. Oh, sir, you must not be so hard; but you know, sir, it stands to common sense that a *ten pound* note must be a better reason than a *five pound* one.

Opposing Counsel. Well, but, my worthy sir, I don't quite understand how, if reasons of this sort have been current in S——, you can wish for the ballot. Pray, have you *a club of electors* there?

Scamp. Yes, sir.

Opposing Counsel. Oh! then I begin to understand. Pray, do many of the electors belong to that club?

Scamp. Yes, nearly half of them.

Opposing Counsel. So then any candidate that could produce sufficient *reasons* to the treasurer of that club, would, I suppose, have a good chance?

Scamp. I should think he would.

Opposing Counsel. And if the ballot were resorted to, there would be nothing, I suppose, to prevent the members, singly, from listening to the *logic* of each of the candidates, and promising as many as he pleased;—besides benefitting, as a member of the club, by any kind donation that either of the candidates might make to its funds?

Scamp. Don't be too hard, sir.

Opposing Counsel. Well, you may go.—And now, sir, I submit to this Honourable House, without going into further preface, or adverting to the generalities on which the argument on the other side was principally founded;—I submit, I repeat, to this Honourable House, that the case of my learned friend has completely broken down. So completely,

indeed, as to render it quite unnecessary for me to do more than to recapitulate, very briefly, the points which his own witnesses have established against him.

The question, in fact, is one which must entirely rest upon evidence. It is pre-eminently a practical question;—one which concerns the actual working of the existing and the proposed systems, and must be decided by their comparative merits when brought actually into play. Very properly, therefore, did my learned opponent place before the House, three electors, fairly selected from the mass; and very happily were they selected, seeing that each of them represented a numerous class, and that these three classes comprehend the entire elective body. When you see before you one elector who firmly resolves to vote according to his own convictions, and whose independence of circumstances, as well as of mind, enable him so to do;—and a second who yields to the solicitations of others, but conscientiously keeps his promise when he has given it;—and a third who shamelessly promises without any intent or care to fulfil his engagement;—you have in these three, the three classes into which all the electors of the kingdom naturally divide themselves. There can be no elector, excepting those few who habitually abstain from exercising their franchise, whose case does not fall under one of these three heads.

Now, sir, what was the result of the examination of these electors. Did we not speedily and fairly arrive at the conclusion,—that only in the case of the unprincipled and perjured voter would the ballot work the least difference? Was it not made fully apparent, from the confessions of the first two witnesses, that the voter, who boldly and independently gave his vote, according to his own conviction,—and he also who conscientiously performed the promise he had given, would find their position in no manner or degree improved, by the introduction of the ballot-box;—and that the only party benefited by the change, would be the elector who either deceitfully promised any or every candidate without meaning to fulfil his pledge, or who, having given his promise, possessed too little honesty to feel any concern about adhering to it?

In fact, sir, the whole merit of the ballot is confessed to lie in this one point, that it secures *secrecy of voting.* Now, I feel warranted by the evidence that has just been given, in boldly asserting that, circumstanced as electors always are, and always must be, in a country like this, *secrecy of voting* could only be obtained in two ways, and by two classes of voters. The really independent,—and the entirely worthless.

The really independent voter might, undoubtedly, if he pleased, refuse to promise or reveal his vote to any man. But, as he would feel proud of his vote, and fearless of the consequences, he would not avail himself of the privilege. This class of voters do not, they cannot, desire secrecy of voting for themselves, nor would they vote secretly, were the ballot established.

The other class, the worthless voters, would indeed vote with secrecy, seeing that no one could know, even from their own declarations, how their votes had been given. But then the House will observe, that the only basis and security of this sort of secrecy consists in falsehood, and that without falsehood and deceit no secrecy would exist. Whether or not it will consist with the dignity of this House to legislate especially and exclusively for the encouragement of falsehood and deceit, I leave to its own consideration; satisfied to have shewn, and, I trust, satisfactorily, that the great object which the advocates of the ballot profess to have in view,—namely, the protection of the honest voter, exposed to the operation of powerful influence,—would not be in the least degree obtained by even the fullest operation of this their boasted panacea.

THE NOVELS OF THE SEASON.*

We believe that since novel-writing has become a trade, never was it lower than at present. In old times when Fielding and Smollett contented the reading public with half a dozen novels in a couple of dozen years, there was some opportunity given the writers for polishing and perfecting their works; and accordingly the race of novel-weavers was as rare and chary as that of Epic poets. To write *Tom Jones* was something—*Peregrine Pickle* was not to be despised—*Roderick Random* contained a page or two worth reading—the same might be said of *Joseph Andrews,* and *Humphry Clinker.* We know that these works are now voted low; and we know also that nobody commits the enormity of writing novels like them now-a-days. Heaven forbid! we are superior to doing anything of the kind. And yet—but it is no matter—we shall change the subject. Let us take the gifts the gods provide us. Haven't we *Pelham* and *Devereux,* and *Walter Colyton* and *Dan Wilson's Sermons,* and the *Medical Essays of St. John Long.*

However—after these reprehensible fellows, like whom nobody writes now;—oh! no!—fie!—Why should Mr. Bulwer, who writes the *Siamese Youths* and extempore speeches for his brother, to answer G[oose] Price and A[ss] Trevor, Esquires and Members of Parliament, they—the whole trio—having clubbed together before hand to concoct the orations which the M. P. Bulwer was to answer out of the bottom of his hat; and which, owing to an accidental transposition of the leaves, and an extra bottle of brandy, he bungled most abominably; so that the reporters could not, or would not hear him—how, we say, could the author of such sublime and ridiculous productions, condescend to *do* such shabby rascals as Tom Pipes and Lismahago, Hawser Trunnion and Jack Hatchway, Lieutenant Bowling and Parson Adams, Strap and Partridge, Humphry Clinker and Winifred Jenkins, Jonathan Wild and the Chaplain of Newgate—how should he, or such fine fellows as Horace Smith, seven pair of stairs up Austin Friars, or Cloth of Gold James, or any of the other defacers of paper in the same line, write what Smollett himself in his prolegomena [a grand word, but we have not time to change it, and prefer writing this parenthesis to rubbing it out]; in his *Count Fathom,* calls *low.* No—God bless the babies!—they commit no outrage of the kind.

But——

We have a crow to pluck with a different sort of person from the animals we have mentioned; viz. with a *man.* And that man is John Wilson, esquire, Master of Arts of the University of Oxford, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Wilson holds *in commendam* with his professorship, the office of *Noctes Ambrosianist* to Blackwood's Magazine—we believe exclusively, now that ******** and ****** have ceased to have any thing to do with that periodical; and, in the last

* *Water Witch,* 3 vols. (Cooper.) Colburn.
Heiress of Bruges, 3 vols. (Grattan.) Ditto.
Persian Adventurer, 3 vols. (Fraser.) Ditto.
Paul Clifford, 3 vols. (Bulwer.) Ditto.
American Life, 3 vols. (Mitford.) Ditto.
Mussulman, 3 vols. (Madden.) Ditto.
Frascati's, 3 vols. (Colton) Ditto.
English at Home, 3 vols. (Crowe.) Ditto.
Russell, 3 vols. (Surr.) Ditto.
Walter Colyton, 3 vols. (Smith.) Ditto.
Denounced, 3 vols. (Banim.) Ditto.
Basil Barrington, 3 vols. (Gillies.) Ditto.
Midsummer Medley, 2 vols. (Smith.) Ditto.
Separation, 3 vols. (Lady C. Bury.) Ditto.
Gertrude, 3 vols. (Miss Crumpe.) Ditto.
Foreign Exclusives, 3 vols. (Felix M'Donough.) Ditto.
Classic Lore, 3 vols. (Clarkson.) Colburn.
Briefless Barrister, 3 vols. (Sir James Scarlett.) Ditto.
Mothers and Daughters, 3 vols. (——) Ditto.
Way of the World, 3 vols. (Mrs. De Grey.) Bull.
Temple of Melckartha, 3 vols. (Conder.) Holdsworth.
Sea-Kings in England, 3 vols. (Atherstone.) Cadell, Edinburgh.

With slight notices of *De Lorme, Women as they Are, Sydenham, Tales of a Tar, The Country Curate, Darnley,* and some dozen others.

number of these compotatory dialogues, he falls foul of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*. If it had pleased him to insult Sterne upon the ground of his want of originality in the principal parts of his *fun*, Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, would have supplied ample materials for tracing the best of his drolleries to Rabelais, an author far too little known and read by those who wish to inquire into the filiation and history of humour in Europe; or to Burton, who, we take the liberty to think, is considerably overrated: if he had wished to detect plagiarisms in his learning, or his wit, there the Professor would have had ample room and verge enough. We are "free to confess" that all this hunting appeared to us, at the best, the poorest of poor work; but if any body thinks it an objection to Sterne, that he pilfered from the common stock of all European joking, viz. the grand and horrific histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel, he may make it if he pleases, with a safe conscience. That, however, is not the Professor's objection.

Whom do you think, gentle or ungentle reader, is the object of his attack? You would never guess—it is

TRIM AND MY UNCLE TOBY!

And he calls them fantastic phantoms! Well! if they be, it would give us no small pleasure to find any body now alive, writing any thing which might approach within the degree of a phantom of the kind-hearted captain, and the true-hearted corporal. A cartload of the sentimental novels since Sterne's time is not worth one *Le Fevre*. What, compared to him, is even he whom the Scotch so much puff, and who has recently departed from among us—Mackenzie?—Is the *Man of Feeling*—with *Julia de Roubigne*, &c. &c. upon his back—to be mentioned in the one sentence with Sterne?—Decidedly not.

A new and grander vein than the comic or sentimental was discovered in our own time by Sir Walter Scott, but the general opinion now is, that, as the *Lady of the Lake* was the true termination of his poetical career, so perhaps *Quentin Durward* is the last of *the* novels. Not that in the least popular there are not glorious bursts of romance, and quaint passages of humour—inimitably droll characters, as Meg Dods—chivalrous, bright pictures, as in the *Tales of the Crusaders;* but the *whole* does not strike. Whether *Robert of Paris* will be worthy of the old fame of the first of romancers, or not, is a question still to be decided. We hope it will, but we fear that the chances are small. That there will be fine and splendid *fits* in it we feel perfectly certain, but—

If "the great magician who dwells in the old fastness close by the border" has not reproduced effectively the glorious pictures of his earlier novels, what shall we say of his imitators?—of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson? Alas! to allude to their names is of itself a misery. Down the gulf of oblivion have they all floated long since, and their memory remaineth not. All mankind, except the readers of the circulating libraries, were sickened to see the work of a god attempted by an ape, or rather by a crew of apes, who imagined, that turning over the leaves of a chronicle set them up as historical novelists. As for the Irish *artists*—Miss Edgeworth (or rather her father, for we strongly suspect that the old lady *herself* never wrote a line worth reading) gave us a very good tale with the name of *Ennui* on its title; and her successors inflicted upon us the reality in every page of their books. *They* are written out, thank God! and *mushas*, and *agrahs*, and *ivs*, and *buds*, &c. &c. are no longer permitted to infest our literature. Scott, a man of transcendant genius, reconciled us to the barbarity of the Scotch prose—it was beyond the power of blockheadism to reconcile to a farther variety of mis-spelling, and bad English, under the pretence of its being the Irish dialect.

Now then this being the state of *Noveldom*, the uninitiated may ask—"How does it happen that the teachers best of moral wisdom, the newspapers, reviews, magazines, gazettes, &c. &c. inform us, day after day, week after week, month after month, that one novel is the most splendid effort of genius ever produced—another, so touchingly pathetic as never was heard of—a third, comic "to a degree"—a fourth, "one in which the sensibili-

ties of genius so blend with ideality of allusion, that the perfection of fact shines in all the essence of soul"— a fifth—see the last *Literary Gazette.* We say that this may perplex the uninitiated, but the initiated know better. You may tell it to the *marines.*

Hail to the great genius of puff!—blessings upon the true magicians whose names are contracted into the initials of £. *s. d.* There are Colburn and Bentley hard at work in front, and the small Bull bellowing in his own gentle way in imitation in the rear. Methinks we see one of the firm addressing the crowd in praise of his menagerie, as in former days, before Exeter Change was overthrown, and the lions, and tigers, and baboons, and Jerdan and the rest had their houses torn from over their heads, and sent a wandering, we listened to the beef-eater in red and gold. Hear what he has to say—

"Ladies and Gemmen," exclaims the portly and facetious Mr. Bentley, addressing the crowd which Mister Colburn in his buffoon's dress and cracked puff-trumpet of tin has drawn around the booth that contains his bestial treasures, "Valk up, ladies and gemmen, and vitness all the monstrous and strange warieties of hanimals vich this here booth contains. Come, Mister Merryman, blow your trumpet," (Mister Colburn blows,) "ladies and gemmen Mr. Merryman there was master of this here booth, and hall its hextrahordinary table of contents: but having lately married, thinks as ow he may 'scused from the wan, and a being nat'rally hanxious to retire hinto his hotium cum dig in a taty, has the French Mounseers says, vy, he has made hover the whole lot of beastesses to myself; and hi ham now howner and proprietor of the cargo. Mister Merryman, however, being a rum, knowing fellow, forced hi to pay a nation large price for the chattels, taking un with hanother, them fine specimen of beastesses, with the bad uns. Howsomever, ladies and gemmen, seeing that he had bamboozled me into dubbing down a hugeous sum for the contents of this booth of rare beastesses, he promised me the huse of his hexperience, and the Merryman his now fulfilling his contract, as the lawyers calls it. So you see his wocation his to blow the trumpet, and calls the crowd together while hi collects and pockets the browns. Since the booth of beastesses came into my possession, hi ave not been hidle; no, no, that indeed would ave been to show my hignorance: and it vould never do to show my hignorance: for sartinly the honly vay to merit your fawors is to desarve 'em. Ladies and gemmen, hi ave not been hidle since the booth became mine. Hi ave greatly increased the collection, and managed to hemploy clever hablebodied keepers who knose all the warious warieties of beastesses, from the donkey to the Hafrican monster himself. They knows, too, wot vill please you, and they hassist Mister Merryman and hi to cater haccordingly. Perhaps 'ou, my discerning publick, would like to know the names of these here hassistants: one is Mister Gleig, a pe'tickler sober-sided, steady, and clever fellow, from the land of cakes—most hindustrious, and halways happlying the brains God has given him for the good of hus—that is Mr. Merryman and myself—proprietors of this here coluction of beastesses—next come Mister Hollier, Mister Clark, Mister Shoberl, Mister Morgan, Mister Dubourg, Mister Hamulet, and other little dogs who ave no brains hat hall, but who, nevertheless, are wery serviceable, case being never hable to think for themselves, they halways does wot Mister and me tells 'em, without vord hor thought. Valk hup—valk hup—valk hup—ladies and gemmen—here his the rale lion from NewYork, in South America, a much finer specimen of the brute creation than the Scotch lion sometime ago hexhibited by one Constable, no true showman, but a cheat. Ve have also the Hook tyger, the Bulwer baboon, the Smith mocking bird, a hanimal remarkable for himitating the cry of better hanimals than himself, the Norton bird of Paradise, and a wast wariety of hothers, more heasily conceived than described. The Cyrus boar has been turned adrift—he wasn't worth the food he dewoured, the glutton baste—the Campbell tomtit as flewed away, and the Morgan Hirish cat o' the mountain has, notwithstand-

ing hall Mister Merryman's fondling and kindness of the hungrateful cretur, as habsconded to the rivul booth of Mister Saunders, yonder, once Mister Merryman's ci dewan feeder. Hand, ladies and gemmen, finally to conclude, let me hentreat of hall my kind friends honly to pay hattention to my beastesses hand to the beastesses hof no hother man whatsomever. Mister Merryman's former foreman's show, yonder, is poor—Mister Bull's show, further hoff, his poorer still—ve has the greatest wariety—so, walk hup, ladies and gemmen, and post down the coppers. Our beastesses is the best of beastesses, and genu*ine!*"

Such we say might be the speech of the bibliopole—but somebody will object that it is a caricature. Not it indeed.—Colburn and Bentley shall speak themselves. They have just printed a list of fifty-two novels, of which eight are not yet published: two are by Galt; one by Hook; one by Godwin; two are collections of tales or novels; and one is a reprint of an established favourite. Thirty-seven then remain to be puffed. Be it remembered that Colburn and Bentley own the *Court Journal*, and let IT speak.

1.

THE WATER WITCH.

"A story of great interest, enhanced by some of the most powerful descriptions with which the American novelists have yet enriched the literature of Europe."—COURT JOURNAL.

2.

THE HEIRESS OF BRUGES.

"The 'Heiress of Bruges' cannot fail to extend, in an eminent degree, the reputation of its popular author; nor do we hesitate in recommending the work to the perusal of those who do not commonly indulge in this species of light reading. The tale, like that of 'Quentin Durward,' conveys much valuable information, concerning one of the most interesting epochs of history. The general style is manly, animated, and characteristic, and calculated to attract the attention of the literary readers of the continent, where the author has been long residing, as well as those of his native land."—COURT JOURNAL.

3.

THE PERSIAN ADVENTURER.

"This work is replete with spirit, interest, and local information. It is one of the most animated and entertaining of our recent Anglo-Oriental romances."—COURT JOURNAL.

4.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

"We cannot take leave of this work without expressing our increased admiration of the great and varied talents of its accomplished author; or without looking forward with earnest and confident hopes towards the future productions with which he may be expected to enrich the literature of his country."—COURT JOURNAL.

5.

STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE.

"Heretofore the essays of Washington Irving have offered a solitary specimen of the lighter literature of America; but we can now only regard Geoffry Crayon, as the founder of a class of writers, who follow closely in his footsteps. The story of Pete Featherton, the Kentucky Braggadocia, bears a general resemblance to that of Rip Van Winkle; while that of the Seaman's Widow, rivals in point of elegance of style, and pathos of sentiment, the happiest efforts of the Sketch Book, the Little Dutch Sentinel, the Rifle, &c. The Country Cousin, and the Drunkard, are replete with all the tragic interest of Lillo."—COURT JOURNAL.

6.

THE MUSSULMAN.

"This work opens on the most famous spot in the world—the Plain of Troy; and the period of time supposed to be occupied by the story is so recent, that the various details entered into throughout the volumes, may be described as applying to the present state of manners, society, scenery, &c. in the various spots of the Eastern world, which he so ably depicts."—COURT JOURNAL.

7.

FRASCATI'S.

"Like a second 'Diable Boiteux,' the author of Frascati's unroofs the houses of a busy capital, and shows us the secrets of every place of human resort. There is, however, a mansion more difficult to 'expose as in a mirror,' and it is this which the author makes us thoroughly acquainted with—the human breast—the mansion of the passions, which are here drawn in all their variety, from the repose of maiden virtue and loveliness, in the duties and affections of private life, to the agitations created by an indulgence in the worst vices of society."—COURT JOURNAL.

8.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

"This novel will please our fair readers; and readers of the other sex would do well

to consider its views of society in this country, and its effect upon our national character."—COURT JOURNAL.

9.

RUSSELL, OR THE REIGN OF FASHION.

"A very busy novel, full of incident and variety, and peculiarly adapted to the reading-room of the fashionable club, and of the provincial mess."—COURT JOURNAL.

10.

WALTER COLYTON.

"One of the most entertaining novels of the season, while it offers a lively reverse to the historical tapestry, recently developed by Pepys, and other chroniclers of the decline of the House of Stuart."—COURT JOURNAL.

11.

THE DENOUNCED.

"Among all the avowed imitators, or followers of the great Novelist, the author of the 'Denounced' is the only one whose hand has depicted scenes and characters, the vigorous truth and spirited raciness of which are, in many instances, not inferior to those which have been called into existence by his illustrious original."—COURT JOURNAL.

12.

BASIL BARRINGTON AND HIS FRIENDS.

"Every performance from such a hand, must be masterly and striking."—COURT JOURNAL.

13.

THE MIDSUMMER MEDLEY.

"These volumes are full of merry stories, humourous poems, odd and ingenious conceits, shrewd observations, some good tempered satire, plenty of punning, and the whole most redolent of wit and vivacity.—COURT JOURNAL.

14.

THE SEPARATION.

"This production of the most elegant of our female writers, is not only the best of her works, but one of the most interesting tales offered to the public during the present season."—COURT JOURNAL.

15.

GERTRUDE.

"A lively and entertaining novel, replete with brilliant historical grouping."—COURT JOURNAL.

16.

A SECOND PORTRAITURE OF EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY; OR, FOREIGN EXCLUSIVES IN LONDON.

"These pages display qualifications which the lovers of novel reading seek in vain among works of a similar class, in the present day. The style of the work is various and spirited, the characters extremely original, and the moral as honourable to the writer as that of the distinguished work which probably formed his model."—COURT JOURNAL.

17.

TALES OF CLASSIC LORE.

"This work is admirably adapted to the drawing-room, and to the higher classes of every seminary."—COURT JOURNAL.

18.

TALES OF A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

"In these volumes we have two Tales full of characters. We have the high-minded peer in dignified retirement; the busy worldly baronet of the old school, full of his county business, and aristocratic notions of liberty; the *roturier et parvenu;* the lively volatile flirt; the sensitive and elegant young lady in her station of affluence, and in her fallen fortunes, with the host of minor characters that make up the scenes of fashionable life."—COURT JOURNAL.

EIGHTEEN thus of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley's thirty-seven novels are, by their *own* account, "of great interest,"—"calculated to attract attention,"—"to excite increased admiration of the great and varied talents of the accomplished author," [this accomplished author! is Bulwer, and the puff is his own writing]. "Replete with interest and spirit," "replete, (a favourite word) with all the tragic interest of Lillo,"—"ably depicted," "true pictures of the human heart," "fit to please our fair readers," "full of incident and variety," "the most entertaining novel of the season," [this is a novel by Horace Smith!!] "not inferior to the great novelist," "full of humorous satire," "the most elegant of female writings," "lively and entertaining," "*replete* [again!] with original grouping," "various and spirited," "adapted to the drawing-room, and full of character." Weave that garland, good reader! with a speech, and is not the Beefeater Bentley complete?

Of the remaining nineteen, the *Literary Gazette,* of which Mr. Colburn owns a third, vouches for, 1. *De Lorme.*—2. *Women as they are.* —3. *Sydenham.*—4. *Tales of a Tar.*— 5. *The Country Curate,* by the Reverend Lieutenant Gleig, Editor of

the *National Library*, who, of course, has nothing to do with C. and B.—6. *Darnley*.—7. *Perkin Warbeck*.—8. *Journal of the Heart*.—9. *Tales of my Time*.—10. *Tales of the Colonies*.—11. *Stories of a Bride*. So that of the fifty-two announcements, we have the following total:

29 directly puffed by C. and B.s own papers, which *dare* not speak against the master.
8 are not published, but will be puffed in due course.
4 are reprints.
4 are by persons who do not need puffing.
—
45

Leaving seven to the casual chances of the individual puffing of friends.—We suppose we need not add another word on this subject; and yet we have something more to tell, if we thought it worth while. Now, is not this system shameful? If the trading booksellers find part of their interest to pursue it, what is to be thought of the *authors?* Are they one jot higher than those of Edmund Curll, damned to everlasting fame by Swift?—low beggars, submitting to any meanness, *so they are paid their wages*.

We had intended to make a general review of the latest novels of the season, but find we have not time to get through them *all*. We shall pull up our arrear however—We now take the first at random. It is

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The Authoress of this book has written also a novel called *De Lisle*, which it seems is praised by the *Times*, as "unquestionably one of the best novels of the class to which it belongs."

The *Times*, however, does not mention what that class may be. We shall supply the deficiency by mentioning that the heroine who is held up as a pattern of excellence is described by the hero, as not much better than a kept-mistress of Lord Avonmore, and that he grounds upon his certain persuasion of *her* want of purity, a series of persecutions against an amiable wife who is only too fond of masculine admiration.

The *Atlas* also we are told has criticised it as "a work of the most extraordinary *fertility*." "It is, in truth, the book of *matrimony!*" *Matrimony* here is a mistake of the press or the pen for *adultery*—or, rather for a shorter word which we dare not however utter to ears polite.

She is likewise the Authoress of the *Trials of Life*, which, it seems, is extolled by the *Athenæum* as follows: "The tragical vein of the first story is pursued through scenes and adventures with a skill that would not have disgraced Mrs. Radcliffe herself." And by the *Examiner*, which assures us "the second story reminds them of the best performances of Mrs. Opie. Its truth is alone comparable to the superior productions of Miss Austin."

The *Athenæum* and the *Examiner* have here committed the mistake of choosing the wrong authoresses for comparison. The *Athenæum* should have said, that "the vein of all the stories is pursued through scenes and adventures with a skill and taste which would not have disgraced Harriet Wilson herself"—and the *Examiner* ought to have observed, that "the stories reminded us of the best performances of *la Belle Harriette*—while in truth they are only comparable to the superior productions of *Aphra Behn*."

The *Times* winds up the panegyric at greater length—"These tales are in the highest degree pathetic. The author possesses profound powers of thought, with a closeness and accuracy of *observation of a very extraordinary kind*." [Humph!] "These qualities she appears to have devoted *very earnestly* to the study of the philosophy of the female *mind*, [?] and so successfully, as *to display woman's thoughts, and feelings, and passions*, more truly than any writer we recollect."

If so, we are sorry, for the book is principally composed of the memoirs of a woman (Theresa) who passes from the *protection* of one man to another, and is very free in describing the thoughts, passions, and feelings, with which she was inspired by every gentleman by whom she is kept. All the women in the book, in fact, are strumpets either in body or mind.

The *Way of the World* is not particularly gross, and so far we record an improvement: and yet the grave Lady Maddalena tells odd stories to her ward of sixteen. *Ex. gr.*

"'A single glance at her figure, as she stood, struck me with horror, for its symmetry was utterly destroyed. I remained, for a moment, mute with astonishment. I then questioned her about her illness. She evaded my enquiries. At last I said, 'Louisa, I am sorry for you. I grieve to think you should suffer in mind as well as in body, as you now must. I shall never forgive myself for being the cause, however innocently, of your additional sorrows. Tell me in what way I can repair the evil I have done.'

"'The evil that is done who can repair?' said she, mournfully."

Ay! who indeed?

"Ma maitresse est volage—
Mon rival est heureux—"
&c. &c. &c.

"Et vogue la galère—la galère—la galère—
Et vogue la galère tant qu'elle pourra voguer."

But in thus awarding the praise of increasing morality to the book, we must nevertheless accuse its title as a misnomer. There is nothing in it like the way of the world.

Is it the Way of the World for a baronet of four-and-thirty to propose to marry a girl of sixteen without sixpence? We know most of the holy brotherhood of baronets, and yet cannot suspect one of the noble body of *Equites Aurati* of any foolery of this kind. Sir Claudius Hunter—Sir Charles Flower—Sir Robert Inglis—Sir Robert Peel—Sir Richard Vyvian—Sir Mark Wood—Sir Francis Burdett—Sir Edward Knatchbull—Sir George Murray—Sir Jacob Astley—Sir Roger Gresley—Sir—— Any-body-at-all?

Second. Is it the Way of the World that a bookseller should offer 10*l*. for a pamphlet on the Corn Laws or Poor Laws, as here represented in vol. i. p. 99? Not it, i'faith! Hatchard or Ridgway would charge you 15*l*. for publishing it. Ten pounds indeed! Much has been our experience on the subject, for in our youth we were so absurd as to write several, some of which are now published under the names of Mill, Macculloch, &c. and always lost our 625 fr.—without the return of a Napoleon.

Third. Is it the Way of the World for a man settled in an outpost of Scotland, commonly called India, to marry a second wife, his first being alive in London? Is there a Qui Hi who would not have prated about it from Grosvenor-street to Leadenhall-market? A man might more safely marry two wives, one in Piccadilly, and the other in Brompton. These London and suburban ladies might never hear of one another—the Indian wife must infallibly be detected by the next price current.

Fourth. Is it the Way of the World that a well-known sharper should receive an open *entrée* to the first ranks of society? Paley used to say, that if he ever swindled, he would swindle under the disguise of a Dean. Perhaps other people agree with the great moralist, and think, because *they* are admitted into society, any body else ought to be.

Fifth. Is it the Way of the World for a young lady, the very *moral* of perfection, as Lady Morgan would call her, to marry a youth on half an hour's acquaintance, to the utter discomfiture of an old and tried lover?

Sixth. Is it the Way of the World for—Mr. Bull to puff a worthless book by a worthless writer?—Yes.

Turn we for variety from the latest of puffs to the most ancient and venerable of pompositie—and here it is, in the shape of the

TEMPLE OF MELEKARTHA.

A temple hard to be got through. That it promises great things cannot be denied—that it performs them, we cannot take upon us either to affirm or contradict; for, with a candour most unusual in persons of the reviewatory profession, we honestly confess that we have not read the book. It has been the practice of other reviewers, especially the old sinners of the Edinburgh, to favour the world with ingenious essays, laudatory or depreciatory, of a work which it was evident they had never opened. We disdain such duplicity, and avow, that in the *Temple of Melekartha* we got to the forty-fifth page of the first volume, be the same more or less, when we fell asleep. Such a hubbub of words without meaning never before afflicted our ears. It resembles the eternal wabbling or walloping of a pot—a frothy bubbling.

As for the plot or story, we could not find any vestige of one as far as we went; and the author, up to that period, appeared to have no intention of favouring us with any. In his magniloquent preface he seems to

think, nevertheless, that he has written a story.

"Writers of fiction should lay aside the ambition of teaching great lessons of political or private virtue. Such, at least, is the opinion of the writer of these volumes. And yet, in making a profession of this sort, he may perhaps be thought only to expose the fact, that he has himself had to struggle with the presumptuous desire to overstep his proper limits.

"Be this as it may, it is true, that if he had seriously proposed to demonstrate more clearly than has yet been done—that superstition and fanatical rancour, and religious discord are mischievous to states, as well as to individuals, (and if he had believed himself qualified for so important a task,) he would have composed—not a romance, but a grave essay, and have supported his position by adducing largely the evidence of real history, which alone carries with it the power to authenticate political doctrines.

"Nevertheless, those whose avowed intention is only to amuse, may surely be permitted to win for themselves, if fairly they can, some small portion of that worthy fame and inward satisfaction, which belong not to the mere ministers of pleasure. They may, without blamable presumption, hover over the precincts of great and important principles; and while on the wing, may show, if they have the power to do so, that they would fain instruct, as well as please. Thus they redeem their office in a degree from contempt; and yet are not supposed to harbour the absurd hope of reforming the world—by a tale."

Certainly, this worthy Polyphloisboio will not reform the world, or any thing else, by a tale; for of the organ of tale-making he has no sign. Equally is he deceived if he imagines that he has written a work to *amuse*. He may dismiss from his mind all idea that he is in any way immersed in the contempt which attaches to such writers as Sir Walter Scott. In nothing is he a minister of pleasure, except in the power of inducing the pleasurable sensation of somnolescence. A dose of the *Temple of Melekartha*, of the size of a page, is a narcotic of the most balmy and efficient nature.

That the writer is a very absurd person is evident, even from this pompous preface. With what an awful and imposing style he deals forth truisms; pouring out his small beer with as much grandeur as if it were champagne. It is a wonderful discovery indeed, that religious discord, superstition, and rancour, are mischievous to states; and require, no doubt, a grave essay to demonstrate it more clearly than has yet been done, by large adductions of the evidence of real history, "which alone carries with it the power to authenticate political doctrines." If he had been employed to write a preface for Ude, or Kitchener, or Mrs. Rundell, he might have said, with equal sublimity and recondite research —"Be this as it may, it is true, that if he had seriously proposed to demonstrate more clearly than has yet been done, that roasting, boiling, baking, stewing, frying, and broiling, are essential to cookery, (and, if he had believed himself qualified for so important a task) he would have composed, not a mere volume of receipts, but a grave essay, and have supported his position by adducing largely the evidence of cooks and scullions, and other knights of the pot, which alone carries with it the power to authenticate culinary doctrines." One sentence would be just as grandiloquent and good for nothing as the other.

The only thing he appears to think of is *style*. He is for ever upon stilts. Take his first sentence. What he means to say is, "we had a fair wind as far as the Clides, where it suddenly died away, and we were becalmed." *How* does he say it? Why thus:

"The cool Etesian had blown from the rocky heights of Cilicia, and borne us along within sight of the Cyprian groves, until we approached the Clides; when, as the helmsman was preparing to alter the ship's course, the breeze suddenly died away. Our broad sail, which had been stretched obliquely from bow to stern, fluttered and drooped, and the vessel giving its heavy side to the current that sets round the promontory, was carried into the mid-channel, where, ere long, it rested motionless upon the tranquil bosom of the sea."

Here's a bethumping of words, with a vengeance; and it is the same all through—a temple and a teapot, a ribbon and a Raphael, are equally be-fustianed.

Take a temple—

"Two lines of columns, each column formed by the combination of eight enormous cedars, support the roof of the temple; the carvings and golden embossments

of which are but dimly perceived at so great a height and through the vaporous medium. The spaces, or aisles on each side, between the lines of columns and the walls, are divided into cells or compartments, not unlike to those which contain the consecrated treasures in our Grecian temples; and these, like those, are replete with costly articles, dedicated to the god by opulent citizens, or by the kings of distant nations. Whoever would acquaint himself with the history of the east, should diligently examine these splendid baubles. covered as they are with names, dates, and memorials, whence the knowledge of wars, alliances, and revolutions might, with great certainty, be gathered.

"In the centre of the middle space or aisle is the altar of incense—if altar it may be called; for nothing is seen but a brazen grate, level with the floor, laden with aromatics, and kept in perpetual ignition by a fire beneath. In front of the fumigatory altar, a railing, running from side to side of the temple, prevents the advance of strangers. At a considerable distance beyond this barrier, and directly opposite to the entrance of the temple, are two huge blocks of porphyry, serving as bases to the far-famed pillars of Hercules (thus we are wont improperly to designate them). Of these two columns, that on the right is of the purest gold, elaborately wrought from the plinth to the capital with symbolic embellishments. The general outline retains an obvious resemblance to the form of the ancient Pharos.

"The other column—"

—but we spare the reader the other column. Is not this very fine?

Now for a teapot—

"I noticed," [in the house of a rich Tyrian merchant,] "also a number of vases," [teapots, cups, and saucers,] "which, though not of the largest dimensions, or of the most elegant form, were recommended by the exquisite beauty of the material, and the richness of their decorations. If I may credit my informant, they are the manufacture of a highly civilized people, occupying a vast and fertile plain far beyond those burning deserts and horrid solitudes which the Greeks imagine to form the limit of the habitable earth towards the east. Each vase exhibits some quiet and inviting scene of domestic enjoyment and of secluded repose.—Gay gardens, elegant villas, with lakes and rocks, form the pleasing background to groups of simpering figures, attired in a manner altogether peculiar; but which reminded me more of Egypt than of any other country known to us. I could not but compare these agreeable representations with the decorations of the Grecian, the Egyptian, the Babylonian, or the Persian potteries, which almost invariably offer to the eye the sacred personages or religious rites of the people, and display dark symbols, sacrifices, processions, the combats of heroes, or the effigies of gods. But, on the contrary, these ultra-oriental paintings contain not the slightest allusion to religious belief, or ceremonials; to mystic philosophy, or to sacred or martial history;—they are all familiar, intelligible, placid; and they sooth the imagination by holding forth whatever is most pleasing in the privacies of a country home. One must suppose that in this far distant land of smiling contentment, more regard is paid to the happiness of mortals than to the honours of the gods; and perhaps it would not be too hazardous to infer that a perfect political system, benignant, invariable, and efficacious, leaves no room for those exploits of brilliant violence and ruffian heroism, whence the painters and sculptors of Greece derive inexhaustible subjects of art."

There, good reader! we venture to say that you never dreamt that anything half so fine and philosophical could be said in favour of the familiar faces of mallet-headed mandarins and their waddling womankind that gleam upon us from the bottom of punchbowl or platter. As for the "benignant, invariable, and efficacious" government under which this admirable crockery is concocted, it is plain that the author knows nothing about it. Sawing people in two—tearing out the liver—crucifixion, impaling, &c. &c. are the general "benignant" instruments of government in the dominions of the celestial emperor; and we strongly suspect that if such a book as the *Temple of Melekartha*, had been published in Pekin, it would have subjected the writer to all the penalties consequent upon vending opium, and other soporiferous drugs. He would have been too happy to escape with a hundred dozen blows of the bamboo, administered by the well-practised hand of a Tartar flagellator, exclaiming, in the Emperor's name, at every whack, "Respect this!"

If our readers wish to know from us any more touching this rubbish, we shall give them the bill of fare. Here follows the names of the chapters of the first book.

VI. Festival of a Divinity.
VII. The House of History.
VIII. The Archives of Primeval Times.
IX. The Dispersion.
X. An Exodus.
XI. The Island of Wealth.
XII. The Senators.
XIII. The Island of Fertility.
XIV. An Hour of Dismay.
XV. The Fruits of Pestilence.
XVI. The Hill of Vision.
XVII. The Bloody Ransom.
XVIII. Banishment of a Seer.
XIX. Threatening War.
XX. Conflagration among the Mountains.
XXI. The Destroyer.
XXII. The Land of Poetry."

A savoury collation! The last article tempted us—and we turned to it accordingly, for the gods have made us poetical. The land of poetry is, it seems, Yemen—and; strange to say, in that land, "fabulous or historic invention or narration is despised." Homer, and all the tribe, would certainly be excluded from this poetic region—and when we find the following as a specimen of the powers of one of the crack authors of Yemen, we do not wonder at it.

"'—— Conspicuous among his companions by the graces of his person, bold in the field, and skilful to manage the fiery steed, Nourbad shone still more in verse. —Rich and abundant in conception, various, mellifluous, vigorous in expression, he ravished every ear. To a fair one, not unworthy of a knight so distinguished—to Zea, he proffered his faith. Zea, kind and true, was yet wilful and stern—too stern in purpose—too steadfast in her resolves. Often, when Nourbad returned from the field of war, praised by his prince, admired by his companions, and asked submissively for the bliss of wedded love, Zea, with faltering voice, and colour quick changing from the lily to the rose, replied —'Go once more where the spear is broken against the buckler;—go, and win another crown of valour to lay at the feet of Zea'. He went again, and yet again.

"'As one who rears choicest flowers returns, and finds that, in his absence, the rude sithe has levelled his favourite lily, so, on his last return from the field of strife, Nourbad found that his Zea had fallen in death [illegible] wept not, but, throwing aside hi[illegible], and his lance, girded himself [illegible]mantle of sorrow, broke away from [illegible]ompanions, and roamed reckless over [illegible] mountains. Long he wandered from solitude to solitude; not indeed hating his fellows, but yet shunning them, lest they should rend his wounded heart by proffering consolations.

"'Upon the bare mountain-top he sat watching the waning moon as she climbed the sky:—he watched her course till she reeled from the zenith; and then, just before the wings of the morning, edged with silver, had broke up from the east, he discerned upon her horn ——'"

Those who wish to see what he saw upon her horn, must recur to the book, for we can go no further. The originality and beauty of this importation from the land of poetry must be duly appreciated. Of all planets, primary or secondary, the moon, assuredly, is the worst used. For our own parts, the mention of her name in the pages of a fine writer warns us off; and, exclaiming with Burns,

"It is the moon—I ken her horn."

we close the volume in a hurry.

Such is the bundle of nonsense which we find the *Literary Gazette* says has made more noise than any production of a *nameless author* of our times. If he means by a nameless author, an author that should be ashamed to disclose his name, there may be some sense in the remark—if he merely means an anonymous author, we request him to recollect that *Waverley, Don Juan*—and even PELHAM —ay! *Pelham*—were anonymous.

Edwin Atherstone has been sometimes faintly heard of, as the author of some poems, which, by favourably-judging critics, have been supposed to have made a considerable approach to mediocrity. We have an indistinct recollection of having read some of them, but nothing remains on our memory, except that there was a repetition of "*shout*," "*shouted*," "*shouting*," every third line. In the poem, the name of which we have forgotten, supposing it to have consisted of ten thousand lines, and we rather imagine it amounted to somewhat towards that number, there were three thousand shouts.

Encouraged by his success in epic poetry, he has now turned his hand to novel writing, in which the shouting style is still predominant. Of course the subject he chooses is historical, and looking out for an unoccupied topic, he has hit upon the days of the *Sea-Kings in England*. The ground being chosen, he proceeds to fill it in the approved fashion, with knights and monks, and buffoons and

fools; fine philandering heroes, interesting heroines; rough warriors and blunt housewives—all the Ivanhoe party in short, with only that one difference which exists between the works of a man of genius and an ass. We do not wish to use harsh language, but such is the fact. Here follows a sketch of the story.

A party of Northmen, in the days of Alfred, after a bloody victory, take the abbey of Croyland, and put the monks to the sword. A child is preserved by the humanity of one of the chiefs, who consigns it to the care of his wife. The boy, though kindly treated, and introduced to various absurd persons, dislikes his quarters and contrives to escape into a wood, where, after being somewhat hunted by his preserver, he at last falls into the hands of a Saxon noble, who has been ruined by the Northmen. This gentleman, his name Theodoric, restores him to the monastery, which was not entirely ruined, but again peopled with monks, though some hundred pages before they had all been massacred. "The ferocious Northmen," says our author, in page 41, "put to death *every* man, and *every* child;" but in page 150, we find them again as alive and merry as ever. This is the matter of half a volume, and the author, conscious that the tedious twaddle has little or nothing to do with the staple of his meagre story, recommends us abruptly, to skip "some peaceful and eventless years in the life of the hero," *i. e.* Edmund, the boy rescued from the massacre of Croyland; and we then find him on visiting terms at the house of a Thane, named Leofric, who has a wife, Kentwina, a daughter, Ethelburga, and a son, Oswulf.

Kentwina is "written in character." She is a Saxon Lady Bountiful, who wrangles with a Doctor Wiglaf as follows:—

"'What, in the name of all the blessed saints! Master Wiglaf,' would she say—looking the doctor angrily in the face, while with one arm stuck upon her hip, she flourished the other in the air—'what, in the name of all the saints in heaven, Master Wiglaf, does this mean? Is not foot adl foot adl, just as it was before,—that you must come here, and din my ears with your heathen genaggra, or nagra, or whatever you call it? And is not heafod-ece heafod-ece,—that Christian people are to be deafened with your new-fangled siffelalgi, that it is a shame to hear spoken? And I suppose, Master Wiglaf, if you had the toth-ece, or lungs adl, or gedrif, or blar can blegene you might cure them all so well if you would condescend to call them as our forefathers called them, as when you turn our very stomachs with your gibberish oddentalge, and tissis, and synokens, and frunklus.—I tell you, Master Wiglaf, it's a sin and a shame, for you, who are a monk of the priory of Cothelstone, and a Christian man, and ought to know better, to go about deceiving poor people, and calling things by false names, such as were never before heard in this kingdom of Wessex: and no good will come of it. And you to go bleeding the poor theow Wybba on the eleventh day of the month, as you did,—which every body knows to be as bad and unlucky a day as could be picked out,—and the moon in the second quarter too.—Master Wiglaf! Master Wiglaf! it's a mere flying in the face of God, who gave us understandings to know better,—all but fools,—and, for them, I trow they should stay at home, and not go about the country curing folks wiser than themselves. 'Fool, heal thyself,' I have heard some of you priests say, and a good saying it is—Well-well—if it isn't fool, it's physician,—and that you know, Master Wiglaf, comes sometimes to the same thing.'"

&c. &c. &c. This is what such idiots call writing in character.

Ethelburga is a most amiable—and Oswulf a most abominable personage. Mr. Atherstone is too clever a man to make Ethelburga and Edmund fall in love with one another—that device is too stale; but not wishing to deviate too far from established custom, he inspires Oswulf with an unextinguishable hatred against the hero. Ethelburga, however, must have a lover, and accordingly finds one by means of the very novel stratagem of throwing a young gentleman, of the name of Sigifred, (of course a son of an Earl) off his horse outside the lady's gate, and confining him for the purpose of recovery in the castle. The most inexperienced reader knows what is the consequence. Sigifred's sister visits him, to be sure—and what are the odds that Edmund does not fall in love with *her?* Certain, also, it is, and *selon les règles*, that her beauty is of a different kind from that of Ethelburga; and equally in rule is it that we should be presented with an inventory of the charms of each, distinguishing noses and chins, and

foreheads and mouths, with all the accuracy of a passport. The natural course of events then requires that Edmund should be invited to her father's house, which boasts the title of Castle Maximus, having been built by the usurping Emperor of that name. This castle, it appears, had remained a perfect specimen of Roman architecture, and young Sigifred describes the rooms with all the knowledge of an antiquary of the first class.

"'On three sides of the Cavædium, in which we stand,' said he, 'are the Cubicula, or chambers,—though we are, you must understand, rather desirous that our original Roman titles should be always assigned to every portion of the castle,—the Triclinia, or dining rooms, together with the Procæton, or room for the attendants, and the baths. At the western end, you see the Basilica, or place to administer justice: and, on either side of it, are the Pinacothecæ, or rooms for pictures and books,—a goodly case now for a very small jewel,—for I regret to say that the damps and the worms have nearly destroyed all. The name, however, lives; and therefore the said pictures and books ought to feel themselves quite satisfied, since they have, without trouble, attained that for which the greatest men have sacrificed their whole lives, and sometimes, at least, in vain, But we must pass these to reach the Peristylium.'"

More follows about the Œci, the Cyzican, the Egyptian, the tetrastyle, and the Corinthian,—and the excellent taste of putting such discussions into the mouth of a young Saxon thane of the ninth century, will be the better appreciated when we recollect that at that very period, by the testimony of Alfred himself, "very few on this side the Humber—few beyond—not one that I recollect south of the Thames, could even understand their prayers, or translate one word of Latin into English." Alfred's own brothers could not read: he did not learn that art himself until past twelve years old. He was five and thirty before he began to study Latin, and as for Greek, why there was not a man in the kingdom —not twenty in all Western Europe, who could divine the meaning of these words, Basilica, Triclinia, Pinacothecæ, Peristylium, Œci, &c. &c. which our young Saxon here flings off his tongue so glibly. Pinacothecæ, indeed, containing every mouldering manuscript in a Saxon castle! A pleasant notion Atherstone has of the literary history of the period in which he has pitched his novel.* In due course of time by another original touch, Elfrida's life is saved at a wild-boar hunt, by Edmund, and all parties that ought to be so, are duly in love at the end of the first volume.

The second volume introduces us to what the example of Scott has so unhappily rendered a person necessary in historical novels, *i. e.* a bore. Here we have an insufferable monster of the name of Elf, and a more drivelling attempt at humour never was perpetrated. He is a friar, and, as Tuck, in *Ivanhoe*, (after the fashion of his literary progenitor, Jean des Entonmeures,) is a great eater, Elf also must devour. This fellow is a perfect nuisance, and he occupies a principal portion of the book. The story is for a while forgotten, to introduce a lumbering view of the state of England in the days of Alfred, from which we are relieved by an invasion of the Danes. Oswulf, in the mean time, attempts to murder Edmund, but,

* It is not worth while encumbering the review of so flimsy a production, with any appearance of learning; but as Tiraboschi happens to be within our reach, we cannot help quoting a passage from him, on the subject of the libraries of those days. "A letter from Pope Paul I. to King Pepin, dated A. D. 757, is extant, in which he informs that he sends him all the books he could collect. *Direximus etiam excellentiæ vestræ, &c. libros quantos reperire potuimus.* Who would not believe," continues Tiraboschi, "that here we should find an ample catalogue, worthy of a Pope to send, and a King of France to receive? And yet here after all is the extent of this great treasure. *Antiphonale et Responsale, in simul Grammaticam Aristotelis,*" [no such book is now extant, but perhaps instead of *Grammaticam*, we should read *Logicam*, or *Dialecticam*] "*Dionysii Areopagitæ Libros, Geometriam, Orthographiam, Grammaticam, omnes Græco eloquio Scriptores.* Such was the extent of the munificence of the Pontiff!"—*Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. iii. p. 102. Modena, edit. 1787.—See *Hardouin. Prolegom.* p. 207, where many other instances of the poverty of libraries in the dark ages are quoted; and *Palæoromaica*, Disquisition VI. p. 392. The subject is a curious one, but a discussion concerning it, would be sadly out of place here. Even to have suspected the existence of Sigifred's Pinacothecæ would have been a marvel in such times.

being wounded in the fray, contrives to persuade his father that Edmund was the intended assassin.* Hereupon he is kicked out by Leofric, and having gone over to Castle Maximus, is so unluckily caught kissing Elfrida, that he is kicked out by Sigifred. Being thus loose on the world, he falls in, according to the ordinary luck of novels, with Alfred, at the swineherd's hut, where the oldest of old stories are told over and over again, with a nauseating tediousness. The author has so much *tact* as, while yet he keeps the secret of Alfred's name from his readers, (if any there be who have had the misfortune, like ourselves, to have gone so far,) to spend *thirty-four* pages in relating the schoolboy tale of the king's being cuffed by the swineherd's wife, for allowing the cakes to be over toasted. By and by all the nobles assemble at the cottage, Edmund becomes a great man, Alfred talks like a most particular bore, and, in due course of time, they all go to fight the Danes. Here Jack the Giant-killer seems to be the model on which Mr. Atherstone frames his hero, for he (the hero) kills, right and left, all the gigantic warriors of Denmark. In an especial battle, however, with one Hubbo, who rejoices in the agreeable appellation of the Odinsee *bull*, (another warrior is called the Russian *bear*, titles redolent of the Stock Exchange,) the author has made the duel of Guy Earl of Warwick with Colbrand the Dane, the object of his emulation.—*Ex. gr.*

"Lifting his mace as he pronounced the last word, he sprang forward, and discharged a whirlwind stroke which, had his antagonist been less active, or less on his guard, might at once have terminated the combat. But Edmund leaped to the left from the thundering weapon; and, passing behind with the speed of thought, let fall upon the undefended right side of the Dane a stroke so tremendous that the corslet gaped, and the blood burst forth in a thick stream."

So goes on the fight for ten pages, the giant Dane slapping away with his mace, but generally, like a lubberly dog, hitting short, and Edmund, dancing round the ring, putting in his one—twos, quick as light, and then getting out of Hubbo's reach. Hubbo, however, *plants*, (it is the author's own word,) some very pretty raps, that would have killed any body whose skull was less thick than that of an elephant, but which pass off on Edmund as if they were no more than pats that would not make a dint in a pound of butter; and at last, tired of the retreating system, contrives to close with his antagonist, and tries to throw him by a desperate hug. In vain, for though Edmund is a graceful youth of eighteen, weighing, we take it, at most eleven stone eight, and Hubbo an old out and outer, of at least seventeen stone odd, Edmund flings him, and, after some chaffing, needless to repeat, cuts off his head, to the great satisfaction of a numerous and respectable audience. What were the odds and how the bets ran we are not informed, which, in so particular an historian, is incorrect.

After many more such original scenes and situations as this, Edmund is married to Elfrida—Sigebert to Ethelburga—Alfred, as we think we have heard before, conquers the Danes, and reigns several years in England—the worthy are rewarded—the unworthy punished—and the happy reader released by the cheering annunciation of "thus endeth the third volume."

Now, Edwin Atherstone, this is not the way to write historical novels. It is not enough to take a historical name or two, to twaddle over old stories familiar as household words, to introduce eating friars and fighting warriors, and a double tier of gentlemen, one high born and haughty, the other of low degree, (a nobleman, however, in the end, "no waiter, but a Knight Templar,") valiant as Amadis of Gaul, and as handsome as Adonis; another double set of ladies to match, one dark, the other fair; one enthusiastic, the other retiring; one, mirth and innocence, the other, milk and water: all these fine persons, mixed and kneaded up with some antiquarian lore about dresses, and dinners, and weapons, and buildings, and conversations interlarded with "neverthelesses," "of a truths," and so forth; to say nothing of the Babylonish dialect put here into the mouths of Kenwina, Elf, &c., a dialect neither resembling the English of the present day, nor the Saxon of any day; will not, we

say, invest the dry bones of antiquity with life. All may be correct, (in the *Sea-Kings in England* scarcely any thing is so,) but it is stone dead. The torch of Prometheus is absent, the fire from heaven is wanting to give animation to the clay, and that fire Mr. Atherstone possesses not. The *Sea-Kings in England* is, we predict, the last of his novels.

In the puffing list from which we have made our Eighteen extracts,

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS,

appears, unreviewed; we shall, therefore, afford Colburn a review, from which he may cull extracts if he pleases. The author is an euphuist, and helps us to phrases of the most notable kind as for example:

A dress of the last Parisian mode, *is a mask—a mysterious tone of conversation* is *a cloak*—and a vibration of the head is qualified by the epithet "*pathetic.*" We have a head "*shaken in negative vehemence,*" and a woman is a name including *a general confession of sensitive weakness.* Lady Maria indites an epistle that "would have done honour to the sensibility of *any* Araminta or Adeliza in *any* novel throughout the *lachrymose range* of Lane and Newman's shelves," which is a shameful attack upon brother venders of trash—but two of a trade, &c. There is—the "deep remorse of filial tenderness," "vidual care," "moral ossification of the heart," "the affecting reminiscences of repentance," "neutral indefinity," and a child is "a little white mass of human imbecility." The following sentences are pretty:—"The breakfast hour arrived to disenchant the imagination, and *all was Spitzbergen again.*" "Mrs. Joseph would probably prove a Hecuba, and supply the Heddeston entail with *a score or two of young Trojans.*" "He sympathised patiently with his father's *long-established murmurs against the inconsistency of his gruel, and the tenuity of his dry toast.*" "The bells of Heddeston Hall were well nigh *chimed to powder.*" "It has been said that Providence marks its contempt of prosperity *in* the personages on whom it showers the gifts of fortune; but this is a vulgar error. Prosperity is too important a medium of human probation to be unwittingly conferred." (Every rich man, according to this piece of philosophy, ought to bury himself under the conviction of being the especial favourite of heaven.) "*She* was a thorough Graspall; and, *like Napoleon* (!) would scarcely have consented to become *King of England* (! !) unless she could have been consecrated *Archbishop of Canterbury* at the same time (! ! !)" (The author throws an admirable light on history, as well as philosophy—and after this, Monsieur Bourrienne may hide his diminished head; for the novelist knows more of the inclinations of the Corsican than his school companion and secretary.)

"According to Lady Maria's nervous admonitions, *waters were only made to drown, the earth to dislocate, the air to refrigerate into hopeless catarrhs.* She was one of those buoyant, joyous beings, whose presence, *like the irradiation of a living sunbeam,* confers an *indefinite* consciousness of pleasure. She was lovely, it is true, and graceful and intelligent as a child *might be;* but it was *neither* her beauty, grace, nor talent which wrought the spell; *it was all these,* combined with an utter guilelessness of soul—with a total absence of *that selfishness which so often deteriorates the caresses of childhood.*" (How selfishness can deteriorate a caress, we are at a loss to conjecture; we never found it so.) "During the sleepless nights, or night-mared repose, following those days of atmospheric moisture, his mind's eye had rested upon the identical parochial church of the county of D., which he had long pre-appropriated as his own; while his mind's ear became deafened into horror by the reading-in of a Willingham or a De Vesci." (This beats the vein of antient Pistol, and outdoes the trope of Shakspeare.) "There is a *vulgarity of sound and scent* (!) inseparable from a small house and *a small* establishment (! !), which her (future) Grace found at the present moment extremely repulsive to her nerves, and she began to sigh with yet *more* feverish eagerness for the *bi-sonorous matin* knock, which excites so interesting a sensation in London among all persons *correspondentially* inclined" (! ! !). "She had been careful to inscribe their arrival among the *locomotive* and most mendacious records of the *Morning*

Post." (Two of a trade again—Oh, my *Court Journal!* the author, to flatter the publishers, gives a puff sinister in favour of that most veracious of all *locomotive* records of fashion. We think the *Morning Post* has a fair action for libel against the author and publishers of this FASHIONABLE NOVEL.) " An infamy scarcely inferior to that of the *Travaux Force's* of the branding-iron." (We suppose this is some new mode of punishment in foreign parts; if so, it must be very painful, and infinitely worse than five hundred lashes at the drum-head, or the tread-mill.) " It was evident, from their ease of mind and manners, that the society to which they belonged, was well organized—*matched in mouth after the fashion of the hounds in Theseus,*

'Like bells, each under each.'

The loss of a single member of this little knot of associates must manifestly have become *the origin* of discord." (These are allusions to historical personages, and tropes of composition, which we affect not to understand.) " She is a *living* sunbeam —*sparkling*, and evanescent—*a very meteor of brilliant irregularity;* neither her words nor her actions are *amenable to calculation.*" " I beg, my dear, that you will reduce him to Iceland moss without further delay." (The mode of transformation must be highly curious, and such as the experimentalists of the Royal Institution would give their ears to witness.) " Mr. Lorimer walked homewards with a lighter step than *ever wore out the everlasting granite of London*" !!! " Stuffing them with *indiscriminate pine-apple ice.*" " He to condemn himself to the digestion of such a piece of

" Mere white curd of ass's milk."

(This sentence, probably, is more of a puzzle to the reader than any of its predecessors, however hard of digestion it may have been. What does he conceive its meaning to be? perhaps he imagines it has a reference to delicacy of stomach, or disposition in the object to consumption?—Not so, most gentle reader; it means no more than that the gentleman with his exquisite stomach could not brook the company of a particular lady!) " A mist of mind appeared to envelope every surrounding object."— " Eleanor lay down in her loveliness, with the marble immobility of a statue."

But there are higher touches. Take the following exquisite morsel of description:— " Eleanor Willingham was an intelligent, and *in many respects, an amiable* and *generously-minded* girl." (Ingenious is the manner in which the author proves the position in his first period.) " She possessed in an unusual degree, those excellent gifts and qualities *which may be moulded into virtue,* by a good education." (Of course after this, her progress towards excellence will be marked out, the reader will suppose: but no such thing; it turns out, that Miss Eleanor Willingham was a most perfect non-descript in her way—she was all the author has already said, and all he is about to say; and which no doubt will be found to be a tried piece of composition.) " *But from her very earliest hour her heart had been seared, and her mind degraded, by the worldly maxims of her lady-mother;* and she had NOW *no clearer notions of the moral and religious principles, on which the respectable portion of mankind rely for their personal government, than a blind man of the hues of the rainbow.*" (Verily, the author's notions about virtue must be very droll; his metaphysics are as good as his other " parts of speech.") " She loved her sister tenderly, *upon instinct;* but as to all the rest of the world, she regarded them as puppets, to be moved by the impulses of her own selfish cunning."

We find occasionally a most happy blending of various figures of rhetoric: " Lady Willingham was fairly *silenced* and OVER-CROWED by the BOLDNESS of her niece's SANG FROID." The next sentence is in every way its fit companion:— " The little circle, readily receiving the *infection* of her buoyant gaiety, and relieved from a HIGH PRESSURE ENGINE OF DULNESS by the absence of Lord Robert Lorton, formed an ELECTRIC CHAIN, EMITTING SPARKLES OF INCESSANT BRILLIANCY." [From the specimens of the conversation, we have no doubt the society was *shocking* enough.] How refined is the dialogue between a mother and her daughter, a young girl of eighteen.

"'He is, without exception, the most ill-bred fool, the most self-opiniated boor, I ever beheld,' exclaimed Eleanor, by way of probing her mother's feelings.

"'Now pray let me hear no fastidious nonsense of that description,' replied Lady Maria, peevishly. 'A girl in your dependant situation should not presume to make exceptions; for, what would become of both of you, I should like to know, in case of my death? Do you think you should be happier or more respectable, hanging as a poor relative at Heddeston Court, or maintaining your own rank of life, at the head of Sir William Wyndham's princely establishment?'

"'Loathing my husband, neglecting his children, and watching every day for an increase of plethoric symptoms on his full moon visage, in the hope of approaching apoplexy!'

"'Eleanor!—Eleanor!'

"'I should certainly order his ale and soup to be annually strengthened, in the hope of accelerating the affair; or perhaps bring myself within reach of the penalties of the law, by tightening his white cotton cravat, while he is snoring, after a long day's run with the hounds!'"

Such is the style of conversation, and the beastly mode of thought and speech, which this novelist, be it male or female, would persuade the ignorant, through the medium of its nauseating pages, aided by the puffs, and newspaper insinuations, of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, is in active circulation throughout the highest ranks of society in England. Who, after one moment's consideration, will give credit to such an absurdity? The doctrine here attempted to be inferred circumstantially, is, that the higher the state of society, the more base the impulses by which it is actuated, the more vulgar the train of sentiment, the blacker the colour of the heart, the more hideous the essential complexion of the character. All through these volumes indeed the upper classes are, sometimes out of ignorance, sometimes through design, represented as mean in their motives, and unscrupulously profligate in their actions.

Such is not the case with the higher and the better classes of England, and the brazen faced boobies of these volumes, and the men who have put their names as publishers to the title of the work, (and whose only excuse for so doing is the money they expect to raise by it,) ought to be jointly and severally arraigned at the bar of public opinion, and have summary justice awarded on their delinquent shoulders, for publishing as rank and as infamous a libel on English society as it has ever been our misfortune to peruse. These remarks we sincerely regret to use; but they have been wrested from us by the necessity of a conscientious discharge of duty—desirous, as we are, to uphold the high character which this Magazine has gained for its impartiality. We should have passed over this censure, had the instance of criminality been singular. But alas! it is not so.—Day after day, week after week, we hear of and we see similar works tumbled out of the press in such precipitation as if the publishers calculated upon an infinite fund of pruriency in the vitiated tastes of their readers. In these books, the most remarkable features are the filthy appetite for scandal—the dark depravity of the several persons who have sat down for their concoction—and the barefaced dirty avarice, which has prompted their publication at the hands of the publishers. With a very little trouble we can demonstrate that the writer or publisher of such novels as the *Way of the World*, or *Mothers and Daughters*, must be a dolt or an eaves-dropper. These novels (we only name these productions *exempli gratiâ*,) purport to be true pictures of English society, as it exists; so indeed we are told in the five hundred newspaper puffs, corrected and inserted by their respectable publishers, for authority. Supposing they should be such faithful pictures—pourtraying the peculiar characters of the *élite* of our ranks, and holding up living individuals for censure and laughter—the knowledge acquired by the writers must have either been obtained from actual observation, or from hearsay—if from the former, private confidence must have been betrayed,—and what shall we say to the writers? if from the latter, our own experience must have told us that common rumour is a polluted source of information,—that nothing but close ocular observance can ever give the opportunity for a just appreciation of character—that by adopting paltry whispers, we become sorry retailers of scandal and malice. If this position be

good, any publisher, as *particeps criminis*, of the writer, shares in his culpability. If the writers say that their characters are mere abstractions, then we answer, that being abstractions, how can we justify the lies of the publishers, which would impress the fact upon the public that they are actual portraits of living personages and passing scenes. If the publishers say that they have nothing to do with criticising novels, but simply with publishing them, we answer that they ought to take the opinion of competent judges, otherwise they are not to have any benefit from their own *laches* and wrong. If they allege that they are ignorant of the scenes and motions of the better classes of society, from the fact of their being born, bred, and educated in vulgar and ignoble holes and corners; we admit the fact, without allowing that it mends the matter.

That the writers of these works, for the most part, know nothing of the personages whom they pretend to describe, take the following description from the *Way of the World*, which has been placarded forth, as one of the strongest inducements to the public for the purchase of his tawdry volumes.

"'Is it possible that you don't know her?' asked Lady Helena. 'That, my dear, is Lady Ellesmore, the wife of the judge. She is, as you see, decidedly beautiful, in a certain style of beauty, and for that reason, and because she is a *parvenu*, we, whose ancestors attained, some centuries ago, the rank which her husband's merit has procured for him only recently, take every opportunity of saying illnatured things of her. What her original condition was, I don't know, and I have heard so many contradictory stories about it, that I don't know what to believe. Some folks insist that she was the daughter of a laundress, and others, who affect to be less severe, admit her to have been a milliner. It is quite certain, however, that she has the manners of a lady, no matter where she acquired them. She is very good natured; gives very gay entertainments; her husband's station, and his connexion with the government, insure her admittance to the first circles, and her own tact and ingenuity preserve her from the mortification which some of her new acquaintance would, if they could venture, prepare for her. She appears quite satisfied with the brilliant existence she leads, and they are reduced to console themselves with little slanders in her absence, for the court and flattery they find it worth their while to bestow upon her when they meet her.'

"'But is she really a woman of any acquirements?' asked Lord Redhurst.

"'If you mean the ordinary acquirements of fashionable women, I should say I think not,' replied Lady Helena. 'I don't believe she knows a note of music, nor any language but her own, although she has cleverness enough to conceal her deficiency. But, in the more useful acquirements, which are necessary to shine in the great world, remarkable quickness, natural good taste, discretion, and *le sçavoir vivre*, I hardly know any body her superior. She plays the *dame de condition* as if she was 'to the manner born.'

"'All of which says very little for us of the exclusive class, as we are fond of calling ourselves,' replied Lord Redhurst. 'What is that we are proud of, when all that we prize most is to be attained by any one whose ambition prompts them to make the trial? for nothing is more true than that Lady Ellesmore's origin was extremely obscure.'"

This, we hesitate not to inform our readers, is intended for Lady Lyndhurst. Let those who know that lady, say how like it is to the original: for ourselves—although we profess not to know aught about her ladyship—we boldly affirm that there is nothing in common between the pourtrayed and the real individual. The fact is, that the description was inserted for a mere deception, and as a lure to the ignorant: and this purpose, we dare say, the publisher has, from long experience, found to answer; for his puffs upon this "character," in every newspaper and periodical, where they could possibly be inserted without having the ominous word "advertisement" tagged to the head, are countless. This paragraph, however, will serve to shew how facts are caricatured, for the purpose of adding another "*on dit*" to vulgar scandal, and putting money into the purse of the bookseller. If it should be urged that such characters are found in society, it may be admitted; but then they are not the characters of the personages for whom they are put down: nor can we allow that because such characters are found—that they should be represented as specimens of the class.

This is rather a larger digression than we intended—let us get back to *Mothers and Daughters*—to cull from it a few more samples of euphuism. Open the book where we like, we find

them. Grievously mortified—*bored to extinction*—and (after being completely extinguished) not a little irritated to find herself occupying so equivocal a situation, (well she might, after the boring and extinction.) Eleanor Willingham *had too vast a share of the crafty selfpossession, animating fashionable young ladies of the present days,* (the young ladies owe vast obligation for the compliment,) *to allow* ANY EXPRESSION *of the real state of her feelings* TO EXPAND *upon her countenance.*"

Young ladies have been noted for their beautiful eyes since the old Teian sang of "eyes suffused in dew," and the Mæonian immortalized the peepers of the ποτνια Ηρη large and ox-like; but we never heard of such expressive eyes as those, which have their merits given forth in the following sentence. "Minnie Willingham raised a reproachful glance towards her gentle cousin, *implying an accusation similar to that uttered by the young Israelite,* IN ROSSINI'S ITALIAN OPERA, TO THE GAUNT REPRESENTATION OF MOSE IN EGITTO (!!!) *Moses! you have never loved!*" We have often looked and wondered at Lord Burleigh's ominous and many-meaning shake of the head, and we have often heard of the Irishman's gun that was fitted for shooting round corners, but we never in all our born days heard of such a pair of eyes as those attributed to the immaculate Miss Minnie Willingham. First the eyes "reproach"—then they "imply an accusation," and that "accusation," by a peculiarity of cast, or a species of sheep's eye, is rendered "similar to that uttered by the *Israelite*" (!); and then they have the power of expressing the "age" of that Hebrew; (he was "young;")—and then they could magically express that the individual Israelite alluded to, was the identical fellow in the "Mose in Egitto"—and the moment of the allusion was, when he was opening his jaws to croak forth, "Moses, *you* have never loved!" Oh, most wonderful pair of eyes!

The reader, however, has an infinite stock of fine things to admire in the novel of *Mothers and Daughters*! We hope he will applaud the eloquent passage which we transcribe for his especial amusement. Pope, to the author, in descriptive powers of "rurality," is as Sir Claudius Hunter to Sannazzaro:

"It was May; warm, beaming, joyous, budding, buoyant May!—and, even in the metropolis, that genial month makes itself both felt *and heard, and respired,* rich with the odours and sunshine of renovated nature. The squares, yet untarnished with the filthy defilement of soot, and of that unique compound which defines itself as London dust, were quivering with the light verdure of their delicate lime-trees, and bright with the tufted blossoms of their early shrubs The groves of Kensington Gardens had already thrown up their pyramidal clusters of chesnut-bloom; the cuckoo was heard anew amid their lonelier glades; the Parks were overspread with that freshness of verdure which, for a single fortnight, defies the wandering tread of busy thousands; and balconies trimly decorated with a profusion of 'the scented weed—the Frenchman's darling,' overpowered for a time even the motley odours of the public streets.

"At such a moment, London may be regarded as in its prime of pride. The season is before us, unsullied by one among the countless disappointments destined to thwart the smoothness of its aftercourse. HOPE, like a new-fledged Phœnix, flutters around the scene, reflecting the bright-hued radiance of its wings upon a thousand objects of inferior attraction. The beauty, in her first season of triumph, listens to the whispers of adulation with sparkling eye and flushing cheek, and a heart yet unsated by their monotony, and young ladies who, like Claudia and Eleanor Willingham, have welcomed for half a dozen successive years the promises of that auspicious month without remembering *their* mischievous fallacy of the preceding spring, find all their sanguine expectations renovated with its lilacs and laburnums, its new fashions, new follies—drawing-rooms, and *dejeuners!*"—

This is a fair specimen of verbal inflation of the real Colburnian *genus.*

What do you think of the following exquisite figure?—"But having just discrimination enough to forewarn her that he *was* positive, she met him in their very first struggle for supremacy encased in such A BUFF COAT OF SULLEN OBSTINACY, &c." We dare say, indeed, such a buff coat was never even seen before. What will the dandy officers of the Buffs say to this?

Let it not be supposed that our author is unacquainted with men or things, or unread in the manners or

transactions of the world. Now and then he pounces upon us and astounds us after the manner of the bearded pard. How he startles us with the adjoined flourish :—

"Nor were men and things better distributed among the residue of the guests! Lady Grayfield, instead of the ranting Frenchman who had so much excited her curiosity, and whom she was rather intent upon reforming from the evil of his ways (and means), was seated next to Conversation-Russell; who was favouring her with an account of some of Champollion's latest discoveries, and with his own private theory of Mummyology. He had many learned wonders to tell of Egypt; culled from Denon and Dr. Young, the *Zauberflöte*, Mrs. Charles Lushington, Bankes, Legh, Belzoni—and the inedited memoirs of Ben D'Lhi Badalli Hazarrah, the Morocco Envoy to the Court of Spain! He had a brother who had served with Abercrombie—a cousin who had been Consul at Alexandria; he criticised Anastasius, and sneered at the Epicurean; and, until his mouth was stopped with some excellent *filets de levereau au jus d'orange amer*, Lady Grayfield fairly wished him under the base of the Great Pyramid, or following the descending current of the Nile towards the Great Cataract!"

"Egypt" Denon"!! "Dr. Young"!!! Zauberflote"!!!! "Lushington !! "Bankes"!!!!!! "Legh"!!!!!!! "Belzoni"!!!!!!!! "Ben D'Lhi Badalli Hazarrah"!!!! !!!!! to say nothing about the campaign in Egypt under Abercrombie, the Consulate at Alexandria, the travels of Anastasius, the philosophy of Epicurus, the *filets de levereau au jus d'orange amer*, the Great Pyramid, the Nile and the Great Cataract! Never was so much and so varied information compressed into so small a space since Colburn was Colburn, and Colburn and Bentley the princes of Puffing.

And this, according to the many puffs put forth by the Burlingtonians, is their best fashionable for the season. Alas, for Fashion! how is she fallen from her gaudy state of supremacy, and become like the starved street-wandering Lais of the Greek Poet, a fitting companion for the most plebeian of the human race! Yet this is the work, which according to the sly, double-dealing, Sybilline puffing bepraisement of the COURT JOURNAL (!!!) is lauded to the tune of the following words:

"It appears that a report has been premature in assigning a certain Duke as the original of the character of Lisborough, in the novel of 'Mothers and Daughters;' a character which might just as fairly be appropriated to a noble Marquess, whose domestic happiness is known to be of a very questionable nature. Much of the disrepute into which the marriage state in high life has fallen, is attributable to the too often sordid nature of alliances in that class; and it may be shrewdly guessed, that the author of this new work has himself been a personal sufferer from the arts of female match-makers. If this be so, he has taken a severe revenge."

"A certain Duke"—"a noble Marquess."—It is always right to fly after high game; and the puffmongers have good reason to believe in the gullibility of their readers.

This, gentle reader, will do for the commencement of our Notices. We shall shortly return to the subject.

THE COLONISTS *versus* THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

BY A LATE RESIDENT.

CHAP. II.

THE various public meetings, at which the Anti-slavery Society have for some weeks been exhibiting, are all of the same complexion. The report, indeed, of one would serve for all; and by merely substituting Cave for Buxton, or *vice versa*, the speeches might be stereotyped, and used as occasion required. It becomes, therefore, as has been before observed, a matter of the most paramount importance, to set the public right upon some of the leading points of this vital question. The West Indians, at the very outset, labour under a serious disadvantage. In no country is liberty so highly extolled, and so little understood, as in Great Britain. And consequently the word *slave*, is associated in the mind of the great mass of the people with every thing that is debasing and cruel. If, however, we examine the origin of the term, much of this cause of offence, this stumbling-block to the uninformed, will vanish. "From the *Sclavi*," observes Sir Walter Raleigh, "came the word, *slave*; for when that nation, issuing out of Sarmatia, now called Russia, (about the time of the Emperor Justinian,) had seized upon the country of Illyria, and made it their own by conquest, their victory pleased them so highly, that thereupon they called themselves by a new name, '*Sclavi*,' which is in their language 'glorious;' but in after-times, (that warmer climate having thawed their northern hardiness, and not ripened their wits,) when they were trodden down and made servants with their neighbours, the Italians, which kept many of them in bondage, began to call their bondmen 'slaves,' using the term as a name of reproach; in which sense it is now current in many countries."

But the government, or rather polity, under which the negro lives in the British colonies, is as little understood as the origin of the offensive appellation. And yet upon inquiry it will be found that the law of England prevails throughout Jamaica and the Leeward Islands, with the exception, perhaps, of those ceded during the late war, save only where the legislative assemblies have proposed any local amendments, which have received the sanction of the government at home; at least such is the conclusion naturally to be drawn from the following extract of an act passed in the West Indies as long ago as the commencement of the eighteenth century, wherein it is declared, "That the common law of England, as far as it stands unaltered by any written laws of these islands, or some of them *confirmed by your Majesty* in Council, or by some act or acts of Parliament extending to these islands, is in force in each of your Majesty's Leeward Charibbee Islands, and is the certain rule, whereby the rights and properties of your Majesty's good subjects inhabiting these islands ought to be determined; and that all customs, or pretended customs or usages, contradictory thereto, are illegal, null, and void."

It will at once strike the reader, that the additional enactments of the Colonial Legislatures must refer to the slave population; and that with respect to the rights and privileges of the whites, the same law substantially prevails, as in England. That this is the fact, any one acquainted with the practice of the courts in the West Indies, must be aware. It is, therefore, unnecessary to refer to any portion of the proceedings of the Colonists, except where the slave is immediately concerned. And, perhaps, a few observations on the comparative security enjoyed by the slave—the power by which he obtains an inalienable right to property—and the personal protection from cruelty or imposition, which he can claim at the hands of the local magistrate against his master, will tend more to expose the dishonest and insidious statements put forth by the Anti-slavery Society, than a laboured defence of the planter.

The charges of inhuman treatment and unmitigated severity practised

against the negro, which form the basis and rule, not the exception, in the tirades of the enemies of West India prosperity and the real interest of the slave, first claim our attention; as most likely to mislead the public and excite a hostile feeling towards the Colonies. What will the public say then, at least the thinking portion of it, when it is confidently, and fearlessly affirmed, that no such cruelty exists, save in the distempered imagination of the libellous faction, with whom the charge originated. Take a view, for instance, of the comparative discipline of the slaves in our Colonies, and the soldiers and sailors in the British service.

SLAVES		SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.	
Offence.	Punishment.	Offence.	Punishment.
Desertion	Whipping—not to exceed 25 lashes.	Desertion	Death.
Exciting or joining in Mutiny	Death, banishment, or whipping, as above.	Exciting or joining in Mutiny	Death.
Disobedience of Orders	Whipping, as above.	Disobedience of Orders	Death.
Striking a Master .	No specific punishment, but flogging resorted to, when necessary, of which there is scarce an instance on record.	Striking a Superior	Death.
Minor Offences . .	An hour in the stocks.	Minor Offences .	From 100 to 500 lashes.

The parallel might be carried still further, but enough has already been stated, for those who patiently and impartially reflect upon the subject, to prove that the condition of the negro is not so utterly unprotected as the "faction" would have the world believe.

The anti-colonists, it is said, notwithstanding the exaltation of their champion to the woolsack, regret the fall of the Duke of Wellington, in whom they reposed great confidence. Not that they ever attributed any peculiar tendency to mercy to his Grace, or any enlarged principle of philanthropy. But they well knew that his attachment to office was a sure guarantee that he would support their views, provided they supported him in place; for the retention of which he would not have hesitated to sacrifice both the East and West Indies at a blow. Of *his* tenderness of disposition, and feeling for the sufferings of the lower orders, indeed, his memorable answer to the starving weavers, and his reply to Lords Winchilsea and Clanricarde, in the upper house, are memorable instances. To the first he declared he had no control over the existing distresses, and, to the latter, in the face of coroners' inquests, and verdicts of "died from starvation," in England, and official reports from Ireland, he sneeringly said, he knew nothing of the matter; such things might or might not be facts; at all events, it was no concern of his; in Ireland, indeed, they were *periodical!!*

The incidental mention of *the* Duke, who is not unlike another pro-popery magnate, described by Andrew Marvel—

> "See where the Duke in d—d divan doth sit,
> With vast designs racking his pigmy wit."

arose from a paragraph which lately appeared in the papers, and which will go far to illustrate the position here assumed, respecting the compa-

rative punishment inflicted on freemen and slaves, for trifling offences.

A short time since, John Hartgrave Edmondson, a private in the third battalion of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards, commanded by his Grace the Duke of Wellington!! was brought out from his place of confinement, into the armoury-yard, St. James's Park, in order to undergo the punishment awarded to him by a court martial. The unfortunate man, it appears, about four months ago, was on duty at the Tower, and was standing sentry at a place called the one-gun battery, and was detected asleep on his post. He was placed in confinement, and a court-martial was held. It was not till about *three months* after, that he was brought out of *confinement*, to hear the sentence of the court-martial, which was read over to the regiment, and he was ordered to receive FIVE HUNDRED LASHES!!! He was immediately tied up, and, after having received *one hundred and fifty-five lashes, he fainted away. The blood spirted from the wretched man's back upon the drummer's face!! and it was found necessary to stop the punishment, and he was taken immediately to the military hospital in Rochester Row, Westminster, where his back was dressed!!!**

Read this, ye philanthropists! It is not necessary, Messrs. Cave, Buxton, and Wilberforce, to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of discovering occasions for exercising your humanity. A revolting and barbarous punishment has been inflicted—but the sufferer was *free*. The blood spirted upon the face of the minister of vengeance, but it was the blood of a white man! Let the case be fairly taken into consideration, and the parallel carefully drawn. A sentinel on duty, in the "*piping time of peace*," be it borne in mind, overcome by weariness, is detected in the flagrant enormity of slumbering on his post. He is tried, and sentenced to receive *five hundred lashes!* Not a voice is raised in his behalf, not one doting driveller is found to express pity for the *free British* sufferer. Mark the contrast: an insurrection takes place, murder is rife in the colonies; a few hours confinement, or twenty-five lashes, is the sentence upon the *negro bondman*. The anti-slavery pack open, the cry is echoed from club to club, the hypocritical traducers pretend to weep, old women at Peckham and Clapham perhaps, by dint of extraordinary exertion, actually squeeze out a tear, sentence is pronounced against the planter, and reason and argument set at defiance.

It may be said that such leniency is unusual in the colonies. That many executions took place, both in Demerara and Barbados, after the respective insurrections in those colonies. True; but if the minutes of evidence taken before the juries in those cases be examined, it will be found that, only in the most aggravated instances, was extreme punishment inflicted, and that the masters themselves spared no exertion to save the lives of the convicted rebels. A manifest proof of which may be seen at this day, in both Demerara and Barbados, where many of the leading characters among the negroes, who took a decided part in the insurrectionary movements, are enjoying all the privileges, which appertained to their condition previous to the disastrous event alluded to.

And although some of the worst characters have been sentenced to various periods of confinement and hard labour, is such punishment unknown to the constitution of England? Do the records of our criminal courts afford no examples of this method of punishing the guilty, and restraining them from the commission of further crimes? Private and public whipping, imprisonment and hard labour, the tread-mill, solitary confinement, transportation for various periods, and hanging are, it is humbly submitted, recognised by the judges of this free and happy country, and are severally inflicted upon the denizens with far greater severity than was ever heard of in the West Indies. Look, for instance, at the special commissions lately sitting throughout England. Away, then, with this cant and hypocrisy;—let the real state of the question be publicly

* Since writing the above, several other instances of equally disgusting barbarity have been recorded.

known, and there can be no doubt the ranks of the humbug societies will be thinned, and the Colonies preserved.

From what has been already urged, it will, it must surely be admitted, that even should the proprietor or his representative be inclined to act in a despotic or barbarous manner, he is restrained by the laws. This is more especially the case in the new colonies, whither official "Protectors of Slaves" have been sent; but it would be difficult to produce an instance in *any* of the islands, where the local magistrate has refused to take cognizance of the complaint of the slave, or where the mere simple circumstance of being white has protected an individual in the commission of a crime. What then do the Anti-Slavery Society aim at? Clearly the destruction of the Colonies! This, indeed, in some of the resolutions lately published by these crusaders, is openly acknowledged; for the smooth-tongued idiots declare, that the very ameliorations which have been introduced, and which have had the effect, so unlooked for by the malignant traducers, of rendering the negro contented with his lot, ought to be considered a further reason for insisting upon immediate and unconditional emancipation. What can be expected from such consummate absurdity? The natural effects of improvement in the moral and physical condition of man, is to render him contented in a great measure with the lot in which his station of life may be cast; this truism has been exemplified to an unparalleled extent amongst the Creole, and indeed the African population of our colonies at large. But this very circumstance, fraught as it is with substantial advantage to the negro, is converted into a crime against his proprietor, and the happiness visible in their every action, even to the most casual observer—which happiness, it must be remembered, has gradually and progressively advanced with their moral improvement—this very happiness—will it be believed? is not attributed to the proper source, namely, the superior capacity for enjoyment, which religious instruction has produced; but to the increased moral debasement of the human character as exhibited in the slave, which prevents him feeling the degradation of his situation.

So much for the candour of the "faction." So much for the influence which the vaunted Christianity of these libellers has upon their lives! Their conduct may be looked upon as one great practical lie; their declamation, even the best of them, as

> "A tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

In fact, were it not for the mischief which might result from suffering their reiterated charges to pass unrefuted, it would be wise to leave the tadpoles, with Buxton and Otway Cave at their head, to dabble in the slimy pool where they were generated.

By the way, the latter gentleman, whose Utopian theories on the Colonial question were rather contemptuously treated by his late honourable compeers in Parliament, especially that one wherein he volunteered himself as *Nigrorum arida nutrix*, has been kicked out of the commission of the peace as unqualified for the office. Poor creature! defeated at Leicester, where, indeed, he was ashamed to show his face after his conduct to the corporation; he intended, (as Foote observes in one of his farces,) to display his dignity at "turnpike meetings, sessions, petty and quarter," amongst the native Irish; but, alas! even here he is foiled; and, shorn of his parliamentary and magisterial honours, it is very questionable whether his orations will be tolerated longer, either at the Freemasons' Tavern, or love-feasts at Bagnigge Wells.

It is time, however, to return to a more worthy subject, and view the industrious negro accumulating property to an extent unknown among the lower classes of this community. And that this is the case is a fact too well established for even the most hardened impudence of the most violent twaddler to attempt to deny, or even indirectly to controvert.

The sources from which the annexed details are drawn, are, it must be allowed by all parties, unexceptionable. For no one has ever ventured to impugn the testimony of Mr.

M'Queen; and Mr. Hakewell could have no interest whatever in forging an untruth. And the writer of this can himself bear testimony to the adduced facts, having, in numerous instances, witnessed similar accumulations of property during his residence in the West Indies.

Mr. M'Queen, the most conscientious and able defender that ever stood forward for the protection of the rights and immunities of the Colonists, in reply to the mischievous and untenable falsehood, that "the negroes are *driven* to their work, and compelled to labour under the lash on *Sunday*,* in order to procure a maintenance for themselves;" declares, "that the slaves in our colonies are not in the miserable state they are represented, which is evident from the money many of them are known to possess. "I have known," continues that gentleman, "negroes who had above one hundred joes (160*l.*) ready money. I have heard of them, who had much more. Several are known to possess slaves, as is indeed shewn from the Dominica report." The proprietor of an estate in St. Vincent's writes, "my negroes, with the privileges allowed them, make for themselves, every year, *five times* the amount allowed by proprietors and farmers in Britain; and I could take an even bet, that many of our negroes have more ready money by them than any set of labouring people in the world. I shall state what took place on my own estate, when the new coinage arrived. They were informed of the act, and told that, to save them the trouble of going to the treasury for exchanging the old for the new, if they brought it to me (others did the same) I would exchange it for them. They accordingly generally did so. One man had forty dollars, and his wife (the wife always keeps a separate purse,) twenty-five and a half dollars; and many of them eight, ten, and fifteen dollars each, which sums are known, moreover, not to be *one-third* of what they are worth. Of this I have had sure data; for, some years ago, when the joes were called in, these very people gave me, some five, some seven, and one man nine joes. How many of your peasantry, or small farmers in Britain, could muster such sums as these?"

"That this statement is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, can be amply proved, from what took place in Demerara under precisely similar circumstances. About four or five years since, the principal small coin in circulation consisted of Danish bitt, and two bitt pieces, which were adulterated to such an extent, that a most profitable traffic was carried on in the importation of this base metallic currency. The *actual* being scarcely one-third of the *nominal* value of the coin. Notwithstanding this glaring evil, which had existed for many years, no steps had been taken by government to produce a salutary change in the monetary system. In other words, the colonists had not been blest by the watchful superintendence of a *Peel.* During this period, vast sums had been accumulated by the slaves, and upon a revision of the system, when the base coin was called in by a government proclamation, the doors of the office appointed for the exchange were absolutely besieged, and the property of this description in possession of the negroes, was found to amount to many hundred pounds!

Mr. Hakewell's account is still more striking, and of such a satisfactory description that it is impossible to withhold it from the public. It is, indeed, scarcely conceivable that even the inveterate malice of the Aldermanbury junta can convert the following circumstance into a charge against the planter, or adduce it as an evidence of the mental enthralment and debased condition of the negro. Perhaps, indeed, it would be better for their reputation amongst men, if they practised a little of that

* The Legislature of St. Vincent's may speak for the whole West Indies on this head; they give "a most positive and flat denial to that cruel and unmanly calumny, that the slaves, instead of being allowed the exercise of their religious duties on the Lord's Day, are driven, by the command of their masters, to labour on that day of rest to all other beings, in the provision grounds, to raise a maintenance for themselves: this is one of the *falsehoods,* which the very propagators of it must have known to be so, because it is impossible that the most depraved of their spies in the island of St. Vincent's would venture to assert as a fact, that which every negro in the colony could, if questioned, falsify; which is also most effectually done by the eighth *section* of the New Slave Law."

truly honourable principle displayed by the Eboe woman. At all events, the *real* friends of the slaves cannot but rejoice to see such a mutual good feeling existing between them and their proprietors. But to the point—

"With regard to their comforts, it is to be remarked, that nearly the whole of the markets of Jamaica are supplied with every species of vegetables and fruit by the overplus of the negroes' produce, by which traffic they acquire considerable riches. On Holland estate, in St. Thomas in the East, the property of G. W. Taylor, Esq., M.P., the negroes keep a boat, which trades regularly between that place and Kingston with the surplus, and these grumble as much at the low price of yams and plantains, as an English farmer at the fall of corn.

"Riding in that neighbourhood at Christmas the author met a negro driving a mule heavily laden; this man was head cattleman in Batchelor's Hall Pen, belonging to C. Arcedeckne, Esq., an appendage to his fine estate of Golden Grove. He had been at Mount Bay for his Christmas stock, and had purchased a cask of wine, a ham, and many other luxuries, which, with his poultry of every description, of which he had abundance, and the estate allowance of fresh beef, would enable him to keep open house for three days for all his acquaintance. This man, being an expert cattle doctor, had frequently leave of absence, and, at his return, at the lapse of a fortnight, would bring home a very considerable sum of money. This is an indulgence granted very generally to expert and well-disposed negroes on the principal grazing farms; but even those apparently the least capable may accumulate large sums. Being on a visit in the neighbourhood of Arcadia estate, in Trelawney, the author was told that an old woman had brought the attorney a large sum of money, to be sent to the proprietor in England, as her free gift. Though he doubted neither the possibility, nor the credit of the story, he was nevertheless willing to have it from the best authority; and, being at Benfield, the residence of W. Miller, Esq., attorney to Arcadia estate, he made enquiries of him. Mr. Miller directed the book of Arcadia estate to be brought, and pointed to the following entry:—

"August 2, 1820.—This sum, received of an old Eboe negro woman, named Maria, to be transmitted to England for the benefit of her young master.

In dollars	£72
In macaronees . .	40
In tenpences . . .	20
Three doubloons . .	16
Small change . .	2
	£150

"Mr. Miller remonstrated with her upon her wish to send so large a sum from her family, but she only replied that she had enough left for them and to bury herself; how much more she might have had was never enquired into. The occasion of this donation was the report which had reached her that the estate was going to be sold; and, imagining that a portion of her savings might be of use to her owner, she thus generously offered them. Now, this was an old imported negress; and it proves incontestably two facts: first, that she must have been amply supplied with every comfort of life, to have been able to sell so much provision, (the only mode she had of acquiring money); and, secondly, she must have been well treated, or she would not have made so affecting a return of gratitude."

But it is useless to multiply cases of the riches of negroes; they are known, not unfrequently, to lend large sums of money to the whites upon interest: and the author has not the slightest hesitation in placing them far above our own labouring population in the scale of positive natural enjoyments. Mr. Hakewell adds, that, "during a residence of eighteen months on the island, during which time he visited every parish, remaining on some estates for one day only, (a time too short to change any system of severity an overseer might have adopted,) on others for two months, (a period during which no deception could be kept up,) he can confidently aver, that he never witnessed any infliction of a cruel or unmanly punishment."

It has been thought advisable to fortify the position assumed, by such strong collateral evidence, in consequence of the factious attack, which the reported cruelty of the planter has invariably called forth, at the hands of the anti-colonists. If additional facts as to the real condition of the black population is sought, there is no other unpolluted source to apply to, except the official returns of the various governors and officers in the West Indies. It can, however, be confidently affirmed, that the statements above made would, with a very slight variation, be rendered applicable to all the colonies. An industrious negro, indeed, makes on an average from fifteen to twenty pounds per annum, and instances are not rare, where thirty pounds have been saved. If the Anti-Slavery So-

ciety, or rather those whom that self-righteous faction have succeeded in imposing upon, by their malevolent fictions, still doubt the accuracy of the account, let them apply to the attorney of Rome and Houston in Demerary, or the representatives of Messrs. Bailey and Porter, in the same colony; or, if it be more agreeable to themselves, to the ecclesiastical reports, and minutes of the Society for the Conversion of Negroes; and they will find every item confirmed.*

Considerable doubts, it must be confessed, have arisen upon this head, but they are attributable to the supineness with which the individuals most interested have seen the calumnies propagated throughout the country. "For mankind is too apt to credit whatever may appear disadvantageous to others; and especially where silence may be construed into acquiescence in the justice of the charge. It is therefore incumbent upon the West Indians to put their shoulder to the wheel, and endeavour to place their situation in a favourable point of view. At all events, they ought not to rely entirely on the goodness of their cause, which daily occurrences prove will have but little weight with the public, who are hoodwinked by a meddling, designing, and inveterate faction—a faction prolific in conceiving plans for their destruction, and persevering in carrying those plans into effect.

The proof that the negroes are not only capable of possessing, but have actually accumulated large sums of money, and other property, being thus fully established, it is now only necessary to shew that they are protected by law in retaining it in their own hands, or disposing of it as they think proper. For the candid and impartial examiner the well authenticated case of the Eboe woman, cited above, would be quite sufficient: but there unfortunately exists a class of men, who, so far from being anxious to arrive at truth, appear, on all occasions, desirous of continuing in error; admirers, in a word, of the *errare mallem* doctrine;—men, who would rather witness the destruction of every white man in the West Indies, than swerve one jot or tittle from their rooted prejudices—who are bigotted to a set of opinions maintained without any regard to facts, by a coterie of knavish manœuvrers, to gratify their own views, or maintain a favourite theory. For the information of these persons, if they are not resolved to remain in a state of utter ignorance upon this point, the subjoined notices from official documents, bearing immediately upon it, have been extracted. In 1828, a bill passed the House of Assembly, in Barbados, for the express purpose of "granting further protection and security to slaves, and for establishing a summary mode of proceeding for recovery of debts due, and owing to and from slaves, &c." During the same year, an act for securing the property of slaves, was ratified in St. Kitts and Nevis; similar laws having been recognized in Trinidad and the other colonies, either before or about that time. The reports of the protectors of slaves, moreover, will of themselves, be found of the highest importance to the argument; and that no slur may be cast upon such testimony, the statement of Mr. Power, the protector of slaves in Berbice, a tool of the anti-slavery party, shall take precedence. From this, it is seen, that, in the space of six months, in the newly established Savings' Bank, (of which the negroes are, by the bye, very suspicious,) no less a sum than three hundred and thirty-five pounds, four shillings sterling, had been deposited! In Trinidad, again, about the same period, and under precisely similar circumstances, fourteen hundred dollars had been deposited—nor are the negroes of the other colonies at all behind in thus taking advantage of the means of increasing their stores. It would be superfluous to enter into a lengthened detail of the proceedings of every legislative assembly in the West Indies, if scepticism is so deeply seated as still to remain unmoved, no other remedy can be prescribed than a so-

* About three years since, a negro woman belonging to the Nonpareil Estate, in the parish of St. Paul, Demerary, died possessed of property of various descriptions, to the amount of upwards of five hundred pounds; and many houses in George Town are the property of slaves, or persons lately liberated, who trade as huxters or keep small shops.

journ of some months in the trans-atlantic colonies, or a careful and unprejudiced perusal of the official dispatches of the several governors and protectors of slaves, and the parliamentary reports founded upon them.

The charge, that the slave has no protection against the vengeance or ill-temper of a cruel and profligate master, has been so far incidentally refuted in the foregoing observations, as to obviate the necessity of any formal recurrence to the subject. And indeed the best course to be pursued, will possibly be to condense some portion of the admirable reply of Mr. M'Queen to this calumny, especially as the writer can, from personal observation, vouch for the authenticity of every particular. The naked truth then is, as the anti-colonial party well know, that the *labour*, the *food*, and the *punishment* of slaves, are all regulated by fixed laws, enacted by, and under the delegated authority of the Sovereign of Great Britain and his council, and subject to their revision and control. The violation of these laws, also, comes under their cognizance by review, if supposed or suspected, to be erroneously or partially administered. As to the labour—food—and punishment, established by these laws, no case has ever been made out, (*hear, hear, hear, ye puritans of Aldermanbury!*) that the first is too hard!—the second too little!!—or the third too severe!!! And any attempt to violate these laws in *any respect*, is readily cognizable, and the slaves *invariably* find a *ready and certain redress.*

Of the punishments to which the negroes are liable for misdemeanours, flogging and confinement are alone allowed by the law. And females are never subjected to the former, although the contrary is repeatedly asserted both at public meetings and the private associations of the pseudo-philanthropists. But what is the dreadful instrument with which this punishment is inflicted; not, courteous reader, the cart-whip—not a fac simile of Pownall's gigantic instrument, (purchased from a Smithfield drover,) exhibited at the raree shows of the saints, where the said gentleman enacts the character of fool or merry Andrew—not even the cat-o'-nine tails, used on the backs of British soldiers and sailors—but a slight whip similar to that used for the identical purpose amongst the Jews, and also amongst the Romans, for punishing criminal slaves, or persons suspected of being slaves, as may be seen in the writings of the apostle St. Paul, as well as the heathen historians. But the punishment awarded to the idle and disorderly negro, seldom reaches, even in flagrant cases, to the Jewish *maximum*, of "*forty stripes save one.*"

Farther, no white man in a subordinate station, much less a black man, is on any account allowed to strike or punish a negro, whether guilty of an offence or not. If a negro is charged with any serious crime, he always is entitled to a fair and regular trial, and is never punished without an impartial hearing; and although in different colonies, the modes of procedure vary, they all amount to, and guarantee equal protection and security to the slave. One of the sections, indeed, of an Act passed in St. Vincent's, declares that if a planter be convicted of having either *per alium* or *per se* inflicted any uncalled-for severity upon a negro, he shall be amenable to the courts of justice, who are empowered to declare such negro free, and discharged from all manner of servitude whatever, and to order and direct the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, to be paid by the offender to the treasurer, or his lawful deputy, who shall pay to the slave, so made free, the sum of fifteen pounds per annum, for his maintenance and support during life. Surely the individuals who clamour for immediate and unqualified emancipation, must be totally ignorant of the existence of such salutary laws, or they would never dare to utter such abominable slanders against the Colonists?*

But enough has been said for the

* In Edwards's history of the West Indies, a work not generally considered as most favourable to the planter, it is asserted that "a person convicted of assaulting a negro, was sentenced to pay a fine of 20*l.* to the king, and to be imprisoned in the common gaol one week, or until the payment of the fine; another to be publicly flogged in the

present, let the "*Mendici, mimæ, balatronum hoc genus omne,*" who compose the "beggarly account of empty *heads,*" constituting the committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, for the present, digest the foregoing. Much more remains behind. Their pamphlets "producing nothing but flybane and a cobweb,"* are worthy of the writers from whom they emanate; they appear the substance which was shadowed forth by Swift, in his *Tale of a Tub,* "they writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said—and said nothing." "*Oh, Jupiter! tantamne esse in animo inscitiam!*"†

The crisis, however, is at hand; parliament will in a very few days meet, under the auspices of the new ministry, which numbers amongst its members several, including the Lord Chancellor, who are pledged to advocate the cause of unconditional emancipation. Every individual, therefore, having a shilling at stake, as well as every man of sound understanding, who perceives in the visionary schemes of besotted enthusiasts the certain destruction of our colonies, and consequent ruin of thousands of British subjects, distinguished alike for intelligence and enterprise, is imperatively called upon to watch the intrigues, and expose the calumnies which, in the shape of petitions, have already loaded the tables of both houses of parliament. No efforts, indeed, ought to be spared, no arguments left untried, to convince his Majesty's Government of the false impressions under which they must of necessity labour, by giving implicit credence to the overcharged and malicious (to say the least of them) statements of the condition of the slaves in the West Indies, made by persons pledged to their ruin. The consequences which cannot fail to result from a perseverance in such measures, must be displayed in the strongest colours. For the first object should be to make an impression in the right quarter, since, however weak and incapable a Whig administration, although composed of "all the talents," may be, it is scarcely conceivable, that even that "*caput insanabile,*" will hazard the loss of the most valuable possessions of the crown, by adhering to a line of policy, which must inevitably terminate fatally, both for the government and nation. In a word, the representations of the colonial legislatures must supersede the cant and jargon of ignorant enthusiasts; and, in the language of the COUNCIL of one of the islands, "the wild, indigested, and intemperate theories of bigots and fanatics, must no longer be permitted to influence the colonial councils of the nation, and in their stead are required those temperate, unbiassed, and rational measures, the offspring of masculine, calculating minds—the energies of decided unshackled statesmen. Men who have been taught to distinguish between the pure religion of God, and the base and adulterated faith of fanatical sectarians and enthusiasts; men who know how to distinguish between the general morality of wisdom and goodness, and the spurious system of ethics, which passes at its own door, unaided, and without notice, countless thousands, immersed in positive wretchedness and woe, to engage in a distant pursuit of uncertain and doubtful distress, and which craves and hungers after false and delusive projects of humanity, which the propagators would adopt and enforce, at the expense of the personal anguish of millions, or although they should, in their attempt, undermine and jeopardize that fabric of national prosperity and happiness, reared by centuries of the labour and ability of our ancestors."

It may be proper in conclusion, to observe that the proceedings in the present parliament hitherto, have not tended in any degree to allay the fears of the West Indians. The new ministers have not at present ventured to introduce the subject, but the first of March is appointed for that purpose, although no definite project has been announced. And Lord Broug-

beef market; and a third for cruelly beating his slave, to forfeit 100*l.*, to be confined six months in the borough gaol, and afterwards find security for his good behaviour." And in June, 1818, Mr. Boydon, having been convicted of branding his slave, was sentenced to be imprisoned six months, and the negro was immediately declared free!!!

* "The Battle of the Books." † Terence.

ham from the woolsack, and some small politicians of the Gratiano class, who "talk an infinite deal of nothing," are to a great extent compromised. Unless, therefore, matters of nearer and deeper interest engross all their attention, the ears of both honourable houses will be stunned with details of their visionary schemes, founded on the thousands of petitions, (principally of single fanatics,) which have been already poured into parliament. It is to be hoped, however, that the *true state* of West India Slavery having, through the medium of this and other publications been clearly demonstrated, no hasty measures will be adopted.

But a word or two by way of illustration of the proceedings of the honest Iagos, of the Anti-Slavery Society. It is painful to feel under the necessity of recurring to the case of Missionary Smith, still as the charge of persecution continues to be reiterated, not only as regards that miserable man, but also in the case of others of similar pretensions, it ought to be understood that the individual character of these persons alone, subject them to any degree of surveillance; and that ulterior measures have in no case been resorted to, save where misconduct has been too flagrant to be overlooked, and principles dangerous to the very existence of the planters disseminated. Again, with regard to the cruelties exercised upon this incendiary, it is notorious that he was treated in every respect with the greatest delicacy, even after his condemnation. He never was in prison, although in custody; and the place of his confinement was an apartment in the Colony House, generally appropriated to the members of the government, where he was supplied with every comfort he could desire, and had only to express his wishes to have them attended to.

Of Elliot, the *fidus Achates* of Smith, it would be wise both for his friends and the Anti-Slavery cabal to hold their peace. A tale could be related of certain proceedings, both in George Town and upon the west coast of the Demerara River, which would fully justify, even to the saints themselves, any apparent severity towards such fellows. This casual notice will, perhaps, suffice; for if the public are to be imposed upon by fulsome panegyrics on the most flagrant delinquents, no false delicacy ought to deter those, who have it in their power, from exposing the utter worthlessness of such pseudo-martyrs, whose supposed sufferings cannot fail to make considerable impression upon the public mind, unless they are unequivocally contradicted.

It is necessary to speak thus openly upon this point, from observing that at most of the Anti-Slavery meetings held during the preceding autumn, an exhibition of one of these martyrs in the cause of spreading the gospel has taken place. On one occasion, at a town in Suffolk, a poor starveling from Jamaica, at least such he was represented to be, delivered a speech, which emanated from Aldermanbury, wherein the most unmeasured abuse was heaped upon the planters, and the state of the unhappy blacks painted in the most gloomy colours. This man, even by his own confession, had been fined for misconduct, and in all probability was dismissed the colony, from fear of his producing effects in that quarter similar to those which had resulted from precisely the same intemperate zeal, to say the least of it, in the opposite extremity of the West Indies.

But these are not the only dishonest practices to which the "faction" have recourse. Every effort is made to exclude all but their known friends from taking any part in the discussions held at the aggregate assemblies of hypocrites and traducers. Even if one of their own party ventures to propose some resolution or suggest an amendment, based upon accurate knowledge of the subject, or a just estimation of the sources from which the details laid before the society have been drawn, he is either unattended to, or, in parliamentary phrase, coughed down. And should an avowed enemy of the trickery and humbug stand up in defence of his slandered and much injured fellow-countrymen, he is attacked on all sides, and, let his character or calling, his knowledge of facts, and opportunities of witnessing all he vouches for, have been ever so great, he is pronounced a friend of slavery, and enemy of the rights and privileges of his spe-

cies a foe to God and Christ, a disgrace to his country; in fact, "anathema maranatha" is pronounced against him, and he is fortunate if the fanaticism of these pure, immaculate, and truly Christian men abstain from personal violence. It must be confessed, however, that there is not much to fear from

> "These big brawling bullies, that bellow and bawl."

Assassins seldom venture to attack a man in open day, and it is much more in accordance with the principles, (if such a word is admitted into the vocabulary of Aldermanbury,) of this liberal junta, to stab the reputation of their neighbour in the dark, than openly to bring forward a charge, which may be met and rebutted in the eyes of the world.

Nor do they stop here: speeches are manufactured, or skeletons, after the fashion of that Archsaint, Simeon, which are to be filled up according to the inventive genius of the selected orator, wherein the worst traits of character, of the most profligate villains recorded in history, are indiscriminately applied to the West India planters, and these are invariably received with yells of applause by the sanguinary crew who have declared themselves prepared to cheer the slaves on to the assassination of their owners.

There remains, however, one consideration, which, in the midst of so much that is gloomy and disheartening, ought to raise the drooping spirits of the West India proprietors. The present first Lord of the Treasury is as much pledged to give the most serious consideration to the subject, as the Lord Chancellor is to hurry it to a crisis; and the President of the Council formerly expressed himself in the strongest language against any interference in the vested rights of the colonists. Earl Grey, when in the Lower House, said, "It would certainly never be argued in that House, that the West India Islands were not an important part of the British Empire, and that *their interests* did not deserve the most *serious consideration.*"—*Lord Howick, Feb.* 10, 1807, *Parl. Debates.*

And the Marquis of Lansdowne, in the same place, declared that, "to emancipate the negroes would not be to add to their happiness, even if the *Legislature had a right to interfere* with the property of the *Colonies.*"—*Lord H. Petty, March* 17, 1807, *Parl. Debates.*

With such recorded opinions, it can hardly be imagined that any very obnoxious measures will be attempted during the official government of these noblemen. And when to this is added, the decisive steps taken by the inhabitants of the Mauritius, even upon a rumour of the intentions of the Government, and the effect that such an example must have in the West Indies, the planters may hope that an impartial inquiry will be instituted, and that the implicit credence given by the ignorant rabble, to the gross misrepresentations of an interested party, will not be followed by well informed statesmen.

If, indeed, the numerous petitions got up by the emissaries of the Anti-Slavery Society were analysed, and the means by which the thoughtless are entrapped to swell the number of signatures, exposed, much good would result to the cause of the planter. At a meeting, for instance, lately held at Saffron Walden, a superannuated tailor, an ascetic miller, and two or three dissenting brawlers, with Pownall, the fugleman of the Aldermanbury troop, were the only speakers; in fact there were not fifty individuals present; and all, to a man, declared that they derived their information solely from the Anti-Slavery reporters, which, for a week or two previous, had been industriously circulated. The petition emanating from this body, is trumpeted forth as the petition of the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. Many of the petitions have but *one* signature!

But if such proceedings are to be deprecated, what terms can be found sufficiently strong to express the indignation which all honest men must feel, at the conduct of the empirics at Bury St. Edmunds. In that town, about four months since, (the writer, be it remembered, was an eye-witness,) a large placard was exhibited in the market-place, on the market day, calling upon the public to petition against the *Slave Trade!* By which manœuvre many ignorant persons were induced to add their names to

a document prepared for entirely different objects. What however could be expected from men, who pin their faith upon the sleeve of a missionary, who suffered fine and imprisonment for misconduct in Jamaica, and his worthy coadjutor and fellow labourer in the meeting-house, who is at once currier, preacher, and leather-cutter.

Mr. Orton, the missionary above alluded to, has so often intruded himself upon the public, and is considered by the Anti-Slavery Society as such a precious jewel, that a few words "anent him," will not be irrelevant, especially as he may be considered a fair specimen of the traders in falsehood, whose chief business it is to traduce the planter. Like some of the penny-a-line gentlemen, he fattens on a tale of cruelty, and the natural death of a negro is convertible into a dinner, at least by a little embellishment;—he exclaims in such cases with the poet,

> "Besides the story, whether false or true,
> Might fill my belly, and—my pockets too."

Relying on the ignorance of his hearers, he makes a point of asserting that sectarian ministers have suffered fine and imprisonment for venturing to preach to slaves, and he generally contrives to have some voucher at hand, either in his friend the *currier*, or some other discontented and slanderous quack.

But Orton himself, and to this source all his bitterness of invective against the planter may be traced, became amenable to the law when in Jamaica. Not, as he would have it believed, for praying with the negroes, but for preaching in an unlicensed house, and at unlawful hours: and how stands the law in this country? Are not houses and preachers compelled to obtain a license?—Besides, it appears by an act of the house of assembly, that "under pretence of offerings and contributions, large sums of money and other chattels have been extorted by designing men, professing to be teachers of religion, practising on the ignorance and superstition of the negroes in this island, to their great loss and impoverishment," &c. Was it not high time then to put a stop to this crying evil? Whether this Orton belonged to the worthies alluded to in the act or not, is of no consequence—he violated the law, was justly punished, and now spits his venom upon the body of planters at large. Indeed, from all the information that can be collected, he appears to have been a worthy brother of the incendiary Smith—"*Arcades ambo.*"

The decrease of the population, and waste of human life in the colonies from over labour, and want of proper nourishment, being a continual subject of detraction, and no inconsiderable cause of excitement, the subjoined accurate description of an estate will be perhaps the most effectual check to the future propagation of such accusations, and place the condition of the negro in its proper point of view.

The estate is situated in the Island of Jamaica, and consists of a freehold of 1,374 acres of land, on which are located 338 negroes and people of colour, and it maintains about 300 head of stock. Of this

230	Acres are in Canes.
644	. . . in Grass.
447	. . . Negro grounds.
5	. . . Bamboos.
8	. . . Dwell.-house & grounds.
5	. . . Works.
5	. . . Negro houses.
30	. . . Burial ground.
1,374	

The four hundred and forty-seven acres occupied by the negroes, and entirely belonging to them, cost the proprietor 20*l.* currency per acre, or about 7,000*l.* sterling!!!

STATE OF THE NEGROES.

From 60	to 88 years of age	18 Males	8 Females	26
40	— 60	46 Males	59 Females	105
20	— 40	44 Males	36 Females	80

From 10 to 20	33 Males	}	67
	34 Females		
Infants — 10	32 Males	}	60
	28 Females		
	338		338

In 1815, when the slaves where principally imported Africans, there was an excess of 47 males
in 1820, 38 ditto
1826, 25 ditto
1829, 16 ditto

And there are on the property at present,
67 African males
53 ditto females
—
120

Mothers and children living on the estate Dec. 31, 1829, last return—

1 woman with .	5	11 children	38	
1 ditto . . .		8 ditto		
1 ditto . . .		7 ditto		
2 ditto . . .		6 each		12
2 ditto . . .		5 —		10
7 ditto . . .		4 —		28
10 ditto . . .		3 —		30
18 ditto . . .		2 —		36
19 ditto . . .		1 —		19
				161

'Mothers having six children are exempted from hard labour, and their owners from taxes for such, by xii. clause Jamaica consolidated Slave Act, 1816.

To which, to convict those who assert that the population of our slave colonies is on the decrease, and that the exhausted and overwrought negro sinks, ere he has attained the prime of life, into a premature grave, is added the following abstract of births and deaths for three years, wherein the ages of the deceased are recorded.

Deaths upon the estate in 1827-28-29.

1 male aged	85
1 ditto	71
1 female	57
2 males	62
1 male	57
1 ditto	50
1 ditto	47
1 female	46
1 male	37
1 ditto	33
1 girl	17
4 children	
16 deaths.	

Births.

1827	6
1828	10
1829	8
	24

Increase—*eight*, which, as the sexes equalize, will undoubtedly become greater.

To the above analysis, the readers of this Magazine are particularly requested to pay strict attention, as a practical illustration of this nature is of more importance than a dozen of the most cogent arguments, where existing prejudices are to be conquered.

Gunnell and Shearman, 13, Salisbury Square, London.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XIV. MARCH, 1831. Vol. III.

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LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;

JOHN BOYD, EDINBURGH; AND

GRANT & CO. DUBLIN.

M.DCCC.XXXI.

VOTE BY BALLOT.—THE "REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM."

The article, in our last Number, on the "Vote by Ballot," has elicited many testimonies of approbation, in various quarters but its highest praise is to be found in the columns of an opposing journal. In the *Examiner* of February 19, some propositions appeared, referring directly to the difficulties we had described—which plainly recognise the strength of our leading objection—endeavouring, at the same time, to obviate them by a series of precautions, the most ludicrous that can well be conceived. We quote their very words:

"A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* very modestly says: 'he has a right to assume that canvassing would continue if the Ballot were adopted.'

"The warmest friend to the Ballot may safely admit, that, without *proper regulations*, it may be both *useless* and *mischievous*."

The following "*proper regulations*" are then proposed

"1. Canvassing should be *prohibited*; and a candidate canvassing, or employing others to canvass, should be *disqualified to sit in Parliament*."

"2. The previous promise of votes, whether *voluntarily* or on solicitation, should be *prohibited*; and the elector making such a promise should be *disqualified to vote*."

"3. Every voter, before being allowed to vote, should be required to *answer on oath* the following questions: Have you been canvassed by any person, and whom, and in whose presence? Have you given any promise, directly or indirectly, to vote for any particular person? If the first of these questions were answered in the affirmative, *the voter*, and the other witnesses, if any, should be *bound over to prosecute*. If the last question were also answered affirmatively the vote should be rejected, as that of an unqualified person."

"4. Part of the electors' oath should be, that he would *never let any person know for whom he had voted*; and the pretended disclosure of a vote given, should be *punishable as perjury*."

Upon these terms we strike the bargain. We are content that, when these very "*proper regulations*" can be combined with it, Vote by Ballot shall be enacted. Without these, however, let it be remembered, that even the *Examiner* confesses that the Ballot may be "both *useless* and *mischievous*."

The only difficulty, we fear, will be, to find any body of men, out of Bedlam, to enact these rules; or any body of electors, either in Bedlam or out of it, to submit to them, when enacted.

*** Regina, be it observed, is this Month much more solid in flesh than is her wont. But she could not appear in any other fashion. She was desirous of declaring her opinions on many of the topics of this eventful period, and her readers will no doubt think that she has done so with effect.

O. Y.

// FRASER'S MAGAZINE
FOR
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SCHILLER.*

To the student of German Literature, or of Literature in general, these volumes, purporting to lay open the private intercourse of two men eminent beyond all others of their time in that department, will doubtless be a welcome appearance. Neither Schiller nor Goethe has ever, that we have hitherto seen, written worthlessly on any subject; and the writings here offered us are confidential Letters, relating moreover to a highly important period in the spiritual history, not only of the parties themselves, but of their country likewise; full of topics, high and low, on which far meaner talents than theirs might prove interesting. We have heard and known so much of both these venerated persons; of their friendship, and true co-operation in so many noble endeavours, the fruit of which has long been plain to every one: and now are we to look into the secret constitution and conditions of all this; to trace the public result, which is Ideal, down to its roots in the Common; how Poets may live and work poetically among the Prose things of this world, and *Fausts* and *Tells* be written on rag-paper, and with goose-quills, like mere Minerva Novels, and Songs by a Person of Quality! Virtuosos have glass bee-hives, which they curiously peep into; but here truly were a far stranger sort of honey-making. Nay, apart from virtuosoship, or any technical object, what a hold have such things on our universal curiosity as men! If the sympathy we feel with one another is infinite, or nearly so,—in proof of which, do but consider the boundless ocean of Gossip (imperfect, undistilled Biography) which is emitted and imbibed by the human species daily;—if every secret-history, every closed-doors' conversation, how trivial soever, has an interest for us, then might the conversation of a Schiller with a Goethe, so rarely do Schillers meet with Goethes among us, tempt Honesty itself into eaves-dropping.

Unhappily the conversation flits away for ever with the hour that witnessed it; and the Letter and Answer, frank, lively, genial as they may be, are only a poor emblem and epitome of it. The living dramatic movement is gone; nothing but the cold historical net-product remains for us. It is true, in every confidential Letter, the writer will, in some measure, more or less directly depict himself: but no where is Painting, by pen or pencil, so inadequate as in delineating spiritual Nature. The Pyramid can be measured in geometric feet, and the draughtsman represents it, with all its environment, on canvas, accurately to the eye; nay, Mont-Blanc is embossed in coloured stucco; and we have his very type, and miniature fac-simile, in our museums. But for great Men, let him who would know such, pray that he may see them daily face to

* *Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Gothe, in den jahren* 1794 *bis* 1805. (Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe in the years 1794—1805). 1st—3d Volumes (1794-97). Stuttgart and Tubingen, 1828-29.

face: for, in the dim distance, and by the eye of the imagination, our vision, do what we may, will be too imperfect. How pale, thin, ineffectual do the great figures we would fain summon from History rise before us! Scarcely as palpable men does our utmost effort body them forth; oftenest only like Ossian's ghosts, in hazy twilight, with "stars dim twinkling thro' their forms." Our Socrates, our Luther, after all that we have talked and argued of them, are to most of us quite invisible; the Sage of Athens, the Monk of Eisleben; not Persons but Titles. Yet such men, far more than any Alps or Coloseums, are the true world-wonders, which it concerns us to behold clearly, and imprint for ever on our remembrance. Great men are the Fire-pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand as heavenly Signs, ever-living witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed, embodied Possibilities of human nature; which greatness he who has never seen, or rationally conceived of, and with his whole heart passionately loved and reverenced, is himself for ever doomed to be little. How many weighty reasons, how many innocent allurements attract our curiosity to such men! We would know them, see them visibly, even as we know and see our like; no hint, no notice that concerns them is superfluous or too small for us. Were Gulliver's conjuror but here, to recall and sensibly bring back the brave Past, that we might look into it, and scrutinize it at will! But, alas, in Nature there is no such conjuring: the great spirits that have gone before us can survive only as disembodied Voices; their form and distinctive aspect, outward and even in many respects inward, all whereby they were known as living, breathing men, has passed into another sphere; from which only History, in scanty memorials, can evoke some faint resemblance of it. The more precious, in spite of all imperfections, is such History, are such Memorials, that still in some degree preserve what had otherwise been lost without recovery.

For the rest, as to the maxim, often enough inculcated on us, that close inspection will abate our admiration, that only the obscure can be sublime, let us put small faith in it. Here, as in other provinces, it is not knowledge, but a little knowledge, that puffeth up, and for wonder at the thing known substitutes mere wonder at the knower thereof: to a sciolist, the starry heavens revolving in dead mechanism, may be less than a Jacob's vision; but to the Newton they are more; for the same God still dwells enthroned there, and holy Influences, like Angels, still ascend and descend; and this clearer vision of a little but renders the remaining mystery the deeper and more divine. So likewise is it with true spiritual greatness. On the whole, that theory of "no man being a hero to his valet," carries us but a little way into the real nature of the case. With a superficial meaning which is plain enough, it essentially holds good only of such heroes as are false, or else of such valets as are too genuine, as are shoulder-knotted and brass-lackered in soul as well as in body: of other sorts it does not hold. Milton was still a hero to the good Elwood. But we dwell not on that mean doctrine, which true or false, may be left to itself the more safely, as in practice it is of little or no immediate import. For were it never so true, yet, unless we preferred huge bugbears to small realities, our practical course were still the same: to inquire, to investigate by all methods, till we saw clearly.

What worth in this biographical point of view, the "Correspondence of Schiller and Goethe" may have, we shall not attempt determining here; the rather as only a portion of the work, and to judge by the space of time included in it, only a small portion, is yet before us. Nay perhaps its full worth will not become apparent till a future age, when the persons and concerns it treats of shall have assumed their proper relative magnitude, and stand disencumbered, and for ever separated from contemporary trivialities, which, for the present, with their hollow. transient bulk, so mar our estimate. Two centuries ago, Leicester and Essex might be the wonders of England; their Kenilworth festivities and Cadiz Expeditions seemed the great occurrences of that day: but what should we now give, were these all forgotten,

and some "Correspondence between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson," suddenly brought to light!

One valuable quality these letters of Schiller and Goethe every where exhibit, that of truth: whatever we do learn from them, whether in the shape of fact or of opinion, may be relied on as genuine. There is a tone of entire sincerity in that style: a constant natural courtesy no where obstructs the right freedom of word or thought; indeed, no ends but honourable ones, and generally of a mutual interest, are before either party; thus neither needs to veil, still less to mask himself from the other; the two self-portraits, so far as they are filled up, may be looked upon as real likenesses. Perhaps, to most readers, some larger intermixture of what we should call domestic interest, of ordinary human concerns, and the hopes, fears, and other feelings these excite, would have improved the work; which as it is, not indeed without pleasant exceptions, turns mostly on compositions, and publications, and philosophies, and other such high matters. This, we believe, is a rare fault in modern Correspondences; where generally the opposite fault is complained of, and except mere temporalities, good and evil hap of the corresponding parties, their state of purse, heart, and nervous system, and the moods and humours these give rise to,—little stands recorded for us. It may be too that native readers will feel such a want less than foreigners do, whose curiosity in this instance is equally minute, and to whom so many details, familiar enough in the country itself, must be unknown. At all events, it is to be remembered that Schiller and Goethe are, in strict speech, Literary Men; for whom their social life is only as the dwelling-place and outward tabernacle of their spiritual life; which latter is the one thing needful; the other, except in subserviency to this, meriting no attention, or the least possible. Besides, as cultivated men, perhaps even by natural temper, they are not in the habit of yielding to violent emotions of any kind, still less of unfolding and depicting such, by letter, even to closest intimates; a turn of mind which, if it diminished the warmth of their epistolary intercourse, must have increased their private happiness, and so, by their friends, can hardly be regretted. He who wears his heart on his sleeve, will often have to lament aloud that daws peck at it: he who does not, will spare himself such lamenting. Of Rousseau's Confessions, whatever value we assign that sort of ware, there is no vestige in this Correspondence.

Meanwhile, many cheerful, honest little domestic touches are given here and there; which we can accept gladly, with no worse censure than wishing that there had been more. But this Correspondence has another and more proper aspect, under which, if rightly considered, it possesses a far higher interest than most domestic delineations could have imparted. It shows us two high, creative, truly poetic minds, unweariedly cultivating themselves, unweariedly advancing from one measure of strength and clearness to another; whereby to such as travel, we say not on the same road, for this few can do, but in the same direction, as all should do, the richest psychological and practical lesson is laid out; from which men of every intellectual degree may learn something, and he that is of the highest degree will probably learn the most. What value lies in this lesson, moreover, may be expected to increase in an increasing ratio as the Correspondence proceeds, and a larger space, with broader differences of advancement comes into view; especially as respects Schiller, the younger and more susceptive of the two; for whom, in particular, these eleven years may be said to comprise the most important era of his culture; indeed, the whole history of his progress therein, from the time when he first found the right path, and properly became progressive.

But to enter farther on the merits and special qualities of these Letters, which, on all hands, will be regarded as a publication of real value, both intrinsic and extrinsic, is not our task now. Of the frank, kind, mutually-respectful relation that manifests itself between the two Correspondents; of their several epistolary styles, and the worth of each, and whatever else characterises this work as a series of biographical documents, or of philosophical views, we may at some

Indeed, had we considered only his importance in German, or we may now say, in European Literature, Schiller might well have demanded an earlier notice in our Journal. As a man of true poetical and philosophical genius, who proved this high endowment both in his conduct, and by a long series of Writings which manifest it to all; nay even as a man so eminently admired by his nation, while he lived, and whose fame, there and abroad, during the twenty-five years since his decease, has been constantly expanding and confirming itself, he appears with such claims as can belong only to a small number of men. If we have seemed negligent of Schiller, want of affection was nowise the cause. Our admiration for him is of old standing, and has not abated, as it ripened into calm, loving estimation. But to English expositors of Foreign Literature, at this epoch, there will be many more pressing duties than that of expounding Schiller. To a considerable extent, Schiller may be said to expound himself. His greatness is of a simple kind; his manner of displaying it is, for most part, apprehensible to every one.—Besides, of all German Writers, ranking in any such class as his, Klopstock scarcely excepted, he has the least nationality: his character indeed is German, if German mean true, earnest, nobly-humane; but his mode of thought, and mode of utterance, all but the mere vocables of it, are European. Accordingly, it is to be observed, no German Writer has had such acceptance with foreigners; has been so instantaneously admitted into favour, at least any favour which proved permanent. Among the French, for example, Schiller is almost naturalized; translated, commented upon, by men of whom Constant is one; even brought upon the stage, and by a large class and wonderland of the other. With ourselves too, who are troubled with no controversies on Romanticism and Classicism—the Bowles controversy on Pope having long since evaporated without result, and all critical guild-brethren now working diligently, with one accord, in the calmer sphere of Vapidism or even Nullism,—Schiller is no less universally esteemed by persons of any feeling for poetry. To readers of German, and these are increasing everywhere a hundred fold, he is one of the earliest studies; and the dullest cannot study him without some perception of his beauties. For the Un-German, again, we have Translations in abundance and superabundance; through which, under whatever distortion, however shorn of his beams, some image of this poetical sun must force itself; and in susceptive hearts, awaken love, and a desire for more immediate insight. So that now, we suppose, anywhere in England, a man who denied that Schiller was a Poet would himself be, from every side, declared a Prosaist, and thereby summarily enough put to silence.

All which being so, the weightiest part of our duty, that of preliminary pleading for Schiller, of asserting rank and excellence for him while a stranger, and to judges suspicious of counterfeits, is taken off our hands. The knowledge of his works is silently and rapidly proceeding; in the only way by which true knowledge can be attained, by loving study of them in many an inquiring, candid mind. Moreover, as remarked above, Schiller's works, generally speaking, require little commentary: for a man of such excellence, for a true Poet, we should say that his worth lies singularly open; nay, in great part of his writings, beyond such open, universally recognisable worth, there is no other to be sought.

Yet doubtless if he is a Poet, a genuine interpreter of the Invisible, Criticism will have a deeper duty to discharge for him. Every Poet, be his outward lot what it may, finds himself born in the midst of Prose; he has to struggle from the littleness and obstruction of an Actual world, into the freedom and infinitude of an Ideal; and the history of such struggle, which is the history of his life, cannot be other than instructive. His is a high, laborious, unrequited, or only self-requited endeavour, which, however, by the law of his being, he is compelled to undertake, and must prevail in, or be permanently wretched; nay the more wretched, the nobler his gifts are. For it is the deep, inborn claim of his whole spiritual nature, and will not and must not go unanswered. His youthful unrest, that "unrest of genius," often so wayward in its character, is the dim anticipation of this; the mysterious, all-powerful mandate, as from Heaven, to prepare himself, to purify himself, for the vocation wherewith he is called. And yet how few can fulfil this mandate, how few ever earnestly give heed to it! Of the thousand jingling dilettanti, whose jingle dies with the hour which it harmlessly or hurtfully amused, we say nothing here: to these, as to the mass of men, such calls for spiritual perfection speak only in whispers, drowned without difficulty in the din and dissipation of the world. But even for the Byron, for the Burns, whose ear is quick for celestial messages, in whom "speaks the prophesying spirit," in awful prophetic voice, how hard is it to "take no counsel with flesh and blood," and instead of living and writing for the Day that passes over them, live and write for the Eternity that rests and abides over them; instead of living commodiously in the Half, the Reputable, the Plausible, "to live resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the True!"* Such Halfness, such halting between two opinions, such painful, altogether fruitless negociating between Truth and Falsehood, has been the besetting sin, and chief misery, of mankind in all ages. Nay, in our age, it has christened itself Moderation, a prudent taking of the middle course; and passes current among us as a virtue. How virtuous it is, the withered condition of many a once ingenuous nature that has lived by this method—the broken or breaking heart of many a noble nature that could not live by it—speak aloud, did we but listen.

And now, when from among so many shipwrecks and misventures one goodly vessel comes to land, we joyfully survey its rich cargo, and hasten to question the crew on the fortunes of their voyage. Among the crowd of uncultivated and miscultivated writers, the high, pure Schiller stands before us with a like distinction. We ask, how was this man successful?—From what peculiar point of view did he attempt penetrating the secret of spiritual Nature?—From what region of Prose rise into Poetry?—Under what outward accidents—with what inward faculties—by what methods—with what result?

For any thorough or final answer to such questions, it is evident enough, neither our own means, nor the present situation of our readers, in regard to this matter, are in any measure adequate. Nevertheless, the imperfect beginning must be made, before the perfect result can appear. Some slight far-off glance over the character of the man, as he looked and lived, in Action and in Poetry, will not, perhaps, be unacceptable from us: for such as know little of Schiller, it may be an opening of the way to better knowledge; for such as are already familiar with him, it may be a stating in words of what they themselves have often thought; and welcome, therefore, as the confirming testimony of a second witness.

Of Schiller's personal history there are accounts in various accessible publications; so that, we suppose, no formal Narrative of his Life, which may now be considered generally known, is necessary here. Such as are curious on the subject, and still uninformed, may find some satisfaction in the *Life of Schiller*, (London, 1824); in the *Vie de Schiller*, (prefixed to the French Translation of his Dramatic Works); in the *Account of Schiller*, (prefixed to the English

* *Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben.*—Goethe.

Translation of his Thirty-Years War, (Edinburgh, 1828); and, doubtless, in many other Essays, known to us only by title. Nay, in the survey we propose to make of his character, practical as well as speculative, the main facts of his outward history will of themselves come to light.

Schiller's Life is emphatically a literary one; that of a man existing only for Contemplation; guided forward by the pursuit of ideal things, and seeking and finding his true welfare therein. A singular simplicity characterizes it—a remoteness from whatever is called business; an aversion to the tumults of business, an indifference to its prizes, grows with him from year to year. He holds no office; scarcely for a little while an University Professorship; he covets no promotion; has no stock of money; and shows no discontent with these arrangements. Nay, when permanent sickness, continual pain of body, is added to them, he still seems happy: these last fifteen years of his life are, spiritually considered, the cleverest and most productive of all. We might say, there is something priest-like in that Life of his: under quite another colour and environment, yet with aims differing in form rather than in essence, it has a priest-like stillness, a priest-like purity; nay, if for the Catholic Faith, we substitute the Ideal of Art, and for Convent Rules, Moral, Æsthetic Laws, it has even something of a monastic character. By the three monastic vows he was not bound: yet vows of as high and difficult a kind, both to do and to forbear, he had taken on him; and his happiness and whole business lay in observing them. Thus immured, not in cloisters of stone and mortar, yet in cloisters of the mind, which separate him as impassably from the vulgar, he works and meditates only on what we may call Divine things; his familiar talk, his very recreations, the whole actings and fancyings of his daily existence, tend thither.

As in the life of a Holy Man, too, so in that of Schiller, there is but one great epoch: that of taking on him these Literary Vows; of finally extricating himself from the distractions of the world, and consecrating his whole future days to Wisdom. What lies before this epoch, and what lies after it, have two altogether different characters. The former is worldly, and occupied with worldly vicissitudes; the latter is spiritual, of calm tenor, marked to himself only by his growth in inward clearness, to the world only by the peaceable fruits of this. It is to the first of these periods that we shall here chiefly direct ourselves.

In his parentage, and the circumstances of his earlier years, we may reckon him fortunate. His parents, indeed, are not rich, nor even otherwise independent: yet neither are they meanly poor; and warm affection, a true honest character, ripened in both into religion, not without an openness for knowledge, and even considerable intellectual culture, makes amends for every defect. The Boy, too, is himself of a character in which, to the observant, lies the richest promise. A modest, still nature, apt for all instruction in heart or head; flashes of liveliness, of impetuosity, from time to time breaking through. That little anecdote of the Thunder-storm is so graceful in its littleness, that one cannot but hope it may be authentic.

"Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunder-storm, his father missed him in the young group within doors; none of the sisters could tell what was become of Fritz, and the old man grew at length so anxious, that he was forced to go out in quest of him. Fritz was scarcely past the age of infancy, and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last, in a solitary place of the neighbourhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes, as in succession they spread their livid gleam over it. To the reprimands of his parent, the whimpering truant pleaded in extenuation, 'that the Lightning was so beautiful, and he wished to see where it was coming from!'"

In his village-school he reads the Classics with diligence, without relish; at home, with far deeper feelings, the Bible; and already his young heart is caught with that mystic grandeur of the Hebrew Prophets. His devout nature, moulded by the pious habits of his parents, inclines him to be a clergyman: a clergyman, indeed, he proved; only the Church he ministered in was the Catholic, a far more Catholic than that false Romish one. But already in his ninth year, not without rapturous

amazement, and a lasting remembrance, he had seen the "splendours of the Ludwigsburg Theatre;" and so, unconsciously, cast a glimpse into that world, where, by accident or natural preference, his own genius was one day to work out its noblest triumphs.

Before the end of his boyhood, however, begins a far harsher era for Schiller; wherein, under quite other nurture, other faculties were to be developed in him. He must enter on a scene of oppression, distortion, isolation; under which, for the present, the fairest years of his existence are painfully crushed down. But this too has its wholesome influences on him; for there is in genius that alchymy which converts all metals into gold; which from suffering educes strength, from error clearer wisdom, from all things good.

"The Duke of Wurtemberg had lately founded a free Seminary for certain branches of professional education: it was first set up at Solitude, one of his country residences; and had now been transferred to Stuttgard, where under an improved form, and with the name of *Karls-schule*, we believe, it still exists. The Duke proposed to give the sons of his military officers a preferable claim to the benefits of this Institution; and having formed a good opinion both of Schiller and his father, he invited the former to profit by this opportunity. The offer occasioned great embarrassment: the young man and his parents were alike determined in favour of the Church, a project with which this new one was inconsistent. Their embarrassment was but increased when the Duke, on learning the nature of their scruples, desired them to think well before they decided. It was out of fear, and with reluctance that his proposal was accepted. Schiller enrolled himself in 1773; and turned, with a heavy heart, from freedom and cherished hopes, to Greek, and seclusion, and Law.

"His anticipations proved to be but too just: the six years which he spent in this Establishment were the most harassing and comfortless of his life. The Stuttgard system of education seems to have been formed on the principle not of cherishing and correcting Nature, but of rooting it out, and supplying its place by something better. The process of teaching and living was conducted with the stiff formality of military drilling; every thing went on by statute and ordinance; there was no scope for the exercise of free will, no allowance for the varieties of original structure. A scholar might possess what instincts or capacities he pleased, the 'regulations of the school' took no account of this; he must fit himself into the common mould, which like the old Giant's bed, stood there appointed by superior authority, to be filled alike by the great and the little. The same strict and narrow course of reading and composition was marked out for each beforehand, and it was by stealth if he read or wrote anything besides. Their domestic economy was regulated in the same spirit as their preceptorial: it consisted of the same sedulous exclusion of all that could border on pleasure, or give any exercise to choice. The pupils were kept apart from the conversation or sight of any person but their teachers; none ever got beyond the precincts of despotism to snatch even a fearful joy; their very amusements proceeded by the word of command.

"How grievous all this must have been it is easy to conceive. To Schiller it was more grievous than to any other. Of an ardent and impetuous, yet delicate nature, whilst his discontentment devoured him internally, he was too modest to give it the relief of utterance by deeds or words. Locked up within himself, he suffered deeply, but without complaining. Some of his Letters written during this period have been preserved: they exhibit the ineffectual struggles of a fervid and busy mind, veiling its many chagrins under a certain dreary patience, which only shows them more painfully. He pored over his lexicons, and grammars, and insipid tasks, with an artificial composure; but his spirit pined within him like a captive's, when he looked forth into the cheerful world, or recollected the affection of parents, the hopes and frolicksome enjoyments of past years."

Youth is to all, the glad season of life; but often only by what it hopes, not by what it attains, or what it escapes. In these sufferings of Schiller's, many a one may say, there is nothing unexampled: could not the history of every Eton Scholar, of every poor Midshipman, with his rudely-broken domestic ties, his privations, persecutions, and cheerless solitude of heart, equal or outdo them? In respect of these its palpable hardships perhaps it might; and be still very miserable. But the hardship which presses heaviest on Schiller lies deeper than all these; out of which the natural fire of almost any young heart will sooner or later rise victorious. His worst oppression is an oppression of the moral sense; a fettering not of the Desires only, but of the pure reasonable Will: for besides all outward

sufferings, his mind is driven from its true aim, dimly yet invincibly felt to be the true one; and turned, by sheer violence, into one which it feels to be false. Not in Law with its profits and dignities; not in Medicine, which he willingly, yet still hopelessly exchanged for Law; not in the routine of any marketable occupation, how gainful or honoured soever, can his soul find content and a home: only in some far purer and higher reign of Activity; for which he has yet no name; which he once fancied to be the Church, which at length he discovers to be Poetry. Nor is this any transient, boyish wilfulness, but a deep-seated, earnest, ineradicable longing, the dim purpose of his whole inner man. Nevertheless as a transient, boyish wilfulness his teachers must regard it, and deal with it; and not till after the fiercest contest, and a clear victory, will its true nature be recognized. Herein lay the sharpest sting of Schiller's ill fortune, his whole mind is wrenched asunder; he has no rallying point in his misery; he is suffering and toiling for a wrong object. "A singular miscalculation of Nature," he says long afterwards, "had combined my poetical tendencies with the place of my birth. Any disposition to Poetry did violence to the laws of the Institution where I was educated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years, my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for Poetry is vehement and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish, it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements that tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unacquainted with the world of realities, from which iron bars excluded me."

Doubtless Schiller's own prudence had already taught him that in order to live poetically, it was first requisite to live; that he should and must, as himself expresses it, "forsake the balmy climate of Pindus for the Greenland of a barren and dreary science of terms." But the dull work of this Greenland once accomplished, he might rationally hope that his task was done; that the "leisure gained by superior diligence," would be his own, for Poetry, or whatever else he pleased. Truly, it was "intolerable and degrading to be hemmed in still farther by the caprices of severe and formal pedagogues." No wonder that Schiller "brooded gloomily" over his situation. But what was to be done? "Many plans he formed for deliverance: sometimes he would escape in secret to catch a glimpse of the free and busy world, to him forbidden: sometimes he laid schemes for utterly abandoning a place which he abhorred, and trusting to fortune for the rest." But he is young, inexperienced, unprovided; without help, or counsel: there is nothing to be done, but endure.

"Under such corroding and continual vexations," says his Biographer, "an ordinary spirit would have sunk at length; would have gradually given up its loftier aspirations, and sought refuge in vicious indulgence, or at best have sullenly harnessed itself into the yoke, and plodded through existence; weary, discontented and broken, ever casting back a hankering look on the dreams of his youth, and ever without power to realize them. But Schiller was no ordinary character, and did not act like one. Beneath a cold and simple exterior, dignified with no artificial attractions, and marred in its native amiableness by the incessant obstruction, the isolation, and painful destitutions, under which he lived, there was concealed a burning energy of soul, which no obstruction could extinguish. The hard circumstances of his fortune had prevented the natural development of his mind; his faculties had been cramped and misdirected; but they had gathered strength by opposition and the habit of self-dependence which it encouraged. His thoughts, unguided by a teacher, had sounded into the depths of his own nature, and the mysteries of his own fate; his feelings and passions, unshared by any other heart, had been driven back upon his own; where, like the volcanic fire that smoulders and fuses in secret, they accumulated till their force grew irresistible.

"Hitherto Schiller had passed for an unprofitable, a discontented, and a disobedient Boy: but the time was now come when the gyves of school-discipline could no longer cripple and distort the giant might of his nature: he stood forth as a Man; and wrenched asunder his fetters, with a force that was felt at the extremities of Europe. The publication of the *Robbers* forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the Literature of the world; and there seems no doubt, that but for so mean a cause as the perverted discipline of the Stuttgard school, we had never seen this tragedy. Schiller commenced it in his nine-

teenth year; and the circumstances under which it was composed are to be traced in all its parts.

"Translations of the work soon appeared in almost all the languages of Europe,* and were read in almost all of them with a deep interest, compounded of admiration and aversion, according to the relative proportions of sensibility and judgment in the various minds which contemplated the subject. In Germany, the enthusiasm which the *Robbers* excited was extreme. The young author had burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism. In the ferment produced by the universal discussion of this single topic, the poet was magnified above his natural dimensions, great as they were; and though the general sentence was loudly in his favour, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation.

"But the Tragedy of the *Robbers* produced for its Author some consequences of a kind much more sensible than these. We have called it the signal of Schiller's deliverance from school tyranny and military constraint: but its operation in this respect was not immediate. At first, it seemed to involve him more deeply than before. He had finished the original sketch of it in 1778; but, for fear of offence, he kept it secret till his medical studies were completed. These, in the mean time, he had pursued with sufficient assiduity to merit the usual honours In 1780, he had, in consequence, obtained the post of Surgeon to the regiment *Augé*, in the Wurtemberg army. This advancement enabled him to complete his project—to print the *Robbers* at his own expense; not being able to find any bookseller that would undertake it. The nature of the work, and the universal interest it awakened, drew attention to the private circumstances of the Author, whom the *Robbers*, as well as other pieces of his writing that had found their way into the periodical publications of the time, sufficiently showed to be no common man. Many grave persons were offended at the vehement sentiments expressed in the *Robbers;* and the unquestioned ability with which these extravagances were expressed but made the matter worse. To Schiller's superiors, above all, such things were inconceivable; he might perhaps be a very great genius, but was certainly a dangerous servant for his Highness the Grand Duke of Wurtemberg. Officious people mingled themselves in the affair; nay, the graziers of the Alps were brought to bear upon it. The Grisons' Magistrates, it appeared, had seen the book, and were mortally huffed at their people's being there spoken of, according to a Swabian adage, as *common highwaymen.*† They complained in the *Hamburg Correspondent;* and a sort of jackal at Ludwigsburg, one Walter, whose name deserves to be thus kept in mind, volunteered to plead their cause before the Grand Duke.

"Informed of all these circumstances, the Grand Duke expressed his disapprobation of Schiller's poetical labours in the most unequivocal terms. Schiller was at length summoned before him; and it then turned out that his Highness was not only dissatisfied with the moral or political errors of the work, but scandalized, moreover, at its want of literary merit. In this latter respect he was kind enough to proffer his own services. But Schiller seems to have received the proposal with no sufficient gratitude, and the interview passed without satisfaction to either party. It terminated in the Duke's commanding Schiller to abide by medical subjects, or, at least, to beware of writing any more poetry without submitting it to *his* inspection.

* * * * *

"Various new mortifications awaited Schiller. It was in vain that he discharged the humble duties of his station with the most strict fidelity, and even, it is said, with superior skill; he was a suspected person, and his most innocent actions were misconstrued; his slightest faults were visited with the full measure of official severity. * * * His free spirit shrunk at the prospect of wasting its strength in strife against the pitiful constraints, the minute and endless persecutions of men who knew him not, yet had his fortune in their hands: the idea of dungeons and jailors haunted and tortured his mind; and the means of escaping them, the renunciation of Poetry, the source of all his joy, if likewise of many woes, the radiant guiding-star of his turbid and obscure exis-

* Our English translation, one of the washiest, was executed (we have been told) in Edinburgh by a "Lord of Session," otherwise not unknown in Literature: who went to work under deepest concealment, lest evil might befal him. The confidential Devil, now an Angel, who mysteriously carried him the proof-sheets, is our informant.

† The obnoxious passage has been carefully expunged from subsequent editions. It was in the third Scene of the second Act. Spiegelberg, discoursing with Razmann, observes, "An honest man you may form of windle-straws; but to make a rascal you must have grist: besides, there is a national genius in it—a certain rascal-climate, so to speak." In the first Edition there was added, "*Go to the Grisons, for instance; that is what I call the Thief's Athens.*" The patriot who stood forth, on this occasion, for the honour of the Grisons, to deny this weighty charge, and denounce the crime of making it, was (not Dogberry or Verges, but) "one of the noble family of Salis."

tence seemed a sentence of death to all that was dignified, and delightful, and worth retaining, in his character. * * *

"With the natural feeling of a young author, he had ventured to go in secret, and witness the first representation of his Tragedy, at Manheim. His incognito did not conceal him; he was put under arrest, during a week, for this offence: and as the punishment did not deter him from again transgressing in a similar manner, he learned that it was in contemplation to try more rigorous measures with him. Dark hints were given him of some exemplary as well as imminent severity: and Dalberg's aid, the sole hope of averting it by quiet means, was distant and dubious. Schiller saw himself reduced to extremities. Beleaguered with present distresses, and the most horrible forebodings on every side; roused to the highest pitch of indignation, yet forced to keep silence and wear the face of patience, he could endure this maddening constraint no longer. He resolved to be free at whatever risk; to abandon advantages which he could not buy at such a price; to quit his stepdame home, and go forth, tho' friendless and alone, to seek his fortune in the great market of life. Some foreign Duke or Prince was arriving at Stuttgard; and all the people were in movement witnessing the spectacle of his entrance: Schiller seized this opportunity of retiring from the city; careless whither he went, so he got beyond the reach of turnkeys, and Grand Dukes and commanding officers. It was in the month of October 1782, his twenty-third year?"—*Life of Schiller. Part I.*

Such were the circumstances under which Schiller rose to manhood. We see them permanently influence his character; but there is also a strength in himself which on the whole triumphs over them. The kindly and the unkindly alike lead him towards the goal. In childhood, the most unheeded, but by far the most important era of existence,—as it were, the still Creation-days of the whole future man,—he had breathed the only wholesome atmosphere, a soft atmosphere of affection and joy: the invisible seeds which are one day to ripen into clear Devoutness, and all humane Virtue, are happily sown in him. Not till he has gathered force for resistance, does the time of contradiction, of being "purified by suffering," arrive. For this contradiction too we have to thank those Stuttgard Schoolmasters and their purblind Duke. Had the system they followed been a milder, more reasonable one, we should not indeed have altogether lost our Poet, for the Poetry lay in his inmost soul, and could not remain unuttered; but we might well have found him under a far inferior character; not dependent on himself and truth, but dependent on the world and its gifts; not standing on a native, everlasting basis, but on an accidental, transient one.

In Schiller himself, as manifested in these emergencies, we already trace the chief features which distinguish him thro' life. A tenderness, a sensitive delicacy, aggravated under that harsh treatment, issues in a certain shyness and reserve; which, as conjoined moreover with habits of internal and not of external activity, might in time have worked itself, had his natural temper been less warm and affectionate, into timorous self-seclusion, dissociality, and even positive misanthropy. Nay, generally viewed, there is much in Schiller at this epoch that to a careless observer might have passed for weakness; as indeed, for such observers, weakness, and fineness of nature are easily confounded. One element of strength, however, and the root of all strength, he throughout evinces: he wills one thing, and knows what he wills. His mind has a purpose, and still better, a right purpose. He already loves true spiritual Beauty, with his whole heart and his whole soul; and for the attainment, for the pursuit of this, is prepared to make all sacrifices. As a dim instinct, under vague forms, this aim first appears; gains force with his force, clearness in the opposition it must conquer; and at length declares itself, with a peremptory emphasis which will admit of no contradiction.

As a mere piece of literary history, these passages of Schiller's life are not without interest: this is a "persecution for conscience sake," such as has oftener befallen heresy in Religion, than heresy in Literature; a blind struggle to extinguish, by physical violence, the inward, celestial light of a human soul; and here in regard to Literature, as in regard to Religion it always is, an ineffectual struggle. Doubtless, as religious Inquisitors have often done, those secular Inquisitors meant honestly in persecuting; and since the matter went well in spite of them, their interference with it may be forgiven and forgotten. We have dwelt the longer on these proceedings of theirs, be-

cause they bring us to the grand crisis of Schiller's history, and for the first time show us his will decisively asserting itself, decisively pronouncing the law whereby his whole future life is to be governed. He himself says, he "went empty away; empty in purse and hope." Yet the mind that dwelt in him was still there with its gifts; and the task of his existence now lay undivided before him. He is henceforth a Literary Man; and need appear in no other character. "All my connexions," he could ere long say, "are now dissolved. The public is now all to me; my study, my sovereign, my confident. To the public alone I from this time belong; before this and no other tribunal will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man." *

In his subsequent life, with all varieties of outward fortune, we find a noble inward unity. That love of Literature, and that resolution to abide by it at all hazards, do not forsake him. He wanders thro' the world, looks at it under many phases; mingles in the joys of social life; is a husband, father; experiences all the common destinies of man; but the same "radiant guiding-star" which, often obscured, had led him safe thro' the perplexities of his youth, now shines on him with unwavering light. In all relations and conditions, Schiller is blameless, amiable; he is even little tempted to err. That high purpose after spiritual perfection, which with him was a love of Poetry, and an unwearied, active love, is itself, when pure and supreme, the necessary parent of good conduct, as of noble feeling. With all men it should be pure and supreme; for in one or the other shape it is the true end of man's life. Neither in any man is it ever wholly obliterated; with the most, however, it remains a passive sentiment, an idle wish. And even with the small residue of men, in whom it attains some measure of activity, whô would be Poets in act or word, how seldom is it the sincere and highest purpose, how seldom unmixed with vulgar ambition, and low, mere earthly aims, which distort or utterly pervert its manifestations! With Schiller, again, it was the one thing needful; the first duty, for which all other duties worked together, under which all other duties quietly prospered, as under their rightful sovereign. Worldly preferment, fame itself, he did not covet: yet of fame he reaps the most plenteous harvest; and of worldly goods what little he wanted is in the end made sure to him. His mild, honest character every where gains him friends: that upright, peaceful, simple life is honourable in the eyes of all; and they who know him the best love him the most.

Perhaps among all the circumstances of Schiller's literary life there was none so important for him as his connexion with Goethe. To use our old figure, we might say, that if Schiller was a Priest, then was Goethe the Bishop from whom he first acquired clear spiritual light, by whose hands he was ordained to the priesthood. Their friendship has been much celebrated, and deserved to be so: it is a pure relation; unhappily too rare in Literature; where if a Swift and Pope can even found an imperious Duumvirate, on little more than mutually-tolerated pride, and part the spoils, for some time, without quarrelling, it is thought a credit. Seldom do men combine so steadily and warmly for such purposes—which when weighed in the economic balance are but gossamer. It appears also that preliminary difficulties stood in the way; prepossessions of some strength had to be conquered on both sides. For a number of years, the two, by accident or choice, never met, and their first interview scarcely promised any permanent approximation. "On the whole," says Schiller, "this personal meeting has not at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is, from its very origin, otherwise constructed than

* Preface to the *Thalia*.

mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination no secure substantial intimacy can result."

Nevertheless, in spite of far graver prejudices on the part of Goethe—to say nothing of the poor jealousies which in another man so circumstanced would openly or secretly have been at work—a secure substantial intimacy did result—manifesting itself by continual good offices, and interrupted only by death. If we regard the relative situation of the parties, and their conduct in this matter, we must recognise in both of them no little social virtue; at all events, a deep disinterested love of worth. In the case of Goethe, more especially, who, as the elder and every way greater of the two, has little to expect in comparison with what he gives, this friendly union, had we space to explain its nature and progress, would give new proof that, as poor Jung Stilling also experienced, "the man's heart, which few know, is as true and noble as his genius, which all know." By Goethe, and this even before the date of their friendship, Schiller's outward interests had been essentially promoted: he was introduced under that sanction, into the service of Weimar, to an academic office, to a pension; his whole way was made smooth for him. In spiritual matters, this help, or rather let us say co-operation, for it came not in the shape of help but of reciprocal service, was of still more lasting consequence. By the side of his friend, Schiller rises into the highest regions of Art he ever reached; and in all worthy things is sure of sympathy, of one wise judgment and a crowd of unwise ones, of one helpful hand amid many hostile. Thus outwardly and inwardly assisted and confirmed, he henceforth goes on his way with new steadfastness, turning neither to the right hand, nor to the left; and while days are given him devotes them wholly to his best duty. It is rare that one man can do so much for another, can permanently benefit another; so mournfully, in giving and receiving, as in most charitable affections and finer movements of our nature, are we all held in by that paltry vanity, which, under reputable names, usurps, on both sides, a sovereignty it has no claim to. Nay, many times, when our friend would honestly help us, and strives to do it, yet will he never bring himself to understand what we really need, and so to forward us on our own path; but insists more simply on our taking his path, and leaves us as incorrigible because we will not and cannot. Thus "men are solitary among each other;" no one will help his neighbour; each has even to assume a defensive attitude lest his neighbour hinder him!

Of Schiller's zealous, entire devotedness to Literature we have already spoken as of his crowning virtue, and the great source of his welfare. With what ardour he pursued this object his whole life from the earliest stage of it had given proof: but the clearest proof, clearer even than that youthful self-exile, was reserved for his later years, when a lingering, incurable disease had laid on him its new and ever-galling burden. At no period of Schiller's history does the native nobleness of his character appear so decidedly, as now in this season of silent, unwitnessed heroism, when the dark enemy dwelt within himself, unconquerable, yet ever, in all other struggles, to be kept at bay. We have medical evidence that during the last fifteen years of his life, not a moment could have been free of pain. Yet he utters no complaint. In this "Correspondence with Goethe" we see him cheerful, laborious; scarcely speaking of his maladies, and then only historically, in the style of a third party, as it were, calculating what force and length of days might still remain at his disposal. Nay, his highest poetical performances, we may say all that are truly poetical, belong to this era. If we recollect how many poor valetudinarians, Rousseaus, Cowpers, and the like, men otherwise of fine endowment, dwindle under the influence of nervous disease, into pining wretchedness, some into madness itself; and then that Schiller, under the like influence, wrote some of his deepest speculations, and all his genuine dramas, from *Wallenstein* to *Wilhelm Tell*, we shall the better estimate his merit.

It has been said that only in Religion, or something equivalent to Religion, can human nature support it-

self under such trials. But Schiller too had his Religion! was a Worshipper, nay, as we have often said, a Priest; and so in his earthly sufferings wanted not a heavenly stay. Without some such stay his life might well have been intolerable; stript of the Ideal what remained for him in the Real was but a poor matter. Do we talk of his "happiness?" Alas, what is the loftiest flight of genius, the finest frenzy that ever for moments united Heaven with Earth, to the perennial never-failing joys of a digestive-apparatus thoroughly eupeptic? Has not the turtle-eating man an eternal sunshine of the breast? Does not his Soul—which, as in some Sclavonic dialects, means his Stomach—sit for ever at his ease, enwrapped in warm condiments, amid spicy odours; enjoying the past, the present, and the future; and only awakening from its soft trance to the sober certainty of a still higher bliss—each meal-time three, or even four visions of Heaven in the space of one solar day! While for the sick man of genius, "whose world is of the mind, ideal, internal; when the mildew of lingering disease has struck that world, and began to blacken and consume its beauty, what remains but despondency, and bitterness, and desolate sorrow felt and anticipated to the end?"

"'Woe to him,' continues this Jeremiah, 'if his will likewise falter, if his resolution fail, and his spirit bend its neck to the yoke of this new enemy! Idleness and a disturbed imagination will gain the mastery of him, and let loose their thousand fiends to harass him, to torment him into madness. Alas! the bondage of Algiers is freedom compared with this of the sick man of genius, whose heart has fainted, and sunk beneath its load. His clay dwelling is changed into a gloomy prison; every nerve has become an avenue of disgust or anguish, and the soul sits within in her melancholy loneliness, a prey to the spectres of despair, or stupified with excess of suffering; doomed, as it were, to a life-in-death, to a consciousness of agonised existence, without the consciousness of power which should accompany it. Happily death, or entire fatuity at length puts an end to such scenes of ignoble misery, which, however, ignoble as they are, we ought to view with pity rather than contempt.'" —*Life of Schiller*, p. 167.

Yet, on the whole, we say, it is a shame for the man of genius to complain. Has he not a "light from Heaven" within him, to which the splendour of all earthly thrones and principalities is but darkness? And the head that wears such a crown grudges to lie uneasy? If that same "light from Heaven," shining through the falsest media, supported Syrian Simon through all weather on his sixty-feet pillar, or the still more wonderful Eremite, who walled himself, for life, up to the chin, in stone and mortar; how much more should it do, when shining direct, and pure from all intermixture? Let the modern Priest of wisdom either suffer his small persecutions and inflictions, though sickness be of the number, in patience, or admit that ancient fanatics and bedlamites were truer worshippers than he.

A foolish controversy on this subject of happiness now and then occupies some intellectual dinner-party; speculative gentlemen we have seen more than once, almost forget their wine in arguing whether Happiness was the chief end of man? The most cry out, with Pope: "Happiness, our being's end and aim;" and ask whether it is even conceivable that we should follow any other. How comes it, then, cry the Opposition, that the gross are happier than the refined; that even though we know them to be happier, we would not change places with them? Is it not written, "increase of knowledge is increase of sorrow?" And yet also written, in characters still more ineffaceable, "Pursue knowledge, attain clear vision, as the beginning of all good?" Were your doctrine right, for what should we struggle with our whole might, for what pray to Heaven, if not that the "malady of thought" might be utterly stifled within us, and a power of digestion and secretion, to which that of the tiger were trifling, be imparted instead thereof? Whereupon the others deny that thought is a malady; that increase of knowledge is increase of sorrow; that Aldermen have a sunnier life than Aristotle's, though the Stagyrite himself died exclaiming, *Fœdè mundum intravi, anxius vixi, perturbatus morior,* &c.: and thus the argument circulates, and the bottles stand still.

So far as that Happiness question concerns the symposia of speculative gentlemen—the rather as it really is a good enduring hacklog whereon to chop logic, for those so minded,—we with great willingness leave it resting on its own bottom. But there are earnest natures for whom Truth is no plaything, but the staff of life; men whom the "solid reality of things" will not carry forward; who when the "inward voice" is silent in them, are powerless, nor will the loud huzzaing of millions supply the want of it. To these men seeking anxiously for guidance; feeling that did they once clearly see the right, they would follow it cheerfully to weal or to woe comparatively careless which: to these men the question, what is the proper aim of man, has a deep and awful interest.

For the sake of such, it may be remarked that the origin of this argument, like that of every other argument under the sun, lies in the confusion of language. If Happiness mean Welfare, there is no doubt but all men should and must pursue their Welfare, that is to say, pursue what is worthy of their pursuit. But if on the other hand, Happiness mean, as for most men it does, "agreeable sensations," Enjoyment refined or not, then must we observe that there *is* a doubt; or rather that there is a certainty the other way. Strictly considered, this truth, that man has in him something higher than a Love of Pleasure, take Pleasure in what sense you will, has been the text of all true Teachers and Preachers, since the beginning of the world; and in one or another dialect, we may hope, will continue to be preached and taught till the world end. Neither is our own day without its asserters thereof: what, for example, does the astonished reader make of this little sentence from Schiller's *Æsthetic Letters?* It is on that old question the "improvement of the species;" which, however, is handled here in a very new manner.

"The first acquisitions, then, which men gathered in the Kingdom of Spirit were *Anxiety* and *Fear*; both, it is true, products of Reason, not of Sense; but of a Reason that mistook its object, and mistook its mode of application. Fruits of this same tree are all your Happiness-Systems (*Glueckseligkeitssysteme*), whether they have for object the passing Day, or the whole of life, or what renders them no whit more venerable, the whole of Eternity. A boundless duration of Being and Well-being (*Daseyns und wohlseyns*) simply for Being and Well-being's sake, is an Ideal belonging to Appetite alone, and which only the struggle of mere Animalism (*Thierheit*), longing to be infinite, gives rise to. Thus without gaining anything for his Manhood, he, by this first effort of Reason, loses the happy limitation of the Animal; and has now only the unenviable superiority of missing the Present in an effort directed to the Distance, and whereby still, in the whole boundless Distance, nothing but the Present is sought for."—*Briefe ueber die Æsthetische Erziehung des Menschen. B.* 24.

The *Æsthetic Letters,* in which this and many far deeper matters come into view, will one day deserve a long chapter to themselves. Meanwhile we cannot but remark, as a curious symptom of this time, that the pursuit of merely sensuous good, of personal Pleasure in one shape or other, should be the universally admitted formula of man's whole duty. Once, Epicurus had his Zeno; and if the herd of mankind have at all times been the slaves of Desire, drudging anxiously for their mess of pottage, or filling themselves with swine's husks—earnest natures were not wanting who, at least in theory, asserted for their kind a higher vocation than this; declaring, as they could, that man's soul was no dead Balance for "motives" to sway hither and thither, but a living, divine Soul, indefeasibly Free, whose birthright it was to be the servant of Virtue, Goodness, God, and in such service to be blessed without fee or reward. Now-a-days, however, matters are, on all hands, managed far more prudently. The choice of Hercules could not occasion much difficulty in these times to any young man of talent. On the one hand—by a path which is steep, indeed, yet smoothed by much travelling, and kept in constant repair by many a moral Macadam—smokes (in patent calefactors) a Dinner of innumerable courses; on the other, by a downward path, through avenues of very mixed character, frowns in the distance a grim Gallows, probably "improved drop." Thus is Utility the only God of these days; and our honest Benthamites are but a small Provincial Synod of that boundless

Communion. Without gift of prophecy we may predict, that the straggling bush-fire which is kept up here and there against that body of well-intentioned men, must one day become a universal battle; and the grand question, Mind *versus* Matter, be again under new forms judged of and decided.—But we wander too far from our task; to which, therefore, nothing doubtful of a prosperous issue in due time to that Utilitarian struggle, we hasten to return.

In forming for ourselves some picture of Schiller as a man, of what may be called his moral character, perhaps the very perfection of his manner of existence tends to diminish our estimate of its merits. What he aimed at he has attained in a singular degree. His life, at least from the period of manhood, is still unruffled—of clear even course. The completeness of the victory hides from us the magnitude of the struggle. On the whole, however, we may admit, that his character was not so much a great character as a holy one. We have often named him a Priest; and this title, with the quiet loftiness—the pure, secluded, only internal, yet still heavenly worth that should belong to it, perhaps best describes him. One high enthusiasm takes possession of his whole nature. Herein lies his strength, as well as the task he has to do; for this he lived, and we may say also he died for it. In his life we see not that the social affections played any deep part. As a son, husband, father, friend, he is ever kindly, honest, amiable; but rarely, if at all, do outward things stimulate him into what can be called passion. Of the wild loves and lamentations, and all the fierce ardour that distinguish, for instance, his Scottish contemporary Burns, there is scarcely any trace here. In fact, it was towards the Ideal, not towards the Actual, that Schiller's faith and hope was directed. His highest happiness lay not in outward honour, pleasure, social recreation, perhaps not even in friendly affection such as the world could show it; but in the realm of Poetry, a city of the mind, where, for him, all that was true and noble had foundation. His habits, accordingly, though far from dissocial, were solitary; his chief business and chief pleasure lay in silent meditation.

"His intolerance of interruptions," we are told, at an early period of his life, "first put him on the plan of studying by night; an alluring, but pernicious practice, which began at Dresden, and was never afterwards given up. His recreations breathed a similar spirit: he loved to be much alone, and strongly moved. The banks of the Elbe were the favourite resort of his mornings: here, wandering in solitude, amid groves and lawns, and green and beautiful places, he abandoned his mind to delicious musings; or meditated on the cares and studies which had lately been employing, and were again soon to employ him. At times he might be seen floating on the river, in a gondola, feasting himself with the loveliness of earth and sky. He delighted most to be there when tempests were abroad: his unquiet spirit found a solace in the expression of its own unrest on the face of Nature; danger lent a charm to his situation; he felt in harmony with the scene, when the rack was sweeping stormfully across the heavens, and the forests were sounding in the breeze, and the river was rolling its chafed waters into wild eddying heaps."

"During summer," it is mentioned at a subsequent date, "his place of study was in a garden, which he at length purchased, in the suburbs of Jena, not far from the Weselhofts' house, where, at that time, was the office of the *Allgemeine Litteraturzeitung.* Reckoning from the market-place of Jena, it lies on the south-west border of the town, between the Engelgatter and the Neuthor, in a hollow defile, through which a part of the Leutrabach flows round the city. On the top of the acclivity, from which there is a beautiful prospect into the valley of the Saal, and the fir mountains of the neighbouring forest, Schiller built himself a small house, with a single chamber. It was his favourite abode during hours of composition; a great part of the works he then wrote were written here. In winter he likewise dwelt apart from the tumult of men;—in the Griesbachs' house, on the outside of the city trench. On sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee, or wine-chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish, or Champagne, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbours used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions—a thing very easy to be done, from the heights lying opposite his little garden-house, on the other side of the dale—might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair, and writing; and drinking the while, sometimes more than once, from the

glass standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five o'clock, in the morning; in summer till towards three. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten."

And again:

"At Weimar his present way of life was like his former one at Jena; his business was to study and compose; his recreations were in the circle of his family, where he could abandon himself to affections grave or trifling, and in frank cheerful intercourse with a few friends. Of the latter he had lately formed a social club, the meetings of which afforded him a regular and innocent amusement. He still loved solitary walks: in the Park at Weimar he might frequently be seen, wandering among the groves and remote avenues, with a note-book in his hand; now loitering slowly along, now standing still, now moving rapidly on: if any one appeared in sight, he would dart into another alley, that his dream might not be broken. One of his favourite resorts, we are told, was the thickly-overshadowed, rocky path, which leads to the *Romische Haus*, a pleasure-house of the Duke's, built under the direction of Goethe. There he would often sit in the gloom of the crags overgrown with cypresses and boxwood; shady thickets before him; not far from the murmur of a little brook, which there gushes in a smooth slaty channel, and where some verses of Goethe are cut upon a brown plate of stone, and fixed in the rock."—*Life of Schiller.*

Such retirement alike from the tumults and the pleasures of busy men, though it seems to diminish the merit of virtuous conduct in Schiller, is itself, as hinted above, the best proof of his virtue. No man is born without ambitious worldly desires; and for no man, especially for no man like Schiller, can the victory over them be too complete. His duty lay in that mode of life; and he had both discovered his duty, and addressed himself with his whole might to perform it. Nor was it in estrangement from men's interests that this seclusion originated; but rather in deeper concern for these. From many indications, we can perceive that to Schiller the task of the Poet appeared of far weightier import to mankind, in these times, than that of any other man whatever. It seemed to him that he was "casting his bread upon the waters, and would find it after many days;" that when the noise of all conquerors, and demagogues, and political reformers had quite died away, some tone of heavenly wisdom that had dwelt even in him might still linger among men, and be acknowledged as heavenly and priceless, whether as his or not; whereby, though dead, he would yet speak, and his spirit would live throughout all generations, when the syllables that once formed his name had passed into forgetfulness for ever. We are told, "he was in the highest degree philanthropic and humane; and often said that he had no deeper wish than to know all men happy." What was still more, he strove, in his public and private capacity, to do his utmost for that end. Honest, merciful, disinterested, he is at all times found: and for the great duty laid on him no man was ever more unweariedly ardent. It was "his evening song and his morning prayer." He lived for it; and he died for it; "sacrificing," in the words of Goethe, "his Life itself to this delineating of Life."

In collision with his fellow-men, for with him as with others this also was a part of his relation to society, we find him no less noble than in friendly union with them. He mingles in none of the controversies of the time; or only like a god in the battles of men. In his conduct towards inferiors, even ill-intentioned and mean inferiors, there is every where a true dignified, patrician spirit. Ever witnessing, and inwardly lamenting, the baseness of vulgar Literature in his day, he makes no clamorous attacks on it; alludes to it only from afar: as in Milton's writings, so in his, few of his contemporaries are named, or hinted at; it was not with men, but with things that he had a warfare. The *Review of Burger*, so often descanted on, was doubtless highly afflicting to that down-broken, unhappy poet; but no hostility to Burger, only love and veneration for the Art he professed, is to be discerned in it. With Bürger, or with any other mortal, he had no quarrel: the favour of the public, which he himself enjoyed in the highest measure, he esteemed at no high value. "The Artist," said he in a noble passage, already known to

English readers. "The Artist, it is true, is the son of his time; but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favourite! Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, when a suckling, from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time; that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not, however, to delight it by his presence, but dreadful like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it!" On the whole, Schiller has no trace of vanity, scarcely of pride, even in its best sense; for the modest self-consciousness which characterizes genius, is with him rather implied than openly expressed. He has no hatred, no anger, save against Falsehood and Baseness, where it may be called a holy anger. Presumptuous triviality stood abashed in his keen glance; but his look is the noble scowl that curls the lip of an Apollo, when pierced with sun-arrows the serpent expires before him. In a word, we can say of Schiller, what can be said only of few in any country or time: He was a high ministering servant at Truth's altar, and bore him worthily of the office he held. Let this, and that it was even in our age, be for ever remembered to his praise.

Schiller's intellectual character has, as indeed is always the case, an accurate conformity with his moral one. Here too he is simple in his excellence; lofty rather than expansive or varied; pure, divinely ardent rather than great. A noble sensibility, the truest sympathy with Nature, in all forms animates him; yet scarcely any creative gift altogether commensurate with this. If to his mind's eye all forms of Nature have a meaning and beauty, it is only under a few forms, chiefly of the severe or pathetic kind, that he can body forth this meaning; can represent as a Poet what as a Thinker he discerns and loves. We might say, his music is true spheral music, yet only with few tones, in simple modulation; no full choral harmony is to be heard in it. That Schiller, at least in his later years, attained a genuine poetic style, and dwelt, more or less, in the perennial regions of his Art, no one will deny; yet still his poetry shews rather like a partial than a universal gift; the laboured product of certain faculties rather than the spontaneous product of his whole nature. At the summit of the pyre, there is indeed white flame; but the materials are not all in flame, perhaps not all ignited. Nay, often it seems to us, as if poetry were, on the whole, not his essential gift; as if his genius were reflective in a still higher degree than creative, philosophical and oratorical rather than poetic. To the last, there is a stiffness in him, a certain inflexibility. His genius is not an Æolian harp for the common wind to play with and make wild, free melody; but a scientific harmonica that being skilfully touched will yield rich notes though in limited measure.

It may be indeed, or rather it is highly probable, that of the gifts which lay in him only a small portion was unfolded: for we are to recollect that nothing came to him without a strenuous effort, and that he was called away at middle age. At all events, here as we find him we should say, that of all his endowment the most perfect is understanding. Accurate, thorough insight is a quality we miss in none of his productions, whatever else may be wanting. He has an intellectual vision, clear, wide, piercing, methodical,—a truly philosophic eye. Yet in regard to this also it is to be remarked, that the same simplicity, the same want of universality again displays itself. He looks aloft rather than around. It is in high, far-seeing philosophic views that he delights, in speculations on Art—on the dignity and destiny of Man, rather than on the common doings and interests of Men. Nevertheless these latter, mean as they seem, are boundless in significance; for every the poorest aspect of Nature, especially of living Nature, is a type and manifestation of the invisible spirit that works in Nature. There is properly no object trivial or insignificant; but every finite thing, could we look well, is as a window, through which solemn vistas are opened into Infinitude itself. But neither as a Poet nor as a Thinker, neither in delineation nor in exposition and discussion, does Schiller more than glance at such objects. For the most

part, the Common is to him still the Common; or is idealized, rather as it were by mechanical art than by inspiration: not by deeper poetic or philosophic inspection, disclosing new beauty in its everyday features, but rather by deducting these, by casting them aside, and dwelling on what brighter features may remain in it. Herein Schiller, as, indeed, himself was modestly aware, differs essentially from most great poets; and from none more than from his great contemporary, Goethe. Such intellectual pre-eminence as this, valuable though it be, is the easiest and the least valuable; a pre-eminence that, indeed, captivates the general eye, but may, after all, have little intrinsic grandeur. Less in rising into lofty abstractions lies the difficulty, than in seeing well and lovingly the complexities of what is at hand. He is wise who can instruct us and assist us in the business of daily virtuous living; he who trains us to see old truth under Academic formularies may be wise or not as it chances; but we love to see Wisdom in unpretending forms, to recognise her royal features under week-day vesture.—There may be more true spiritual force in a Proverb than in a philosophical System. A King in the midst of his body-guards, with all his trumpets, war-horses, and gilt standard-bearers, will look great though he be little; but only some Roman Carus can give audience to satrap-ambassadors, while seated on the ground, with a woollen cap, and supping on boiled pease, like a common soldier.

In all Schiller's earlier writings, nay, more or less, in the whole of his writings, this aristocratic fastidiousness, this comparatively barren elevation, appears as a leading characteristic. In speculation he is either altogether abstract and systematic, or he dwells on old, conventionally-noble themes; never looking abroad, over the many-coloured stream of life, to elucidate and ennoble it; or only looking on it, so to speak, from a college window. The philosophy even of his Histories, for example, founds itself mainly on the perfectibility of man, the effect of constitutions, of religions, and other such high, purely scientific objects. In his Poetry we have a similar manifestation. The interest turns on prescribed, old-established matters, common love-mania, passionate greatness, enthusiasm for liberty, and the like. This, even in *Don Karlos*, a work of what may be called his transition-period, the turning-point between his earlier and his later period, where still we find Posa, the favourite hero, "towering aloft, far-shining, clear and cold, as a sea-beacon." In after years, Schiller himself saw well that the greatest lay not here. With unwearied effort he strove to lower and to widen his sphere, and not without success, as many of his Poems testify; for example, the *Lied der Glocke* (Song of the Bell), every way a noble composition; and, in a still higher degree, the tragedy of *Wilhelm Tell*, the last, and, so far as spirit and style are concerned, the best of all his dramas.

Closely connected with this imperfection, both as cause and as consequence, is Schiller's singular want of Humour. Humour is properly the exponent of low things; that which first renders them poetical to the mind. The man of Humour sees common life, even mean life, under the new light of sportfulness and love; whatever has existence has a charm for him. Humour has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius. He who wants it, be his other gifts what they may, has only half a mind; an eye for what is above him, not for what is about him or below him. Now, among all writers of any real poetic genius, we cannot recollect one who, in this respect, exhibits such total deficiency as Schiller. In his whole writings there is scarcely any vestige of it, scarcely any attempt that way. His nature was without Humour; and he had too true a feeling to adopt any counterfeit in its stead. Thus no drollery or caricature, still less any barren mockery, which, in the hundred cases, are all that we find passing current as Humour, discover themselves in Schiller. His works are full of laboured earnestness; he is the gravest of all writers. Some of his critical discussions, especially in the *Æsthetische Briefe*, where he designates the ultimate height of man's culture by the title *Spieltrieb*, (literally, Sport-impulse,) prove that he knew what Humour was, and how essential; as indeed, to his intellect, all forms of excellence, even the most alien to his

own, were painted with a wonderful fidelity. Nevertheless, he himself attains not that height which he saw so clearly; to the last the *Spieltrieb* could be little more than a theory with him. With the single exception of *Wallenstein's Lager,* where, too, the Humour, if it be such, is not deep, his other attempts at mirth, fortunately very few, are of the heaviest. A rigid intensity, a serious enthusiastic ardour, majesty rather than grace, still more than lightness or sportfulness, characterizes him. Wit he had, such wit as keen intellectual insight can give; yet even of this no large endowment. Perhaps he was too honest, too sincere, for the exercise of wit; too intent on the deeper relations of things to note their more transient collisions. Besides, he dealt in Affirmation, and not in Negation; in which last, it has been said, the material of wit chiefly lies.

These observations are to point out for us the special department and limits of Schiller's excellence; nowise to call in question its reality. Of his noble sense for Truth, both in speculation and in action; of his deep, genial insight into nature; and the living harmony in which he renders back what is highest and grandest in Nature, no reader of his works need be reminded. In whatever belongs to the pathetic, the heroic, the tragically elevating, Schiller is at home; a master; nay perhaps the greatest of all late poets. To the assiduous student, moreover, much else that lay in Schiller, but was never worked into shape, will become partially visible: deep, inexhaustible mines of thought and feeling; a whole world of gifts, the finest produce of which was but beginning to be realized. To his high-minded, unwearied efforts what was impossible, had length of years been granted him! There is a tone in some of his later pieces, which here and there breathes of the very highest region of Art. Nor are the natural or accidental defects we have noticed in his genius, even as it stands, such as to exclude him from the rank of great Poets. Poets whom the whole world reckons great have, more than once, exhibited the like. Milton, for example, shares most of them with him: like Schiller he dwells, with full power, only in the high and earnest; in all other provinces exhibiting a certain inaptitude, an elephantine unpliancy: he too has little Humour; his coarse invective has in it contemptuous emphasis enough, yet scarcely any graceful sport. Indeed, on the positive side also, these two worthies are not without a resemblance. Under far other circumstances, with less massiveness, and vehement strength of soul, there is in Schiller the same intensity; the same concentration, and towards similar objects, towards whatever is Sublime in Nature and in Art, which sublimities they both, each in his several way, worship with undivided heart. There is not in Schiller's nature the same rich complexity of rhythm, as in Milton's, with its depths of linked sweetness; yet in Schiller too there is something of the same pure, swelling force, some tone which, like Milton's, is deep, majestic, solemn.

It was as a Dramatic Author that Schiller distinguished himself to the world: yet often we feel as if chance rather than a natural tendency had led him into this province; as if his talent were essentially, in a certain style, lyrical, perhaps even epic, rather than dramatic. He dwelt within himself, and could not without effort, and then only within a certain range, body forth other forms of being. Nay much of what is called his poetry seems to us, as hinted above, oratorical rather than poetical; his first bias might have led him to be a speaker, rather than a singer. Nevertheless, a pure fire dwelt deep in his soul; and only in Poetry, of one or the other sort, could this find utterance. The rest of his nature, at the same time, has a certain prosaic rigour; so that not without strenuous and complex endeavours, long persisted in, could its poetic quality evolve itself. Quite pure, and as the all-sovereign element, it perhaps never did evolve itself; and among such complex endeavours, a small accident might influence large portions in its course.

Of Schiller's honest, undivided, zeal in this great problem of self-cultivation, we have often spoken. What progress he had made, and in spite of what difficulties, appears if we contrast his earlier compositions with those of his later years. A few specimens of both sorts we shall

here present. By this means, too, such of our readers as are unacquainted with Schiller, may gain some clearer notion of his poetic individuality than any description of ours could give. We shall take the *Robbers*, as his first performance, what he himself calls "a monster produced by the unnatural union of Genius with Thraldom;" the fierce fuliginous fire that burns in that singular piece will still be discernible in separated passages. The following Scene, even in the yeasty vehicle of our common English version, has not wanted its admirers; it is the Second of the Third Act.

Country on the Danube.

THE ROBBERS.

(*Camped on a Height, under Trees: the Horses are grazing on the Hill further down.*)

MOOR. I can no farther (*throws himself on the ground*). My limbs ache as if ground in pieces. My tongue parched as a potsherd. (*Schweitzer glides away unperceived.*) I would ask you to fetch me a handful of water from the stream; but ye all are wearied to death.

SCHWARZ. And the wine too is all down there, in our jacks.

MOOR. See, how lovely the harvest looks!—The trees almost breaking under their load. The vine full of hope.

GRIMM. It is a plentiful year.

MOOR. Think'st thou?—And so *one* toil in the world will be repaid. *One?*—Yet over night there may come a hailstorm, and shatter it all to ruin.

SCHWARZ. Possible enough. It might all be ruined two hours before reaping.

MOOR. Aye, so say I. It will all be ruined. Why should man prosper in what he has from the Ant, when he fails in what makes him like the Gods?—or is this the true aim of his Destiny?

SCHWARZ. I know it not.

MOOR. Thou hast said well; and done still better, if thou never tri'dst to know it!—Brother,—I have looked at men, at their insect-anxieties, and giant-projects—their godlike schemes and mouselike occupations, their wondrous race-running after Happiness;—he trusting to the gallop of his horse,—he to the nose of his ass,—a third to his own legs; this whirling lottery of life, in which so many a creature stakes his innocence, and—his Heaven! all trying for a prize, and—blanks are the whole drawing,—there was not a prize in the batch. It is a drama, Brother, to bring tears into thy eyes, if it tickle thy midriff to laughter.

SCHWARZ. How gloriously the Sun is setting yonder!

MOOR, (*lost in the view*). So dies a Hero!—To be worshipped!

GRIMM. It seems to move thee.

MOOR. When I was a lad—it was my darling thought to live so, to die so—(*with suppressed pain*). It was a lad's thought!

GRIMM. I hope so, truly.

MOOR, (*draws his hat down on his face*). There was a time—Leave me alone, comrades.

SCHWARZ. Moor! Moor! What, Devil?—How his colour goes!

GRIMM. Ha! What ails him? Is he ill?

MOOR. There was a time when I could not sleep, if my evening prayer had been forgotten—

GRIMM. Art thou going crazed? Will Moor let such milksop fancies tutor him?

MOOR, (*lays his head on Grimm's breast*). Brother! Brother!

GRIMM. Come! don't be a child,—I beg—

MOOR. Were I a child!—O, were I one!

GRIMM. Pooh! Pooh!

SCHWARZ. Cheer up. Look at the brave landscape,—the fine evening.

MOOR. Yes, Friends, this world is all so lovely.

SCHWARZ. There now—that's right.

SCHWARZ. This Earth so glorious.

GRIMM. Right,—Right—that is it.

MOOR, (*sinking back*). And I so hideous in this lovely world, and I a monster in this glorious Earth.

GRIMM. Out on it!

MOOR. My innocence! My innocence!—See, all things are gone forth to bask in the peaceful beam of the Spring,—why must I alone inhale the torments of Hell out of the joys of Heaven?—That all should be so happy, all so married together by the spirit of

peace!—The whole world *one* family, its Father above—that Father not *mine!*—I alone the castaway—I alone struck out from the company of the just;—for me no child to lisp my name,—never for me the languishing look of one whom I love,—never, never, the embracing of a bosom friend (*dashing wildly back*). Encircled with murderers,—serpents hissing round me,—rushing down to the gulph of perdition on the eddying torrent of wickedness,—amid the flowers of the glad world, a howling Abaddon!

SCHWARZ, (*to the rest*). How *is* this? I never saw him so.

MOOR, (*with piercing sorrow*). O, that I might return into my mother's womb,—that I might be born a beggar!—No! I durst not pray, O Heaven, to be as one of these day-labourers—Oh! I would toil till the blood ran down my temples to buy myself the pleasure of one noontide sleep,—the blessedness of a single tear.

GRIMM, (*to the rest*). Patience, a moment. The fit is passing.

MOOR. There *was* a time too when I could weep—O ye days of peace, thou castle of my father, ye green lovely valleys! O all ye Elysian scenes of my childhood! will ye never come again, never with your balmy sighing cool my burning bosom? Mourn with me, Nature! They will never come again, never cool my burning bosom with their balmy sighing. They are gone! gone! and will not return!"

Or take that still wilder monologue of Moor's on the old subject of suicide; in the midnight Forest, among the sleeping Robbers:

(*He lays aside the lute, and walks up and down in deep thought.*)

Who shall warrant me? — — 'Tis all so dark,—perplexed labyrinths,—no outlet, no loadstar—were it but *over* with this last draught of breath—*Over*, like a sorry farce.—But whence this fierce *Hunger* after *Happiness*? whence this ideal of a *never-reached* perfection? this *continuation* of uncompleted plans?—if the pitiful pressure of this pitiful thing (*holding out a Pistol*) makes the wise man equal with the fool, the coward with the brave, the noble-minded with the caitiff?—There is so divine a harmony in all irrational Nature, why should there be this dissonance in rational? -No! No! there is somewhat beyond, for I have yet never known happiness.

"Think ye, I will tremble? spirits of my murdered ones! I will not tremble. (*Trembling violently*)—Your feeble dying moan,—your black-choaked faces,—your frightfully gaping wounds are but links of an unbreakable chain of Destiny; and depend at last on my childish sports, on the whims of my nurses and pedagogues, on the temperament of my father, on the blood of my mother—(*shaken with horror*). Why has my Perillus made of me a Brazen Bull to roast mankind in my glowing belly?

"(*Gazing on the Pistol*) TIME and ETERNITY—linked together by a single moment!—Dread key, that shuttest behind me the prison of life, and before me openest the dwelling of eternal Night—say—O say—*whither*,—*whither* wilt thou lead me? Foreign, never circumnavigated Land!—See, manhood waxes faint under *this* image; the effort of the finite gives up, and Fancy, the capricious ape of Sense, juggles our credulity with strange shadows.—No! No! It becomes not a man to waver. Be what thou wilt, *nameless Yonder*—so this me keep but true. Be what thou wilt, so I take *myself* along with me—!—Outward things are but the colouring of the man—I am my Heaven and my Hell.

"What if thou shouldst send me *companionless* to some burnt and blasted circle of the Universe; which thou hast banished from thy sight; where the lone darkness and the motionless desert were my prospects—for ever?—I would people the silent wilderness with my fantasies; I should have Eternity for leisure to unravel the perplexed image of the boundless woe.—Or wilt Thou lead me thro' still other births! still other scenes of pain, from stage to stage—onwards to Annihilation? The life-threads that are to be woven for me Yonder, cannot I tear them asunder as I do these?—Thou canst make me Nothing;—this freedom canst Thou not take from me. (*He loads the Pistol. Suddenly he stops.*) And shall I for terror of a miserable life—die?—Shall I give wretchedness the victory over me?—No, I will endure it. (*He throws the Pistol away.*) Let misery blunt itself on my pride! I will go through with it."—Act IV. Scene VI.

And now with these ferocities, and Sybilline frenzies, compare the placid strength of the following delineation, also of a stern character, from the *Maid of Orleans;* where Talbot, the grey veteran, dark, unbelieving, indomitable, passes down, as he thinks, to the land of utter Nothingness, contemptuous even of the Fate that destroys him, and—

"In death reposes on the soil of France,
Like hero on his unsurrender'd shield."

It is the sixth Scene of the third Act; in the heat of a Battle

(The scene changes to an open Space encircled with Trees. During the music, Soldiers are seen hastily retreating across the Back ground.)

TALBOT, *leaning on* FASTOLF, *and accompanied by Soldiers. Soon after,* LIONEL.

TALBOT. Here, set me down beneath this tree, and you
Betake yourselves again to battle: quick!
I need no help to die.

FASTOLF. O day of woe! (*Lionel enters.*)
Look what a sight awaits you, Lionel!
Our leader wounded, dying!

LIONEL. God forbid!
O noble Talbot, this is not a time to die.
Yield not to Death; force faultering Nature
By your strength of soul, that life depart not!

TALBOT. In vain! the day of Destiny is come
That levels with the dust our power in France.
In vain, in the fierce clash of desp'rate battle,
Have I risk'd our utmost to withstand it:
The bolt has smote and crush'd me, and I lie
To rise no more for ever. Rheims is lost;
Make haste to rescue Paris.

LIONEL. Paris is the Dauphin's:
A post arrived even now with th' evil news
It had surrender'd.

TALBOT, (*tears away his bandages*). Then flow out, ye life-streams;
This Sun is growing loathsome to me.

LIONEL. Fastolf,
Convey him to the rear: this post can hold
Few instants more; you coward knaves, fall back,
Resistless comes the Witch, and havoc round her.

TALBOT. Madness, thou conquerest, and I must yield:
Against Stupidity the Gods themselves are powerless.
High Reason, radiant Daughter of the head of God,
Wise Foundress of the system of the Universe,
Conductress of the Stars, who art thou, then,
If tied to th' tail o' th' wild horse, Superstition,
Thou must plunge, eyes open, vainly shrieking,
Sheer down with that drunk Beast to the Abyss?
Cursed who sets his life upon the great
And dignified; and with forecasting spirit
Lays out wise plans! The Fool-King's is this World.

LIONEL. Oh! Death is near! Think of your God, and pray!

TALBOT. Were we, as brave men, worsted by the brave,
'T had been but Fortune's common fickleness:
But that a paltry Farce should tread us down!—
Did toil and peril, all our earnest life,
Deserve no graver issue?

LIONEL, (*grasps his hand*). Talbot, farewell!
The meed of bitter tears I'll duly pay you,
When the fight is done, should I outlive it.
But now Fate calls me to the field, where yet
She wav'ring sits, and shakes her doubtful urn.
Farewell! we meet beyond the unseen shore.
Brief parting for long friendship! God be with you! [*Exit.*

TALBOT. Soon it is over, and to th' Earth I render
To th' everlasting Sun, the transient atoms
Which for pain and pleasure join'd to form me;
And of the mighty Talbot, whose renown
Once fill'd the world, remains nought but a handful
Of flitting dust. Thus man comes to his end;
And all our conquest in the fight of Life
Is knowledge that 'tis Nothing, and contempt
For hollow shows which once we chas'd and worship'd.

SCENE VII.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, *and Soldiers.*

BURGUN. The trench is stormed.
DUNOIS. Bravo! The fight is ours
CHARLES, (*observing Talbot*).
Ha! who is this that to the light of day
Is bidding his constrained and sad farewell?
His bearing speaks no common man, go, haste,
Assist him, if assistance yet avail.

(*Soldiers from the Dauphin's suit step forward.*)

FASTOLF. Back! Keep away! Approach not the Departing,
Him whom in life ye never wished too near.
BURGUN. What do I see? Great Talbot in his blood!

(*He goes towards him.* TALBOT *gazes fixedly at him, and dies.*)

FASTOLF. Off, Burgundy! With th' aspect of a Traitor
Disturb not the last moment of a Hero.

The "Power-words and Thunder-words," as the Germans call them, so frequent in the *Robbers*,* are altogether wanting here; that volcanic fury has assuaged itself; instead of smoke and red lava, we have sunshine and a verdant world. For still more striking examples of this benignant change, we might refer to many scenes (too long for our present purposes,) in *Wallenstein*, and indeed in all the Dramas which followed this, and most of all in *Wilhelm Tell*, which is the latest of them. The careful, and in general truly poetic structure of these works, considered as complete Poems, would exhibit it infinitely better; but for this object, larger limits than ours at present, and studious Readers as well as a Reviewer, were essential.

In his smaller Poems, the like progress is visible. Schiller's works should all be dated, as we study them; but indeed the most, by internal evidence, date themselves.—Besides the *Lied der Glocke*, already mentioned, there are many lyrical pieces of high merit; particularly a whole series of *Ballads*, nearly every one of which is true and poetical. The *Ritter Toggenburg*, the *Dragon-fight*, the *Diver*, are all well known; the *Cranes of Ibycus* has in it, under this simple form, something Old-Grecian, an emphasis, a prophetic gloom which might seem borrowed even from the spirit of Æschylus. But on these, or any farther on the other poetical works of Schiller, we must not dilate at present. One little piece, which lies by us translated, we may give, as a specimen of his style, in this lyrical province, and therewith terminate this part of our subject. It is entitled *Alpenlied* (Song of the Alps) and seems to require no commentary. Perhaps something of the clear, melodious, yet still somewhat metallic, tone of the original may penetrate even thro' our version:

SONG OF THE ALPS.

By the edge of the chasm is a slippery Track,
The torrent beneath, and the mist hanging o'er thee;
The cliffs of the mountain, huge, rugged and black,
Are frowning like giants before thee:
And, wouldst thou not waken the sleeping Lawine,
Walk silent and soft thro' the deadly ravine.

That Bridge with its dizzying, perilous span
Aloft o'er the gulph and its flood suspended,
Think'st thou it was built by the art of man,
By his hand that grim old arch was bended?
Far down in the jaws of the gloomy abyss
The water is boiling and hissing—for ever will hiss.

* Thus, to take one often-cited instance, Moor's simple question, "Whether there is any powder left?" receives this emphatic answer, "Powder enough to blow the Earth into the Moon!"

That Gate thro' the rocks is as darksome and drear
As if to the region of Shadows it carried:
Yet enter! A sweet laughing landscape is here,
Where the Spring with the Autumn is married.
From the world with its sorrows and warfare and wail,
O could I but hide in this bright little vale!

Four Rivers rush down from on high,
Their spring will be hidden for ever;
Their course is to all the four points of the sky,
To each point of the sky is a river;
And fast as they start from their old Mother's feet,
They dash forth, and no more will they meet.

Two Pinnacles rise to the depths of the Blue:
Aloft on their white summits glancing,
Bedeck'd in their garments of golden dew
The Clouds of the sky are dancing;
There threading alone their lightsome maze,
Uplifted apart from all mortals' gaze.

And high on her ever-enduring throne
The Queen of the mountains reposes;
Her head serene, and azure, and lone
A diamond crown encloses;
The Sun with his darts shoots round it keen and hot,
He gilds it always, he warms it not."

Of Schiller's philosophic talent, still more of the results he had arrived at in philosophy, there were much to be said and thought, which we must not enter upon here. As hinted above, his primary endowment seems to us fully as much philosophical as poetical his intellect, at all events, is peculiarly of that character; strong, penetrating, yet systematic and scholastic, rather than intuitive; and manifesting this tendency both in the object it treats, and in its mode of treating them. The transcendental Philosophy, which arose in Schiller's busiest era, could not remain without influence on him: he had carefully studied Kant's System, and appears to have not only admitted but zealously appropriated its fundamental doctrines; remoulding them, however, into his own peculiar forms, so that they seem no longer borrowed, but permanently acquired, not less Schiller's than Kant's. Some, perhaps little aware of his natural wants and tendencies, are of opinion that these speculations did not profit him: Schiller himself, on the other hand, appears to have been well contented with his Philosophy; in which, as harmonized with his Poetry, the assurance, and safe anchorage, for his moral nature might lie.

"From the opponents of the New Philosophy," says he, "I expect not that tolerance, which is shown to every other system, no better seen into than this: for Kant's Philosophy itself, in its leading points, practises no tolerance; and bears much too rigorous a character, to leave any room for accommodation. But in my eyes this does it honour; proving how little it can endure to have truth tampered with. Such a Philosophy will not be discussed with a mere shake of the head. In the open, clear, accessible field of Inquiry it builds up its system; seeks no shade, makes no reservation: but even as it treats its neighbours, so it requires to be treated; and may be forgiven for lightly esteeming everything but Proofs. Nor am I terrified to think that the law of Change, from which no human and no divine work finds grace, will operate on this Philosophy, as on every other, and one day its Form will be destroyed: but its Foundations will not have this destiny to fear; for ever since mankind has existed, and any Reason among mankind, these same first principles have been admitted, and on the whole acted upon."—*Correspondence with Goethe*, I. 58.

Schiller's philosophical performances relate chiefly to matters of Art; not, indeed, without significant glances into still more important regions of speculation: nay, Art, as he viewed it, has its basis on the most important interests of man, and of itself involves the harmonious adjustment of these. We have already undertaken to present our readers, on a future occasion, with some abstract of the *Æsthetic Letters*, one

of the deepest, most compact pieces of reasoning we are anywhere acquainted with: by that opportunity, the general character of Schiller as a Philosopher, will best fall to be discussed. Meanwhile, the two following brief passages, as some indication of his views on the highest of all philosophical questions, may stand here without commentary. He is speaking of *Wilhelm Meister*, and in the first extract, of the *Fair Saint's Confessions*, which occupy the Fifth Book of that work:

"The transition from Religion in general to the Christian Religion, by the experience of sin, is excellently conceived * * * I find virtually in the Christian System the rudiments of the Highest and Noblest; and the different phases of this System, in practical life, are so offensive and mean, precisely because they are bungled representations of that same Highest. If you study the specific character of Christianity, what distinguishes it from all monotheistic Religion, it lies in nothing else than in that *making-dead of the Law*, the removal of that Kantean Imperative, in tead of which Christianity requires a free Inclination. It is thus, in its pure form, a representing of Moral Beauty, or the Incarnation of the Holy; and in this sense, the only *æsthetic* Religion: hence too I explain to myself why it so prospers with female natures, and only in women is now to be met with under a tolerable figure."—*Correspondence*, I. 195.

"But in seriousness," he says elsewhere, "whence may it proceed that you have had a man educated, and in all points equipt, without ever coming upon certain wants which only Philosophy can meet? I am convinced, it is entirely attributable to the *æsthetic direction* you have taken, through the whole Romance. Within the æsthetic temper there arises no want of those grounds of comfort, which are to be drawn from speculation: such a temper has self-subsistence, has infinitude, within itself; only when the Sensual and the Moral in man strive hostilely together, need help be sought of pure Reason. A healthy poetic nature wants, as you yourself say, no Moral Law, no Rights of Man, no Political Metaphysics. You might have added as well, it wants no Deity, no Immortality, to stay and uphold itself withal. Those three points round which, in the long-run, all speculation turns, may in truth afford such a nature matter for poetic play, but can never become serious concerns and necessities for it."—II. 131.

This last seems a singular opinion; and may prove, if it be correct, that Schiller himself was no "healthy poetic nature;" for undoubtedly with him those three points were serious concerns and necessities;" as many portions of his works, and various entire treatises, will testify. Nevertheless, it plays an important part in his theories of Poetry; and often, under milder forms, returns on us there.

But without entering farther on those complex topics, we must here for the present take leave of Schiller. Of his merits we have all along spoken rather on the negative side; and we rejoice in feeling authorized to do so. That any German writer, especially one so dear to us, should already stand so high with British readers that, in admiring him, the critic may also, without prejudice to right feeling on the subject, coolly judge of him, cannot be other than a gratifying circumstance. Perhaps there is no other true Poet of that nation with whom the like course would be suitable.

Connected with this there is one farther observation we must make before concluding. Among younger students of German Literature, the question often arises, and is warmly mooted: whether Schiller or Goethe is the greater Poet? Of this question we must be allowed to say that it seems rather a slender one, and for two reasons. First, because Schiller and Goethe are of totally dissimilar endowments, and endeavours, in regard to all matters intellectual, and cannot well be compared together as Poets. Secondly, because if the question mean to ask, which Poet is on the whole the rarer and more excellent, as probably it does, it must be considered as long ago abundantly answered. To the clear-sighted and modest Schiller, above all, such a question would have appeared surprising: No one knew better than himself, that as Goethe was a born Poet, so he was in great part a made Poet; that as the one spirit was intuitive, all-embracing, instinct with melody, so the other was scholastic, divisive, only partially and as it were artificially melodious. Besides, Goethe has lived to perfect his natural gift, which the less happy Schiller was not permitted to do. The former accordingly is the national Poet; the latter is not, and never could have

been. We once heard a German remark that readers till their twenty-fifth year usually preferred Schiller; after their twenty-fifth year, Goethe. This probably was no unfair illustration of the question. Schiller can seem higher than Goethe only because he is narrower. Thus to unpractised eyes, a Peak of Teneriffe, nay, a Strasburg Minster, when we stand on it, may seem higher than a Chimborazo; because the former rise abruptly, without abutment or environment; the latter rises gradually, carrying half a world aloft with it; and only the deeper azure of the heavens, the widened horizon, the "eternal sunshine," disclose, to the geographer that the "Region of Change" lies far below him.

However, let us not divide these two Friends, who in life were so benignantly united. Without asserting for Schiller any claim that even enemies can dispute, enough will remain for him. We may say that as a Poet and Thinker, he attained to a perennial Truth, and ranks among the noblest productions of his century and nation. Goethe may continue *the* German Poet, but neither through long generations can Schiller be forgotten. "His works too, the memory of what he did and was, will rise afar off like a towering landmark in the solitude of the Past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility many lesser people that once encompassed him, and hid from the near beholder."

NIGHT.—A RHAPSODY.

How beautiful is night!—the moon-lit night!
When the soft breeze sports with the breathing flowers,
Scattering from out their bells rich drops of light
That fall o'er the green earth in diamond showers!
While blushing maidens from their trellised bowers
Or love-oped lattices, enraptured bend,—
To list the lays that through un-noted hours,
From lute and lip harmonious numbers blend,
Waking the gentle sigh that e'er such hours should end!

And Night is beautiful, when each bright star
Looks on her mirrored radiance in the stream;—
No mist to dim, no curling wave to mar,
The soft reflection of her own fair beam:—
Oh, 'tis a time when Poesy may dream
Of loftier visions than the sun-light knows,—
While, gushing from its long-sealed fount, each theme
That in the golden realm of fancy glows,
A free and vivid flood of inspiration flows.

Lives such high mastery in the gorgeous noon?
Oh, let him answer whose far-soaring mind
Hath toiled, through varying hours, to win the boon
So many sigh for, and so few may find—
And he will tell that night's pale hours are kind
To the young aspirant, whose listening ear
Is tuned aright, on grassy bank reclined,
Where the swift rush of waters murmuring near
Sweeps the soul-answering chords of hope, love, joy, and fear!

To the rapt votary that lone torrent springs,
Instinct with life, o'er leaf and crag along,
As though its silvery sprays were shining wings
To speed its course the dark-browed rocks among;—

As though its voice were but the joyous song
Of fay or spirit from its bondage freed:—
And if such thoughts to fairy worlds belong,
'Tis but a part of his enthusiast creed,
Whose dreams are his delight,—he asks no other meed!

Perchance some legend of forbidden spell
Hangs o'er the spot, and hallows all around:—
Some maiden's tale, who by that mystic well
Wrought sinful charm, that vain o'er him was found,
Whose craftier test love's witcheries all unwound,
Leaving the fair to weep her hopes betrayed,
Till death—the dreamer startles at the sound
Of the sere leaf, and in each deepened shade
Sees the pale stricken form his wildering mood hath made!

Flies the wild fantasy!—a fairer trance
Around his brow its purpled tints hath wove;
He wanders through the fields of bright romance,
By shining hall, gay bower, and blossomed grove!—
He breathes to loveliness soft notes of love,
Murmured responsive to the light guitar;—
Or soars on eagle wings to spheres above;—
Or, borne o'er golden billows, speeds afar
Lured by the beacon-light of beauty's guiding star!

Yet, oh! if fancy's soft creations fade,
Hath inspiration vanished?—lives there not
Above, around—in mountain, forest, glade,
Fair stream, or flowery vale, a dearer spot
Than vision e'er portrayed?—Can shining grot
Of dream-born sybil with yon azure vie
Rich in resplendent stars?—Be all forgot,
Save the propitious hour when earth and sky
Woo him, if ever, now, the heaven-taught art to try!

Look but around—can whispered pomp or pride
Find its meet echo in the minstrel breast?—
Oh, lay for aye the thrilling lyre aside,
Nor deem, that chords poetic may be prest
By one who shrinks from the soul-proving test,
That spurns the dross, but treasures the pure gold!
To Mammon be the tuneless strain addrest;—
The muse disdains, the magic strings withhold
Their spell from hearts that cleave to earth—the base, the cold!

ARS RIDENDI; OR, HOOK AND HOOD—ON LAUGHTER.

To laugh is the privilege of man. It is beyond comparison the most valuable right that he can boast of. It is, moreover, peculiar to himself. No animal but he (for we do not admit our friend, the hyæna, to be an exception,) can achieve a cachinnation. None but himself can be his parallel—none but himself can "give his cheeks a holiday," in this innocent, admirable, and obstreperous fashion. We think too little of laughter; and far too little of those who make us laugh. They are our greatest benefactors. What is Magna Charta? or the Habeas Corpus; or universal suffrage—(a thing to be exercised once in three or seven years—a poor right to send "a burgess" to parliament for the independent borough of Brib'em) to this? Why *this* may be exercised every day—every hour—nay, we may split our sides upon every occasion, or no occasion, ten times a minute,—and who shall say us nay? Let us look into this matter a little. We owe a huge debt (on *judgment*, as the lawyers say,) to comic authors, and we seem a little backward to pay it. Yet it undoubtedly ought to be paid; if with nothing else, at least with gratitude.

All wise men, and men of experience, concur with us in admitting the utility and beauty of laughter. What say Hunter and Harvey,—Baillie and Cheselden:—"When the cachinnatory muscles are duly called into action, these morbid symptoms naturally disappear," &c.—(*Hunter on the Nerves*, p. 343.) "When the regions about the thorax and lungs are stimulated by laughter, the system resumes, &c., and the arterial vessels perform their functions with ease," &.—(*Harvey on the Blood*, p. 119, 131.) "When the surface of the cutis is thus abraded, and the eschar formed, nothing dissipates the serum which in those cases forms below the skin so rapidly or effectually, as that involuntary convulsion of the system, which is vulgarly called laughter or cachinnation," &c.—(*Cheselden's Works*, vol. ii. p. 17.)—We could multiply our quotations to an incredible extent, were it necessary.

But it is *not* necessary. Laughter (like rum amongst the Indians,) needs only to be known, in order to be loved. It is a sort of maxim or axiom in nature, which carries conviction with it. It is self-evident. We hear, laugh, and are satisfied: that is all.

Some foolish people, indeed, imagine that laughing is a crime. They are told so by people more foolish than themselves; and upon the strength of this erroneous lesson they grow more lugubrious every day. But these are only the shakers, the ranters, the quaverers, the jumpers, and the various other sects or species, which, together form the genus "*Methodist*." In all that regards common sense, or rational amusement, they must be left out of calculation. Others, again, object to laughing, from mere vanity: as for instance, the solemn coxcomb fresh from Oxford; the young parson in his first surplice; the bran-new barrister, guiltless of a brief; the poet who has never published; and the numberless number of simpletons and pretenders, young and old, who utter an infinite quantity of nothing, and entrench themselves behind the squares of gravity, because they have no other defence against the wiser portion of the world's contempt. To laugh is to grow wise—it is to become agreeable. We hate to hear a young "member" haranguing by the hour upon the "Corn Laws," at his own table, when he should be pushing about the bottle; or a blockhead with bands under his chin, challenging the orthodoxy of Hooker or Jeremy Taylor, Barrow or South; or an author in embryo, swaggering about the streets, with his neck bare, and a black silk ribbon round his throat, looking as lofty as a mountain, upon the strength of the mouse that he is about to produce. Give us a laugh—nay, a grin, as broad as broad Scotch—or any thing else that is broadest of the broad—a thing, in short of infinite latitude, and in which the longitude cannot be found. We have a great liking for laughter, and we do not care who knows it; and our respect for the *creators* of laughter is absolutely immeasurable.

There is a good story, (in the,

Mirror, or *Lounger*, or *Connoisseur*, we forget which,) of a man, who dismisses all the common notions of respect from his mind; and in lieu of prostrating himself before wealth or rank, bows with the utmost humility before his superiors in *health*. He turns his back upon a paralytic duke, but bends his periwig to the dust before a peasant or artificer who has cheeks as ruddy as the morning, or sinews that compete with Hercules! And this is, after all, not so absurd. For, if we are to worship men only because they have the greatest power of enjoyment in their reach; it matters little to us from what source it be derived—from an overgrown fortune or a gigantic form; from the three per cent. consols or a rosy face; from a good constitution or a lordly name! It is, perhaps, partly on this account, (from the idea that the movers of laughter must also be the persons who enjoy it the most,) that we entertain such respect for the sons of Momus. Our *gratitude*, however, depends of course upon another cause,—the pleasure which they yield and have for many a year yielded to ourselves. What! shall we forget Hogarth, and Gillray, and Bunbury, and Cruikshank? (we mean Cruikshank the illustrious, GEORGE—the first of that name—not Robert)—Do we owe nothing to the Marriage à la Mode? to the Harlot's Progress? the Rake's Progress?—to Gin Lane? to Morning, Noon, and Night? to the March to Finchley? Shall we wipe out Gillray and his political jokes from our memory? Bunbury and his caricatures, (Pistol eating his leeks, &c.)? Shall we—but we *cannot* if we would, for he stares at us from every window—shall we discard from our recollection the inimitable George Cruikshank, who has so often and in so many ways moved our muscles into mirth? We cannot be so base or so thankless to Nature—to roaring, ranting, laughing, riotous Nature—as to forget these things, or grow solemn or supercilious without strong occasion.

It must be now somewhat more than thirty years since we first went to Covent Garden, (old Covent Garden,) and had the starch taken out of our face by the irresistible genius of Munden. We were wise in the Bucolics and Georgics, and deep in Ovid's Metamorphosis, but such a metamorphosis as we then saw we had never contemplated. We scarcely knew that laughter was in us till then. But *then*—how rapidly it came out and showed itself! Shaking sides, unheard of sounds, (rising from the chuckle to the giggle, from the giggle to the irrepressible roar,) sighs, sobs, (from over exertion,) twitches of the muscles, twinkling eyes, running over with tears—these were the symptoms by which the spirit of Momus first shewed its presence within us; and we have loved him too well, ever to discard or despise him since. Then, what infinite jest lay hid in the visage of old Grimaldi!

> "Within the hollow orb of a small *eye*
> A world of *laughter*."

There he was—the second Joe—(Munden being the first)—with his painted cheeks, and restless dancing legs—the toes turned in, and shewing the enormous scarlet clocks on his stockings—a picture for Sir Joshua! Who ever stole fish—or kissed a chambermaid—or knocked his head against a butcher's tray—or drank small beer—or grew sea-sick—with half the gusto of Joe Grimaldi? No one. He was without an equal; nay, he was without a *like*—a phœnix of pantomime; and his name was *Solus!* There were others who looked like him, (jays in peacocks' feathers); there were and are many more active, more noisy than he; but who so rich in fun—so bubbling over with humour? Who ever looked a joke like him?

> "Angulus ille ridet."

He gazed askant at you (or at some one else) and drew the laugh from you as certainly as the sun strips the cloak from the back of the roasted traveller. We laughed, and we laugh still, at his infinite grimace—his "most excellent fancy." We honour him, and we honour old Joe Munden; and, despite the gout of the one, and the chronic rheumatism of the other, we never shall cease to do so. The FACE of Liston, which closes this gay "eventful history," is alone worthy to succeed these eminent persons. When that broad disk of comic light is clouded and closed for ever, perhaps we may turn to gravity,

but not before. Yet, no; we shall rally even then. The playhouse is not the only place for merriment. We have books and authors enough still to drive the devil Care away from us; and, what is best, they will leave their works (our springs of laughter) behind them.

There are SMOLLETT, with his Tabitha and Lismahago, Random, Bowling, Pipes, and all the rest, (a brave family!)—SWIFT, and his coarse fun—PIGAULT LE BRUN, a wit of the very first water, unjustly neglected—(who can forget his *Uncle Thomas*—a book, however, for men only—his *Barons of Felsheim;* his *Monsieur Botte?*)—and, lastly, who ever can or will forget THOMAS HOOD, or THEODORE HOOK?

We will say a word or two on the productions of these two last supercomical geniuses; and then, by means of a specimen from each, give the reader an opportunity of judging whether our notions concerning them be correct or not.

They are as different from each other as may be. They differ, as devilled turkey-leg *au naturel* does from devilled turkey-leg with sauce. The elder (Hook) is the leg with *sauce*. He is a loose, rambling, slap-dash humourist. Nothing comes amiss to him. From a Whig to a watchman—from a fashionable rout to a "blow up" at the Finish—he is your man. He is as little squeamish in his tastes as the dragon of Wantley. He is greater in offence than defence. His eulogy on a friend is but an indiscriminate piece of amity—(he smears him with honey all over)—but his assault is a formidable thing. A slang term, or a nick-name, is to him a mighty and weighty weapon. He batters and bruises his enemy with it at every turn; he hits him every where, over the head, over the eyes, without pause, and without mercy; and, finally, gives over the combat for no other reason than that he has fatigued *himself*. We remember a person, some years ago, becoming [illegible] grave and reprehensive upon [illegible] badgering "Lord Waith-[illegible]" He could "see nothing to laugh at in such ribald jests on a respectable individual." Notwithstanding this, the critic's sides gave way at the sixth repetition of this identical joke, and he laughed till he shook like a jelly.

Mr. Hook's sketches of character want delicacy and marking, but they are often irresistibly comic; and his dialogues *ad absurdum* are unctuous and rich to the last degree of discretion. If we judge him by the writers of the present day, he is a rough and not over-nice satirist; but he is masculine and forcible, and we are not aware that he has ever been guilty of any overt expression of indelicacy. Compared with Swift and others he is absolutely refined. In comparison with Canning, Jeffrey, Lord Byron, Moore, the author of *Anastasius*, and others, he fails in point and finish. But some of his characters are terribly true, and must not be passed over without comment. There is a Sir Frederick Brashleigh in one of his novels, which is not surpassed by any thing of the sort in our recollection. He is a retired (or returned) nabob; as proud, as yellow, as rich, as ill-tempered, and as tyrannical as Bengal or Bahar ever ejected from their bilious regions, to strut and fume "their little hour" here, and taint the wholesome atmosphere of Old England. His "tiffin"—his "bungalow"—his "lacs"—his talk of "the Peishwah"—of "the Nawaub"—of the "musnud—of," &c.—live in our memory like the spots on the back of the serpent. They are true, odious, and full of lustre. No man ever implanted hate or scorn in the breasts of his readers—(hate or scorn for particular characters)—with more effect than Theodore Hook. Whoever remembers the Sir Frederick Brashleigh of whom we have spoken, Skinner, the Fugglestones, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, (the physic-takers,) &c. &c.—or his old, addle-pated lords—his lank and shrivelled dowagers, (as stiff and as pale as parchment,)—or his bluff, superabundant City madams, who are eternally at war with the alphabet and common sense, &c. &c.,* will readily

* In our estimate of Mr. Hook's talents, we—(that is to say, the writer of this article)—must be understood as referring solely to his novels, and a few articles—(such as Mrs. Ramsbottom's tour, &c.)—which he has seen. With the exception of some of Mr. Hook's jests on Lord Waithman, &c., the writer does not profess to speak of his political squibs. Indeed, he is one of those who heartily wish that those fireworks had altogether burned out.

agree with our criticism. In his last novel of *Maxwell*, there is, we think less merit of this kind than in some others of his books. Apperton, indeed, and his brothers and sisters o the half-blood, are done to the life but the rest of the *dramatis personæ* are, as characters, little remarkable—with, however, *one* illustrious exception. This exception is a certain Mr. Macleod, "the Honourable East India Company's secretary in the Twankey Twaddle department"—a gentleman as precise, and diplomatic, and free from all sentimentality, as ever was transmitted in the green state from Loch Tay or the Trossachs, and ripened to perfection beneath a Calcutta sun. The following *morçeau* is, in our opinion, a masterly specimen of dialogue. That the reader may understand it, it is necessary to premise, that Charles Somerford (the hero) goes to consult Mr. Macleod, the Scotch-Indian, on the subject of a lady, (Lady Emily,) who has been offered by her father, Lord Lessingham, to the aforesaid Charles. How it happens that Charles, who is moreover a major, (a "majorr,") should seek advice from the diplomatist of the Twankey Twaddle department, in a matter of such delicate nature, we do not profess to understand; but the advice that he does receive is to be found in the following extract. Macleod opens the colloquy.

"'You ask my advice, Majorr,' said Macleod; 'd'ye want ony advice on sich a pint?' (I consider it right to print Mr. Macleod's words as he thought it right to pronounce them.) 'Can ye have a daut apaun sich a pint, Majorr? Ye must murry my Lady Emily of carse.'

"'And so forfeit my pledge to Mrs. Apperton,' said Charles.

"'Your pledge, Majorr!' said Macleod; 'why, surr, she's murried already, what more woud she have? Besides, 'spose, sir, she's a wuddy, what then? She has no fortun'—not a farden. No, no, she fuggut you, when ye ware out of hare sight, why, in the divil's name, shou'd you be so partiklar abut her—eh, Majorr?'

"'Why, Mr. Macleod,' said Charles, 'she was deceived into the marriage to which she consented.'

"'Deceived was she,' said the Nabob; 'well then there's nothing whatever like deception in the uffer of Lord Lessingham—there's a beautiful bibi saab, Lady Emily, the granddaughter of a Burrah saab like my Lord, with a tittle into the bargain. I only wush I had the reversion of the offer, Majorr.'

"'As a matter of feeling, I really cannot give up my old prepossession,' said Somerford; 'and yet how very advantageous is the prospect which the union with Lady Emily would open to me.'

"'Advantageous prospect,' said Macleod; 'the view from a hill furt is a fool to it—runk and dagnity buth at your feet. Why, even to me, a senior merchant in the Hunnurable Ist Ingy Company's suvvice, late Secretary in the Twanky Twaddle department, and eligible for a sit in cuncil—even I—I tell you so—should jump at the chance of sich an acquisition.'

"'But you would not feel so, if your first love still haunted you, Mr. Macleod,' said Charles, endeavouring to excite the nabob to sentimentality.

"'Fust love, sir!' said Macleod; 'wat in the divil's name has fust love to do with it?—*my* fust love was a littel cobbling shumaker's daughter in Hedge Lane, Lunnun. I fancied her perfection—I was sixteen years uld at the tim, and I dremt of her by night, and thowt of her by day, and sighed for her, and watched for her both day and night;—a pretty mess I'd have made if I had thowt it necessary to murry Miss Caroline Wagstaffe on my return to England—senior merchant in the Hunnurable Ist Ingy Company's suvvice, and eligible for a sit in cuncil—because she happened to be my fust love.'

"'I admit a peculiarity of feeling upon the point,' said Charles.

"'My dear friend,' said Macleod, 'putting the rank and fortune whully out of the question—only luck at Lady Emily's person and accomplishments—luck at her eyes—demants; luck at her lips—churries; luck at her tith—purrls—and a figgur entire semetry—perfection by Jooputur.'

"'I admit her charms—I—"

"'And as for Mussus Apperton, you know I saw her at Brighton—she's leddylike, I grunt, but *passée* surely—fine expression of countenance, good eyes and tith, I grunt; but dear me, such a defference in manner. Lady Emily is so delicate—so transparent—so sulph like—I declare to Gud she's puffect, entirely puffect—that's my view o' the case.'

"'Then you think,' said Charles, 'that falsehood to Katherine would be a venial crime.'

"'Falsehood, Majorr!' exclaimed the yellow chief, 'she's murried, I tell ye—she's suttled—she has chosen a spouse, and there an end—its absolutely criminal to bind yourself to one whose hand and heart I hopp are entirely another's. Take my advice, accept with gratitude the uffer of Lord Lessingham, and become the sire of a race of lords yourself.'

"'I will consider the case on my pillow,' said Charles. 'I sincerely thank you for your advice.'

"'Which, if it perfectly coincides with your own feelings, you will follow,' said Macleod, "my opinion is like that of a cuncil in one of our Istern cullunies, where the membirs say their say, and the Governor does his do; if their atutiuns agree, well and gudd; if they duff, the cuncil are at liberty to protest, but the Governor's measure is carried, eh, Majorr?'

"'Not so,' said Somerford, 'I will carefully consider the bearings of this extraordinary affair, for I honestly tell you, that so much of happiness as is here presented for my acceptance is enough to startle the firmest heart. Assure yourself of one thing, Mr Macleod,' continued he, 'that I am not selfish, and that whatever decision I may come to, on this point, I shall be governed by motives which you will not, I am sure, fail to approve.'

"'I have no doubt, my dear Major,' said Macleod, 'not in the least; but I would just have you put the case fairly and dispassionately as I did in the memorable time when I was resident at Pillydyneverafam. It cost me nearly two hours, although I was hurried by circumstances, before I resolved upon hanging a Rajah, three of his sons, his uncle Bungabyravamy Row, and two of his nevvs; but I did it, and if I had time, I am sure I could make you see that I was governed by motives which *you* could not fail to approve.'

"'Mine is a less desperate case,' said Charles, 'so having had the advantage of the opinion of a council lor——'

"'No—not actually——eligible for a sit in cuncil, I sau,' interrupted the punctilious prig.

"'Eligible for a seat in council,' continued Charles, 'I beg pardon—I will go to my room; and having put all the circumstances fairly before myself, decide and act upon my decision whatever it may be, the first thing in the morning. And so good night, sir, with many apologies for detaining you so long on my affairs.'

"'Nut a wurd—nut a wurd, my dear Majorr,' said Macleod. 'I have little doubt what will be the result of your deliberation. You'll murry my Lady Emily, and I shall have the happiness of seeing an excellent, worthy, high spirited young fellow, united to one of the sweetest creechurs that ever I saw in my whull existence, let the cullur be what it might.'"

Hood is of a famous family. There have been, within our knowledge, four or five great men of that name—Robin, the illustrious archer—Hood, the great Captain, ('Lord Hood;')—Sir Samuel Hood, the Admiral; and finally—last, but not least—the Comedian Thomas!

Thomas Hood and Theodore Hook differ from each other essentially. The *vis comica* is very evident in each, but it arises in each from a different cause. Hook's is spontaneous, careless—an overflow of the animal spirits; sometimes dashing with prodigious force against the object, at others ill aimed and ineffective. Hood's jokes are, on the contrary, not produced without effort. His jest book is not written '*currente calamo*.' He pauses and points his joke, makes it compact and sharp, and it almost always tells. If he has less natural power over the muscles than Mr Hook, he makes amends by being more sure and more learned. His Muse is more carefully educated. She does not roam about in her slippers like the buxom damsel of the other, but is more precise, and picks her way more directly. Hood never gives such a broadside as the editor of John Bull, but he is more certain in his hits. His jokes are more concentrated. The one expatiates in a strange wild way, and rambles about on all sides of his subject. The other either jumps at once to an antithesis, from 'pole to pole' (as must often be the case in pouncing upon a pun,) or he imprisons his joke in a small compass, so that you are sure never to miss his meaning in a waste of words. He is rich in language, but he is also economical in his use of it, and prospers accordingly. His page is as fertile with jests, as the soil of China. He cultivates every spot. The whole is, in fact, a pleasure ground, where the jokes hang round on all sides, and you may crack them at every turn without trouble.

It is somewhat singular that two men of such different talent, and as we should apprehend of such different temperaments, should do the same sort of thing almost equally well. For the *Tour of Mrs Ramsbottom*, of Mr Hook, is to all intents and purposes, a jest of the same order as Mr Hood's *Parish Revolution*. The originator of this species of joke among the moderns is, as far as we recollect, Smollett, and then came Sheridan, his imitator. Mrs. Malaprop is neither more nor less than a reflexion of our old friend

Mrs. Tabitha Bramble; only that Tabitha's blunders have become exaggerated, and her humour somewhat faded. And as Mrs. Malaprop is a copy of Miss Bramble, so is Mrs. Ramsbottom a copy of Mrs. Malaprop; and finally, Mrs Jones, the fair historian of *The Parish Revolution*, must also be reckoned as a sister of the same family. This last mentioned piece of humour is undoubtedly the brightest part of Hood's last *Comic Annual*. It is so good, indeed, that we shall take the liberty of transplanting a considerable portion of it into our Magazine, in order that it may flourish in eternal youth, in eternal beauty. We shall preserve it, in the amber of our pages, for the antiquarians and classics of 1990.

After a series of paragraphs, manufactured after the most approved models, and announcing—"alarming news"—"further particulars"—"further, further particulars,"—"another account"—"from another quarter"—"a later account,—after fresh intelligence which comes pouring in at every turn—at "11"—at "12"—at a "¼ past 12"—"½ past 12"—"one"—"two"—"¾ past 3"—"4 o'clock,"—after private letters—and articles—and preliminaries, amongst the belligerent parties of Stoge Pogis,—BRIDGET JONES—(first as well as last of all the Joneses—representative of the Joneses, the Smiths, the Browns, the Whites, &c. &c. &c., the invaluable common people of the earth)—the matchless and never-to-be forgotten Bridget Jones takes up the goose-quill and begins. The following account was obtained by Mr Hood, as we understand, from the state paper office, just after Mr —— (we forget who) discovered the MS. of Milton. It is in every way worthy to be handed down to posterity in company with the well known essay of our great poet.

"*The Narrowtiv of a High Whitness who seed every Think proceed out of a Backwinder up Fore Pears to Mrs Humphris.*

"O Mrs Humphris! Littel did I Drim, at my Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The hole Parrish is throne into a pannikin! The Revelations has retched Stock Poggis—and the people is riz agin the Kings rain, and all the Pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs Griggs and Me as [illegible] top of the Hows [illegible] have lockd our too selves [illegible] Rome, and nothing can [illegible] up [illegible] Hanksiety. Some says it is like the French Plot—som say [illegible] moor [illegible] Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and [illegible] we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them Brown holland [illegible] gals!

Our Winder overlocks all the High Street, xcept jest ware Mister Higgins Jutts out Behind. What a prospectus!—All riotism and hubbub—Their is a [illegible] speechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is urringing the Populous from one of his own long winders—Poor Man!—for all his fine goold Cheer, who wood Sit in his shoes!

"I hobserve Mr Tuder's bauld Hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mister Wagstaff the Constable, considdering his rummatiz his oncly left one Harm di fficted to show his loyalness with. He and his men ur staving the mobbs Heds to make them Suppuate. They are tryme to Custardise the Ringleders But as yet hav Captivated Nobody. There is no end to accidence. Three unsensible boddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers but wether Naybers or Gyes, is dubbious. Mister Gollopboo is jest gon by on one of his Ants Shuters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsir. It makes Mrs G and Me tremble like Axle trees, for our Hone nevves. Wile we wure at the open Winder they liped out. With sich Broils in the Street who nose what Scraps they may git into. Mr J is gor off with his muskitry to militate agin the mobb. and I fear without mny Sand Witches in his Cartridg Box. Mrs Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as meself. Oncly think, Mrs. H of too Loon Wimming looken Down on such a Heffervescence, and as Hignorant as the unbigotted Babe of the state [illegible] Husbandry! Too had to our C[illegible] the Botcher has not Bean N[illegible] the Backer and We shold here Nothing [illegible] Mister Higgins hadn't hollowed up Fire Storys. What news he brakes! That wicked Wigsby is reffused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is so Scolded! Isn't that a bad Herring!

"O Mrs Humphris! It is unpossible to throe ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Husbands—nothing is herd but childern looking for Farthers. Mr Hatband the Undertacker as [illegible] bean squibed, and oblygated for safeness to inter his own Hows. Mister Higgins blames the unflexible Stubbleness of the Mare and says a littel timely Concussion, wood have been of Preventive Servis. Haven Nose! For my Part I dont believe all the Concussion on Haerth

wood hav prevented the Regolater bein scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit—or that it could unshatter Pore Master Gollop, or squeptch Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is now Flamming and smocking in two volumes. The ingins as been, but cold not Play for want of Pips which is too often the Case with Parrish inginuity. Wile affares are in these fiteful Posturs, thank Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is cum back on his legs from Twelve to won tired in the extreams with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spatterdashed all over. He says his hone saving was onely thro leaving His retrenchments.

"Pore Mr. Griggs has cum In after his Wif in a state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys hav maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence and Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Severil Shells of a bombastic nater as been picked up in his Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as bean Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he says their is so Manny Crackers going he dont no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongerers has Cotchd and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes,—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—They say nothink can save the Dwellins adjourning. O Mrs. H. how greatful ought J and I to bee that our hone Premiss and propperty is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvulous. The Turrit of St. Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry planely only it stands!

"The noise is enuf to Drive one deleterious! Too Specious Conestabbles is persewing littel Tidmash down the Hi Street and Sho grate fermness, but I trembel for the Pelisse. Peple drops in with New News every momentum. Sum say All is Lost—and the Town Criar is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein five littel Boys is throwd off a spirituous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobbobboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may supose how these flying rummers Upsetts a Mothers Sperrits.

"O Mrs. Humphris how I envy you that is not tossing on the ragging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic Govinment in such Sequestrated spots as Lonnon and Padington. [illegible]u never go thro such Transubstan[illegible]on as I have bean [illegible]g in! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removed in a Minnet—and the verry effigis of wat is venerablest is now burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chaer is emty. The Mare has gon off clandestiny with a pare of Hossis, and without his diner. They say he comlanes that his Corperation did no stik to him as it shold have dun But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole—in sich a case I dont wunder he lost his Stommich. Yisterdy he was at the summut of Pour. Them that hours ago ware enjoying parrish officiousness has been turned out of there Dignittis! Mr. Barber says in futer all the Perukial Authoritis will be Wigs.

"Pray let me no wat his Magisty and the Prim Minestir think of Stock Poggis's constitution, and believe me conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris most frendly and trully

"Bridget Jones."

In the history of wit and waggery there is one more writer who merits honourable mention.* We are not sure, indeed, that any humourist has appeared in England since the days of Messrs. Shandy and Primrose, who can in all respects safely measure his wit with that of—Sir Morgan O'Doherty! This illustrious knight and adjutant, (who has quitted "the modern Athens," for "the modern Babylon,") is beyond doubt one of the most extraordinary men of the present age. He is as learned as a dictionary, as various as a book of receipts, as changeable as a kaleidoscope, as full of fun as the first of April. Nothing comes amiss to him, comedy, criticism, farce, politics, poetry, punch, pugilism—from Longinus to *Boxiana,* from the Zend to the Talmud. The Aulic Council, the British House of Commons, the French Chambers, the Divan of the Osmalee, —all are one to him. "All's fish that comes to *his* net." He mingles and reconciles all things; the strong, the acid, the sweet. Like a tumbler of whiskey toddy, he is, though miscellaneous, always agreeable. Oratory alone he cannot manage. A trifling hesitation in his speech, a slight nervousness of manner, and the most indomitable *modesty* (!) these are his impediments to this species of renown. Were his tongue once slit by a silver sixpence, he would be irresistible. As it is, he is compelled to be silent; leaving to Demosthenes and Tully, to Chatham and Burke,

* We have omitted the very clever Bow-street humourist of the *Morning Herald;* but we shall take a view of his merits on a future occasion.

and Lord Brougham and Vaux, their unmitigated fame.

It is a pity that the humours of this admirable and laughter-loving writer should not be collected and formed into "a body of humours." People would know him better, and like him quite as well, we think, in his corporate shape, as they do in his present scattered, shadowy, undefined condition. He has expended, and is still expending, great wealth of mind in enriching daily, weekly, monthly, and annual publications. Half of what he does will be overlaid by the surrounding trash, and forgotten. His learned allusions, his witty parodies, his rich racy jests, his inimitable free flowing gaiety will avail him little. His "airy nothings" will be pressed down by the solid, stolid body of nonsense that is thrust into their company; and he will live, fifty years hence, in the recollections of men, like single-speech Hamilton, or Anthony White; like conversation Sharpe, or the great Sea Serpent; of each of whom we have heard much in our youth, but who, for want of some strong visible evidence of their merit, have passed away like the vapour of the morning. *Naminis umbra*—that will be all that our children will know of the famous adjutant, (incomparably the greatest military author since the days of Xenophon,) unless, in the classical language of Higginbottom, he "stirs his stumps," and stands in all his united powers face to face with the public. If he will *not* do this—if he perversely choose to exist in his phantom state, (his strength, like Samson's, "diffused" over infinite space,) why then, O, winged fame! O, fickle fortune!

"Ah! receive then to join in your endless delight,
The shade of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, knight;"—

and never let him be pushed aside or neglected in after time for smaller jesters or bold pretenders, nor for any proselyte or copyist, who shall attempt to imitate his inimitable style!

* * * *

At the conclusion of a rambling article like this, it would be neither fit nor agreeable to examine very gravely into the causes or uses of laughter. Those who are desirous of doing this, should buy a pleasant little book entitled, *Thoughts on Laughter*, by a Chancery Barrister; in which the "general and particular causes" are inquired into and illustrated by a variety of humourous anecdotes, and in which the "uses" of laughter are not forgotten. In the mean time, if we may express our opinion, we think that the great use and object of laughing is that we may enjoy ourselves, and communicate enjoyment to others. Laughter is a healthy exercise. It shakes the system, disperses the morbid humours, extinguishes envy, annihilates the spleen, puts the blue devils to flight, and spreads summer and sunshine, and cordiality, wherever it appears. To "laugh and grow *wise*," to "laugh and grow *fat*," are little more than synonymes. To all, therefore, who do not wish to remain in ignorance,—to all who do not wish they were "a little thinner," we recommend a loud, a hearty, a continuous roar. Democritus, the laughing philosopher (γελαστῖνος), was one of the wisest of men. He lived laughing for a hundred years, and then died unlamenting. What misanthrope or Megrim of modern times can do as much? Are all the grim affectations of *Childe Harolde* worth an ounce of laughter? Not a grain! They do good to no one. They are "entertainment" neither "for man nor beast." They make us lean, stupid, ungrateful. Shakspeare was the merriest of men; and he was the wisest. He laughed when he held the gallant's horses at the playhouse door, and saw them so "trimly dressed," and "perfumed like milliners." He laughed with Falstaff, ("old Jack Falstaff!") with Mercutio, with Biron, with Beatrice, with Rosalind, with Benedict. He laughed at Pistol's swaggering, at the red nose of Bardolph, at the gabble of Justice Shallow, at Slander, and Glendower, and Malvolio; at Froth, and Francis, and Bottom, and Wart, and Mouldy, and a hundred others. Nay, doubtless, he laughed also when he had finished Lear,—(that mighty tragedy, to which alone there is no rival in letters,) and thought—and *knew* that he had achieved a thing, of which past ages could afford no parallel, and which future times must struggle in vain to excel.

Great men and wise men have loved laughter. The vain, the ignorant, and the uncivilized alone have dread-

ed or despised it. Let us imitate the wise where we may. Let our Christmas laugh echo till Valentine's day; our laugh of Saint Valentine till the first of April; our April humour till May day, and our May merriment till Midsummer. And so let us go on, from holiday to holiday, philosophers in laughter at least, till, at the expiration of our century, we die the death of old Democritus, cheerful, hopeful, and contented: surrounded by many a friend, but without an enemy; and remembered principally because we have never, either in life or death, given pain for a moment to any one that lived!

STANZAS.

"Flowers—Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!"—Miss Bowles.

Oh, wherefore when the glory of our early bloom is past,
And the tabret of our hope hath murmur'd out its last,
The embers are growing dim, upon our father's hearth—
Wherefore, like the glad young flow'rs, should we return to earth!

The flowers may come again, and sweet may be their waking;
They think not of the leaves, the autumn-wind is shaking:
The merry bird may bathe its wings in the summer sky,
The vision of a broken wing will never cloud its eye!

When my mother's voice is gone—that dear familiar tone,
So musical to every wish, so linked to my own:
The hand is cold which I have press'd in sadness and in mirth,
And my sister's voice is silent too—would I return to earth!

And Thou, O our Saviour, whose eye of peace hath smil'd
The dark thought from the mourner's face, the sorrow from her child,
The Olive Mount shall be once more thy bright and glorious fane,
And Israel's heart shall sing with joy, if Thou wilt come again!

Spirit of my early days; the lovely and the fair,
The glow, the beauty of my thoughts, the music of my pray'r,
Oh—take the fairest flowers of boyhood in its play,
If thou wilt but renew my heart as "easily as they."

LETTERS ON THE HISTORY, LAWS, AND CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND.

TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

Letter I.

Sir;—There are times and seasons when a moral deluge descends upon nations, and "the fountains of the great deep are broken up." Such a time is the present, when Society is convulsed from centre to circumference, and its foundations are laid bare for examination and scrutiny, as at the beginning. In quiet times, forms of government have their stability, and churches their human strength, in the confidence of inherited opinions. Right as these opinions are, true as are the principles, rules, and doctrines on which they are founded, both now are equally brought into debate. They are no prejudices, for they rest not merely upon authority, neither are they exempt from the appearance of reason. "A large portion," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "of the opinions received and handed down to us by men of eminent genius and talent, have a foundation as rational as it is ancient." But mankind have now rejected for awhile the old cornerstones of politics and religion, and forsaken those resting-places for their thoughts in which once they found happiness and peace.

In a crisis so full of peril, it behoves every man to come forward, and perform his part in setting right the doubts and disorders of the public mind, and to vindicate those institutions on which the welfare of his country depends. This is the task which I have proposed to myself, which I am sure is in accordance with the spirit in which this Magazine is conducted, and which I shall introduce by the present letter.

The principles of government lie deeper than on papers and parchments. The institutions of society have their roots in the constitution of human nature itself. But it is not until "the spirit which is in man," and was added to his nature, for its control and guidance, has made some progress in its expression, gained influence to modify the manners of men, and awakened them to the exercise and appreciation of intellectual development, that History can, in any country, be said to commence. It is then that public events begin to be registered in rude chronicles, and the promise of a national literature may be perceived, like "the Sun of Humanity rising from behind in the kindling dawn of creation." It may not be in vain to enquire beyond such records for the origin and principles of government, but neither is it wise to look on such records as an old almanack, which may be disregarded in favour of a more profoundly philosophical view of the science of politics. For History is Philosophy teaching by example. Would we claim familiarity with future events, as Fuller intimates, we must acquaint ourselves with passages in former ages. Would we know all which is to come, we must know much of what is past. We shall be the better prophets for being the better historians; and it may be added, that the more we know of literature, the better politicians we are likely to become.

These remarks are not incapable of being illustrated by reference to facts. By a writ every legal proceeding is now commenced—by a charter, many legal or political rights are created or conferred. The former meant at first only a writing, and the latter a paper. When writing was known to few, the acceptation of the words was confined to the most important writings on paper. And, indeed, an intimate connexion exists between the literature of a nation and its political institutions. The latter, in fact, legitimately considered, may be declared to be only coeval with the former. Our national literature and national freedom began at the same time, and had the same origin—both were the growth of preceding ages, but neither was developed, until the fulness of the time was come, when men were prepared to receive them, though the earliest possible opportunity appears to have been taken for their introduction. Politics and literature, too, seem to have shared throughout all

the periods of their progress, in the same particular qualities, or, if any difference in time be assignable, political improvements have followed in the wake of literary advancement.

In the first dawn of our national literature, subjects were contemplated from more speculative points of prospect than they have since commanded. Its endeavours at present, are directed to practical and useful results, rather than to the higher efforts of intellectual ambition. But the earliest tendency of the literary mind was to the ideal rather than to the real. A singular instance of this is presented in the works of one of the earliest writers on the laws and constitution of England, Sir John Fortescue. The effects of such tendency in this writer, have been frequently commented upon; but the cause has never, so far as I know, been before hinted at. These effects have excited laughter in those sons of little soul who affect, in these days, to criticise their elders and betters. But if these criticasters had been able to rise to the requisite elevation of intellect, they would have seen much to admire in what they now ignorantly ridicule. I will proceed to give instances from his works of my meaning.

Fortescue describes the inns of court and chancery, in his time, to have been in a flourishing condition. "There are," he says, "ten lesser houses or inns, and sometimes more, which are called inns of chancery, and to every one of them belongeth an hundred students at least, and to some of them a much greater number, though at one time they be not ever altogether the same; those students for the most part are young men studying the originals and the elements of the law, who profiting therein as they grow to ripeness, so are they admitted into the greater inns, called the inns of court, of which the greater inns are four in number; and to the least of them belongeth, in form above-mentioned, two hundred students, or thereabouts; for in these greater inns no student can be maintained for less expenses by the year than twenty marks; and if he have a servant to wait upon him, as most of them have, then so much the greater will his charges be. Now by reason of this, the children only of noblemen study the laws in these inns, for the poorer and common sort of people are not able to bear so great charges for the exhibition of their children; and merchants can seldom find in their hearts to burden their trade with so great yearly expenses. And thus it falleth out that there is hardly any man found within the realm skilful in the laws, except he be a gentleman born, and one descended of a noble stock. Wherefore they, more than any other kind of men, have a special regard to their nobility, and to the preservation of their honour and fame. And to speak with the strictest regard to truth, there is in these greater inns, and even in the lesser too, besides the study of the laws, as it were, an university or school for the acquisition of all commendable qualities requisite for noblemen. There they learn to sing, and to exercise themselves in all kinds of harmony; there also, they practise dancing and the genteel accomplishments, as they are accustomed to do which are brought up in the king's house. On working days most of them apply themselves to the study of the law, and holy-day to study holy scripture, and out of the time of divine service to reading of old chronicles; for there, indeed, are virtues studied, and from them are vices exiled. So that for the acquisition of virtue, and eradicating of vice, knights and barons, with other estates and noblemen of the realm, place their children in these inns, even though they desire not to have them learned in the law, and to live by the practice thereof, but only upon their father's allowance. Seldom, if at any time, is there heard amongst them any sedition or grudging, and yet the offenders are no otherwise punished than only by being removed from the company of their fellowship, which punishment they more fear than other offenders imprisonment and irons; for he that is once expelled, is never received to be a fellow in any of the other fellowships, and by this means there is continual peace, and their demeanour is like the behaviour of such as dwell together in perfect amity. But there is one thing more which I would have you know, that neither at Orleans, where both the common and civil laws are taught, and to which for that reason, scholars resort from all

the adjacent countries, nor at Anjou nor at Caen, nor any university in France, Paris only excepted, are there so many youths grown up employed in study as in these inns of court and chancery, though there are none that study there but what are English born."

In all this, the dullest reader cannot fail to have perceived, that the writer has stated rather what Inns of Court ought to be, than what they ever were. A famous statute of the 33rd Henry VI. gives us a better notion of what they actually were. This act restricts the number of attornies, who, for the most part, were derived from far other than noble stocks, and could claim no great regard for their "nobility," and took very little care in "the preservation of their honour and fame." Indeed, it is stated by Sir Matthew Hale, that the practice of the common law had declined in excellence since the reign of Edward the Third.

In fact, this writer's great work, *De Laudibus Legum*, from which the above extract has been made, is altogether of an ideal character. It is proper that it should be dilated upon in this letter, because therein he endeavoured to exhibit proper ideas relative to the constitution of his country, and to inculcate due respect for its laws. He wrote it for the unfortunate Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. in order that thereafter he might govern like a king, and not a tyrant; and it will remain an everlasting monument of his genius. It is written in the way of dialogue, in which the characters are sustained with great dignity and spirit. He shews the prince, that it is absolutely necessary for one of his condition to have a good understanding in the laws, and a just regard for them too, in order to make himself easy, and to keep the reverence due to them amongst the people. He demonstrates the advantages of a constitution governed by stated laws, in making of which the subject has an interest. He puts proper objections into the mouth of his pupil, and proposes them with a great air of freedom; and then resolves them briefly and perspicuously. He observes, that what was requisite for a prince to know in these matters lay within a narrow compass, and that there is no reason he should apprehend any thing either tedious or difficult in acquiring such knowledge. He then proceeds to prove, that the common law is the most rational, as well as the most ancient, in Europe. That the conviction of criminals by juries, and without racking, is more just and humane than the methods of neighbouring nations; that our challenging of panels, writs of attaint upon corrupt verdicts, and the usual wealth of our juries, such securities to the lives and property of the subject, as other countries are incapable of affording; that our kings are greater and more potent in the liberties and properties of their people, than arbitrary tyrants in the vassalage of their slaves. He even sets himself to prove that the degree of serjeant-at-law is as honourable as that of civil doctor in the universities; and, in the last place, asserts, that the proceedings in our courts of justice are less dilatory than in those of other nations.

Scarcely any of these advantages of our constitution were practically realized in the age in which Fortescue lived; but his book probably exerted an influence to which we owe many of the blessings that we now enjoy. He followed up the impression which it was likely to make, in a subsequent reign, in his English work on *The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy, as it more particularly regards the English Constitution.* This treatise was written under Edward IV., whom Fortescue, as a restored Lancastrian, would be anxious not to offend, and whom we have seen he took some pains to conciliate, both in this and other writings. It is, therefore, probable, that the principles of limited monarchy were fully recognized in theory, notwithstanding the particular acts of violence which occurred in practice.

The difference between an absolute and limited monarchy he places in a king's ruling by laws of his own making, which he calls regal dominion, and in a prince's governing by laws made with the consent of his subjects, which he calls political dominion. These two great divisions of civil rule he deduced from the several originals of conquest and compact. That of the kingdom of England, he says, "had its original from Brute, and the Trojans who attended him from Italy and Greece, and became a mixt kind of government, compounded of the regal and political."

Let no flippant critic blame Fortescue for resorting to the fable of Brutus in evidence of the social compact. The social compact is, in fact, and can be no other than an idea. There is no where any historical evidence of its occurrence. Yet it has been assumed by Rousseau, and by other and wiser men before him, (like Fortescue) as the basis of all legitimate government. Even had an original contract actually been entered into, and formally recorded, no addition of moral force, as Mr. Coleridge has justly remarked, would be gained by the fact. The same sense of moral obligation which binds us to keep it, must have pre-existed in the same force, and in relation to the same duties, impelling our ancestors to make it. It could do no more than bind the contracting parties to act for the general good, according to their best lights and opportunities. Of this idea, however, an appropriate symbol may be constituted in a real or hypothetical occurrence, in the earliest ages of the world, namely, the formation of the first contract, in which men covenanted with each other to associate, or in which a multitude entered into a compact with a view, the one to be governed and the other to govern, under certain declared conditions. But such symbol will always refer to principles still more inward and scientific, which it will be the business of the philosopher, and not of the historian or fabulist, to develope and apply.

In this spirit it has been suggested by many legal writers, that this great jurist does not affirm the story of Brutus to be true, but only produces it as an instance, which upon the supposition of its truth, is very apposite; though whether it be really true or not, is no ways material in this place, and is left to every man's own opinion. And it has been further alleged, that Fortescue himself, and after him, Sir Edward Coke, and many others, have maintained that the laws of the Britons were never cancelled, but subsisted always agreeable to the notion, laid down for law in the reign of Edward IV., that the common law has been from the creation of the world—for it is common reason.

I feel however little doubt, that Fortescue understood the settlement of Brutus, as an historical fact. Though the first appearance of the British history of Geoffrey of Monmouth excited severe animadversion, yet it took strong hold upon the English for many ages. Edward the First, when endeavouring to establish his claim of subjection from Scotland, adduces in a letter to the Pope, still extant, the whole history of the arrival of Brutus, as a serious proof of the direct and superior dominion of England. The greater part of the old chroniclers and historians, down to the end of the seventeenth century, seldom trouble their readers with any doubt, respecting the authenticity of the story. Allusions have been made to the events therein recorded, not only in state papers, but even in acts of parliament. It is therefore very probable, that Fortescue, when he derived the limitations of the English monarchy, from the conditions agreed on between Brutus and his Trojan companions, considered not that he was giving currency to "a tale forged at pleasure by the wit or folly of its authors," as it is called by Sir William Temple; but was rather with Milton, of opinion that "to suppose these old and inborn names of successive kings, never to have been any real persons, or done in their lives at least some part of what hath been so long remembered, cannot be thought, without too strict an incredulity."

Lawyers who were desirous to "leave the story to the judgment of the reader, not obliging the belief of other persons, nor over hastily subscribing their own," were nevertheless willing to admit it as a legal fiction. As a scientific fable, it was at least convenient, if not necessary as an assumption. But whether or not the theory of an original social contract be necessary, no doubt can be entertained as to the necessity of the idea of an ever-originating social contract.

"This idea," says Mr. Coleridge, from whom we have before quoted, "is so certain and so indispensable, that it constitutes the whole ground of the difference between subject and serf, between a commonwealth and a slave plantation. And this again is evolved out of the yet higher idea of person, in contradistinction from thing—all social law and justice being grounded on the principle that

a person can never, but by his own fault, become a thing, or, without grievous wrong, be treated as such; and the distinction consisting in this, that a thing may be used altogether, and merely as the *means* to an end, but the person must always be included in the *end*, his interest must form a part of the objects, a *means* to which, he, by consent, *i. e.* by his own act, makes himself. We plant a tree, and we fell it; we breed the sheep, and we shear or we kill it: in both cases wholly as means to *our* ends. For trees and animals are *things*. The woodcutter and the hind are likewise employed as *means*, but on agreement, and that too an agreement of reciprocal advantage, which includes them as well as their employers in the end; for they are the *persons*. And the government, under which the contrary takes place is not worthy to be called a STATE; if, as in the kingdom of Dahomy, it be unprogressive, or only by anticipation, where, as in Russia, it is an advance to a better and manworthy order of things."

The reasons why this idea is to be found realized no where in the history of the world, are obvious. It is in the nature of an idea not to be capable of abstraction from any particular state, form, or mode, in which any thing may happen to exist at this or that time, nor yet of generalization from any number or succession of such forms or modes, for it can only be given by the knowledge of *its ultimate aim*.

Now this ultimate aim can only be realized in some future period, and probably not before the grand restoration of the human race shall be effected. Of this argument the experience of history comes in corroboration. For when was it that men can be supposed to have met together to regulate, on grounds of right reason, their mutual rights and duties? Such a congress can only be conceived to have existed in some unknown state of being anterior to the Fall of Man, for no record remains of any such occurrence since that event. Fortescue supposes, and all history avouches, that power has always preceded any such regulation. Might has been right. The world of the Senses and the world of Reason have ever been in opposition. In the latter the proposition has been reversed; there right is might, knowledge is power. Not so in the world of sensible Experience. Power has been all; and that power has as frequently been ignorance as knowledge—and, even in the present day, is more frequently wealth than either. Yet as the lawyers of Edward the Fourth's time rightly affirmed, ever since the creation of the world has the law of common reason been in being, and such law is the common law. This law is the correlative of the ideas of those rights and duties which are common to every man as man, and which, though partaken by all, are felt to be *original* in each. In this sense, and in this sense only, can the Social Contract be termed *original*.

But this idea is nevertheless capable of much illustration from historical documents, and from none more than from those of this country. But it is to the Saxon chronicle, and not to Geoffrey's, that we must have recourse. The title of our chief magistrate to the present day is King or *Conning*, that is to say, *the Wise*. Valour and ability in the field of battle being, of course, in rude ages, necessarily regarded as among the foremost of the attributes of royal wisdom, the states of the kingdom elevated to that station of trust and power him whom they deemed, in this sense, the wisest among the descendants of the regal family; a principle which our Saxon ancestors pushed to all its consequences—for the instances are not few of the deposition of their kings in several of the states of the Heptarchy. Thus the crown appears to have been hereditary only in family There are instances in several of the heptarchic states, and especially in the kingdom of Wessex, (which ultimately swallowed up all the rest,) of the elevation of relatives in the fourteenth and fifteenth remove, in preference to the son, or next of kin. The ancient Saxon system was in fact that of Allodialism; in which the freemen were the absolute proprietors, with no other condition annexed to their tenures than that which resulted as a necessity from the mere possession—the duty of defending by associate arms the soil which, as independent warriors in voluntary association, their arms had successively acquired. The free population, in the primitive spirit of the establishment, were accord-

ingly an aggregate militia. Nobility (the result of established estimation) was indeed inherent in the families of their chieftains; but political rank and office rose from the people, as elevation to the throne did also from the united choice of the free population and their functionaries.

In process of time, however, the Saxon throne, which was thus originally purely elective, with restriction only to the family of the original founder, had come to be subject, in a considerable degree, to the will or nomination of the original possessor; though subject to confirmation or rejection by the Wettena Gemot, or assembly of the states, which, of course, had become less popular in its composition and influence, in proportion to the growing accumulation of power and territorial property in a few overweening families.

It was thus gradually that our Saxon ancestors formed themselves into a STATE or Nation, and that they recognized the principle of the division of property, which appears to have been general in the early ages, and which was common to the Scandinavian, Celtic, and Gothic tribes, with the Semitic, or the tribe descended from Shem.

But the Saxon State will be far, at any period, from realizing our idea of what a STATE should be. The grand object of a State should be, to reconcile the interests of permanence with that of progression. To effect this object, States have always aimed at a Constitution: which is an attribute arising out of the idea of a State, and is itself equally and only an idea. Our whole history, from Alfred onward, demonstrates the continued influence of such an idea, or ultimate aim, on the minds of our forefathers—in their characters and functions as public men, alike in what they resisted and in what they claimed—in the institutions and forms of polity which they established—and with regard to those against which they more or less successfully contended. But that ultimate aim has not yet been attained.

The Saxon Chronicle, as it now stands, commences with a brief description, copied from the venerable Bede, of the island of Britain. "The first inhabitants," it proceeds, "were the Britons, who came from Armenia, and first peopled Britain. Then happened it that the Picts came south from Scythia, with long ships, not many, and landing, first, in the northern parts of Ireland, they told the Scots that they must dwell there; but they would not give them leave, for the Scots told them that they could not all dwell there together. 'But,' said the Scots, 'we can, nevertheless, give you advice. We know another island here to the east; there you may dwell, if you will, and whosoever withstandeth you, we will assist you, that you may gain it.' Then went the Picts, and entered this land northward; southward, the Britons possessed it, as we before said, and the Picts obtained wives of the Scots, on condition that they chose their kings, always on the female side, which they have continued to do, so long since. And it happened, in the run of years, some party of Scots went from Ireland into Britain, and acquired some portion of this land; their leader was called Reoda, from whom *they* are named Dalreodi (or *Dalreathians*)."

The Saxon chronicle, properly speaking, commences at the year 449; in which year—"Hengist and Horsa, invited by Wurtgeorne, king of the Britons, to his assistance, landed in Britain, in a place that is called Ipurnesfleet, first of all to support the Britons, but they afterwards fought against them. The king directed them to fight against the Picts, and they did so, and obtained the victory wheresoever they came. They then sent to the Angles, and desired them to send more assistance; they described the worthlessness of the Britons, and the richness of the land; then they sent them greater support. Then came the men from three powers of Germany; the old Saxons, the Angles, and the Jutes."

The story of the manner in which Cynewulf, with the consent of the West Saxon council, deprived Sebright, his relative, for unrighteous deeds, of his kingdom, and the affair with Cyneard, who was Sebright's brother, abundantly certifies the lax principle of regal tenure and succession at this period.

The title of King of England does not appear to have been assumed, nor virtually to have belonged to any Saxon sovereign, prior to Athelstan, the illegitimate grandson of Alfred the Great, who, himself, was never

more than king of the West Saxons, and at whose accession, the territory which had constituted the Anglian or Saxon Heptarchy, was still indisputably divided into four kingdoms—namely, the West Saxons, the Mid Saxon or Mercian, and the Northumbrian, and East Anglian, then in subjugation to the Danes. Neither did the whole of this extended dominion remain undisputed, either in Athelstan or his successors. Much less may the honour be assigned to Egbert, of founding, what has since been called the English monarchy.

The Anglo-Saxon freeholders, and no other classes of the community, enjoyed a considerable degree of personal freedom; they were deprived of these advantages by the Norman invasion. The feudal system superseded the allodial. The king himself was, in theory, the only absolute freeholder, all other freeholders were his functionaries, and the people were politically nothing, for the Conquest stripped the mass of the Saxon population of all landed property. Such was the idea of the feudal system; but, in practice as in name, the great landed proprietors were the peers of the king: those who, with swords in their hands, had acquired ample possessions, looked upon the sword as a better title than the donation of the crown, and treated the sovereign himself rather as the chief and president of the confederacy, than as the actual and original proprietor of the fiefs. The actual sovereignty, in fact, during the Norman period, was in the baronial proprietors, or principal feudatories; as it had previously come to be in the Saxon aristocracy of great proprietors, during the latter ages of the Saxon era.

Thus, the two systems became assimilated, though primarily distinct and opposite, but not contrary. The struggle between them, nevertheless, was, for centuries, sharp and incessant, and the distinction between them is necessary to be kept in view for the proper understanding of the baronial wars, and the disputed successions, during the middle ages of our history. In the course of this struggle, the feudal aristocracy themselves, were frequently obliged to appeal to the aid of the Saxon system, and the revival of Saxon axioms and Saxon institutions, for the assertion of their own rights, and the vindication of their privileges, while, at the same time, they found it necessary to accord to the people a portion of their Saxon freedom, in order to counterbalance the else overwhelming power and prerogative of the throne.

From the Conquest to Richard the Third, inclusive, the number of kings of England is eighteen, of whom, precisely one-half acquired the throne without an hereditary right. A principle of hereditary right, formed the basis of the monarchy, and a struggle always took place, and continued till the restoration of the lawful heir; but present possession, backed with ability, for that was the main point, was always sufficient to secure the crown to its wearer, provided he could make himself dreaded. However good the title of the house of Mortimer, it was the weakness of Henry VI. which lost him the diadem. Edward II. and Richard II., princes almost equally weak, though reigning by the most undisputed title, in like manner were deposed.

Thus, the monarchical government of England has always been buttressed and limited by the aristocracy, of which limitation *Magna Charta* remains a landmark, to justify resistance against the encroachments of tyranny. "A democratic republic, and an absolute monarchy," (says Mr. Coleridge, whom, in this argument, I must be permitted, once and again, to quote,) "agree in this; that in both alike, the nation, or people, delegates its whole power. Nothing is left obscure, nothing suffered to remain in the idea, unevolved, and only acknowledged as an existing, yet indeterminate right. A constitution such states can scarcely be said to possess. The whole will of the body politic is in act at every moment; but in the constitution of England, according to the idea, (which, in this instance, has demonstrated its actuality by its practical influence, and this too, though counterworked by fashionable errors and maxims, that left their validity behind in the law courts, from which they were borrowed,) the nation has delegated its power, not without measure and circumscription, whether in respect of the duration of the trust, or of the particular interests in-

trusted." Though never adequately expressed in any stage of our national history, the idea has always been in a progress of manifestation and development; nor let it be forgotten, that it has always been acknowledged. It is an old doctrine, that the Judges of the realm, by the *fundamental* law of *England*, have power to determine which acts of parliament are binding and which not. An unanimous declaration of the Judges of the realm, that any given act of parliament was against right reason and the fundamental law of the land, would render it null and void. This fundamental law, in the words of an old writer, is "a law not to be derived from Alured, or Alfred, or Canute, or other elder or later promulgators of particular laws, but which might say of itself—When reason and the laws of God first came, then came I with them."

It has been said, and not without historical truth, that the Constitution of England afforded little personal freedom during the fifteenth century. When the power of the monarch became relaxed, it was assumed by the nobility, who never failed, under a weak king, to exhibit their own pretensions, and with small regard to the interests of the people, over whom they tyrannized with a reckless authority, more grievous, because more minute and incessant, than any exercise of the sovereign power. With regard to the degree of security a private man could expect against the undefined force of the royal prerogative, it may be judged from the High Constable possessing a summary power, at his own discretion, of putting even the greatest nobleman to death, without noise, or observing the forms of law. In the commission to the Earl of Rivers, of that office, such an authority is expressly declared; and it is therein asserted, that it had so been exercised in cases of *crimen læsæ magistatis*, from the time of William the Conqueror. The property of individuals was certainly more secure than their persons, as it has been, and still is, in many states, strictly despotic. The statute *de tallagio non concedendo*, of Edward the First, was a considerable restriction on the frequent grasping rapacity of the court, and was the lever which has since, in later times, been used with such admirable constitutional effect, in wresting various privileges from the necessities of the monarch. Parliament, indeed, from the first passing of the statute, till the accession of the House of York, applied it frequently, in a gentle way, to the same purpose; but during the sway of that house, these assemblies seemed to forget or be ignorant of the vast value and political force of their powerful instrument.

It was, probably, with reference to the Law of Right Reason, which is the common law of the land, that, notwithstanding these drawbacks both in theory and practice, the venerable author of *De Laudibus* asserts so roundly, that "the Laws and Customs of England were not only good, but the best that could be." While an appeal was left to this common law, in which and by which the constitution only exists,—to this Law of Right Reason, he had a corrective at hand, to which he could point as a remedy for whatever was objectionable. In the same spirit he denied the legality of the use of the torture, at any time, in England. Yet a few years before, the celebrated rack, still to be seen in the Tower, called the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, was introduced by that nobleman when High Constable. These torments, whether legal or illegal, were inflicted upon the sufferer with perfect impunity; and nearly for two centuries after this period, we meet with occasional examples of torture in various modes of application.* But it is quite evi-

* When the Duke of Buckingham was stabbed by Felton, in the reign of Charles I. and it was proposed in the Privy Council, by Archbishop Laud, to put the assassin to the rack, the judges declared unanimously that no such proceeding was allowable by the laws of England. Yet so late as the year 1614, one Peachum underwent the torture; and during the whole reign of James I. an officer existed, called the Master of the Rack. It thus appears since that instrument could be so easily introduced by Henry VI. against the declared opinion of an eminent lawyer, that no security was then available against the practice of torture, and indeed it is the opinion of the learned and acute Judge Barrington, that it was not unfrequently resorted to. The disuse of it since, is a fine instance of the progressive nature of the English constitution.

dent that the great jurist's intention was to exhibit to the prince not the actual law then in operation, but the of iedal English law, as the basis of the English constitution!

The right and power which, it has been said, was of old vested in the judges of the realm, has been suffered, in modern times, to fall into abeyance. It was fitted for a state of society in which the competently informed and influential members of the community scarcely perhaps trebled the number of the members of the two Houses of Parliament which were so often tumultuary congresses of a victorious party rather than representatives of the state. But in the present circumstances of the English constitution, it is unnecessary. For there is always a latent or *potential* power in the country which prescribes, or will prescribe the due limits to Parliament, and prevent it from becoming, what for some time it has pretended to be already, omnipotent. This power, whenever there is adequate occasion, will manifest itself;—it will then awake and become operative, as it has before done in those rare and predestined epochs, when the voice of the people has indeed been the voice of God. The gradual amelioration of manners gives a pledge that, in any future crisis of this kind, that voice may be heard and obeyed, without any necessity for its testimony being corroborated by the blood of martyrs, whether political or religious. The best revolutions are silent in their progress, and work by means of the human charities. The violence which makes martyrs always retards the success of the great cause which patience and obedience to the powers that be, would more surely have advanced. This is an evil—an evil too, of which I fear France will not escape the consequences; yet its existence evermore serves—and perhaps in her case will serve—only the more surely to set off the guiding hand of Providence, which in its despite still causes human improvements to progress. For the evolution of good out of evil is one of the attributes of Deity.

To conclude:—it has been said, and with great appearance of truth, that the principle of *Vox Populi vox Dei*, does not always obtain; for that it has been as often the voice of a demon as of the Deity. Here, however, it becomes a question whether in such cases it was the voice of the People, and not rather of the rabble. But this implies a distinction which may not be readily admitted. In my next, therefore, I shall take occasion to declare who are the People, and who are not. CATHOLICUS.

To Oliver Yorke, Esq.
&c. &c. &c.

JOAN OF ARC.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHAT fairy creature meet I here,
  In history's fields of blood?
What might, what miracles appear
  In gentle womanhood?
I pore in grief from page to page;
I track in wrath a savage age.
Brute strength, brute manners, ignorance rude
Base Superstition and her brood;
Traitors in power—the poor in fear,
And one bright soul—I meet them here!

Can this—can this, in truth, be she
   Whom men are wont to style
A thing of devilish gramauge,
   Witch, dupe, impostor vile?
I see a child—I hear her sing
Beside Domremy's forest spring.
Beneath Domremy's haunted tree
She sings her matins holily;
And to the Virgin-mother bright
Lifts up a face all love and light.

I follow still that lovely child;
   To forest lawns she goes:
Her flock she watches in the wild
   Where pleasant water flows.
A lonely thing, but never sad;
With fancies sweet her soul is glad.
A thing that loves, but little cares
For all that common childhood shares.
On the warm sward, for hours, she lies,
And looks to heaven with wishful eyes.

But years have vanished—and have borne
   Away the simple child.
Fair doth she stand!—but why in scorn?
   Whence lit that eye so wild?
Fierce foes have trod her country down;
Her young king wears a wavering crown!
"Help! help! or pleasant France must fall!"
She hears the great Archangel's call!
To her! to her! that cry is sent—
To her?—so young?—so impotent?

Why laugh the grave to hear her plead?
   Why stares the gaping throng?
If she be weak—and vast the need—
   Saves God but by the strong?
Why stand the wise ones all amazed?
If that young brain, in truth, be crazed,
Give way!—and let her fight and fall!—
The deed were high—the loss were small:
But whilst she here, beseeching, stands,
Blood! blood! doth drench your ruined lands!

'Tis done!—in mail, with helm and lance—
   With banner waving high,
She rushes on!—the hosts advance,
   To save her—or to die!
Heavens! are the conquerors overthrown?
Fly they who, nine long years, have known
But victory sure, and vengeance red?
Fight they like men, who, like deer, fled,
With cowering limbs, and villain fears,
To woods and dens for nine long years!

On speeds the wondrous maid!—right on!
   Pull down those walls of pride!
She climbs—they follow—it is won!—
   The city gates fling wide!
What think the wise who could not save?
What think the unavailing brave?

For nine long years their heart and hand
Could rescue not their native land:
Forth steps a maid—and, at a stroke,
Their king is saved!—their chains are broke!

Back, gentle creature, to thy fields,
Thy glorious task is o'er!
Go, taste the heaven that duty yields:—
Go, dwell with peace once more!
Oh, never!—Ask the flower to be
A bud again upon the tree!
Ask of that tree to shrink and dwell
Within the seed's unfolded cell!
The soul that treads in glory's track,
May bleed—may die—but goes not back!

Thou wilt not back, though now thy soul
Sees gathering shadows fall;
And feels, as fearfully they roll,
Truth menace in them all.
I shrink, in horror and in shame,
From thy last shrieks in torturing flame:
Shame that proud knights and warriors bold
A woman's wrong could thus behold:
Shame that fair England's sons could brand
With deed so base their native land.

"Rouen! Rouen!—and must I die!
To-day die here, in thee!"
That wild and melancholy cry
Is heard perpetually.
For ever shall that cry be heard,
While souls by misery can be stirred:
The horror of that sad appeal,
Which made even iron bigots feel,
Thrills yet, those young, and fair, and brave;
Thou saviour, whom none deigned to save.

Let the faint heart thy mission name,
Delusion deep and strong:
It brought thee death, but deathless fame;
Redeemed thy country's wrong.
Let them who will descry the mark
Of error vain, delusion dark!—
Sound counsel, sure success were known
To follow thee, and thee alone.
'Twas thine to promise, and fulfil,
Guide, warrior, saint, yet woman still.

Oh! brightly woman's acts appear
In glory's record shown,
But thou, and thy sublime career
For ever stand alone.
For trace Time's annals, line by line,
What single deed resembles thine?
A mighty realm in ruin rent—
Wealth, wisdom, blood, and courage spent—
A simple maid on God did call,
Cheered friends—crushed foes—reconquered all!

———————

THE BARBER OF DUNCOW,—A REAL GHOST STORY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

As Will Gordon, the tinkler, was sitting with his family in his original but wretched cottage, called Thief's Hole, one winter night, the dialogue chanced to turn on the subject of apparitions, when his son-in-law, Hob, remarked, that he wondered how any reasonable being could be so absurd as to entertain a dread of apparitions.

"Aye, aye, lad," says old Will, "Nae doubt ye're a verra bauld chiel, but ma courage has been rather langer tried than yours, an' it was never doubtit yet. For a' that, I hae heard the goodwife there tell a story that frightit me sae ill I hardly kend what I was doing. Aye, whether I was fa'ing off the stool, or sitting still' on't, or sinkin down through the grund or rising up i' the air."

"Sic nonsense! sickan absurdity!" exclaimed Hobby, "I wad like to hae a touch o' thae kind o' feelings for aince in [illegible] life. Ane might be feared for a human creature that has power to hurt ane, but why ony man should be afraid of a shadow, a mere vision of a human creature, I never can comprehend. If my wife, there, war to hae the luck to dee, an' her ghaist to appear to me, I wad be nae mair feared for it than I'm for that shadow o' hers on the wa'."

"O but ye ken there's nae body has ha'f the curiage that ye hae. Ye wadna be feared, aw daursay, an' the deil an' aw his awgents war gaun to come in. Goodwife, tell us the story o' the Barber o'Duncow."

"Ohon an' it's een lang, sir, I tried to tell that tale, Willie," said old Raighel, with a grin and a snivel, "but sin ye desyre me, I'll e'en try't. It has only ae ill clag that till't that story, an' it's this: when ony body hears it, an disna believe it, the murdered woman is sure to come in."

"What d'ye say?" cried Hob, in manifest alarm, "plague on the auld randys, gie us nae sickan story as that, for I assure you I winna believe it."

"Aye, but it will make nae odds to you, though the ghaist *war* to come in, ye ken," said old Will, with a malicious grin.

"Weel, ye see, it is a queer town this Duncow, as ever was seen in the world; it was built by a community o' proscribed covenanters, thae auld warld fo'ks, that grane, an' whine, an preach i' tents; an' it's just like a hill congregation to this day, a' jammed thegither without rule or method, but ilk ane stands just as it comes in. When I was young, it was turned a kind o' rendevous to a' the riff raff in the country. There was some o' our ain gang whilk formed the head class; then there were some fiddlers, several witches, three little dram-shops, where there war a grit chat o' fun went on; an' last an' warst of a', there was a great deal o' thae prayin' austere chaps, covenanters. A' the rest hatit them; an' mony a vizit the deil payed to them, sae that the hale town was keepit in a ferment, for there was a constant wrangling and contention whether he or they war to hae the better. I hae seen him gaun to their meetings mysel wi' thir bodily een o' mine, wi' his long tail an' his cloven feet, an' it was said, that he sometimes arguit better nor ony that was there.

"Be that as it may; amang the rest there was a barber, a queer chap; he was every thing in nature! beard-shaver, butcher, wig-maker, rat-catcher, catkiller, horse-doctor, cow-doctor, man-doctor, woman-doctor, surgeon an' apothecary; that is to say, he keepit a lance, a roostit fleeme, an' a sack fu' o' salts an' sinny-leaf rowed down i' the mouth, an' awfu' stollant o' them he did sell; he made a braw livelihood o't, an' took the use o' what he made, for he drank an' sang, an' played on the pipes, an' he was weel named, for they ca'd him Roger M'Fun.

"But it happened ill, it happened warse; it happened that Rodger, the barber, married a Cameronian lass for the sake o' a' wheen dirty bawbees, an' then his happy days were done. He wadna pray an' sing psalms wi' her, an' she wadna sing

an' drink an' haud the giberridge wi' him. O, sickan a life as they led! it was really funny to see them! but ilka burd mate wi' ane o' its ain feather, or its weel doing days are ower. Let a tinkler marry a tinkler, an' the ane is a king an' the ither a queen; but to mate wi' a dependent being! figh, fie! a crust o' cheese an' moss water to that.

"Rodger seldom now gaed hame, for, as he said himsel, 'it was nae *fun* that.' When he did gang, it was to wrangle, to hear a hunder grieveous complaints an' religious lectures, an' to mock an' taunt his yammering dame in return, till at length he got sae mad at her, that he sometimes gae the razor a brandish up i' the air afore her, wi' a significant wink. Now, this was a warning that the Cameronian wife shoudna awthegither hae neglectit, for they're unlucky things thae razors in the hands o' a rash man.

"Matters came at length to ane cleemasc atween them; she suspectit Rodger o' some fact, but what that fact was, it dizna become me to say. He was muckle employed among the women, bath the young ones an' the auld anes; an' there was some gentlemen that had secrets to keep, employed the barber, who was necessarily *in* these secrets, to carry them on frae year to year. Whether he put ony o' thae luckless lasses to a waur place than genteel service, an' the poor babies to a caulder hame than a nurice's lap, I canna say, an' therefore I winna. But there was ae night that the poor Cameronian wife had gotten some verra doubtfu' tidings about her goodman, an' she had been greeting and praying time about for hours thegither, an' a' that she might come to the knowledge o' the truth; when she lifted up her een there was a ghost of a woman standin hinging o'er the back o' the chair, an' glowrin at her wi' its white een. She had na power to rise frae her knees, nor yet to utter a word, an' though she tried to gie a loud yelloch to raise the neighbours, she was na able; for the apparition was clad in a white winding-sheet, an' was ay making motions for her to follow it to the door. It tried to speak too, but its mouth was black, an' the words wadna come up, an' in a short time it elyed away out at the door, making signs for her to follow.

"Grizel wasna sae daft as to obey; she durstna stir off the bit, but opened the gospels, an' prayed again, till she pretendit her heart was strengthened; she hadna weel said *Amen!* an' raised her face, till she heard something tirlin at the door-pin, and on looking that way, saw something like a human shape, made o' blue light, but it was flickering and unsteady, like a reflection frae something else. It tirled at the door-pin again, on which Grizel cries, 'If ye be a creature o' this world, lift the latch by the whang an' come in.' It uttered twa or three loud moans, like a person dying, and then was silent. A third time it tirled at the door-pin, an' then Grizel durstna, for her soul, resist ony longer. 'I perceive how it is,' cried she, 'you are not a being of this world, but a messenger frae the grave, or some waur place beyond it. Weel, weel, come in, but dinna tak a shape that will scare poor human reason away frae her earthly habitation awthegither. Come in, come in, poor disturbit spirit, an' deliver your message; all is ane to me! death or life! —all one! all one! come in.' Wi' that, the door began to open slowly ——" "Oh, mercy, grannie, dinna tell nae mair," cried little Hobby, who sat at her knee on a bucket-stool, "O, dinna, dinna! dinna tell nae mair!"

"What means the bilch to skreigh that gate?" said old Will, "Are ye frightened, sirra?"

"Na, na, I'm nae frightened; but see, the whalp's turned that frightened, I can hardly haud it. O, grannie, dinna tell nae mair, or else ye'll pit the whalp mad."

"Whisht, my man, an' never say a word, I'm no near the bit when the ghost comes in here," said old Raighel. "Mind, it's only the barber's house, at Duncow, that it is coming into just now, but it will be here belyve. Weel, as I was saying, the door opened slowly, and the same tall ghastly figure with the sheet, an' the white een, an' the black mouth, came in again, an' began to make motions, an' point at its throat, an' its breast, and then to the door.

"Grizel now conjured it to speak

out and tell what it had to reveal, on which, it threw up its arms, as wi' joy, at the question, because a ghost canna speak until it be aince spoken to.

"'Blest be the tongue that axes the question,' said the ghost, 'for it has gien me liberty to speak my yirrant. I am sent to thee, highly favoured and beloved, with tidings of your family.'

"'My family!' said Grizel; 'I now perceive that you are a false and lying spirit, for it has'na been the will o' Providence, that I should hae ony family.'

"'O thou froward and purverse woman, dost thou not believe my words?' said the ghost, 'or canst thou deny that thou and thy husband are one flesh; and that whatsoever pertaineth to the one, pertaineth to the other?'

"'I ken that but ower weel,' said Grizel, 'else my tocher good—'

"'Hold thine, sister, and listen,' said the ghost, 'for I tell thee that thou shalt yet see a numerous, a blooming, and a healthy family.'

"'O shall I? shall I indeed?—blessings on you, for the messenger of love and joy, and posterity!' cried Grizel; 'when, O tell me when these eyes shall be blessed by the sight of a son.'

"'Both sons and daughters shall thine eyes behold, and that in a shorter time than thou canst conceive,' said the ghost, waving its arms sublimely, 'and now for the time and place, and my errand is said. Two in the house of John Haliday Holm, of Tinneld; two in the tailor's house at Kirkmichael; and three in the house of Francis Fiddes, fiddler in Purpont. All thine own darling sons and daughters. And the time—the blessed time—may be—to-morrow!' And with these words the ghost vanished.

"Grizel started up and stared around her in utter confusion; a sort of dim light began to break through her thick stupid head of some dreadful enormity, while her tongue begun to gang at random, 'Francis Fiddes, fiddler in Purpont! My certy, but for a Christian spirit, ye fiddle weel! My sons and daughters—aye in right o' my husband. Did'na the uncarthly creature say sae?—I see how it is, I see how it is! O Rodger M'Fun! Rodger M'Fun! I shall be unto thee Grizel M'Grief.'

"Grizel spent the night in lamentation and grief, and nourishing in her jealous heart the most deadly revenge, while her prayers and anathemas were all of the most lugubrious description. Next morning she took her bap in her lap, and set off for the house of John Halliday, in which she found two pretty boys at board, and after enquiry made, she was told that they were placed there, and their board regularly paid by a barber body about Kirkmahos.

"Without uttering a word, Grizel flew across the fire, and seizing the twa callants by the hair of the head, began to knock their heads together, and would soon have finished them both, had she not been seized by Mrs. Halliday in the same manner, who brought her down, kicked her weel, an' laid on her wi' the porritch-stick, till she was obliged to 'take the door on her back,' when a terrible scolding match ensued.

"From thence she posted on to the tailor's house, in the hamlet of Kirkmichael, where she found two little blooming daughters, circumstanced in the same way, and no other at home with them, save the tailor. A furious attack commenced on the unoffending children, while the tailor not liking to knock down a woman, was sadly put to it; for though he gave her the length of the needle repeatedly, so intent was she on vengeance, that she disregarded it, until the cries of *murder!* brought in Rob, the smith, who, as he termed it, 'soon gave her up her foot.'

"But the worst business of all fell at Purpont, where she found three children at board, a son and two daughters, and the reckless barber sitting in the house the worse of liquor, with the fiddler's daughter on his knee. Thinking she had him fairly now in Hay's net, she begun with affected mildness, while the barber could only stammer, 'peace be wi' us, wife, where has been sae late?'

"'Where has I been, but seeing a' your bonny family, Mr. M'Fun? I has been at John Halliday's an' the tailor's an' a'; an' I'm gien to understand that this house is gayan weel stockit wi' the same respectable connections. Thir will be a' yours, I's

warrant. An' this their mother too: hech, man, but ye hae a braw gate o'gangin on through life.'

"'I'll tell ye what, wife, ye're aye meddling wi' things ye hae nought odo wi',' said the barber. 'An' I'll tell ye what, I think ye deserve to hae your beard ta'en off. Od, an' ye dinna set away hame an' make me quat o' your din, I'll gie ye a touch o' the strap, I'll gie ye sic a powdering, as your legs hasna gotten these two towmants.'

"A great battle o' words began, which ended in blows, as is common in such cases, and the fray ended by the fiddler's daughter and the barber beating the wife of the latter out at the door, with many stripes.

"But now begins the mystery of my tale. The barber's wife did not go home, and yet the barber, for ought that ever could be learned, remained in the house, where he was all that night, and part of next day; but when he went home his wife was wanting, and none of her religious friends had seen her, although it was alleged that Rodger did not look a great deal after her. Dark suspicions began to be harboured against the barber, and at length the community of Cameronians at Duncow, instituted a legal enquiry anent the fate of the poor woman. But nothing could be elicited farther, than what is shortly mentioned above, and the general opinion became, that on the false supposition that all these natural children were Rodger's, for whom he was only the agent, she had deserted from him in disgust and absconded. But there was one illustrious fact came out on this examination, which was that the ghost that revealed the secret of the numerous family to poor Grizel, was no other than a gypsie queen, ca'd Bess the blinker, as arrant a limmer as e'er was born for mischief, and who it was thought had good reason to ken about a part o' the bairns.

"But now take tint, gude-son, o' what I'm gaun to say; an' ye had better no mis-believe any o' my words, or it will be the waur for ye, ye will may be convinced o' the truth o' them, in a way that may frise the best blood o' your body, though no three inches frae the heart."

"But what gin I canna help mis-believing you, ye auld roudeso that you are, what's to come o' us then? Gie ower your wild auld world stories in time, I sal keep ye atween me an' the door at any rate."

"The lost woman ye maun ken, had an auld aunt in the village, a very religious woman, an' as superstitious as she had lived among spirits a' her life. Grizel had been brought up wi' her, an' they held their religious duties ay together. Ye ken it's no our way to mind sic things a great deal, but we maun conceive sic characters, or else we canna tell the story, nor yet comprehend it. The auld woman's name was Janet Black, for I remember of seeing her in the court, and ane liker a witch I never saw an auld crazed enthusiast she was.

"'Weel she had been reading an' praying a hale afternoon of a sunday, an' greetin sair for her lost niece, and venting her curses on Rodger the barber, and the fiddler's daughter o' Purpont, and a' thae kind o' reveries, when in comes her niece and stood straight up present her on the other side of the fire. 'His presence be about us!' exclaimed old Janet, 'and are you indeed there? an do I see my poor ill-used woman come home again? What for do ye no come round the fire, and gie me your hand?'

"'Na, na, dear aunt, I darena come round the fire, an' I darena gie you my hand. The hearth maun bide atween them that death has parted. Dinna stare sae wildly, nor hae any fear o' me, for I am harmless as your own shadow on the wall; and am only sent to reveal to you some dark secrets that may help to set your loving heart at rest.'

"'Ah, alas! are you then dead, my poor Grizel? and is it only your shade, your departed spirit that I see stare before me?—aye, aye, my poor old head shakes so, that I cannot see distinctly. But, ah! there is a difference indeed, for neither your lips nor your eyes move, and I see the white plates on the dresser through you. O tell me, while I hae the power o' understanding, what death befel you? were you murdered?'

"'Yes, most foully, basely, and cruelly murdered!—Look here!' The old woman looked again, and perceived a wound in the throat of the apparition, which seemed nearly to sever the head from the body.

"'O, the murderous ruffian!' exclaimed old Janet. 'The reprobate wretch!—the son of everlasting perdition! May he roast——'

"'Hold, hold!' said the ghost, in a hollow voice; 'they were two women who did the bloody deed. I knew the one for the wretch May Fiddes, but the other I *did not* know, while in life, and I know nothing further since. Give the wretch up to justice, and she may confess her associate; while this shall be a sign of my verity. You will find my body lying in a deep, deep binn, about two bowshot below the bridge of Scarrs, for there was I cast while still alive, and sunk with a great weight tied to my waist.'

"'Alas, poor wronged spirit, how can I give her up to justice? I cannot crawl to Dumfries, and if I could, they would only laugh at me, and say I was dreaming.'

"'Call in the elders, and declare the matter to them, stating where my body is to be found, and if one of the three dares to disbelieve you, I will come in and confront him to face. And whenever this secret, transmitted from heaven, is disbelieved, there will I appear and confirm it;—aye, let it be in the palace, in the hall, in the court of judicature, or at the peasant's ingle! Farewell, and do as I have bidden you, for it is unmeet and derogatory to the justice of the Almighty, that the murderer of the innocent escape with impunity; for whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'

"When the ghost had said this, it seemed to retire backward, keeping its form and face in the same position till it appeared at a great distance, as if some miles away, although necessarily within the walls of the house, through which the old woman's sight could not penetrate, and then it vanished in the distance.

"The next day at noon Janet sent a special message to each of the three Cameronian elders in the village to attend her instantly, as she had a notice to them from heaven. This was incitement sufficient. They all attended on the instant, and the old woman, whose whole frame was shaking with palsy, but more with zeal, related to them all that the spirit had commanded her. Two of the men, John Baird and Adam Turner, appeared much struck with the narrative, and began to say that, out of nature as it was, it deserved to be looked into. But Gavin Veitch, the eldest of them, resisted the proposal at once, for he was a man of true Cameronian obstinacy, who was never known to yield a point in his life, and shaking his head with an air of immovable incredulity, he thus addressed the old paralytic crone:—

"'Sister, sister! we had some hopes that your message from the presence above might relate to the overthrow of the profligate government of this realm, and the destruction of the covenant-breakers who acknowledge it. For they are rulers, not constituted by God, but denied by him, as he is by them. But since it is only a story of a ghost, a dream of dotage and superannuation, it would not become us, as men and christians, to pay any regard to it.'

"'But I say you *shall* pay regard to it, Gavin Veitch,' screamed old Janet, and shaking her right hand above her head, 'and I here charge you, in the name of your Creator and Redeemer, to go or send on the instant, and see if the body of my murdered niece is or is not in the bottom of the pool. If it is not there, I will submit that I have been deceived; but if it be found there with the throat cut to the neck-bone, I will move heaven and earth but I shall have justice on the murderers.'

"'Calm yourself, Janet, and speak like a rational being and a covenanted christian,' said Gavin; 'I tell you that you have thought on the mysterious loss of your niece till you are crazy, and the phantom is one of your own raising, and were we to travel all the way from hence to drag the unfathomed binn of the Scarr on the authority of an old woman's dream, three of the supporting pillars of the only true church of Scotland would deserve to be removed.'

"'Gavin, Gavin, ye may hae a ray o' heaven in your soul,' said Janet, 'an I hope you hae, but ye hae a strong spice o' the perversity of hell alang wi't. Think you I durst for my soul come to you with a lie in my mouth an' tell it to you as the words of heaven? Did the ears of man ever hear me utter an untruth? Tell me that. I hae sat at the same commu-

nion table wi' you these thretty years; aye, and oft have received the sacred aliments from your hand. As sure then as ever I was serious at that holy table, when in the presence of man, of angels, and of God himself, I am so now. Do you not believe me?'

"'No, no, no, Janet, this fervour only convinces me the more of the total derangement of your mental faculties. I *must* not believe you,' said Gavin.

"'Then she maun come hersel and convince you, for I can gang nae farther,' said Janet, her voice altering to a soft and tremulous key. 'Aye, she maun come hersel, an' the Lord preserve us a' in our right senses! Aye, there she comes! there she comes! my poor ill-used, murdered woman! An' O how will ye answer her, you whose obstinacy has disturbed the peace of the grave?'

"The elders began to eye each other with doubtful looks, fair day light as it was, for there was something in the old woman's demeanour truly awful. They looked at her steadily for some time, and perceiving her eyes fixed wildly on the door, and her shrivelled hands stretched out in the same direction, they looked instinctively the same way, when in one moment the three elders were all above each other in the nook behind old Janet, uttering incoherent prayers and verses of psalms. The ghost had entered, and there it stood in a far more frightful guise than it was the evening before. Its hands and its face were turned upwards, and the gash in its throat so much exposed, that it seemed as if the head were cut off all to the thickness of a man's thumb. At length it said, in an audible voice, that seemed to issue from the breast or the wound, and which sounded like the creaking of an hinge, 'He that believeth not Moses and the prophets, neither will he believe if one return to him from the dead. But, think you, a sister in faith would return from a world of spirits with a lie? Search and see; for I swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that the tale is true, and woe be to him that will not believe it!' The spirit then retreated in the same manner as it did the evening before, leaving a long vista of darkness behind it. The elders returned thanks, and sung psalms together for an hour, and the same evening journeyed as far as Purpont, where they made the extraordinary circumstance known to their minister, Mr. Fairly. When they came the length of the ghost's relation to Janet, Mr. Fairly interrupted them with, 'Hout, hout—haud your tongues; I dinna believe ae word o't.'

"'Ye had better tak a wee care, sir, how ye misbelieve it,' said John Baird. But by this time his associates were rushing out at the door, and John after them; for they were all resolved, if their minister would not believe the message, that they would leave him and the ghost to settle it between themselves too; convinced from experience, that she would appear. What passed afterwards, they knew not, but the next morning the minister was a proselyte to the expediency of the research, and assisted in the investigation of the whole affair.

"They dragged several deep pools of the Scair with loaded nets, but found nothing, till grappling irons arrived from Drumlanrig Castle, and then they found the body of the lost woman in the very pool which they at the first had dragged in the morning, as corresponding with the ghost's directions. The throat of the deceased was cut, and that in such a manner that the surgeons who attended, said it looked like the act of one used to handle his weapons.

"The body was carried into Mr. Fairly's meeting-house, and there being no human evidence against the perpetrators, that original and acute divine devised an old experiment, of most powerful effect and decisive consequences, which was no other than to summon a great number of people to come in and touch the body of the murdered woman, which was acquiesced in by every one, as at least furnishing some presumptive evidence that might assist in a further research.

"Every thing was arranged with the utmost gravity and decorum.—The meeting-house was full, and both magistrates and ministers of the gospel were present; and, among others, both the barber and the fiddler's daughter of Purpont, and the great reluctance manifested by these two to attend, seemed to confirm, in

part, the ghost's evidence; for though it exculpated the barber, he refused to attend, till compulsion was used, and even tried to escape. Mr. Fairly prayed for a just judgment in such a manner, that it made all the hearers tremble, and then the trial proceeded; and as the corpse was sunk with a large stone, and an iron ring in it, that had long lain at the mill door for tying horses to, the people of the mill were tried first, and then many others, all of whom were known to be quite innocent; and all the while the minister stood and put every person's hand upon the breast of the deceased, and of course no marks of guilt, by the bleeding of the body, appeared. When it came to May Fiddes's turn, she refused, and when they went to force her forward, she screamed and fell into hysterics, crying out, 'I did not touch her life, I did not touch her life; and I will not touch her dead carcase, no, not for the power of man!' She then yelled out most tremendously and fainted. They, however, brought her forward in a state of insensibility, and the minister laid her hand upon the body, but of this she was not aware, and no effects following, she was carried into the minister's house, with orders to let none speak to her till he came in. The barber perceiving that no marks of guilt appeared, began to treat the whole business with levity and contempt; but when he came forward, it took the minister's whole force to press down his hand, so as but slightly to touch the body. In a moment the white sheet was bathed in a flood of purple blood that streamed from the wound, as if it had been newly inflicted. The whole assembly then pronounced him the murderer, but he denied it with blustering and oaths, swearing it was the old malicious Whig minister that had pressed his hand too hard down on the chest of the deceased, which had caused the flow of blood.

"This made the sheriff and the parson look at one another, for they still perceived they had no hold of the villain in law, though all were convinced of his atrocious guilt. Mr. Fairly lectured him very hard to confess, telling him that the eye of the Almighty beheld him, that his divine agency had been manifest, not only in bringing the crime to light, but in bringing it home to the guilty; and it would never stop short till due vengeance was executed. But confess he would not, therefore the sheriff made out his mittimus, and sent him to prison.

"Poor May Fiddes was not so firm, she had half confessed ere ever the sheriff and minister went in to her, though it was only in a raving state; but on the sheriff promising her her life, she confessed all. She said that the barber persuaded her to dress herself and him like two witches, of whom his wife stood in great fear, and to go forth and waylay her, and give her a drubbing and ducking. And that, though the barber was rather drunk, for the fun of the thing she yielded, and they went. That they seized her, and got her down with her face toward the ground, and then sat above her singing a witch song, the barber holding up her head, and the deponent her feet, so that she could not move nor cry. That she (the deponent) hearing a kind of gurgling cry, looked back and saw that the barber had cut her throat with a razor, and the blood was running. That then she (May Fiddes) got up and ran away, without ever looking over her shoulder. She told also, where the barber's bloody witch-clothes were buried, and there they were found. The barber was condemned and executed, dying without confession, and the fiddler and his daughter left Nithsdale, but none of the three children went with them, a sign that they were not hers.

"This is the hale story of the barber; but the most curious part is, that if the tale be accurately tould, and one of the hearers or more should doubt of its verity, the ghost o' poor Grizel to this day comes in in the same guise, and gives its testimony. An' mair by token, I hae a test to try you a' wi'," she took a lammer bead out o' her pocket, and held it to her own ear, then to the baby's on her knee—the lurcher began to bristle and look frightened, uttering short, smothered barks, the pup followed the example—"Hush! what's that at the door?"————

HYMN OF ANTEROS.

(*An Imitation of Shelley.*)

From shining regions where the seraph choir
View the Promethean conqueror reclined,
The soul transporting with his silver lyre—
Towards the Good from all alloy refined;
And Heaven's immortal spirits listening lie
Unto the magic of his melody;

Borne on my purple wings, a welcome guest,
I come, and fill your orb with fire divine:
Fond mortals with a deity invest
Each grove or fount, or lovely haunt of mine;
The adorned earth and sky my spirits share,
Commingled with the world-surrounding air.

I am the fire, whose bright etherial ray
Cinctures with immortality the soul;
Which, the gross cumber of its earthly clay
Divesting, soars beyond the world's controul,—
Great Spirit, deepest love, whose essence fills
The ocean, air, and everlasting hills.

All arts, the culture of the Ausonian shore,
To me, and to my heavenly light belong;
All harmony, all elegance, all lore,
The sanctified, the sacred soul of song:
All gifted mortals, on whose sacred head
The eternal melodies their influence shed.

I, to the couch of the Egyptian queen,
Sad Cleopatra, called with dying breath,
Invoked from Paphian bowers and skies serene,
The gentle spirits of voluptuous death;
I, by my tears, wrung from relenting heaven,
That hour so blest to Laodamia given.

To hallowed breasts my spirit yet imparts,
The flame whilome divine, ere Cupid's guile
Drove me from earth, and mingled with his darts,
The generous affection and the vile;
Such love as revelled in the golden age,
Ere sad Astrea left this earthly stage.

In twilight's calm I linger near each scene
Of beauty, which my spirit still enthralls,
And to the night, then yield I up unseen
Aerial melody, whose dying falls
By mortal heard, some lonely temple nigh
Uplift his soul with mournful ecstasy.

DIDONE ABBANDONATA.

(*From the Portuguese.*)

Now glimmering in the purple orient sky,
The snow-white sails of the Dardanian fleet,
Amidst the gilded ocean's azure waves,
On wings of prosperous breezes fade away.
The lorn, abandon'd Dido,
Loud shrieking, wanders through the regal halls,
And seeks, with maddening eyes, yet all in vain
The fugitive Æneas.
Carthage, her new born Carthage, nought presents
But silent gloom, and dark-deserted shade;

With frightful lashings on the naked shore,
Hoarse sound, through night, the solitary waves;
Perch'd on the golden spires
Of the exalted domes,
Nocturnal birds sinister omens cry.
From the marmoreal tomb,
All horror-struck, she deems
A thousand times the cold and pallid dust
Of dead Sichaeus, with heart-thrilling voice,
Invoking, calls, "Eliza! O Eliza!"
To the tremendous deities of Orcus
An offering she prepares,
But, shuddering, sees around
The altar's pile, for incense-breathing smoke,
Dark foam fomenting in the golden urns,
And wine o'er turned, to streams of blood transform'd.
Her pale, yet beauteous face,
With frenzy fired, now burns;
Her hair dishevell'd flows
And soon her tremulous footsteps near approach
The asylum, once so blest,
Where of her faithless hero
With deep heartfelt emotion
She heard the impassion'd sighs and lulling plaints;
There the remorseless Fates, exulting, show'd
Troy's shining spoils, which, o'er the splendid couch
In festoons hanging, to her sight display'd
The lustrous shield, and bright refulgent sword.
Sudden, with hard convulsion, she lays bare
The fatal blade, and on its goring point
Urges her tender alabaster breast;—
Murmuring in crimson jets of sparkling foam
The warm blood leaps in torrents from the wound;
Tinged with the purple dye, the marble halls
Tremble and start—the Dorian columns shake.
Thrice she attempts to rise.
Thrice, agonized, upon the couch reclines
Her fainting form; now unto Heaven she lifts,
Her tear-dissolved eyes;
The wildly gazing on the banish'd mail
Of the false Trojan fled,
Some dying words she utter'd, and the sound
Of their last wailing mournful accents rang
Along the sculptured roofs, and echo sad,
Long time, with sighs, the dismal tones prolong'd.

"Doces despojos
Tam bem logrados
Dos olhos meus,
Em quanto os Fados,
Em quanto Deus
O consentiam;
Da triste Dido
A alma acceitae,
Destas cuidados
Me libertae.
Dido infelice
Assás viven;
D'alta Carthago
O muro erguen;
Agora nua,
Ja de Charonte,
A sombra sua
Na barca feia,
De Phlegetonte,
A negra veia
Surcando vai."

GAZAON.

[" *Dépouilles chéries que mes yeux regarderont tant que les permettra le destin, tant que le permettront les Dieux, de la triste Didon recevez l'ame; délivrez moi de mes douleurs. Malheureuse Didon, tu as vécu assez! de la brillante Carthage la muraille s'est élevée, mais ton ombre dépouillée passe déjà dans l'horrible barque de Caron, qui sillonne les tristes eaux du Phlegeton.*"]

THE BALLOT. NO. III.

The advocates of the Ballot say, that the greatest evil in our present representative system is the corruption of the franchise! and the remedy they propose for this evil is to establish the mode of voting by ballot. They proceed, in their reasonings upon the subject, on the assumption, that this remedy would be complete, though they do not go quite so far as broadly to assert that it would be so. Indeed, were they hardy enough to make such an assertion, the every-day experience of elections, and the common sense of mankind, would at once testify against them; for, laying for a moment out of view the immense difficulty of securing a perfect secrecy in the giving of the votes, and the comparative worthlessness of those which would be thus given with a caution as great, and a secrecy as secure as that which guides and protects the operations of the midnight incendiary or assassin, we contend, without a chance of contradiction, that even if the vote were given in absolute and inscrutable secrecy, it would not, under the present system, be placed beyond the influence of a bribe. It is true that, in many instances, it would occasion a greater expense to the bribing candidate; but then this very expense is one of the evils of which the advocates of the ballot complain.

In all corporate towns, where the right of voting is vested in the admitted freemen, it is an easy matter to ascertain their number; and unless where the number is very great, or the freemen of a class much higher than freemen usually are, it is an easy matter to make a bargain with the majority, or at least with such a number of them as, if the candidate has any other sources of support, will make a majority, for a sum of money to be divided amongst them in case the briber shall be successful. This method, which is even now pursued in many places, makes each individual as much interested in giving his vote for the person paying him, as he is now, when the vote is given in public; and though, it may be said that men will not be apt to be influenced by a prospect of reward which depends for its fulfilment on the conduct of others as well as themselves, we say, true it is, that they would prefer that reward which depended on their own conduct only, if they could get it, but if they are disposed to make profit of the franchise, they will not be deterred from so doing because the manner of effecting their purpose, most desirable to themselves, is not within their reach; on the contrary, they will be glad to avail themselves of a resource which makes the attainment of the bribe depend only on the co-operation of persons equally interested with themselves.

If men place so little value on the franchise, or so high a value on money, as to make the former the subject of sale, they will continue to sell their votes while a possibility of doing so remains; if not for money paid down, for the almost certain prospect of it, and if not for the almost certain, still even for the remote prospect of it. There is no tradesman who would not prefer dealing with a customer, of whose punctuality he was absolutely certain, but almost all tradesmen do, in fact, deal with customers of whose punctuality they have only a reasonable belief, and many deal with persons in whose punctuality they have no ground whatever for believing, rather than not deal at all. Thus it would be even if the performance of the contract were much more doubtful than it would be in the cases to which we have been referring; voters who wished to sell their votes, would do so, even for a more doubtful chance of receiving the bribe; and candidates who were disposed to spend their money, would give bribes even on a much more doubtful chance of thereby securing the benefit of the vote they purchased. In places where the number of voters could not be ascertained, or they are too numerous for wholesale bribing, individuals would still be found ready to vote for a consideration depending on the success of the candidates, and candidates would be found to pay a voter for the chance of his keeping his promise. As the tradesman who gives large credit charges a higher price than he who sells for ready

money, because he takes the chances of not being paid, into consideration, so would the voter demand a higher sum in expectation, than he used to receive when it was certain, and the candidate would give less, when he gave it for a mere chance, but still the one would give and the other receive. How much of the actual outlay of candidates, at the present day, is made for a mere chance of good? How much is squandered on equipages, on dinners, on balls, on public institutions, in keeping public houses open, and in affording means of conveyance, on a mere chance of benefit to result from these things, that it is a mere chance as to how great or how little the resulting benefit may be.

Add to these circumstances, the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of securing the secrecy of the vote.—It is to be recollected, that on the supposition of our adversaries, all men are open to this bribery, and it is only by making them not worth being bribed, that their honesty is to be secured. To effect this, you must devise a plan by which men will be compelled to give their votes in secret, in spite of themselves, and in spite of those who are desirous of bribing them—we say compelled, because, if voting in secrecy prevents bribing, and they wish to be bribed, they will not voluntarily consent to that which will prevent their being bribed. Now, this plan may be devised with the utmost possible ingenuity, and every conceivable means be taken to make the security perfect; but at last it must depend on the integrity of one individual or more, and those individuals, by the supposition of our adversaries, are also open to bribery. They may be more intractable than the voters, and require, as the price of their compliance, sums to which the purchase-money of a vote will be as nothing; but still they are open to bribery, and the member who has purchased the chances of many votes at a reduced price, will be[illegible]er able to purchase the means of [illegible]ucing that chance to certainty [illegible], too, be it borne in mind, will [illegible] often facilitated by the mutual consent and connivance of the candidates, as, at the present day, bribery and treating are done. It is in vain to tell us that the integrity of these ministers will be protected by severe laws; so is the integrity of the voter at this day, and yet its constant violation is the subject of our adversaries' complaint.

From these circumstances it is quite clear that the corruption of the franchise will not be *prevented*, nay, not even *considerably* diminished, by the introduction of the ballot, as an adjunct to the present system. Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that it will be, to a certain degree, diminished by it, will this constitute a sufficient ground for the introduction of that institution?—we say it will not. We acknowledge that the *corruption* of the suffrage is a great evil, though we consider the *corruptibility* of the voters to be a still greater; and we acknowledge that it would be very desirable to abate that evil if it could be done without injury to any other part of the system; but there is no such thing as perfection in human institutions, and all the true philosopher will attempt, is to approach as near to it as possible, and in a state of things in which every system is sure to have its accompanying good and evil, to balance the good and evil of all, and adopt that course which has least of the one and most of the other. The good aimed at here, is partial remedy of the corruption of the suffrage, and this good is to be attained by the introduction of the ballot. We admit the goodness of the object aimed at—we deny the propriety of the means by which it is sought; and we do so on these grounds, namely, that there is another principle of our constitution, another key-stone of our institutions, on which representation itself depends, and which, accordingly, cannot be of less importance or less interest than the purity of the representation; that that principle will be materially injured, if not destroyed, by the introduction of the ballot, and that this evil will not be sufficiently compensated for by the very partial remedy of a corrupted franchise.

The principle to which we allude, is the principle of co-operation, of mutual encouragement, mutual support, and acting together. In fact, that principle by which public ac-

tions become the actions of a body, and not the result of individual actions operating to a common end. This will be better understood from the observations we are about to make. Were man a being without passions or feelings of any kind to sway his judgment, acting only under the influence of reason, and guided by pure intelligence, it would matter little whether public opinion was the aggregate result of each individual's opinion, or the single opinion of an aggregate of individuals, because, in each case, it would be formed on the dictates of reason alone. But man is not a being divested of passions and feelings, and these passions and feelings are so very powerful in their influence, that there is no subject with which they are at all connected into the grounds of our opinion on which they do not largely enter; indeed, there are few men so constituted, that where they themselves are concerned, they do not judge more, according to the suggestions of passion and feeling, than the dictates of reason. This is a truth which the man who has studied human nature in the secret recesses of the heart knows; which he who has the faculty of looking in upon himself, will readily acknowledge; but which, to shallow minds and casual listeners, will not appear so self-evident as it ought. But let us appeal to the personal experience of every one of our readers. Who is there among them who has not felt how much easier a thing it is to give good advice than to take it? Who is there among them who has not done acts himself which, if he saw another about to do, he would consider imprudent, or perhaps criminal? Who has not lived to regret many passages of his life, and to wonder at the infatuation that led to them? and yet on these occasions, or most of them at least, the mind was employed, and the conscience soothed into the idea that the conduct pursued was conformable to right reason. The young and impassioned child of genius, who, led away by the day-dreams of imagination, forgets the substance of happiness to follow after its shadow, does not admit, even to himself,—does not, indeed, feel that he is sacrificing reason at the shrine of temptations too strong to be resisted, but he laughs at the experience of the sage, and will stand up against a world of philosophers, to prove that he is doing what is right. The lover who hurries into an unequal or unhappy marriage, fancies that he is providing for his future happiness; and the monarch who saps the foundations of his own kingdom while seeking the acquisition of another, glosses over, even to himself, his guilty and ambitious projects, and persuades himself that the course, which a passion for conquest suggests, is actually dictated by sound policy. Even when the spell is over, when the influence of passion has passed away, those who have been its victims so strongly retain the impression of their former conviction, that instead of wondering at the weakness by which they were led away, in opposition to their better judgment, they regret the infatuation by which that judgment was misled. The reason is, that those passions and feelings have entered so subtilly into and blended themselves so intimately with the judgment of the mind, that though their influence is great, their operation cannot, at the time, be discovered, and even those who are really anxious to detect and silence their suggestions, are often unable to do so; this is the real reason why we are better able to give good advice to others than to act on it ourselves; with respect to ourselves, our reason is clouded by our passions—with respect to others, it is not.

Whenever, therefore, our actions are the result of our own individual opinions, those actions are tainted by the influence of our passions and feelings, and are not the result of abstract reason; and much more is this the case when we voluntarily admit those passions and feelings into a share in influencing our conduct. But, it is highly desirable that all our actions which bear directly on the public welfare, should be as much as possible the result of reason, unbiassed by any other influences; and whatever tends to promote this object is of great importance. Now, although that mass which constitutes the undefinable public, is formed of an aggregate of individuals, yet *public opinion is not formed of the aggregate of individual opinions;* there is scarcely a public measure of any

kind, on which public opinion, that is, the opinion of certain bodies in the state, is not pretty accurately formed; and yet, if we question each individual composing a body distinguished by any particular opinions, we will find that their individual opinions, and what is much more to our purpose, their individual wishes on the subjects of these opinions, are widely different. How is it then, that the opinions and wishes of these individuals are different, and yet that the opinion of the body, of which they constitute the parts, is single and defined? It is because the opinions of individuals are swayed by passions and prejudices and feelings peculiar to themselves, which, from the very fact of their being peculiar, enter not into the public opinion of the body. How many a man has, under the strong compulsion of arguments which he could not answer, and had not hardihood to neglect, done acts so contrary to his feelings, that had they to be done in secret, he would not have done them at all. Would the elder Brutus, who sacrificed his own sons as victims to the stern genius of Roman virtue, have done so if the world was to have remained in utter ignorance as to the part he should act in that tragical drama?—We think not; and whether he would or not, the illustration will draw the attention of each of our readers to some portion of life, or some passage of history, in which he has seen the truth of our remark exemplified. Public opinion, it is true, is not always correct, at least in the beginning—it is seldom so correct as that of many an enlightened individual; but this is because being the mean result, it partakes of the inferiority of the weak, as well as the power of the strong intellects to be found amongst the body. As the stronger intellects constitute a minority amongst mankind, so that which is called public opinion at first, falls, in point of worth and soundness, below the standard of many individual minds. We say at first, because after the lapse of some time, those who are not prone to think, and who form by far the largest portion of the community, cease to have any opinion at all upon the subject, and public opinion insensibly becomes the opinion of a body formed of the really thinking part of society. Public opinion, then, is the mean result of the intellect of individuals, cleared from the various passions and prejudices, and feelings, which are, as it were, the disturbing forces.

There is no doubt, that on many occasions public opinion is as much tainted by prejudice as private opinions; but then it is because strong feelings of a particular kind sway the majority of the individuals in common, and are not peculiar to each; but what we are contending for is, that the public opinion of a body of men is generally more the result of reason, than the separate opinions of the individuals who constitute that public; because the passions, by which reason in the latter case is clouded, being generally peculiar to the individuals, do not affect it in the former.

Now it is generally admitted, that the councils of a select body of intelligent persons are more likely to be guided by intelligence than those of a large number of people; and therefore, if intelligence alone were required, all public matters should be left to the decision of a few; but there is another quality in which the larger body is found to excel the smaller, and which is equally desirable in the conduct of public affairs, and that is integrity. The great desideratum, therefore, is the greatest possible intelligence, joined to the greatest possible integrity. But as there is in every state a very great proportion of the people possessed of moderate intelligence, it is found practicable to secure a reasonable proportion of both these qualities, by vesting the supreme legislative power in a body sufficiently large to secure honesty, and sufficiently select to secure moderate intelligence. As, therefore, it is found that the body is more honest than the individuals composing it, because the selfish motives of each are neutralized; so the opinion of the body, though not perhaps so correct as the opinions of some few individuals, is still much more conformable to reason than the separate opinions of the great majority of the individuals; because the passions and prejudices which cloud the judgments of the individuals, are lost in the body. Having thus shown that public opinion is not formed of the aggregate of individual opinions

—that it is a more intelligent opinion than that aggregate would constitute—and it being admitted on all hands that the integrity of a very large body is purer than that of individuals, it is plain, that the actions which result from public opinion and public integrity, are more likely to be good than those which result from the aggregate of private opinions and private integrity. This is, perhaps, rather abstruse; but the subject, if properly considered, is an abstruse subject, and has been handled in an abstruse manner: the distinction which we have been endeavouring to point out is oftener felt than understood, and often operates most forcibly when it is scarcely even felt. But a few illustrations, may serve to make it more plain to the understandings of ordinary readers. There are many instances of a House of Commons, in which there were very few members who were not, in some way or other, directly or indirectly, by themselves or their agents, tainted with the stain of bribery; and yet when a case of corruption was brought before them, the vast majority were loud in their condemnation, and prompt in the punishment of the offenders, without being in the slightest degree open to the charge of insincerity. When they themselves had recourse to bribery, the passions of the moment glossed it over to their minds, and they only perceived its heinousness when those passions either had no room for play, or were subdued within them by shame. Many of those members, when feeling that they must answer to the world for the conduct they pursued, were driven to think in what terms they could answer, and in this enquiry were led to discover, that the suggestions of passion would not pass for reason with their fellow men, and thus were urged into opinions and a line of conduct which they would not, if left to themselves, have pursued. The result has been, that measures of public utility have been carried almost unanimously, which, if left to the decision of unaccountable votes, would have been lost. The advocates of the ballot will say, that they have always acknowledged the necessity of open voting in parliament. They do so, but on different grounds. They acknowledge it, because they consider that the representatives should have the means of judging of the conduct of their delegates: but we are looking, not to the influence which makes a man vote in conformity to the wishes of his constituents, but to that influence, that fear of acting in opposition to public opinion, sanctioned by arguments which he cannot combat, which often induces a man to vote in opposition to the wishes of those constituents and his own, and thus sends his judgment into the expression of the public opinion, unsullied by the passions which would have tainted it in the mind of the individual. But we have in America, that land of the ballot, a still more striking illustration of our remarks. The public opinion there, before the War of Independence was, that British tea should not be imported or consumed; and yet we find, that though that public opinion was expressed in the unanimous resolution of the inhabitants, the result of the individual opinions, illustrated by their actions was, that immense quantities were imported by many individuals, and for the consumption of a great majority of those very inhabitants. Those inhabitants thus voted in public for the exclusion—they voted in private for the introduction of the tea.

If we have satisfactorily established this distinction, we have gone far to prove the noxious character of the ballot, for very little consideration will serve to convince us that he who votes by ballot, votes as an individual—he who votes before the world, votes as a component part of a public body—and if so, the introduction of the ballot would be a great evil.

The ballot must always produce injurious effects, except where the right of voting is confined to a very few, a very select body, and a rank of life, in which considerable intelligence and considerable interest in the public welfare is to be expected; for if we extend the suffrage to a wider sphere, we must embrace a class with whom intelligence and public good have less weight, and into whose opinions consequently much more of feeling and passion enters. When opinions are merely speculative, the great mass of mankind are generally content to take them on trust from others, without entering

into the grounds of them; but when they are to act in conformity to those opinions, they are more careful in forming them, and are therefore more diligent in their enquiry into the foundations on which they rest.—Men who vote for a particular candidate, are amenable to public opinion for the vote they give—they are therefore anxious to give such a vote as they can best justify, and in order to do so, they are induced, though contrary perhaps to the nature of an indolent mind, to look into reasons for preferring one candidate to another. On the other hand, if the vote were to be given in secret, they would have no one to whom to justify that vote, and would therefore be without one powerful motive for considering the grounds of it, or giving such a one as was capable of justification. In the former case, as the world would be witnesses of their conduct, they would take care that it should not bear upon it the stamp of passions or feelings, which they would wish to conceal from the world; in the latter case they would have no such fear. Few men can avoid making common cause with one party or another, in the nation, or the district in which he resides, and this tendency of individuals to the formation of parties is highly beneficial to the state. When a man joins a party, he pledges himself to the public opinions of that party, and he would be ashamed to act openly in opposition to those opinions on any grounds, merely personal to himself—by joining the party he professes their public opinion, which is his own, freed from the embarrassment of feelings and passions; and when called upon to vote, he is obliged to vote in conformity to his profession, and thus his vote is freed from the taint of those feelings and passions too. The Americans have often found the inconvenience of their separate state assemblies, who are guided more by feelings of private interest, than of public good, and the present American tariff is a striking illustration of our argument. The weight of public opinion through the United States is decidedly against the provisions of the tariff, those provisions have been discussed, and the impropriety of many of them been made plain on general grounds; and yet the tariff continues to be the law of the land—But there is not in America the sort of party which we have here—the manufacturer may enter into a debate upon the subject; he may yield to the force of argument, and assent to opinions, the justice of which he cannot controvert—he may thus become an apparent partisan with those who think the protection of his interest is purchased at too dear a rate, because he has too great a regard for public opinion to refuse his adhesion to a party of whose opinions he professed to approve. In England, a man so circumstanced would be won to the cause, because having thus made public profession of his opinions, he would be ashamed to contradict that profession by his acts; but in America the result is quite different, and the manufacturer having made his profession, goes to the election and votes according to his personal interest. Few venture to publish to the world the weakness or the wickedness of their hearts, and therefore the opinions which they publicly express, are divested as much as possible of these. Their actions, when done before the world, are generally the expression of these opinions, and are therefore purer than those which are done in secret. The personal interest of the short-sighted American manufacturer, guides his hand at the ballot, and thus tends to prolong a system, which he is ashamed publicly to maintain, and by which the general welfare of his country is sacrificed, for the sake of enlarging his market, and adding a few dollars to his income.

Should the ballot be introduced in England, we may bid farewell for ever to that wholesome spirit of agitation, that principle of party, by which our rights were first obtained, and have ever since been preserved. The mutual confidence by which parties are kept together, will be destroyed by the destruction of that test, by which the sincerity of their constituent members is tried; and men will cease to associate together for the attainment of common objects, when they cease to feel that such association is a pledge of their acting in unison. When the advocate of popular opinions to-day, may vote without fear of opprobrium, against

the representative of popular opinions to-morrow, because forsooth his surly temper or coarse manners have excluded him from the dinner table, or the drawing-room of the latter, or perhaps because he does not wish success to one, whom he considers to stand in his own way, the confidence of party will be gone, and' its existence will soon be one of the things that were.

Our adversaries perhaps will not mourn over the extinction of the spirit of party, as we shall; they will not regret the destruction of that principle, which has distinguished Britons amongst the nations of the world, and made them the most public spirited of men. They will contend for the abstract intelligence of the people, they will tell us that all are intelligent, that their secret votes will be directed by their intelligence; and that the state of things will be best in which they will be left to the calm influence of reason operating through the press, and unexcited by the enthusiasm, or the prejudices of party. But we laugh to scorn such philosophy as this, we reason not on the abstract intelligence of the mass, we reason on their passions and their interests. As long as the mass of human beings are obliged to toil through the day for bread, and rest is needful to the weary, the great majority will have little to do with abstract intelligence, and will be guided rather by those passions which spring up spontaneously, and in the twinkling of an eye, than by that reason, for the growth of which the mind must be cultivated; and which requires time and care to bring it to maturity. We have no confidence in the perfect purity of the human heart, we believe it to be the home of weak and wicked and degrading passions, even in the best of men, although we would fain also believe that something good is to be found in the worst. We therefore admire the alembic in which the gold is purged of its dross; we admire the system by which private opinions are divested of private passions and feelings, before they become public opinions, and men are called upon to act in conformity to those opinions thus purified. We do not believe that the warnings of conscience will be found more influential than the censure of their fellow men, because we see in the world, that men are more frequently guided by the latter, than the former; and therefore we wish to bring the latter to its assistance. They will tell us of the passions of party—we answer that there are certainly such things; we have already pointed out their source; but those passions, with very few exceptions, are rather the exaggeration of good, than the effect of evil passions, and the causes which occasion them, would continue to operate as powerfully, even though the vote by ballot should be established.

It will be perceived that we have all along proceeded on the assumption that the persons entitled to vote are persons amenable to that public opinion which the great Locke considered as one of the most cogent laws by which human actions are guided. If they are not, it is of little consequence whether they vote by ballot or by open profession—their vote is worthless in either case, and it can be of no benefit whatever to the country to secure the unbiassed vote of a man who is in a rank of life to which intelligence cannot reach, and so callous to the sense of shame, or the consciousness of guilt, as to expose himself to public obloquy, to be guilty first of the crime of bribery, and afterwards of the crime of perjury, in order to secure the acquisition of a small sum of money. It is no evil that the expression of a corrupt heart should be biassed, or rather it is better that it should be so, because, if left to itself its fruits will be evil; if guided by an external bias they may by possibility be good.

We wish it also to be understood that the spirit of party to which we have alluded is not the mere fact of banding together in large parties the distinguishing characters and principles of which are with difficulty discernible and unknown to many of the partizans, though that sort of party has its advantages too; but we mean that spirit of associating together for public objects, whether to promote the election of a parish clerk or of a parliamentary representative; whether to obtain relief from a select vestry or a corrupt House of Commons. That spirit by which private interests are merged in public considerations, and men's actions are

made the expression of these public considerations rather than those private interests. That spirit by which a good cause is preserved and strengthened, and a bad one, however strong at first, gradually weakened, and at last overcome. All the good we enjoy, all the evil we have eschewed, has been owing to the influence of this spirit, from the obtaining of Magna Charta down to the extorting of a measure of reform. It is to the influence of that spirit we owe it that great changes have been so often brought about in England without a recurrence to force; because the strength of parties was already measured before the sword was drawn, and the weaker party surrendered without a struggle, which it saw would be fruitless. When political opinions are diffused only through the medium of the press, they may make great way in public opinion, but it is impossible to ascertain how great that way is; for if every newspaper and periodical in the country were to take up the same view, it does not follow that the majority of the nation would be prepared to act upon it; and therefore the practical advancement of that view could not be ascertained until something had occurred to call the thinkers into action. But when opinions are publicly discussed, a party in support of one side or the other is soon collected, and by the gradual increase or diminution of its members is shown the rate at which either side is gaining or losing ground. The men who publicly attach themselves to one side, are bound to their view of the case; and as their actions when done in public will be the expression of their publicly professed views, so are those views evidence of what their public actions will be; and thus the side which each particular individual would take in case of a conflict is generally known, and the result capable of being foreseen. But when professions cease to be the evidence of action—when men cease to be bound by the party they adopt, party itself will die away—and opinions enforced through the press will have pervaded the majority long before their progress is sensibly felt—those who are interested in opposing those opinions will flatter themselves that their course is slow because secret, and they will only be awakened from their dream when some circumstance has occurred to call those opinions into sudden action, and the strength of parties is measured by the sword. Thus the people will often continue to suffer under evils long after they have acquired strength sufficient to get rid of them, and rulers will continue to uphold bad measures long after they have become too weak to enforce them—because the former will be ignorant of their strength, and the latter of their weakness.

What then is the result of all this? It is this. The suffrage is admitted to be very frequently corrupted, and it is admitted that this corruption is a great evil. The advocates of the ballot contend that it will considerably diminish the evil—we will admit, for the sake of argument, that it would—we should then have the suffrage still partially corrupted, and the good which consists in a difference between a system considerably corrupted and partially corrupted is so great, that we are to purchase it by the sacrifice of that principle which we have explained, and which we will call the principle of public association, with all the advantages which result from it. We have shewn how great the value of this principle is—we have shewn how slight are the chances that the suffrage would be improved by the introduction of the ballot—and yet we are to give up that valuable principle for those slight chances of partial benefit. We say at once that the price is too great, infinitely too great; and if we are left but the alternative, we prefer the spirit of our constitution, and the principle upon which it rests, even with the abuses which deform it, to any system, however pure from those abuses in which that spirit and principle shall not be found.

But we are not reduced to this alternative. This partial improvement for which so high a price is to be paid, nay more, an improvement more ample and complete than ever could be expected from the introduction of the ballot, can be obtained, without any sacrifice at all; and it will be obtained, if the constitutional reform which we advocated, be adopted. We must strike at the corruptibility rather than the corruption of the franchise; we must discard those

voters to whom a paltry bribe is an object far beyond the public good, and introduce those who have a stake in the public welfare—so great, that, to bestow an adequate bribe on any considerable number, would be beyond the means of any candidate. As long as the right of election is vested in men of the very lowest station in society, who are alike devoid of intelligence and interest in the public welfare; who have nothing to risk by, nay, neither much to expect from civil commotion; it seems to us to be much better that they should be influenced by a bribe than left to their own unbiassed choice; because in the latter case they would be very apt to prefer the factious demagogue who, like themselves, had no interest in the public welfare; whereas in the former, they vote for a man who has at least given pledges to the country by the possession of property. How evil, then, must the system be, that makes a corruption of the franchise absolutely desirable—We have more than once shown how contrary this state of things is to the real principles of the constitution, and we have enforced the necessity of vindicating those principles, and giving the suffrage to those substantial inhabitants to whom the advantage of a well-ordered government, and of good laws, would be far greater than any bribe which a candidate could bestow.

It may be said, that even now there are many instances of people, such as we have pointed out, receiving bribes. We admit that there are—we do not contend that the alteration we have suggested would absolutely prevent bribery; on the contrary, we believe that nothing can absolutely and entirely prevent it while the human heart is so selfish as it is, or the human mind so blind to the real interests of its possessor. All we contend for is, that the corruption would be much diminished by this alteration—far more so than it would by the introduction of the ballot as an adjunct to the present system—indeed as much as is compatible with the imperfection of human nature. It will be said, that if human nature is so open to corruption, the substantial inhabitant, in his sphere, will be as open to bribery as the day labourer in his. We admit that he will; but he will not be as liable to be bribed, because the bribe which he would require would be much too great to allow any candidate to bribe a sufficient number. The great principle of representation is to give the franchise to such a class of persons as that the personal interest of each in the welfare of the state, will be greater than what he could derive from such a bribe as in ordinary cases can be given; and although it is certainly an evil that when the numbers for each candidate are pretty nearly equal, one should be able to insure success by bribing, even at a high price, a sufficient number to turn the scales in his favour; still this is an evil incomparably less than that a man without any other pretensions should be able to overcome the numbers of his adversary by bribery alone. In the one case, the successful candidate has no votes but what he has purchased, and, therefore, there is no evidence of his fitness; in the other, the number of unbought votes which he has before he recurs to bribery, gives evidence of his fitness, though not of his superior fitness to his adversary; and though the fittest man ought to be chosen, it is better to have one who, though not fittest, is still in some degree fit, than one who has given no evidence of his fitness at all.

As to the influence said to be exercised over the minds of voters who are occupants only, by those whose lands or houses they occupy, we have only to say, that it is utterly impossible to do away with all influence: in every action of a man's life he is swayed by external influences of one kind or another; and our only object should be to guard against the operation of the worst influences; and the degree of influence of this sort, under which a man may vote, we do not consider so great an evil as that which would ensue from the introduction of the ballot. The sort of wholesale and unconstitutional influence which is said to have been exercised in some places, cannot long continue to be employed. The force of that public opinion, in support of which we are contending, will soon put an end to that, and to all such measures as those to which our adversaries refer in support of their ar-

guments; and farther than this we consider, *that no persons placed in the way of such influence, ought to* be allowed to vote. Our adversaries admit that a landlord cannot do without tenants or occupiers, and surely they will not contend that people in this land of business, are so blind to their own interests, as to risk voluntarily their ruin, or even "a revolution in their circumstances and family, fraught with anxiety, labour, and risk," on the mere whim of an individual. A man to whom a change of residence is of such immense disadvantage, will take care that he has some better security for the continuance of his abode, in any particular place, than the mere will of any individual; he will take care before he settles that he has a lease, or a contract which will bind his landlord as well as himself; and having that lease or contract, he is placed beyond the influence of his landlord: if he has not, he is as much the slave of that landlord in every other respect as in relation to his franchise; there are a thousand other ways in which he may incur a displeasure, so fatal to himself, and he has no right to complain of consequences which he has voluntarily incurred. The substantial inhabitants of whom we speak, are those who are placed by their circumstances, beyond the reach of such influence; men who have security for their occupation, and who are able to pay their rents, and such only should have a right to vote, at least such only as may be fairly presumed to be in this condition. The inhabitants who can be turned out at a moment's warning, and at the will of their landlord, have not the stake sufficient to constitute a constitutional elector, and ought never to be invested with the franchise; and notwithstanding the assertions of our adversaries, we confidently affirm that there are very few inhabitants of the degree, which we have marked out as fit to be invested with the franchise, who depend on tenures so uncertain, except those who are not bound by business to any particular place, and have income sufficient to place them beyond the fear of subserviency. In many of the boroughs, it is true that a number of the inhabitants are under the power of the landlords, but these inhabitants are generally of the very lowest class, and ought not to be allowed to vote. *If men choose to place* themselves in this servile situation, they have no right to complain of being excluded from the enjoyment of the franchise; if they are men of any substance, they need not do so unless they please; if they are men of no substance, they are unqualified to vote; and there is no fear, but self-interest will always make landlords prefer substantial to unsubstantial tenants; and when they cannot have them in the way, in which they please themselves, they will take them in the way in which they can get them. Let the owner of a town once refuse to admit any but occupants at will, and he will immediately drive away all capital, all trade, all respectability, and all industry from his town; when he has done that, it ought no longer to have representatives.

That some influence will still continue to be exercised, we admit, and we do not lament it—the public virtue is of little value, which cannot resist any influence, however slight; and the tradesman, who is afraid to support an honest cause, because he may thereby lose a customer, or offend a great neighbour, is utterly unfit to vote; if he does vote, it is no great matter under what influence. A period of great distress always supplies a fine harvest for quacks, and drowning men will grasp at straws. We are quite sure that, unless borne down by distress, and almost driven to despair, the people of England would never have listened even with the patience they have to those who deal out the ballot, as a specific for all political diseases. These diseases have arisen from causes too complicated to be understood, without considerable intelligence and great attention, and those causes therefore are not understood by the great mass; and therefore it is that they look to the ballot, because whatever advantage it may promise is plain, though the evils attending it are not so immediately perceived. A great deal of this has arisen from the manner in which proper measures of relief and real reform have been delayed —that relief and reform are now close at hand, whatever may be the opinions of our present rulers, or whoever our

future rulers may be, and that they are so is owing to the operation of that very principle, which the ballot is calculated to destroy. The spirit of co-operation for public ends, the force of public opinion, the imposing attitude of public meetings, has roused the aristocracy of the country from their dreams of corrupt influence, and there can be no doubt that they will soon be forced into a reform, which will accomplish all the good which the most sanguine admirer of the ballot can hope from its introduction, without that evil which many of its advocates have, we firmly believe, more immediately in view, and most strongly at heart. A little longer, and we shall see the people, the real people of England advancing to the poll, to give their suffrage in accordance with those principles, which they are not ashamed openly to avow, and subject only to those influences which ought to guide every man, and do guide every good man; we want not a system which would be a shield only to those dark and degrading passions and feelings, which the best are not wholly free from, but which even the worst seldom venture to avow in public, however willing to exercise them in private. We want not such a system, even though it possess the advantage of foreign growth, and come to us backed by the over zealous advocacy of those, who deem nothing good which has existed before their time.

In an article on the ballot, in the *Westminster Review*, for July last, which we believe is the production of Bentham, and which, for the sake of genius, we would desire, if it were possible, to praise as much for its candour, as its ability, the aristocracy are urged most vehemently, with an argument drawn from their own practice of voting by ballot at the clubs; but this argument is so far from being sound, that that very custom is a most striking illustration of what we have been all along endeavouring to enforce. The ballot is adopted at clubs, because in them the vote is expected to be the expression of the voter's feelings, rather than his judgment; the object aimed at in clubs, is to unite the convenience and cheapness of a public establishment, with the comforts of a domestic one: the qualification of a candidate is not any abstract opinions of *his merits, but simply his being agreeable to a very large majority of* the members; a man may be as wise, as learned, as witty as you please, he may be beyond exception as to his manners and character, and yet he may be very disagreeable to several members of the club, and that too for reasons which they would not wish to publish to the world; that he is disagreeable, is however a sufficient motive for his exclusion, and that method of voting is accordingly adopted, which effects his exclusion, without putting the parties voting against him, to the necessity of explaining the grounds of their opposition. The appeal to the judgment of the members would be decided by a fair majority, but in all clubs a single black ball weighs against many white, and for the same reason which we have already pointed out. In the election of public men, however, no man should be swayed by feelings, which he dare not publish to the world, and an open vote is the best means of preventing them from being so.

There is much in that very clever article, to which we would gladly advert, had we time or space so to do. The arguments which bear upon the point in issue, have, we believe, been fully met and answered, and we do not feel ourselves called upon to expose the sophisms which abound in it, upon all the other matters which the writer touches—much we could say on his strictures on the influence of property. Much more on his extraordinary essay on lying; but the task we proposed to ourselves is limited to a consideration of the ballot, and it is well nigh accomplished.

We have argued the subject dispassionately and calmly, rather as became the dignity of a public question than as the temper and style of some of our opponents would warrant. We have done so, because we wished to convince and not to bully, though we need not tell the world that we value just as little the growl of the democrat as the frown of the aristocrat; but candour demands that we should avow, that strong as our objections are to the ballot, on the ground of the principles it involves, those objections acquire additional

strength from the character of those by whom it is most violently urged. To those men, it is no object to restore the constitution to its ancient purity, or even to give it an additional purity, compatible with its spirit and principles—their object is to overthrow that constitution which has stood for ages, and try the experiment of a new constitution of their own. They dislike it from the very circumstances of its having stood for ages, and because it was built up by time, without the assistance of their own ingenious minds. We admire the British constitution, while we lament, and would repair the ravages that time has made in it—we admire it, because we prefer experience to theory, and deem it to be the peculiar characteristic of that constitution, that theory had nothing to do in its construction, and experience every thing. We feel the stability which our institutions derive from their antiquity, and we know that the evils of the present system may be remedied without depriving us of that stability.

Impelled by these convictions, we have always fearlessly approached the subject of our grievances—we have pointed them out to public observation, and urgently demanded their removal; nor have we scrupled to exhort our fellow men to stand boldly forth in defence of their privileges, and in the assertion of their rights; we have done so by appealing to the better and more ennobling feelings of human nature, but we have never felt ourselves justified in tampering with its darker passions—we have not, to suit any views of our own, endeavoured to lower the standard of public virtue, to gloss over and justify deceit, and treachery, and fraud, nor have we sought to cherish the envy or inflame the animosity of the populace against their superiors in wealth and station.

To those who have never felt the loftier or more delicate sensations of which the human heart is capable—for whom grace of mind or elegance of manners have no charm—who deem ill-breeding sincerity and bluntness truth; it may be very pleasant to think that the characteristics which distinguish the countenances of many of the higher orders from their own, is "that of a feigned scorn for all the public virtues, and a real hatred." But if they are really friends of social order, if the gradations of rank and the existence of society have really any charms for them, they ought not to lead on to feelings, which, if once kindled, could only be slaked in the destruction—nay, even in the blood of all that is distinguished by rank, or station, or wealth in the kingdom. But they are advancing towards their real, though unavowed object, and it is for this reason that we suspect and would regret every measure which comes to us backed by their applause: let us connect their arguments on the ballot with their opinions on universal suffrage and annual parliaments, with their habitual vituperation of the higher orders, and their muttered growls against the expenses of a monarchy; and we cannot for a moment doubt that their ultimate object is to pit the populace againt the aristocracy, and overturn king and peers for the sake of establishing a wild republic, in which the flatterers of some of those philosophers persuade them they would be chosen to fill the legislative chair. We wish for no such republic—we want no such lawgivers.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.*

Munden, the Comedian, was in the habit of asking, when a dull play, in which he was expected to have taken a part, was reading, (or being read,) before the circle of green-room critics, "This may be very well, but when do we come to the Comedy?" In like manner, while going through this last labour of Mr. E. L. Bulwer's, which bears the title of a *Satirical* Poem, we could not refrain from saying, with Munden, "Very fine, we suppose—but where is the Satire?"

Mr. Bulwer, however, we find, imagines himself a satirist of no small dimension. He informs his mother, to whom, with exquisite good taste, he dedicates the book, that "we must warmly embrace public motives, in order to feel with what dignity, and what justice, Satire can defend herself;" thereby, of course, assuring us, that *he* has warmly embraced public motives, and feels all the dignity and justice of Satire. In a postscript to his dedication, he talks loftily of posterity, and of the peculiar aptitude his poem has for the present time. The preface itself, justly addressed to his publishers, concludes in a magnificent vein.

"The Poem which forms the staple of this volume, addresses itself to the humours rather than to the passions of men. Chiefly of a comic and of a lightly satiric nature, it makes little pretence to those provinces to which the ambition of poets is usually directed. And, for my own part, even if I possessed far higher endowments for poetry—far warmer inclinations towards it than I ever, in my youngest days of inexperience, *imagined* I could claim—I own my belief that I have lived too immediately in that day with the style of which the world has grown weary, not to be imbued in the graver school of poetry with the very faults which I should censure in others: and imbued too deeply and from too early a period, to allow much hope of exchanging those faults for faults of a more innovating and unhacknied character. In the comic school it is different; for the comic school has been little cultivated in this country; and originality in that department is therefore easier than in one more severe, and yet seemingly more inviting to disciples. If I have now accomplished something which, though a tale and a satire, is yet not evidently plagiarised either from Byron or from Butler—if, without that wearisome straining for novelty in detail—which so rarely leads to any thing better than affectation—the matter and the manner be not—on the whole—without some claim to originality—then shall I be fully satisfied."

These are high notes of preparation. The *hiatus* is at least magnificent.

Let us then see what the *Satire* is. The commencement is, no doubt, meant to be mischievous: it is an epistle to Captain Basil Hall, who is severely reprehended for an unlucky article in the *Quarterly Review*. How vigorous the Satire is, may be gathered from the following sample:

"You ridicule a mighty state,
  Without a grain of wit for satire;
On knottiest points, with ease debate,
  Without one just thought on the matter;
With scarce the Traveller's art to gaze,
  You ape the Sage's to *distinguish*—
And while dear England's laws you praise,
  You quite forget the laws of *English*.
Ev'n now, while Freedom through the lands
  Sweeps gathering on—behold in all
His might—on Murray's counter stands
  And fires his pop-gun—Captain H——!"

Of the force and pith of these verses we say nothing. But is not the selection of poor Hall, as his first object, a dubious proof of the fitness of Mr. Bulwer for general satirizing? Hall may sleep easily under this infliction—and, at all events, there is no chance that he will be tempted to return the compliment. But when the brave, though prudent writer, in the manner of "Butler and Byron," notices, that "Captain Hall damns poor Murray's lost Review," there is *somebody* perhaps concerned, who, if affronted in his little finger, may be dangerous—and, accordingly, our valorous Satirist takes occasion, before his glorious strain is concluded, to express what "a debt of gratitude he has incurred, and that no slight one, to *Mr. Lockhart*, who has honoured literature," &c. &c. We know whom we can chastise.

* The Siamese Twins. A Satirical Tale of the Times. With other Poems. By the Author of "*Pelham*," &c. &c. 8vo. London, 1831.

The first chapter of the first book, (there are four books, and in each three chapters,) contains only one piece of *Satire*, which we subjoin. It is in a note.

"Mr. Sadler, on whom his godfathers bestowed the most just of all epithets by the most prophetic of all initials——Mr. M. T. (commonly pronounced *Empty*) Sadler, has lately published a book in opposition to the followers of Malthus; the size of it is very remarkable."

The originality and applicability of this wit are highly to be commended. It must make a deep impression upon the fame and feelings of the gentleman, whose ill luck it is to be visited by it. To be attacked at once by two such mighty geniuses as Macaulay and Bulwer, is an awful calamity.

The second chapter supplies us only with some general remarks on the voracity of parsons and aldermen—the dislike of the aristocracy for democracy—the rapacity of courtiers, &c. poured forth allegorically against the Siamese; all of which we think we have heard somewhere before. Here is as good a specimen as we can find. The Siamese parsons, says an English orator,

"——dun you into giving.
Ours take their own—a paltry living.
Each selfish wish they nobly stifle,
And save our souls—for quite a trifle.
Our lords are neither mean nor arrogant,
Nor war against broad truths by narrow cant;
Ne'er wish for perquisites, nor sinecures,
Nor prop great ills, by proffering tiny cures;
Our goods before their own they rate 'em,
And as for younger sons—they hate 'em!
Thus all our patriots are invincible,
And, bless you!—as to change of principle!
Ev'n if one wish'd to chouse the people,
One's by the Lower House prevented;
There, by a slight expence of tipple,
We've all the Commons represented—
And with such singular ability,
No groat's ere spent with inutility.
Thus do we hold both license—and
Despotic fetters *in ludibrium*;
And thus must England ever stand
Erect—in *triple equilibrium!*
These are the things that best *distinguish* men—
These make the glorious boast of *Englishmen!*"

How piquant, forcible, and original!

In chapter the third trade bursts out, and we have a sharp touch against his worthy rival, the author of *Granby*. In the passage he takes care, however, to throw off a Colburnian touch, in puffery of *Paul Clifford*—"a novel of our house."

"I hear a certain novel lately
Sent forth by me, displeased you greatly;
You thought the gentry of the road
Should choose their words more *à-la-mode;*
You felt indignant that such ug-
Ly words my vulgar folks should utter,
And Peggy Lobkins, of 'the Mug,'
Be less refined than Lady Flutter;—
And you were right I must allow,
But I will mend my manners now,
Bid Nature seek some other place,
Paint man no more—but sketch 'his Grace;'
Mince truth like any other Mister—
And shrink, smirk, drivel into L——r.

"Two of a trade, &c." A fit of remorse, apparently, seizes upon him here, and he feels that the promised *satire* is not yet forthcoming.

"But patience, patience, and proceed—
When once in England we are landed,
Such pretty things you'll find—indeed
I'm sure you'll own it, if you're candid!
A general satire, quite refined,
But also stinging on mankind;
Some things especially I've painted,
With which 'your Graces' are acquainted,
Smart, striking, side-long, SILHOUETTE touches—
To charm the *haut goût* of a Duchess.
One draught of that sweet inebriety-
The best champaigne of 'good society;'
And just to zest the 'glass of fashion,'
Un petit verre of cream of passion."

How splendidly this promise is fulfilled, we shall soon see. The remainder of the chapter is nonsense of another kind; of which, anon. And so ends book the first.

Book the second opens with a sort of L. E. L. dedication to the Right Honourable the Lady——, before her marriage. We have now, however, arrived in England, and may expect that the "ravaging would begin." The Siamese twins are shown, and make a sensation. The bitterest lines we can find are the following:

"From ten, to five o'clock each day,
There thronged to see them such a bevy,
Such cabs, and chariots blocked the way,
The crowd was like a new King's levée.
Sir Astley bid high to secure them,
To cut up when the spring was o'er;
He had, he begged leave to assure them,
Cut up 'The Skeleton' before.
'Twas much, they'd see, if they reflected,
To be with care and skill dissected;
And if next year they would prefer—*he*
Was not at present in a hurry.

Old Crock much wanting then some new
Good speculation, tried to steal them;
While Lady ——, the famous Blue—
Gravely requested leave to feel them.
Pettigrew said he'd keep a nice
Glass case on Saturdays exposed for them,
And Mrs. * * *, who'd married thrice,
With great civility proposed for them."

By the way, Jerdan, in quoting this cutting *satire*, omitted the desperate hit against Pettigrew, as something too severe, when in his impartial review he extracted the remainder of this terrific passage. How cruel and ferocious the whole must appear to Sir A. Cooper—Crockford—Tom Pettigrew—Lady ——, and the trigamist, Mrs. * * *!—

Chapter the second—Book the second, we pass for a while. In chapter the third, the satire rolls only against Long's hotel, which is thus wickedly gallimawfred.

" Well—just by that renowned hotel
Where whiskered Tigers grimly dwell,
Where noble —— and his Dolly
Bask in the dung of vulgar folly.
Where the mustachio'd sharpers shun
The gull'd friend, as the greedy dun.
Where Slang exalts his belcher'd nob,
And the smug waiter is 'Dear Bob.' "

The rest is a description of a row.

The third book of this *Satire* turns principally upon love. A police justice, before whom the Siamese boys are brought, is, however, duly held up to public indignation, in prose and verse. In verse as follows:—

" Gravely the Justice heard the speech,
Gravely the Justice eyed the two,
Gravely the Justice frowned on each,
And said—'Young men, 'tis very true!
'Your crime, you cannot but be sensible
'At present seems quite indefensible;
'Appearances are aggravated,
'Your being thus so strangely mated;
'A circumstance which, if not vicious,
'At least, must be allowed suspicious!
'Perhaps you can explain, and state your
'Reasons for this strange trick of Nature.
'If you can give of all this mystery
'A full account, and honest history,
'Our laws will do you nought of ill—
'If not—they send you to the Mill!' "

In prose—thus—

" We must be careful how we consider there is any exaggeration in this harangue; how we censure the author for too broad a a caricature, or the justice for too harsh a vein of reasoning. Are the Siamese the only men condemned for what it often happens Nature has been alone to blame? Do none owe crime to the example of parents, the stings of famine, and a variety of circumstances over which the culprits had no control? Poverty ties men to guilt, as the bone united Chang to Ching. And a poor devil born beneath the frown of fortune is hung because it continues."

Discriminating and judicious censor! The abstract philosophy is fine as the practical satire is stringent and novel. Further satirical composition the book contains none, except that certain attorneys are called Messrs. Rack, Gripe, Grasp, Clutch, and Plunder. Terrible fellow!

The fourth and last book is hard upon the medical tribe.

" Yes, reader, for the worst prepare;
Think of your poor soul, I implore you!
Your will!—you've not an hour to spare!
A son of Galen is before you!
Pooh! let us not be so malicious;
Your licensed leech is never vicious.
Death from his hands should give no terror,
In him 'tis—'Accidental error!'
But quacks who do the art usurp, us
Like St. John Long, destroy on purpose!
Pouring damned gas, I do assure ye,
Into our lungs, by way of potion,
And making, with infernal fury,
Holes in our poor backs with a lotion!
But *this*, sweet reader, let me urge on
Your kind remembrance, was a surgeon,
Licensed to do your business ably,
One died with him most comfortably!
Indeed, he did enjoy a station
Of quite uncommon reputation.
Perhaps, you think my verse may glance
To Mr. Brodie, or to Vance—
Or to that 'Duke of Limbs' so super-
-Eminent—aye, Sir Ashley Cooper!
Or him who wrote, so I've heard tell,
A Book which merits great abhorrence,
He cuts one up extremely well,
And, I believe, his name is Lawrence!
Or that most soft and unalarming
Surgeon, the ladies think so charming."

&c. &c. &c. This potent stroke is the last touch of satire we can find. The rest is molasses.

We have passed by one of the twelve chapters, and that because it being the most satirical, we wished to let the author show off his best powers in the end. The argument of chap. ii. book ii. is, *verbatim* and *literatim*, as follows:—

" Preliminary notice, of great importance to the interest both of author and reader—The brothers retired from public life—The parentage, circumstances, and character of Julian Laneham—News from Bancok, its effect upon the Twins—Chang and Ching brought out into 'Good Society;' their extraordinary *ton*—Singularity

of any persons, not royal, being much sought after in England—Tom Moore's jealousy of Ching, and Chang's likeness to Lord Byron—Holland House, &c. &c.—Ching's admiration of the English ladies; names of some of them—Rebuke to the Muse—Lady Jersey sends Chang a ticket for Almack's; confusion occasioned thereby: adjusted by Lady Cowper—Almack's—Chang waltzes with Lady Frances—A Maid of Honour—Lady Connor's great kindness to Ching—Chang's argument with Prince C——i—Proposal to submit the controversy to Mr. Hallam—Ching's abrupt and involuntary disappearance from Almack's—The brothers received at court—Their different politics—The convenience politicians find in having a junction-bone—Ching dances before the Queen—Ching believes Lady Frances in love with him, takes compassion upon her—His gallant project to scale her window—Foreigners too well received by our countrywomen—Caution to the latter—A Blue Party—Apostrophe to the Great Authors of the day—A wit described—The wit's address to Chang—Chang's anger—The brothers depart to execute Ching's amorous exploit.

Colburn himself never wrote a better puff than this argument—indeed we think we see the master's own fine Roman-hand in the composition. Let us look out the satirical bits one by one.

1. "*Tom Moore's jealousy of Ching, and Chang's likeness to Lord Byron,*" says the argument. The *poem* gives us—

" Of Ching—that diamond of good fellows
Tom Moore begins to grow quite jealous;
For Ching once made a happy hit,
And complimented Lady Frightful,
And so became the reigning wit,
Whom all *such* ladies called delightful.
Besides, on the piano *forte*
Siamese ballads he could sing;
And, oh! they were so sweet—so *naughty*
You'd scarce have known Tom Moore from Ching.

And really Chang, who sulking by
Sate with curled lip and drooping eye,
While, Moore-like, Ching performed the *syren*,
Made no bad sort of Bancok *Byron*."

2. "*Holland House,* &c. &c.—Ching's admiration of the English ladies, names of some of them." So far the argument—now for the poem.

As they professed opinions liberal,
And Chang was thought a youth of *nous*,
They went where wordy Witlings gibber all
Ineptitudes—at Holland House.
There, Allen, all about the riches
Of Siam, with its manners—laws,
Pump'd out—to pour into those speeches
Which gain his Lordship such applause.
Those speeches when the frost of fears
Melts—as Monseigneur swells from Madame—
And gushes out upon the Peers,
The History of the World since Adam!
The Duke of Devonshire was very
Civil—he's really a good fellow!
And D——, when he saw, grew merry,
Two faces than his own more yellow.
Lord Granville courteously desired,
The'd join his coterie of whisters;
And Esterhazy much inquired,
If they were *sure* they had no sisters.
Ching thought, the first ball he attended,
(The married women seemed so pretty,)
Some goddesses had condescended
To' improve the beauty of the city.
He asked the names he should adore,
I find we worshipped them before;
And in Ching's prayer book you may spy 'em,
Writ neatly down—New Nat* for Siam.
Here's Lady Gower, a charming face
To heavenly visions to exhort one;
And here, I think, we seem to trace
A future Boudhist Nat† in Norton.
St. Maur—her mother beauty taught her—
And here—fair Lady Cowper's daughter.

Next—dash to earth the cup of praise,
Resume, proud Muse, thy sober satire,
Nor bow thy vow'd, unworldly lays,
To those whom every fool may flatter.
Leave, 'Ladies Fair!' to be the boast
Of guardsmen and the Morning Post;
And, with thy light but faithful strain,
On—my free satire—sweep again!"

MY FREE SATIRE! O Juvenal and Lucilius! O, Swift and Butler!—*this* free—*this* satire! This paltry drivel, of which every sham fashionable novel is composed—these tawdry compliments—*they* satire. If it be so, the country is emasculate indeed.

3. "*Lady Connor's great kindness to Ching—Chang's argument with Prince C——i—Proposal to submit the controversy to Mr. Hallam.*"—So says argument—what says poem?

" Till Lady Connor, from her station
Beside thus turns the conversation—

* "Nat, (as we have before said) are superior beings."

† Why does he call Dick Sheridan's grand-daughter a Bhouddist—*i. e.* we suppose a worshipper of Buddh! We recommend Mrs. Norton to look into this. The Irish are proved, by Vallancey and other great men, to be decidedly oriental in their origin—and perhaps there may be something in it. Why, otherwise, fix upon Old Rednose's descendant as the Bhouddist of the party? She should ask for an explanation.

'Dear! Mr. Ching, that 's very pretty—
'Why Moore himself 's not half so witty—
'How well you know our English dances—
'You'll come to us the twenty-second;
'You've heard, perhaps, that Lady Frances,
'The Duke his best Mazourkist reckoned.—
'Music you like—Ah! how divine a
'Thing is that song Fan loves to sing—
'Your property I think 's in China,
'And you're the eldest, Mr. Ching?'
'Can, Mr. Ching,' resumes the lady,
'Our carriage be of use to you?
'I grieve, that we're so full already—
'We cannot ask your brother too—
'Oh, I forgot—well, well—you'll call!
'Fanny, my love—why, where's your shawl?'

Return we—as the gallant Ching
Now starts, the friendly robe to bring—
To Chang, who I forgot to tell ye,
Was arguing with Prince C——1;
Both talked with wonderful ability,
The theme?—'The doctrine of Utility.'

A point so hard, if well contested—
Could scarce in such spot be adjusted;
So 'twas agreed on either side,
That Hallam should the point decide,
Since none more noted for addiction
To learning or—to contradiction.

This settled, they propose to canter
Off to the Umpire's house *instanter;*
Forgetting, in the hot debate,
That now it was extremely late,
And that, perchance, sweet sleep assuages
His mind who wrote 'The Middle Ages.'"

You may remember, gentle reader, when Bish and his brotherhood were in vogue, the ingenious placards which used to bedeck the walls in all varieties of glorious typography,—Looking on them from a distance, if your sight was not particularly keen, you saw, THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA —— INTEND TO PAY —— A VISIT TO LONDON —— NEXT SPRING —— HAPPY PEOPLE! *or*, DESPERATE DISTRESS —— OVERWHELMING ENGLAND ——NO LONGER TO BE BORNE —— FORTY THOUSAND MEN IN ARMS; *or*, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER —— NEXT MONDAY —— WILL MOVE —— THE ABOLITION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT; or any thing of the same striking kind. On coming nearer, you found that the felonious Bish had inserted between his red and yellow capitals devised by Frederick Gye, now-a-days, M.P., words in a more modest character, which gave a different complexion to the story—as, "*The Emperor of Russia intends to* establish lotteries on Bish's system, which he so much admired when on his visit *to London*; and the people of St. Petersburgh may *next spring* share for the first time such 20,000*l*. prizes as those Bish has been selling to the *happy people* of England,"—and so on. Gulled by the flaring announcement, you read the whole placard; and if possessed of a further stock of gullibility, bought perhaps a ticket or a sixteenth, according to the state of your finances.

So here Mr. Bulwer's argument-maker, evidently the same hand as the principal puff-writer of the establishment for which he does business—thrusts his flaring placard before your eyes, which to them who are not initiated in the secret of these affairs, reads most magnificently; but, alas! when we come to examine the matter more minutely, it is nothing like what the first glance has promised. The piquant *heading* of the argumentator is at sad variance with the insipid *following* of the poet.

Or, again—

Have you ever been at Bartholomew fair, and there read in all the beauty of particoloured daubery announcements over a booth of "The wonderfullest pigfaced lady as is,"—and on entering—for being at the fair, you ought to enter all manner of booths—discovered that the said miracle of nature is no more than a shaved bear. Of "The amazingest Swiss Giantess wot stands seven feet,"—no more than an Irish guardsman, high-heeled and petticoated for the occasion, and passing off the *patois* of Clare or Kerry as the feminine dialect of Lucerne or Basle. Or, "The smallest of little Dwarfs from Portingal, by name Don Ferdynand Migull, no higher nor yur knee,"—a dancing-dog. So of the rest.

In like manner Mr. Bulwer's showman holds us out ladies as strange as if their faces were porciform—giantesses as great, and dwarfs as diminutive as the sublimity or humility of our corporal natures could admit—and what have we when we are admitted? Nothing but the old familiar faces and figures which have been shewn off in every second-hand, or twenty-second hand booth throughout the empire of the Minerva press.

Or thirdly and lastly, have you ever perused one of those ingenious

compositions of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, known to Gods, men, and booksellers by the name of puffs, in which the "Denounced," or the "Disowned," or the "Be d——d," or any other of the admirable productions of that class and order, are depicted as "works of superhuman genius, talent more than mortal, energy divine—price one pound and one shilling. N.B. None are *genuine* unless they have the mark of C. and B. on the title page." And being enticed in the simplicity of your heart by these flattering pictures, handed forth your sovereign and its silvery attendant with the certain fate of discovering that the book so beplastered was stupidity beyond belief, ignorance abominable, and affectation not to be endured. So here—but the parallel runs too close to render it necessary to impress it upon the mind of the most superficial of our juvenile readers.

We have now fairly and honestly extracted every satirical word in this satirical tale of the times. How qualified the author is to fill the chair to which he pretends, may be judged by the extracts—we have, however, one parting word before we leave this portion of our subject.

We have seen how the verdict of damnation, pronounced upon "poor Murray's lost Review," is qualified, by the panegyric upon the Quarterly Reviewer. We have now to see how the vague generalities directed against the aristocracy, the ministers, the state of things in general, are *reduced to practice*.

Who is Prime Minister? Earl Grey. Is *he* satirized? Listen—in verse—

> "What then my hope? Oh, if thy youth
> Bow'd Ease to Toil, and Pride to Truth:
> If thy stern manhood never faltered,
> Unawed—unbought—untired—unaltered;
> If yet the ends thou sought'st to gain,
> The same eternal truths remain;
> If to enforce those ends, the Hour
> Hath sceptered Liberty with Power,
> May we not hope from thee for more
> Than Might ere gave to Right before?" &c.

Then in prose:

> "Turn to any page in the political life of Lord Grey, what is the cause for which we find him the advocate?—Economy—peace—reform—liberty allowed abroad, and enlarged at home. Was there ever before a minister in this country to whom the people had merely to say, 'Be consistent?'"

Satirize a prime minister, indeed—God of the lick-spittles forbid! And a minister too, who in the first two months of his administration, gave his sons and sons-in-law, and kith and kin, 60,000*l*. a year. No—No—*he* is a minister, whose youth bowed ease to toil, and *pride* (?) to truth—whose stern manhood was unawed—unbought—untired—unhaltered (which we suspect is the true reading)—who is, of course, such a minister as the country never saw before—that being indeed, the correct and ordinary style of speaking of all ministers for the time. We may pass by the title of "the moral Theseus of mankind," given him in p. 239, as another droit of the premier, which by such *satirical* pens as those of Mr. Bulwer, would have been bestowed, had he been the Sisyphus in person.

Who is Home Secretary? Why Lord Melbourne. Is he satirized? As thus—p. 132:

> "A glorious laugh from William Lamb;"

> "who, as Viscount Melbourne, and Secretary of State, will, we hope and believe, fulfil all that the country has long expected from his talents, and prove that a man may be honest and true as well as wise and merry."

Such is the satire that generally awaits on cabinet ministers from the breed of Bulwers. Mr. B.'s subject does not lead him to speak of the Foreign Secretary—the Clerk of the Pells—the Chairman of the Committees—the Secretary of the Colonies—the Auditor of the Exchequer—but no doubt, if it had, every one of these official gentlemen would have been the sweetest fellows in existence.

Satire, indeed!—It used to be called grovelling servility. But then "I admit," some kind reader will suggest, "that the man cannot write satire—he has given a wrong name to his book—but he may be a poet nevertheless." Let us try.

The story then is this: in Siam, a couple of boys, joined as the Siamese twins, lately exhibited, are born. The father is in agony—the neighbours in dismay. An old woman proposes that they should be killed. A mother's shriek is heard—paternal and maternal affections and sympathies, &c. &c. horribly hashed, then come on the tapis.

A missionary, named Hodges, arrives at Siam, and makes a speech to the Siamese people, in the manner of Orator Hunt—such being the obvious practice at Siam. They toss him in a palanquin—such also being there the customary treatment of the English in India, beyond the Ganges. He falls close by the door of the boys, severely wounded—is taken in, and cured.

So beautifully consistent is our author, that this Hodges, who is introduced as a butt—a bore—described as a canting saint, &c., turns out to be a dashing Ultra Tory—a very kind hearted fellow—but, nevertheless, having a turn for speculation, he recommends that the boys should go to England. The father consents, and the boys go to consult a sorcerer. Here is the finest writing in the book. They find the magician, who is, it seems, now-a-days, living and exercising his powers within hail of regions ruled over by the august chair and deputy chair of Leadenhall-street. He, who is frontispieced most abominably, in a sort of caricature of the Freischutz, puts the boys within a flame that curled

> " Not in the northern wizard's ring
> But oval like—and imaging
> A mystery in the antique world—

This being done—

> " Now the fire is calmly burning,
> And the orgy hath begun;
> And along the red girth going,
> From an iron vessel throwing
> In the flame the appointed things
> Of that black and fearful learning;
> Thus the Magian with each one
> Slowly sings.
> ' Seizers of the wretch who wars
> ' With the Sovereign of the Stars,
> ' Ye, whom my victory taught to fear me,
> ' Still and bright *Grahana* hear me!
>
> ' And ye who sweep thro the air and the deep,
> ' And rise on the Fire God's wings,
> ' Or couched in the gloom of the mountain's womb,
> ' Hold court with the Metal kings;
> ' Ye mocking ELEMENTS—who laugh
> ' At a mortal's doom with a frantic mirth—
> ' And scatter our dust, when we die, like chaff
> ' O'er the heart of the griefless earth:
> ' Ye, whom my victory taught to fear me,
> ' Bhuta, dread servants of Siva, hear me!
> ' Four and sixty bones are here,
> ' Blent and seethed in the bowl of Fear;
> ' Four and sixty roots are mingled
> ' By the moon, at her moment of glory, singled.
> ' By these, by the ashes, the draught, and the dust—
> ' Come hither—come hither,—ye must—ye must!
> ' Steep my tongue in the Fount of the Future Things,
> ' And shadow my soul with your rushing wings.' "

What precious foolery! He tells us, in a page or too farther forward, that some of the consequences of this happen according to the laws of the *Ape*—it is certainly conceived and executed in the spirit of the Ass.

They arrive in England, and are shown. Hodges (who, after being depicted as a mean and sordid adventurer, actuated only by views of profit in bringing the boys to England, becomes, in the course of this well-constructed poem, a most honourable man), secures a considerable sum of money for them; and, this being augmented by the natural and probable means of a remittance of a diamond of high price from their father at Bancok, which he won at a gaming-table, makes them very rich. They then become disgusted with being shown as wild beasts, give up the business, and get at once into fashionable society—go to Almack's, &c. Here the younger brother waltzes—God knows how—and speculating mamas look out for the elder as a good match for their daughters. The preposterous folly of this is glaring; and yet nothing can be more pitifully common-place than their adventures. They climb a wall in quest of a lady with whom one of them has fallen in love—are chased by the servants—get into a street row—are sent to the watch-house—brought before a magistrate, &c. One specimen of all this will be sufficient. It is given as something very facetious, being put into the mouth of

> —— " a certain
> Wit of the day—we'll call him Merton."

And thus the Humourist proceeds:

> " Quoth he, ' The nature of your tie
> ' Must be a great advantage to you;
> ' All laws you clearly may defy,
> ' And ropes and chains in vain pursue
> ' you.

' For while the one offence incurs,
' The other nought amiss may do;
' And who shall harm the one who errs,
' Nor harm the unoffending too?
' Nor bounds your tie to law's perversion—
' Think what a fund 'tis for diversion!

" ' Suppose Chang went into the church,
' And Ching should enter in the navy,
' On Sunday evenings, in the lurch
' Ching leaves his flock to cry 'peccavi.'
' Because Lieutenant Ching—the sinner—
' Grows groggy at the captain's dinner;
' While, should a war break out—and Ching
' Have any timorous misgiving,
' He's only got to cut the thing
' By saying, Chang can't leave his living!

" ' Think, too—since now the illumined
' nation
' Has taken up emancipation,
' And a big oath—his thousandth odd—
' Upon O'Connell's sturdy lips is—
' That this next sessions, he—by God—
' Will *quite* emancipate the—Gipsies!
' Why should not bright St. Stephen's, too,
' Emancipation grant to you?
' Giving you both the right of burgess,
' To sit in parliament by purchase?

" ' Well, then, if Chang ambition fire,
' And he some quiet burgh should hire;
' Ching need not care a single filbert,
' What bills he owes to Stultz and Gilbert.
' To' arrest the debtor would, remember,
' Be a gross outrage on the member.

" ' But putting greater things aside,
' Only conceive that one may wed,
' And that the other hates the bride,
' With whom *he* too must go to bed.

" ' Supposing, while you most caress her,
' He with reproaches should address her;
' ' Ah, thy sweet mouth!'—' that monstrous
feature;'
' ' Star of my soul!'—' the nasty creature,'
' ' Shall I be never of this bore rid?'
' ' Oh, what delight!'—' my God, how hor-
rid!'
' Such, it is clear, might be of each
' The' opposing thought, or, haply, speech!
' If this should now and then annoy,
' At least one comfort you enjoy;
' Should you grow tired of Mrs. Chang,
' 'Tis not quite requisite to hang!
' Whene'er you like, unto her snar'lings
' You leave her with the little darlings!
' For Ching, whom *you* place all th' offence
with,
' Blame him as much as she may please,
' Has business, that he can't dispense with,
' Just at your wife's antipodes!

" ' Thus may you feast on all love's honey,
' But shun the sting of matrimony!' "

How hard we labour to be witty!
Such and so ingenious are the equivoques which Mr. Bulwer finds in the strange position of his twins—there is one of the set, however, particularly worthy of notice; as, indeed, the author appears to think, because he *immortalizes* it both with pen and pencil. Chang, the grave brother (it must be observed that Mr. B. has divided his joint heroes into grave and gay) having, in the course of his fashionable life, fallen into company with

" Brave Sergeant Drill of the sublime,
And gay profession of the soldier,"

had, like a fine gentleman in such superfine society,

——" found himself imbruted
By ale—and *by the Lord* recruited."

A highly probable recruit to get passed under all the circumstances—but never mind. Ching, the gay brother, had got into debt to Mr. Stultz, a matter, however, wholly forgotten by the ingenious limner, who dresses the Siamese boys all through his engravings, in the costume in which the " originals" were exhibited. The bailiff employed by Stultz—*proh pudor* upon such short credit!—and the crimp sergeant, seize each their man. And where? Gods of Fleet-ditch! at the famous spot where Farringdon-street, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, and Bridge-street come to a *confluence!* Now it may do very well for the Footman School of Novelists—the Silver Fork polishers—to pretend ignorance of Russell-square; but for a Satirist, who ought to traverse all regions, and know all manners, to paint a crimp sergeant, in full uniform, seizing a recruit *in the City*—to describe an outcry from the attics,* as audible and influential against a bailiff at the crossing of Fleet-market—or imagine a sheriff's officer, choosing such a place for an arrest; and shameless—most shameless of all—for a hack author or his artist to be so ignorant of the locality of the Fleet Prison—one of their natural homes—as to bring it next door to

——" Ay, shame on every side,
Shopboy and oyster virgin cried.
The attics groaned their lofty blame,
And from the stalls" [there are none there] " came hoarsely shame."—p. 201.

Ludgate hill, it being, as all our tribe well know, *Number Nine*—this is, indeed, too bad. But the whole incident is fine.

Chang falls in love with Mary, the daughter of Hodges—and the lady falls in love with a young gentleman, named Julian Laneham—a hero according to pattern. The Siamese lover fancies that his brother also is in love with the lady, and much absurdity ensues. Chang's emotion and some strange fancies he has for murdering Ching are discovered by Mary, who forms a plan for separating them. She makes them drunk accordingly, and in that happy state a surgeon disunites them.

Chang then appears. The stage directions put us in mind of *The Rovers*.

CHAPTER III.

[*Chang alone, upon a hill* [a plagiarism from the famous poem of *Jack and Jill*] *commanding a wide and various prospect. The River flowing immediately beneath. Time, Noon!!!*]

"Ha! ha! roll on thou glorious Wave!
Sing out thou fresh and mirthful Air!
Joy! joy! my free heart *now* can brave
Your taunts: twas madness *not* to bear!
The wild voice of your liberty
Can mock my sullen soul no more!
—How bright are ye sweet Earth and Sky,
That were so dark before!
[*Motioning away a herd of cattle that approach towards him gazing.*]
Away! away! my heart is coy,
Nature is now *my* Empire! None," &c.

Pastoral poetry, at all events.

After *motioning* away the cattle! he goes to an arbour, where he finds Julian Laneham kissing Mary Hodges. Considerably annoyed by this, he groans, and the interrupted pair start up. What follows is fine writing.

"And there—full in that spectral gleaming,
Around his dark rude features streaming—
As some bronz'd image in a wood,
Lifeless, but life-like, which to see
Gloom sternly out, and solemnly,
Curdles the blood, the Indian stood
Erect and mute—his raven hair
In the dead stillness all unwaving!
And on his brow and lip, despair
Her strange and dread defeature graving.
But in his mien that power of Awe,
That hush'd nor c
Which human forms can o
From grief's most desolate abyss.
He spoke nor stirred;—nor even gazed
On him, who—shuddering and amazed—
Wherefore he knew not,—now drew nigh.
But when the maid, emboldened, past
Upon the sod—on *her* his eye,
Dark and dilatingly he cast."

No commentary on this splendid passage is necessary. Chang disappears—the lovers are married—and Ching remains upon town, as great wit as Mr. Bulwer.

Gentle reader, you admit that the pathos—the tale—the, &c. is trash as feeble, though, perhaps, not as mean, as the satire. A tenderness of feeling may still induce you to say, "true, he cannot write poetry of any degree; but, shocked as I am by the specimens, he may, perchance, have an ear for verse."

No, good reader, he cannot even rhyme. A more paltry ear never was nailed on a pillory. The very first verse of his poem shows his poverty.

"In Bancok—all the world must know
Bancok's the capital of Siam—
There lived, not quite an age ago,
A gentleman, whose name was—*Fiam!*

Here the name is made for the rhyme. On the same principle we have—

———"about this time,
A merchant of the name of *Hancock*,
Returned from Siam to this clime,
With packets to the twins from *Bancok*.

"So Hodges hired a place of *Claridge*,
'Twas pretty, and not far from town,
And one fine morning in their *carriage*."

"Sweet lady, daughter *to* Lord *Connor*,
And fairest of the maids of *honour*."
&c. &c. &c.

A few other flowers may be gathered.

"These are the things that best *distinguish-men*—
These make the glorious boast of *Englishmen*." p. 32.

This is a favourite mis-rhyme, being repeated.

"And yet they were as much *dissimilar*,
As ever honesty and *Miller are*." p. 21.

"Besides on the piano *forte*,
Siamese ballads he could sing,
And, oh! they were so sweet—*so naughty*."

Somewhat Cockney for a gentleman who knows nothing of Ludgate Hill.

"And enter, through a little *blue door*,
What Lady Morgan loves—a *boudoir*."

"False fate! you moral *Dalilah*,
Thank Heaven, we all know what *you are*."

"Is that the lady you'd *predestine*,
To plunge into a match *clandestine*."

"Warm from some revel, nobly *Bacchic*,
Halted amid these ladies' *Sapphic*."

"And spluttering forth some new learnt *oath*,
Smote the bold Popkin on the *mouth*."

"And round thee vibrates the *unsolid*,
And soft air, with a moral deep!
And voices vague, and *disembodied*."

"A night, sir, in a shocking *hole*—
And now, you see, you know the *whole*."

"Grappled on Chang, the man of *Slaughter's*—
The sturdy bailiff grappled *on Ching*;
The one pulled this way to his *quarters*,
The other that way to the *Spunging*."

"The mystery of air and *sea*—
The charmed tongue of *poesy*.

But why waste time?—

"The tale is done—the dream—the glory!
The smile hath faded with the story."

So modestly writes Bulwer of his own poem in the *l'Envoy*. What the glory of the feat may be, we leave it to his readers to decide. But if his tale be done, it is not the only thing that is done—because the tale-writer too is done as a poet. Let him weave trumpery novels for Colburn, and write verses for the *Court Journal*. Rhyme, to be sure, he cannot—and he scarcely rattles—but in satirical *effect* he rivals the immortalized Doeg.

"Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire.
For still there goes some thinking to ill nature."*

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* The following are three out of the one hundred puffs which Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have manufactured for the purpose of carrying off their edition of this egregious Satire.

First comes the one from the *Morning Chronicle*, of which Dr. Black knows nothing, nor yet his sub-editor—and which for the usual price of an advertisement, the Burlington Street Booksellers have insinuated into the columns of that paper.

"THE NEW FASHIONABLE POEM.—Mr. Bulwer's *Siamese Twins* has become the most popular poem since the publication of Don Juan. The first edition is, we understand, already exhausted. We have not heard whether any alterations are to be made in the second edition, or whether that singular passage which describes the introduction of the Twins at Almack's by Lady Jersey's ticket, and the subsequent scene, in which Lady Cowper's mediation is so effectual, is to be retained, in spite of the remarks it has given rise to."

Next comes a specimen from *John Bull*. In consequence of the frequency of such insertions in that Ultra Tory Journal, the Editor, but two Sundays since, publicly denied any participation in their concoction or insertion.

"The forthcoming Satire by the Author of *Pelham*, entitled *The Siamese Twins*, is, WE UNDERSTAND, (!) of a mixed nature, consisting partly of the singular perplexities arising from the inseparable connexion of two human beings of opposite minds and tempers; and partly of ridicule of existing manners and personages in divers classes of society. The Twins, (supposed to have grown rich, and retired from the toil of exhibition) become the "lions" of the day—are patronized by LADY JERSEY—introduced at Almack's, Holland House, the Court, &c. The work will contain also many references to late events—the accession of the new king, the change of ministry, the impostures of St. John Long, and other *themes* of conversation."—*John Bull, January* 23, 1831.

Then comes the *Literary Gazette*.—"The originality of this poem, together with its satire, will no doubt expose it to a variety and severity of criticism. It will be tried by standards which are not justly applicable to its plan, and it will be judged by *opinions which have no consideration of its merits*"—[what does this mean?] "BEFORE this happens we are happy to repeat our sentiments, &c. &c." Aye—to be sure—before the book can be attacked by just and indignant criticism—Jerdan, the intimate friend of Bulwer—and bamboozled by Bentley's visits and palaver and feeds, will puff the book, and do both the gentlemen a good turn.

Mr. Jerdan praises Mr. Bulwer's sycophantism of the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. We differ with him in opinion. He next praises Mr. Bulwer's observations on Robert Burns. Those observations are borrowed from Mr. Thomas Carlyle's admirable article on the Poet, inserted about two years since in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Floreant COLBURN, BENTLEY, JERDAN, and THE NOBLE ART OF PUFFING!

STRAY NOTES ON THE ANTI-SLAVERY MONTHLY REPORTER, OCTOBER 20, 1830.

SIR,—Though I believe that the *Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter* is given away liberally, it so happens that, living, as I do, out of the political world, I seldom see one. A number, now about three months old, fell into my hands by chance a few days ago, and if my stray notes upon it are of any use to you, they are at your service. I am, Sir, &c.

A LOOKER-ON.

* * * * * *Somersetshire.*

A TRAVELLER through Barbadoes enlightens the public in this Number. His discoveries are truly wonderful. For instance—

"Upon diligent and repeated inquiry I found, that, during all the time I was in the island, the prison was nearly filled with blacks, and contained no white person."

If the traveller had inquired in Newgate, he would have found that it contained few specimens of the aristocracy of England, and that it was filled generally with the lowest classes of society. The same would be the result of an examination of the prisons all over the world. Barbadoes is not an exception.

The same discrimination breaks forth in the following:

"I also discovered, that it was a decided loss of caste if a white person associated as a visitor with persons of colour, even free, and of unblemished character."

This is a wonderful fellow!—If he extends his travels as far as Piccadilly, he will find that people there are so prejudiced as not to associate with their footmen, or even with the sons of their footmen. In North America, free as it is, there is the same scruple; and assuredly Barbadoes is not, in this respect, any more an exception than in the former instance.

He proceeds in his philosophical researches—

"Our traveller farther states, that the first impression made on his mind, on his visit to Barbadoes, 'was the degree of animal comfort apparent in the *embonpoint* and general cheerfulness of the slaves.' Indeed, he says, he could not possibly avoid observing it, as it was constantly pointed out to him, frequently with the observation, 'that the slaves were much better off than the poor people in England.' The comparison, however, he says, 'appeared to him altogether improper.' 'Had they said, You see that the slaves are as well provided for, and much in the same way, as our horses in England—the observation would have been more just and appropriate.' He notices, also, having seen a slave festival; and he says, 'it was afflicting to contemplate a number of human beings, arrived at maturity, tumbling about like children, fiddling, and dancing, being an assemblage of the most inharmonious and discordant sounds.'"

Just before he had said—

"During my residence in the island, I made the acquaintance of a middle-aged and very respectable man, who assured me that he had given up a very lucrative situation for a small stipend, upon which he now subsists, because he could not conscientiously be concerned in slavery; and he added, 'If I dared, I could relate circumstances which would make every hair you have on your head stand on end; but if I were to do so, and it became known, my name would be held up to odium, and would be made to stink all over the island; and I cannot do without the scanty subsistence that I now get.' He also added, that he had the offer of another very good situation as a manager; but preferred poverty, and an easy conscience, to this horrible employment."

How he can reconcile the report of his anonymous friend with what he saw with his own eyes, we do not pretend to say, but certainly the *embonpoint* and general cheerfulness of the slaves sadly contradicts the stories of their horrible treatment. It is manifest, by the comparison of their sleekness to that of our English horses, they must be in no bad condition. I have often thought it might occur to anti-slavery writers and speakers, that if there were no higher motive to restrain the planters from whipping their slaves to death, they might be induced to refrain by the consideration that the slaves were their property. What horse-dealer whips his horses to death?

It is no doubt very afflicting to see human beings, arrived at maturity, tumbling about like children, fiddling,

and dancing; but we fear that the same enormity prevails all the world over—ay, even at Almack's! The last sentence is mighty neat writing—"*fiddling and dancing, being an assemblage of the most inharmonious and discordant sounds.*"

The editor of the *Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter* gives this judicious author his *imprimatur* as follows:

"Nothing can be more calm and dispassionate than the tone of this traveller; and, considering the short time he was on the island, and the consequently superficial view he had it in his power to take of the state of society and manners, he is certainly, in proportion to his opportunities, an accurate observer."

Very accurate and judicious indeed. I wish he would favour us with a tour in England. The editor himself does not half believe the atrocities of the Barbadians.

"In Barbadoes," he says, "the slaves are chiefly fed, not by provisions raised on their separate allotments, but by provisions raised in common on the working days, on the master's account, and under the same impulse by which sugar or cotton is raised. And the masters in Barbadoes concur with the authorities in declaring, that it requires one-third of the labour of the year to raise the food necessary for the purpose; that is to say, 103 week days are given to raise the food of the slaves—Sunday also being free from field-labour, and left pretty much to the slave's disposal."

Pray, how many days has the English journeyman or farm labourer *for* his own profit? Would he not be happy to work like a horse for two hundred days, on condition that he had the labour of the rest of the year to himself? But the editor soon tires of fair play, and dashes his reluctant picture of happiness as follows:

"Putting aside this single circumstance of a comparatively abundant supply of food," [how candid] "is it possible to view without horror the picture drawn by our calm and candid witness, of the state of debasement to which the 82,000 slaves, inhabiting this small island, are reduced. The deplorable neglect of education and religious instruction—the degradation of the human animal to the level of the horse or the *ox*, in the absence of the connubial tie, and the general prevalence of polygamy and licentiousness."

Before proceeding farther, I do not know why the ox should be chosen as the animal most regardless of the connubial tie, and most addicted to polygamy and licentiousness. I fear that the spirit of calumny, which too much characterizes these anti-slavery tracts, has extended even to the brute creation. If the negroes generally behaved with the peculiar propriety of the ox in these matters, I do not think a more exemplary race would be found upon earth. But to proceed—

"The cruel treatment of the slaves, producing by its very terror, as in the Brazils, the frequency of suicide—their total destitution of all rights of property, indeed of all civil rights whatever—their miserable lodging and clothing—the unlimited power of arbitrarily punishing them, possessed by every miscreant in the community—the brutal violence to which all of them, men and women, are liable—the extinction in masters of the parental affection under the withering influence of slavery—and the degradation inflicted, even on the free, by the slightest taint of African blood—all these bitter fruits of slavery are exhibited even in the brief and cursory notes of this temporary resident."

The editor of the *Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter* had admitted, a page before, that those persons, whose condition he is thus bewailing, were allowed 156 days in the year for themselves, either by the law of God or of man. With what consistency does he *then* here tell us, that they have no civil rights whatsoever?

And does he think that he will persuade us, that a population miserably lodged and clothed—[what clothing does a black require for comfort in the West Indies?]—arbitrarily punished, brutally treated, under masters who have no regard for them or their sufferings—is that which he has himself described, on the authority of an "accurate observer," to be remarkable for their *embonpoint*, and comparable in sleekness to the horses, thereby affording a dismal contrast to the labouring classes of England. The fetch will not do.

After this he goes on to describe a West Indian execution, as it is set down by Dwarris:—

"On conviction, sentence of death must be passed without an appeal. The execution takes place without delay; and, there being no assigned place for the execution, the wretched convict is fastened to the nearest tree, unless, which frequently happens, the owner of the soil is at hand to prevent it. In such cases, the miserable culprit is dragged from tree to tree—from

estate to estate; and in one case of their recent occurrence, the constable was at last forced to throw the exhausted sufferer off the town-bridge, securing the rope by a lamp-post."

This speaks the necessity of an established gallows, instead of trusting to the casual hospitality of the planter. A West Indian proprietor may occasionally be a man of such taste, as to object to ornament his plantation with hanging negroes. I submit, that no tree-owners, even in this country, would like to have the culprits of the neighbourhood exhibited as pendants to their estate. George Robins, or one of his tribe, [I fear the story is in Joe Miller,] was so ingenious as to describe, in an advertisement of an estate to be sold, some half dozen gibbets in prospect, as "an agreeable view of hanging woods;" but the story does not say that the purchaser was much delighted with such an ornament to his new estate, when he discovered what it really was. If, therefore, the West Indians wish to get rid of this reproach, and cannot induce themselves to think that their estates would be improved by being the last resorts of offended law, all they have to do is to establish a regular gallows. The editor of the *Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter* is evidently an amateur in hanging; for he thinks that slinging "an exhausted sufferer over a town-bridge, securing the rope by a lamp-post," is a most unscientific method of doing business, and we must bow to the connoisseur. I trust, that when the legislatures resolve that these irregular hangings shall be abolished, as not consonant to the march of intellect, and the progress of mechanical science, they will send for the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter*, and instal him as grand-master of the West Indian gallows, with the collar of the order.

He is so struck with the irregularity of this hanging over the bridge, that he does not well know what he is saying in the next paragraph:

"If any thing could add to the horror of this picture, it is that these wretched and unprotected beings, liable to be thus maimed, mutilated, dismembered, and hanged over a tree or a lamp-post, are nevertheless represented by the same Mr. Dwarris, as frisking, and dancing, and dreaming away life, 'ignorant of their own unprotected condition, and of the fury of the laws.'"

The maiming, mutilating, and dismembering, are figures of speech—things thrown in to grace the undoubted villainy of hanging "over a tree, or a lamp-post." If I could say a word to interfere between the planters and the just rage of this amateur of the gallows, it would be, that the mode of execution, by tree or lamp-post, was not after all matter of primary consideration. A man *unjustly* executed, in the most scientific manner would, I think, be just as great a disgrace to the country. It is the justice or the injustice of the execution that makes the difference. If anybody were to say that *all* capital executions were indefensible, perhaps I should not vigorously dissent; but it will be hard to move our sympathies about the difference between hanging a man from a lamp post, or according to the most approved machinery of Sir Peter Lawrie.

Setting the hanging aside, why is Mr. Dwarris here, in this 428th page, sneered at for representing the negroes as frisking and dancing, &c. when in the 426th page, just two back, the Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter's own "accurate observer" complains, that they are "tumbling about like children, fiddling, and dancing, being an assemblage of the most inharmonious and discordant sounds." Dwarris and the "accurate observer" agree upon the point. So does Anti-Slavery himself; for, exactly three lines lower down, he describes them as being fatted "like pigs or calves."

It is a pity that these tract people have so desperate a disregard for truth. In this very Number, we see a petition, drawn up by a man who signs himself Edmund Clarke, and dates Truro, October 7, 1830, which contains the following passage:

"Ministers of the Gospel! Disciples of Jesus! Friends of man! Patriots! Fathers! Mothers! Brethren! Sisters! come forward—be in earnest! Your country is disgraced by holding 800,000 of her subjects in a slavery more cruel and grievous than that of pagan antiquity!"

The slavery of the West Indies may be very cruel, although the Barbadoes stories above quoted do not look as if it was; but how can any one, except a man so ignorant as not to be fit to

write, or else thoroughly careless of the truth, say, that it is more cruel and grievous than any of pagan antiquity. The most enormous outrage complained of in the Number before us, is one in which—

"Mr. Shenton, the magistrate, had testified, that the man's hinder parts were so cut and scored, as to be in the actual condition of raw flesh."

i. e. the man had been whipped as severely as a Westminster boy used to be thirty years ago.

I am not enamoured of the practice, and shall not attempt to defend it,—[I add my conviction, that the case, at least as here detailed, is untrue]; but what is it to the power *urere virgis, ferroque necare,* which every Roman master possessed over his slave, and which were generally exercised. What is the whipping of the man complained of—what are all the horrors of the Huggins's and the Hodges's, to the cool command of Vedius Pollio, to cut a slave in pieces, and fling him to feed the lampreys, for breaking a dish—to the order of Trimalchio, (the story occurs in a novel, but it gives a true picture of manners), to embowel a cook, for not properly embowelling a hog—to crucifixion, as a regular punishment for theft—

[D. Non furtum feci. H. Non pasces in cruce corvos:]—

to the thousand stories of horror and barbarity, which could be culled from the annals of pagan antiquity?

The other parts of this appeal, short as it is, might admit of no small controversy, but I pass them now. Mr. E. Clarke is either very ignorant, or very unmindful of facts.

But, be that as it may, I hope the "accurate observer" of Barbadoes will continue to write, for he is really a pleasant fellow.

If he be disgusted with looking upon a peasantry fat as coach-horses, frisking and dancing, knowing nothing of "the fury of the laws" which exist against them, but sleek and good-humoured, he may be gratified by travelling in Somersetshire, among the free peasantry of England. There his eyes will not be shocked by any sights of happiness—any symptom of unseemly repletion—any ignorance of the superintending vigour of the law. Let him look over the petition of the inhabitants of Frome Selwood—he will find it in "England in 1830," a most able pamphlet, addressed to Lord Grey, p. 95, or the remarks of the Bishop of Bath and Wells in the House of Lords on presenting it.

"Having always," said that exemplary and kind-hearted prelate, who is indeed an ornament to the church, "taken a great interest in the condition of the poorer classes, I shall trouble the house with a few observations on the subject of the dreadful distress that now pervades all classes of his Majesty's subjects; and I can assure your lordships that no idea can be formed of the extent to which this misery has increased. I do not derive my information from the representations of others; I do not derive my knowledge from what I have read, or what I have heard; I do not speak of things that I do not know to be true, but I speak of that which I have witnessed with my own eyes—

'Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.'

I have been a witness to scenes of the most afflicting distress, and which I could not, if I would, describe.—These observations, my lords, will apply to the whole county of Somerset. At Wells, out of a population of five thousand, there is a great part praying for parochial relief. The same may be said of Shepton Mallett, and Frome, where the number of those who are receiving rates is greater than those who are paying them. I do not stop to speak of Bath; it is a place highly favoured among cities; and the distress of the poor, great as it is, has been in some measure relieved by the humanity and charity of the inhabitants of that city. But, my lords, I saw, with my own eyes, multitudes who could obtain no work, and were starving; others, yoked together like oxen, drawing coals from the pits in the neighbourhood. But notwithstanding all this immense distress, I have not known—and I say it with pleasure—a single instance in which the poor sufferers have had recourse to violence."

These people, in the inclement season of last Christmas, were dragging loads of coal up the steep hills about Frome, like horses, or oxen indeed in their labours, but very unlike them in their condition; who are ragged, shivering, starving—are Englishmen—and of course excite no share of the compassion which is exported to Barbadoes for the benefit of a full fed and contented population. It is indeed a melancholy jest.

MR. SADLER AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.*

If a witty profligate of the last century could, in jest, offer 10,000*l.* for a good character,—assigning as a reason, that he knew he could make 20,000*l.* by it,—it must seem strange, that amidst all the "diffusion of useful knowledge," which marks the present day, the same obvious rule-of-three maxim should be so frequently lost sight of, even by some of those most forward in the said diffusion. For instance: would not one think that a decent sort of character was, in some sort, necessary to such a work as the *Edinburgh Review?* Too immaculate we must not expect to find it; extremes are unnatural as well as dangerous; and angelic virtue in a Scotch Reviewer would only constitute a kind of monster. But still mankind have a sort of prejudice against palpable trickery and swindling; nor do they tolerate more than a very moderate proportion of deliberate misrepresentation, or wilful blindness to a plain argument. Rather ill-judged and rash, then, must appear the experiment which that Journal has lately been making on the gullibility of its readers, in the case of Mr. Sadler's great work on the *Law of Population.*

If there ever was a work, the character of which entitled its author to respectful treatment, this surely was the one. Even supposing Mr. Sadler to have adopted an untenable theory; still the extraordinary labour bestowed on his voluminous task; the unparalleled collection of facts accumulated by him; and the evidently benevolent design which pervaded the whole production, ought to have ensured him a patient hearing. Twenty theorists have written, within the last ten years, *against* the rights of the poor,—against their right even to exist; and all the facts collected by the whole of them, would scarcely fill four of these pages;—but still, as they advocated the cause of the rich, and inculcated the further depression of the poor, they have generally found a willing and a favorable auditory. But when a man is found to undertake the defence of the rights of the labouring classes,—although he has, with vast labour, brought together more facts than all the Malthuses and Mills and Seniors and Macculloch of the last half century,—he is, nevertheless, assailed with the loudest outcries, and endeavoured to be scoffed down by the most contemptuous insolence.

This is sufficiently disgraceful;—but the conduct we have to complain of is even far more shameful than this. We charge the *Edinburgh Review*, in the most direct manner, with wilful perversions of this author's arguments;—with wilful blindness to the proofs he adduces;—and with something very much like downright swindling, in their treatment of his statistic tables. These are serious charges, but we shall have little difficulty in substantiating them.

First, however, it is necessary to state Mr. Sadler's principle;—and also the leading facts by which he establishes its truth.

The fundamental principle of his system is this: *The prolificness of human beings, otherwise similarly circumstanced, varies inversely as their numbers.*

Or, as the Reviewer has himself stated it: "Mr. Sadler's proposition "is, that on a given space, the num-"ber of children to a marriage be-"comes less and less, as the popu-"lation becomes more and more nu-"merous."

The immense importance of this principle, if it can be established, is hardly to be apprehended at a single glance. It entirely subverts the whole of the Malthusian system;—the ruling doctrine among the whole school of political economists for the last five and twenty years. A doctrine which is essentially at variance with the attributes of God, and most injurious, when received, to the interests of mankind.

The system of Mr. Malthus pro-

* The *Edinburgh Review*, No. CII. Article I.
A Refutation, &c. By M. T. Sadler, M. P.
The *Edinburgh Review*, No. CIV. Article XII.

nounces that there is a constant tendency in mankind, according to the laws of nature, to increase beyond any possible increase of their means of subsistence. It follows, therefore, of necessity, either that the Deity purposely formed mankind in such sort as to bring them inevitably into a condition of starvation and universal misery; or that, if his intentions towards them were of a more benevolent description, he was mistaken in his calculations, (we would not be profane or irreverent, but we must follow this doctrine to its results,) and lacked the wisdom and foresight necessary to bring his intentions into effect.

And as this system commences by insulting the Deity, so it very consistently proceeds by inflicting the most extensive mischiefs on mankind. Premising that there is a constant danger of the too great increase of population, it exhorts all governments to repress and restrain this principle of increase by every possible method. Restrictions on marriage; abrogations of the poor laws; and a variety of other schemes, equally disgusting and absurd, are among its necessary results.

It is to this system that Mr. Sadler opposes himself; attacking it in its very citadel; denying that the increase of mankind is ever excessive; and proving, by the most satisfactory statements, that this increase is regulated by the most wise and benevolent of laws.

Now of the facts upon which this proposition is based, we can only select a few, and briefly mention the remainder. The following tables are given.

I. Of all the Counties in England,—their population in 1821,—their births and marriages during ten years,—and the rate of prolificness calculated therefrom, of 100 marriages in each. These counties are then classed as follows:—

Inhabitants on a square mile.					
From	50	to 100	(2 Counties,)	the births to 100 marriages, are	420
	100	to 150	(9 Counties,)	. . .	396
	150	to 200	(16 Counties,)	. . .	390
	200	to 250	(4 Counties,)	. . .	388
	250	to 300	(5 Counties,)	. . .	378
	300	to 350	(3 Counties,)	. . .	353
	500	to 600	(2 Counties,)	. . .	331
	1000	and upwards	(1 County,)	. . .	246

II. Of all the departments of France, similarly taken, the result of which is abstracted as follows:—

Hectares to each inhabitant.					Births.
From	4 to 5	Hect.	(2 departments,)	to every 1000 marriages	5130
	3 to 4	Hect.	(3 departments,)	. . .	4372
	2 to 3	Hect.	(30 departments,)	. . .	4250
	1 to 2	Hect.	(44 departments,)	. . .	4234
	.06 to 1	Hect.	(5 departments,)	. . .	4146
	.06	Hect.	(1 departments,)	. . .	2557

III. Of the provinces of Prussia; the abstract of which is thus given:—

Inhabitants on a German square mile.

					Births.
Under	1000		(2 provinces)	to every 100 marriages,	503
1000	to	2000	(4 provinces)	. . .	454
2000	to	3000	(6 provinces)	. . .	426
3000	to	4000	(2 provinces)	. . .	394

IV. From the Counties of Ireland the following results are obtained:—

In the Counties having from 130 to 200 on a square mile,—there are, for every 10,000 between 15 and 40 . .	7245 children.
In the Counties having from 200 to 300 on a square mile—there are, for every 10,000 between 15 and 40 . .	7019 children.
In the Counties having from 300 to 400, for every 10,000 .	6885 children.
In the Counties having from 400 to 500, for every 10,000 .	6738 children.
In the County having 900 on the mile, for every 10,000 . .	5254 children.

V. The censuses of America show the ratio of increase in the following manner :—

Ascertaining the number of females between sixteen and forty-five, and the number of children under ten years of age, they are found to range themselves thus :—

Where the inhabitants on the square mile have been

under 5	to every 100 females . .	216 children.
from 5 to 10	to every 100 . .	200
from 10 to 15	to every 100 . .	196
from 15 to 20	to every 100 . .	181
from 20 to 25	to every 100 . .	176
from 25 to 30	to every 100 . .	163
from 30 to 40	to every 100 . .	160
from 40 to 50	to every 100 . .	144
from 50 to 60	to every 100 . .	139
from 60 upwards	to every 100 . .	135

VI. From the censuses of the Netherlands the following ratio of increase is calculated:—

Inhabitants to 100 hectares.

Under 50	3 provir	mean increase in 6 years,	·0793
50 to 100	8 provii		·0663
100 to 150	3 provin		·0646
150 to 200	4 provii		·0627
200 and upwards	1 province		·0510

VII. The towns of England shew the following proportion of Baptisms to Marriages :—

In 2 towns having less than 2,000 inhabitants, there were,	to 100 marriages	[illegible]22 births.
10 towns having from 2,000 to 3,000	to 100 marriages	390 births.
12 towns having from 3,000 to 4,000	to 100 marriages	360 births.
11 towns having from 4,000 to 5,000	to 100 marriages	356 births.
30 towns having from 5,000 to 10,000	to 100 marriages	327 births.
22 towns having from 10,000 to 20,000	to 100 marriages	304 births.
10 towns having from 20,000 to 50,000	to 100 marriages	282 births.
4 towns having from 50,000 to 100,000 . . .	to 100 marriages	240 births.
3 towns having 100,000 and upwards	to 100 marriages	234 births.

In these various tables it will be seen that the results are obtained in several different ways. This is rendered necessary by the variety of plans pursued by those who have been employed to prepare the original censuses; and it is satisfactory to find, that in whatever mode the examination is conducted, the results are always similar.

Besides these principal tables, Mr. Sadler has also furnished us with a variety of minor and auxiliary calculations; all of which concur in the same result. Among these are,—

A Table of the Population and Increase in the different hundreds of the county of Lancaster.

A Table of the Population and Increase in the principal Islands in the British Seas.

A Table of the comparative Increase in the Provinces of Prussia, from 1820 to 1827.

A Table of the same in the Sub-divisions of the Prussian Provinces.

A Table of the Increase in the Five States of New England.

Three Tables of the Fecundity of Marriages in England at different periods.

Two Tables of the Fecundity of Marriages in France.

A Table of the Increase of the Population of Russia between 1796 and 1827.

A Table of the Prolificness of Marriages in Sweden from 1821 to 1825.

A Table of the Ratio of Increase in the Netherlands from 1824 to 1827.

Four Tables of the Increase in the Provinces of Ireland from 1733 to 1821.

But we must pause from want of space, though we have not enumerated the half of the vast collection

of Statistical Tables which Mr. Sadler has accumulated in illustration of this question. In fact, so abundant are his stores of information, that even in his pamphlet in refutation of the first attack of the Edinburgh Reviewer, he throws down before the Reviewer *seventeen new tables*, embracing Russia, Naples, Denmark, France, the Netherlands, Lombardy, and Prussia; which body of evidence swells the former proofs adduced by him, to an aggregate of facts concerning upwards of *one hundred and fifty millions of people*. And yet the Reviewer, after nibbling at one of these tables, distorting another, and fraudulently mis-stating a third, says, "*We have nothing more to examine*. These (three) tables form the strength of Mr. Sadler's case, and we have shewn that that strength is perfect weakness!" The absurd audacity of which language exceeds every thing we ever witnessed. To touch upon *three* tables out of about *one hundred and twenty*, and then to say, coolly, "we have nothing further to examine!" We would willingly, for argument's sake, throw him in those three tables;—let him distort or shuffle them as he pleases; and there will still remain before him a further task, which he will not get through, in the way of refutation, during the term of his natural life.

However, having briefly and imperfectly described the nature of Mr. Sadler's principle, and the extent and quality of the proofs by which he supports it, let us now come to our more immediate subject,—the treatment which the *Edinburgh Review* has stooped to bestow on this great work. We must speak, first, of the first paper devoted to it, in the 102nd number of the northern journal. That paper presents seven points, to each of which we will advert, distinctly and successively; stating, at the same time, Mr. Sadler's defence upon each, as furnished by his pamphlet.

I. The first point seized upon by the Reviewer, was an objection made by Mr. Sadler to the system of Malthus, on the ground of its opposition to the principles of Natural Theology. Mr. S. had said of that system,

"pronounces, that there exists an evil in the principle of population; an evil, not accidental, but inherent; not of occasional occurrence, but in perpetual operation."—"This theory, in the plain apprehension of the many, lowers the character of the Deity in that attribute which is most essential to him,—his goodness; or otherwise, impugns his wisdom."

The Reviewer's answer to this objection is given in these words:—"Is not hydrophobia an evil? and is it not a law of nature that hydrophobia should be communicated by the bite of a mad dog? Is not *malaria* an evil? and is it not a law of nature, that in particular situations the human frame should be liable to *malaria?* We know that there is evil in the world: if it is not to be traced to the laws of nature, how did it come into the world?"

From which we learn, that this Reviewer is either too dull to perceive, or too disingenuous to admit, the distinction between a rule, and an exception to a rule;—between a fundamental and primary law of nature, and an incidental defect. Had he read an author whom he professes to quote, we mean Paley, he would have found the following refutation of what he puts forward as an argument.

"Contrivance proves design; and the *predominant tendency* of the contrivance, indicates the *disposition* of the designer. The world abounds with contrivances; and *all the contrivances which we are acquainted with, are directed to beneficial purposes. Evil*, no doubt, exists; but is *never*, that we can perceive, the *object of contrivance*. Teeth are contrived to eat, not to ache; their aching now and then is incidental to the contrivance, perhaps inseparable from it; or even, if you will, let it be called a defect in the contrivance; but it is not the object of it. *This is a distinction which well deserves to be attended to.* In describing implements of husbandry, you would hardly say of the sickle, that it is made to cut the reaper's hand; though, from the construction of the instrument, and the manner of using it, this mischief often follows. But if you had occasion to describe instruments of torture, or execution; this engine, you would say, is to extend the sinews; this, to dislocate the joints; this, to break the bones; this, to scorch the soles of the feet. Here, pain and misery are the very objects of the contrivance. Now, *nothing of this sort is to be found in the works of nature.* We never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose." *Natural Theology*, chap. xxvi.

Now, the position laid down by

Mr. Malthus and his followers is, in the words of the *Edinburgh Review* itself, (No. 104, Art. III.) that the law of nature which regulates human increase, "*is, in itself, a formidable obstacle to the improvement of the social condition of man, and to the happiness of the species;*" and one which "would, if unrestrained, beyond doubt be *a source of misery, and a cause of degradation of societies to the lowest condition of human or animal existence.*"

No one can read these sentences, without perceiving at once their decided contrariety with the principle laid down by Paley. The law of human increase must be one of the primary and fundamental laws of nature, *i. e.* of God. If therefore, it is in itself, "*a formidable obstacle to the improvement of the social condition of man,*"—"*a formidable obstacle to the happiness of the species,*"—"*a source of misery, and a cause of degradation,*"—it remains with these new teachers of Natural Theology to explain to us, whether it was *so intended* by the Deity;—and if it was so intended, how they reconcile the intention with his attribute of goodness: Or, if it was *not* so intended, how they reconcile the failure of the original design with his attributes of infinite wisdom and almighty power. This is the dilemma in which Mr. Sadler has placed them, and to escape from which the Reviewer makes none but the most ineffectual efforts.

II. The second objection advanced is a mere quibble on the words "inverse variation." Had Mr. Sadler really neglected to explain his own meaning, and thus left the reader and Reviewer in doubt of the actual nature of his argument, there might have been some excuse for the course taken by this disingenuous opponent. But when nothing of this kind was the case; when the real nature and extent of his proposition was fully explained, and was clearly understood by the Reviewer;—what kind of trifling, or worse, shall we call it, which could fill the pages of such a journal as the *Edinburgh* with long arguments against a position which had never been advanced, and elaborate exposures of an absurdity which had never been broached? The worst crime that the Reviewer could hope to prove against Mr. Sadler, was a misuse of a scientific term. This charge, if it had been true, might have been stated in ten lines, instead of being carried through a burlesque argument of four pages. But it is not true:—no, not a tittle of it. Mr. Sadler, in his refutation, rebuts the accusation by proving from Horne Tooke, Johnson, and Bailey, that every word of his definition, which the Reviewer had thus ridiculed, was *strictly and exactly correct*:—and further, by shewing that the very term objected to by his opponent, *had been repeatedly used, in the same sense, by no less a person than Mr. Malthus himself!*

III. We are glad, however, to escape from the Reviewer's nonsense about the origin of evil, and his quibbles upon terms, the meaning of which he had not taken the trouble to learn,—to something said to be an *argument!* "We *pledge ourselves* to show," says the Reviewer, "with the *utmost strictness of reasoning,* from Mr. Sadler's own principles, and *from facts of the most notorious description,* that every consequence which follows from the law of geometrical progression, laid down by Mr. Malthus, will follow from the law of inverse variation which has been laid down by Mr. Sadler."

Now we shall surely arrive at something. Now we shall see Mr. Sadler's scheme at once overthrown, by "*the utmost strictness of reasoning,* and from *facts of the most notorious description.*" Listen, then, and be instructed!

"London is the most thickly peopled spot of its size in the known world. Therefore the fecundity of the population of London must, according to Mr. Sadler, be less than the fecundity of human beings living on any other spot of equal size."—"The mortality of London must also, according to Mr. Sadler, be greater than in other places. But though, according to Mr. Sadler, the fecundity is less in London than elsewhere, and though the mortality is greater there than elsewhere, we find that even in London, the number of births greatly exceeds the number of deaths. During the ten years which ended in 1820, there were 50,000 more baptisms than burials within the bills of mortality. It follows, therefore, that even within London itself, an increase of the population is taking place by internal propagation."—"Now if it follows, as it clearly does follow, from Mr. Sadler's own doctrines, that the human race might be stowed together by

three or four hundred to the acre, and might still, as far as the principle of propagation is concerned, go on increasing, what advantage, in a religious or moral point of view, has his theory over that of Mr. Malthus?"

Is this a specimen of "the utmost strictness of reasoning," grounded upon "*facts upon the most notorious description?*" Or is it not rather a specimen of the most ludicrous and yet lamentable ignorance?

The one solitary fact upon which the Reviewer builds what he deems a conclusive argument against Mr. Sadler, is this,—that in the ten years ending with 1820, there were 50,000 more baptisms than burials, registered in the metropolis. And this fact itself he borrows from Mr. Sadler's own tables, as indeed he does every other that he has occasion to use; appearing in truth to have no other information, or idea on the subject, than what he has gained from a hasty glance over Mr. Sadler's volumes, while employed in getting up this review.

Had he, however, consulted the original census from which Mr. Sadler's table was formed, he would have found, in an observation appended to the census of the metropolis, one more fact which would have cured him of attempting "to prove by the utmost strictness of reasoning," that the population of London increases "by internal propagation." That observation respects the *unregistered burials*, of which it states that in *one half year alone*, 3,148 persons were ascertained to have been thus entered without being registered, and that these were far from being the whole. But even this number alone would give above 62,000 unregistered burials in ten years,—at once cancelling the Reviewer's calculation of "50,000 more baptisms than burials, in the ten years ending with 1820."

But further, the Reviewer might have found, in the very same census from which he quotes this "*fact* of the most notorious description,"—another circumstance which would have cast a little light over his darkness. In those ten years to which he refers, the baptisms to each marriage in the metropolis, as given in the census, are 2.36. But this fact at once destroys the Reviewer's fancy of an "increase of the population of London by internal propagation." For, at this rate, one hundred marriages produced two hundred and thirty-six children: Now it appears from other documents, that half of these two hundred and thirty-six children would die before they reached the age of twenty. Consequently, the two hundred adults who had contracted the one hundred marriages above mentioned, would have dwindled away, in the next generation, to one hundred and eighteen adults! From which circumstance we are brought to the conclusion, that, so far from the population of the metropolis "increasing by internal propagation," it is only sustained and increased, as daily experience is constantly teaching us, by a very large influx of the inhabitants of the country. So much for the learned gentleman's overwhelming argument, by which he "*pledged* himself" to show that Mr. Sadler's system was, as well as that of Mr. Malthus, a system of superfecundity.

IV. However, we now come to a second argument; and that, truly, is even worse than the first. Still confining himself to Mr. Sadler's tables, beyond which he does not seem to have a single idea or fragment of information, he next begs to be permitted to "shuffle them a little." And, truly, a shuffling piece of business he makes of it.

Mr. Sadler, in examining the censuses of England, had constructed a table of the rate of increase in the counties of England; and afterwards he had constructed a similar table for the departments of France. In both these tables the ratio of increase fully coincides with Mr. Sadler's principle.

But the Reviewer calls this, "packing," and chooses to "shuffle the censuses of England and France together;" that is, he chooses to compare those counties of England in which there are a certain number, say two hundred and fifty persons on a square mile, with the departments of France which have a similar rate of populousness. And then, because he fancies he has found a discrepancy, he thinks that Mr. Sadler's whole scheme stands refuted. The truth is, that the discrepancy which he thinks he has discovered, is nothing more than a blunder of his own;—he not know-

ing how to calculate a French *hectare*. Mr. Sadler has shewn, in his reply, that when this error is rectified, there is the most remarkable agreement between the two countries, as to their ratio of increase.

But supposing there had been a discrepancy, and that even a very large one; how exceedingly stupid, or how much worse than stupid must this Reviewer have been, to suppose, or to argue, that this discrepancy could have had any bearing upon Mr. Sadler's argument. When and where did he find Mr. Sadler asserting, that there must be an uniform rate of increase for different countries, under various and opposite circumstances. There is not a shadow of such a notion throughout Mr. Sadler's book. How could it affect his argument, therefore, if the fact had proved to be, that in France a population of two hundred and fifty to the mile increased much faster than a like population in England. Various circumstances, of climate, food, salubrity, mortality, &c. might have an influence in this; as Mr. Sadler has shewn throughout his work. All that is necessary to his argument is,—not to shew, that a population of a certain density in one country, increases exactly at the same rate as a population of the like density in all other countries;—but, that whatever the rate of increase may be in any country, in those districts having a certain populousness,—say two hundred to the square mile,—that rate of increase will be found to be *less*, in the same country, in districts having three or four hundred on the mile; and *more*, in districts having only one hundred. This is the principle for which Mr. Sadler contends;—and with this principle all the "shuffling of the tables" which the Reviewer prates about through page after page, has nothing whatever to do.

V. The fifth point adverted to by the Reviewer concerns the censuses of America. Mr. Sadler, finding no registers of marriages or births in that country, conducts his enquiry as to the ratio of increase in those States thus:—He divides the States into classes; those having ten persons on the square mile, those having from ten to twenty, those having from twenty to thirty, those having from thirty to forty, and those having above forty on the mile. He then learns from the census the number of women between sixteen and forty-five, which must obviously include all the child-bearing females of the community,—and the number of children under ten years of age. And he finds, that, in the States of the first class, to every hundred females between sixteen and forty-five, there were 210 children below ten years of age; in the second class, to every hundred females, 190 children; in the third class, 170; in the fourth class, 160; and in the fifth class, 148. We should observe, that we are here speaking of his second table, there being four American censuses given in his work. The results of the other three are exactly similar. By either of these four tables, or by the whole taken together, his principle is as fully proved as it is by any other of the documents given in his work.

To evade this part of Mr. Sadler's proof, the Reviewer has recourse to downright falsification. Hear how he states the argument:

> "Mr. Sadler shows, that in the thinly peopled States, *the number of children bears a greater proportion to the number of grown-up people* than in the old States; and this, he conceives, is a sufficient proof that the condensation of the population is unfavourable to fecundity. We deny the inference altogether. Nothing can be more obvious than the explanation of this phenomenon. The back settlements are for the most part peopled by emigration from the old states; and emigrants are almost always breeders. *They are almost always vigorous people in the prime of life.*"

Let the reader pay particular attention to the words we have printed in italics. The *first* passage we have so marked is a falsehood and a forgery: and when this is rectified, the *second* becomes, by that rectification, a piece of stark nonsense.

First, he describes Mr. Sadler as saying, that "in the thinly peopled states, the number of children *bears a greater proportion to the number of grown-up people* than in the old states."—Now he knows full well that Mr. Sadler never said a word about "*grown-up people.*" Mr. Sadler had calculated the proportion of the *children* to the *mothers*,—of the children below ten, to the women be-

tween sixteen and forty-five. But the Reviewer, preferring the commission of a downright fraud to the admission of a particle of the truth, alters the "women between sixteen and forty-five"—to "grown up people," and then, fastening on Mr. Sadler this folly forged by himself, he finds no difficulty in triumphing over it.

But rectify the passage, and then see what a pretty figure his argument cuts. Mr. Sadler finds "that in the thinly-peopled States *the number of children bears a greater proportion to the number of women between sixteen and forty-five,* than in the old States."

This is the fact: now how is it to be accounted for. Mr. Sadler accounts for it by his principle of human increase. But the Reviewer will not admit that principle; he is therefore to account for it in some other way. Listen, now; and learn the true solution.

Why is it that the women between sixteen and forty-five in the thinly-peopled States of America, are found to have more children than the women between sixteen and forty-five in the old and more densely peopled States?

"Because," saith this Reviewer, "*they are almost always vigorous people in the prime of life!!*"

Or, in other words, because a woman of five-and-twenty at New York is an old woman; while one of the same age at Mississippi is necessarily "*in the prime of life!*"

That will do, we think, for America.

VI. Mr. Sadler had brought forward, in illustration of his principle, some facts concerning the British Peerage. The Reviewer turns over the pages of Debrett, makes a blundering calculation, and then comes out with the discovery that the Peers, so far from being sterile, are an "*eminently prolific* part of the community." Mr. Sadler, however, referring to Debrett in his turn, begs to inform the critic, that of 521 peeresses of the present generation, there enumerated, not less than 106 *have been barren.* Whereas the general average of barren marriages is about *one in* 21, or one in 23! A pretty particular considerable knock-down blow this, we should conceive.

VII. Lastly, the Reviewer attempts to prove, in opposition to Mr. Sadler, that the people of the United States do actually increase by procreation alone, at the rate of 32 per cent. every ten years. He establishes this, he thinks, by adverting to the slaves in the United States, whose numbers, he says, are "*not increased by emigration.*" These amounted, in 1810 to 1,191,000, and in 1820 to 1,538,000, being an increase of 29 per cent.

Mr. Sadler, however, objects *in toto* to the conclusion, that this increase could be ascribed "to procreation alone;"—and brings forward, in refutation, not less than seven or eight authorities to prove the vast extent to which a smuggled import of slaves was carried, during the years alluded to. But the most conclusive fact is this, that between 1790 and 1800,—when the trade in slaves was free, and their importation into the States very general and extensive, the increase of their numbers was only 28 per cent.; being actually less than their increase between 1810 and 1820; which latter increase the Reviewer chooses to ascribe "to procreation, and to procreation alone."

We have thus glanced, perhaps somewhat too hastily, over all the leading points of the first attack of the *Edinburgh Review*, and have noticed, also, Mr. Sadler's reply to that article. It now only remains for us, therefore, to add a few words concerning the Reviewer's second article; in which he both endeavours to bolster up his former charges, and also to establish new ones.

In truth the latter purpose seems to have been most in the Reviewer's contemplation. The arguments he had brought forward in his first attempt were so irretrievably damaged by Mr. Sadler's reply, that it would have cost far more trouble to mend them, than to make new ones. The latter course is, therefore, preferred; and the greater part of Mr. S.'s refutation is accordingly left without the least attempt at a reply, while the Reviewer sets his wits to work to construct a new set of objections. The controversy, if carried on in this manner, might, if Mr. Sadler could stoop to it, become altogether interminable:—

"Destroy his web, your tiresome labour's vain;
The creature's at his dirty work again."

Of the seven leading points of his first review, each of which Mr. Sadler had thoroughly refuted, the following is the notice taken in this second article:—

The *first* concerned the objection from natural theology. Upon this point we are favoured with four more pages on the origin of evil, which leave the question exactly where it was. The Reviewer's argument is simply this,—There is evil in the world: this we all believe, and yet we also believe that God is good. If the existence of evil, then, is not incompatible with the goodness of God, why may we not be allowed to describe those fundamental laws of nature which flow directly from God, as being fraught with misery and ruin to mankind? This is the sum and substance of the Reviewer's whole argument, spread through eight or ten pages; and, certainly, a more palpable *non sequitur* was never exhibited to the wondering eyes of the logical world.

The *second* point concerned the use of the term "inverse variation." In the Reviewer's first article he boldly pronounced, that Mr. Sadler had "not the faintest notion of what is meant by inverse variation." His use of the term was described as being "grossly absurd," "palpably absurd," and "ludicrously absurd." The authorities, however, adduced by Mr. Sadler, in his refutation, have rather "taken the conceit" out of the Reviewer, and his tone is changed. He acknowledges, in his second article, that the words "inverse variation" "have *often* been used" in the sense in which Mr. Sadler employed them. He endeavours, however, to get away from this point without confessing the whole extent of his blunder, by saying, "But we shall be surprised if he can find a *single instance* of their having been so used in a matter of *pure arithmetic*."

He is not, however, to be allowed to make his escape under this subterfuge. This last sentence was penned merely to deceive those who had not read Mr. Sadler's reply. Those who had would know, as the Reviewer himself, when he penned this disingenuous sentence, well knew,—that the instances quoted by Mr. S. from Malthus himself, *were, each of them*, "*matters of pure arithmetic.*" So much for this effort to wriggle from under the lash.

The *third* point put forward in the Reviewer's first article, was that concerning *London*. This was "enounced," to use the Reviewer's own phrase,—with peculiar emphasis. This it was by which the Reviewer "pledged himself to prove, with the *utmost strictness of reasoning*, and from *facts of the most notorious description*," that Mr. Sadler's system was involved in all the difficulties that attended that of Mr. Malthus. Those of our readers, who perused the first review, will remember the pomp and state with which this argument concerning London was put forth. What has become of it now? When we took up the Reviewer's second article, remembering the emphasis he had laid upon this point, and also remembering how completely his statement was knocked to pieces by Mr. Sadler's reply,—we looked with some curiosity for his rejoinder on this head; feeling that it would require more than ordinary ingenuity to reconstruct an argument which had been so entirely demolished. But what did we find? Not a word. Not a single allusion. The position is abandoned, and the Reviewer decamps, without beat of drum!

The *fourth* objection of the Reviewer, was built upon what he called "shuffling the tables", between England and France, &c. By means of mis-stating the French *hectare*, he had contrived, in his first article, to make it appear that a district of a certain density of population in France, had not the same ratio of increase with a district of the same density in England. Mr. Sadler told him in reply, *first*, that it was no part of his system to affirm that in different countries, and under different circumstances, the ratio of increase must be always the same. But, *secondly*, that if he would rightly describe a French *hectare*, and then compare it with a similar space in England, he would find even the similarity which he so unreasonably required. What says the Reviewer? Just nothing at all. He quotes with his usual candour, the preliminary part of Mr. Sadler's

argument, and quibbles about the etymology of the word *hectare*, but carefully avoids adverting for an instant to that part of Mr. Sadler's reply, in which he had shewn that the Reviewer was utterly mistaken in announcing a discrepancy in the censuses of England and France. On this point, the very question in dispute, he keeps a perfect silence, running away from the pressure of the argument with this sort of boast, founded entirely in falsehood:—

"Our argument, drawn from Mr. Sadler's own tables, remains absolutely untouched. He makes excuses indeed; for an excuse is the last thing that Mr. Sadler will ever want."

But why, good sir, could you not *quote* Mr. Sadler's "*excuse*," on this point. Just because your argument would then have been shewn to be, not "absolutely untouched," but entirely annihilated.

The *fifth* point adverted to by Mr. Sadler, was that touching the American censuses. Our readers will remember that the Reviewer's method of accounting for the greater number of children, to the women between sixteen and forty-five in the back settlements, as compared with those in the more densely-peopled States, consisted in a fraudulent change of the words, "women between sixteen and forty-five," into "grown-up people." What excuse does he find for this detected cheat? Or how does he repair his argument, thrown into perfect disorder by its detection? Again is he silent:—Not a word has he to utter, either in defence or explanation.

The *sixth* point is that of the Peerage, and here again the Reviewer takes care to preserve an entire silence as to Mr. Sadler's argument. He had foolishly asserted the peers to be "*an eminently prolific class.*" Mr. Sadler informed him, in reply, that the proportion of barren marriages among the peers is *one in five*, while the general average of a community is *one in twenty-one* or one in twenty-three. What says the Reviewer to this? Not a word! He had ignorantly assumed, that the younger sons of peers "*are decidedly not a marrying class.*" Mr. Sadler replied by ascertaining the real fact, namely, that out of 422 which *might have* married, no less than 410 actually *had* married. What says the Reviewer? Not a word!

The *seventh* point was that of the American slaves. Here, too, the Reviewer decidedly endeavours to elude the argument. Mr. Sadler had shewn how the increase of the negroes in the United States might be satisfactorily accounted for, by producing a mass of evidence, proving the existence of a constant importation of slaves into the States. The Reviewer replies, "The increase of the negroes in the United States puzzles him, (Mr. S.) and he creates a vast slave-trade to solve it. He confounds together things perfectly different; the slave-trade carried on under the American flag, and the slave-trade carried on for the supply of the American soil."

But when the Reviewer asserts this, why does he not adduce some proof of it? Mr. Sadler had given quotations from various American authorities, describing the trade in slaves:—why did not the Reviewer point out some one of these which applied, not to the *home*, but to the *foreign* slave-trade? Simply because he could not;—because it was easier to run away under cover of a desperate assertion, than to meet the argument, and to refute it.

But the best proof that could possibly be given, of the completeness of Mr. Sadler's refutation of the first article, is found in this fact,—that the Reviewer feels it not enough to put in practice every shift and contrivance to get rid of the arguments of his opponent,—but is compelled, after all, to patch up his case by *a fresh set of objections.* Had not the first attack been effectually repelled, he would not have thought it necessary to prepare a second. We shall, however, learn the desperation to which he is reduced, by the kind of manœuvres to which he resorts.

The main argument of his first article was that furnished by the census of London. The distinguishing feature of that argument was *ignorance.* No sooner did Mr. Sadler produce the facts bearing upon the case, than the whole structure melted away, and its author does not now even allude to the subject. But, in its place, we have a new objection, more elaborately constructed, it is true,—but of a still worse character,

by far, for its leading feature is that of the grossest *dishonesty*.

The following is his argument, stated in his own words :—

" But we will make another experiment on Mr. Sadler's tables, if possible more decisive than any of those which we have hitherto made. We will take the four largest divisions into which he has distributed the English counties, and which follow each other in regular order. That our readers may fully comprehend the nature of that packing by which his theory is supported, we will set before them this part of his table.

COUNTIES.	opulation Squ re M		quire each C	Number arriages 810 to 1 20.	Numb f Baptism 810 to om	Proportion Births to 1 Marriage
Lincoln . . .	105	288,800	2748	20,892	87,620	
Cumberland . .	107	159,300	1478	10,299	45,085	
Northumberland	108	203,000	1871	12.997	45,871	
Hereford . . .	129	105,300	860	6,202	27,9[illegible]	
Rutland . . .	127	18,900	149	1,286	5,125	
Huntingdon . .	134	49,800	370	3,766	13,033	
Cambridge . .	115	121,400	858	9,891	37,191	
Monmouth . .	115	72,300	498	4,586	13,411	
Dorset	116	147,400	1005	9,554	39,060	
From 100 *to* 150.				79,476	315,205	396
York, East Riding	151	194,300	1280	15,313	55,606	
Salop	156	210,300	1311	13,613	[illegible],542	
Sussex	16[illegible]	237,700	1463	15,7	68,700	
Northampton	163	165,800	1017	12,346	42,336	
Wilts . . .	164	226,600	1379	15,654	58,845	
Norfolk . .	168	351,300	2092	25,752	102,259	
Devon . . .	173	417,900	2579	35,264	130,758	
Southampton	177	289,000	1628	24,561	88,170	
Berks . . .	178	131,700	756	9,301	38,841	
Suffolk . . .	182	276,000	1512	19,885	76,327	
Bedford . .	184	85,100	463	6,536	22,871	
Buckingham .	185	136,800	740	9,505	37,518	
Oxford . . .	186	139,800	752	9,131	39,633	
Essex . . .	193	295,300	1532	19,726	79,792	
Cornwall . .	198	262,600	1327	17,363	74,611	
Durham . .	199	211,900	1061	14,787	58,222	
From 150 *to* 200.				264,516	1,033,039	390
Derby . .	212	217.600	1026	11,226	58,801	
Somerset .	220	362,500	1642	24,356	95,802	
Leicester .	221	178,100	80[illegible]	13,366	47,013	
Nottingham	228	190,700	83[illegible]	14,296	55,517	
From 200 *to* 250.				66,244	257,136	388
Hertford .	251	132,400	528	7,386	35,741	
Worcester .	258	188,200	729	13,178	53,138	
Chester .	262	275.500	1052	20.305	75,012	
Gloucester	272	342,600	1256	28,884	90,671	
Kent . .	282	434,600	1537	33,502	135,060	
From 250 *to* 300.				103,255	390,322	378

" These averages look well, undoubtedly, for Mr. Sadler's theory. The numbers 396, 390, 388, 378, follow each other very speciously in a descending order. But let our readers divide these thirty-four counties into two equal sets of seventeen counties each, and try whether the principle will then hold good. We have made this calculation, and we present them with the following result :

The number of children to 100 marriages is—

In the seventeen counties of England in which there are from 100 to 177 people on the square mile, ... 387

In the seventeen counties in which there are from 177 to 282 people on the square mile, ... 389

"The difference is small, but not smaller than differences which Mr. Sadler has brought forward as proofs of his theory. We say, that these English tables no more prove that fecundity increases with the population, than that it diminishes with the population."

Such is the ground at present taken by the Reviewer. He tries the same manœuvre with the censuses of France and of Prussia, and with the same effect. We shall expose the trick in the case of the English counties, and our readers will then understand the Reviewer's method of "shuffling the tables" of France and of Prussia.

The principle upon which this shuffle is founded, is that of *suppression.* The Reviewer takes just so much of a table as suits him, and then divides and mixes it up to answer his purpose. Mr. Sadler's table, which he here quotes, contains eight classes; of which he chooses to take only four: *omitting* the *first* class, which gave the counties having less than 100 persons on a mile; and *omitting* also the sixth, seventh, and eighth classes, which contained the counties having above 300 on a mile. These classes are as follow:—

Counties.		*Populat.*	*Surface.*	*Marr.*	*Baptisms.*	
Westmoreland .	68	52.400	763	3.385	14.888	
York, North Riding	91	187.400	2018	12.422	51.546	
Under 100 on a sq. mile.				15.807	66.434	420
Stafford .	303	347.900	1118	27.093	105.657	
York, West Riding	309	815.400	2633	62.062	215.061	
Warwick . .	310	280.000	902	22.786	74.352	
From 300 to 350.				111.911	395.070	353
Surrey . .	536	406.700	753	27.450	98.592	
Lancaster .	585	1.074.000	1831	85.318	274.550	
From 500 to 600.				112.768	373.142	331
Middlesex .	4140	1.167.500	282	109.475	269.765	246

Let our readers add these classes to the table given by the Reviewer, and they will see where lies the strongest proof of Mr. Sadler's principle. Certainly, in the comparison of the thinly peopled counties of Westmoreland and the North Riding of York,—first with the counties placed in the middle of the table, having a population of medium density; and then with the thickly peopled counties of Warwick, and Stafford, and Lancaster, having a still higher ratio of population. The facts are these:

In the counties having less than 100 on a mile, there are to 100 marriages, 420 births.
In the counties having from 100 to 150, there are to 100 marriages, 396 births.
In the counties having from 150 to 200, there are to 100 marriages, 390 births.
In the counties having from 200 to 250, there are to 100 marriages, 388 births.
In the counties having from 250 to 300, there are to 100 marriages, 378 births.
In the counties having from 300 to 350 on a mile, to 100 marriages, 353 births.
In the counties having from 5 or 600 on a mile, to 100 marriages, . 331 births.
In the metropolitan county, to 100 marriages, ... 246 births.

But observe, now, the manœuvres of this honest Reviewer. He cuts off entirely the first and the last three of these classes, in which the strength of the case obviously lies, and takes only the 2nd, 3d, 4th, and classes, all of which are about mediocrity in point of population, and in point of increase. These he contrives to divide at a point convenient for

his purpose, so as to make it appear that there is little difference between those having about one hundred and fifty, and those having about two hundred and fifty, on the mile, in point of increase. And he, who talks so much about packing, has contrived to divide the counties at the *only point* which should present them as not proving Mr. Sadler's principle. But no matter. It is by no means necessary to the establishment of Mr. Sadler's argument, that he should prove the fecundity of Huntingdonshire to be greater than that of Hertfordshire. Various circumstances,—the migration of the poor at certain seasons, in search of work,—the migration of the rich in search of pleasure,—render it quite impossible to prove any thing from single counties, or from a comparison between any selection of counties. But let the Reviewer take the whole facts of the case, and let him explain them, if he can, on any other principle than that of Mr. Sadler. He says, that by *his* way of *packing* them he finds,

" In the counties having from 100 to 177 on a mile, to 100 marriages, . . 387 births.
In the counties having from 177 to 282 on a mile, to 100 marriages, . . 389 births."

And then adds, soon after, with flagrant dishonesty,

" We have nothing more to examine:—the tables we have scrutinized, constitute the *whole strength* of Mr. Sadler's case;"—

well knowing, at the same time, that he had cautiously kept out of view those facts in which the real strength of Mr. Sadler's case lay. But now, let him take even his own view of the above counties, as having, on an average, to 100 marriages, 388 births;—and then let him say, how it comes to pass, that in those counties which have less than 100 on a mile, the average is 420 births; and how he accounts for the fact, that where there are from 300 to 350 on the mile, the average is 353 births; and that where the population rises to 5 or 600 on the mile, the average fecundity of 100 marriages falls to only 331 births.

When he has done this, he will indeed have effected something. At present, all he has done is to keep his readers in the dark as to the real facts of the case, and to prove himself capable of the most dishonest kind of trickery.

Thus, while the objections of the first review were founded in the most pitiable ignorance, those of the second descend a step lower, and rest upon manœuvres which are closely allied to absolute swindling. Let it be remembered, however, that Mr. Sadler's system does not rely for proof on the census of any one country. He has, with extraordinary labour, brought together the necessary facts from every country of the civilized world. Russia, Sweden, Ireland, Naples, Denmark, the Netherlands, are all examined in their turn, and each furnishes sufficient proof of the truth of Mr. Sadler's principle. How extremely mean and little does the quibbling and minute criticism of the Reviewer appear, to any one who has made himself acquainted with this great work, and with the immense weight of concurrent evidence which is concentrated in it.

It is worth observing, however, that while these desperate means are resorted to, in one part of the Review, to keep down, at all events, the system of Mr. Sadler; there is discernible in another article of the same number (No. CIV.), the clearest signs of a purposed retreat from the Malthusian theory. They abuse, most liberally, the destroyer of this theory,—but the theory itself, they plainly see to be no longer tenable. Of course it cannot be expected that an infallible work like the *Edinburgh Review* will ever pronounce its public recantation. We can only learn its change of views, by its change of tone. And those who have been accustomed to its former language will be not a little amused to be informed, (in the article on *Macculloch's Political Economy*) that Mr. Malthus's work *" is but a one-sided view* of the effects of the principle of population;" that " it is *incomplete* in one *important* respect;" and that his famous geometrical ratio "has been a *fruitful source* of controversy and *misconception*."

So far is well! but we look for much more. Two years will not have elapsed, we venture to predict, before even the *Edinburgh Review* will have distinctly abandoned the Malthusian theory. The foundations of that theory are removed; propping-up will avail it little; and its open and public fall cannot be long delayed.



THE AUTHOR OF THE UNDYING ONE".

MORAL AND POLITICAL STATE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

In the eighty-seventh number, the last but one, of the *Quarterly Review*, there is an article under the above title, of the writer of which might be said, what Stephano says of Caliban—"He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest." It is impossible to read it without thinking of Alderman Wood, and his bill to prevent the spread of canine madness. The unhappy critic has obviously been bitten—we say not whether by biped or quadruped—but certainly by some animal labouring under the dreadful malady of jacobinism. His hectic slumbers are disturbed by night, by the visits of Anacharsis Clootz, and the flames of "Swing," and Jonathan Martin; while by day, fresh fuel is added to his fever, by the perusal of various twopenny tracts, redolent of sedition, purchased at the shops of Drs. Carlile and Carpenter. His lucubrations consequently are tainted by his disorder; they are lachrymose and abusive by turns; austere and flippant; melancholic and indignant; occasionally seasoned with piety, and sometimes with slang. Even in his calmer moods, it is hard to tell whether he stands more in awe of the press or the French Revolution—whether his respect for the memory of Mr. Canning be greater than his hatred of Sir Robert Peel—or whether he more grievously laments the subserviency of the late Mr. Gifford, or the intemperance of the old Tories.

The *Quarterly* accuses the Tories of intemperance in their opposition to Mr. Canning's administration.—On what grounds? In distrusting the professions of that minister—in doubting his sincerity—in believing him capable of violating his pledges, of repudiating his principles, and of making intrigue his passport to royal favouritism and court ascendancy. The simple answer to these charges is—*are they true?* If any one of them can be established, a justification is at once made out for the Tories. Our contemporary, in his eagerness to censure the Tories, for consequences which it was impossible they could foresee, and for a series of treacheries which were then unconceived, and which they had no right to suspect, passes over the circumstances which gave rise to the opposition, and the personal invectives which he deplores and condemns. It would have been more candid to have stated the reasons why Mr. Canning became unpopular with his own party, and in a certain sense the victim of various factions. It may be well to spare the dead, but is it just to libel the living for the sake of an epitaph? It should have been told *how* Mr. Canning crept into royal favour, and how he availed himself of his bad eminence to insult his colleagues. It should have been told how he divided parties, in order to control them; how he enthralled his friends, in order to take advantage of them; how he courted allies, whom in heart he despised, merely that he might exhibit himself in the theatrical glitter of a conjurer, attempting to harmonize discordant bodies, and making—

> "Black spirits and white,
> Red spirits and grey,"

dance round him in mute and obsequious servilism. Had this been told, we might have made allowance for the lacerated feelings of the Reviewer, and attributed his censoriousness more to bad temper than malice prepense. In regretting misfortunes, it is not necessary to defend errors; if the minister fell a prey to suicide, it is poor malice on the part of his friends to attempt to wash away the stain by a false accusation of murder. If the accession of Mr. Canning to the ministry was followed by a political tempest, it was raised by himself. If he provoked the vituperation of the press, is this more to be deprecated, in the case of Canning, than in that of Peel, an instance of which the *Quarterly* contains in the very article we are commenting upon. We beg pardon for naming the latter statesman in the same sentence with the former; but to compare small things with great, what was an offence, and a rank offence, in the one, amounted to a crime in the other. The *Quarterly* shows no mercy to Sir Robert Peel;—it charges him with betraying the confidence of the nation; with disgracing the character of public men;

with deserting his colours, and going over to the enemy's camp; with being a convert to that sophistry which he had a thousand times demolished by arguments; and, yet, while it does its utmost to render the very name of Peel execrable, it laments and stigmatises that hostility which similar acts of apostacy and baseness, on the part of Mr. Canning, had excited in those who were true, and many of whom still remain true to their principles and their party. Mr. Canning, like Sir Robert Peel, had raised himself to the pinnacle of power by means of those very Tories whom he first insulted and then deserted, and by the profession of principles which, when they stood in the way of his ill-starred ambition, he deemed it expedient to renounce. Protected by a priestess who worshipped at the foot of the throne, and who, for purposes gratifying to her venality, guarded the avenue to royal favour, like the flaming sword over the gates of paradise, Canning thought that he could with impunity trample upon his former patrons. He considered the court favourite omnipotent. He imagined that his new opinions would captivate his former enemies, and expiate his past errors—the errors of expediency not of conviction—that, having climbed to power, he might, armed with the flashy eloquence of the forum, wield his thunder, like Jupiter, among the lesser deities—the Peels and Goulburns and Dawsons of the Commons—and that, come what may, in case he should lose Lord Eldon and his party, he had only to throw himself into the arms of Lord Holland and the Whigs, with Burdett the reformer at his back, and John Cam Hobhouse stationed at an opposition out-post, like a crow on a tree, to cry *caw!* in case of danger.

How inconsistent, therefore, is it in the *Quarterly Review*, to censure the perfidious conduct of Sir Robert Peel, and yet reprehend the Tories for their opposition to Mr. Canning! Far be it from us to disparage the justice of this censure upon the expelled member for Oxford. His was an offence which is yet rank in the nostrils. The shame of it still burns and sears, and excites loathing. It was an offence for which no penitence, no affected candour, no abasement in sackcloth and ashes, can ever atone. It is an offence which no time, or change, or charm, can obliterate from our heart of hearts, where our wrongs are treasured up, to grow with our growth, and, like subterranean-fire, become more intense the longer they are held in subjection.

But, why brand Peel and spare Canning? The former was but an imitator of the latter. If the one destroyed his party, it was because the other had divided it. The power of Peel to inflict the injury was derived from the versatility which Canning had encouraged, and the weakness he had superinduced. It was Canning who compounded those combustibles with which Peel shattered the conservative party of England. It was he who first attempted to govern by disunities—to legislate by the fragments of parties—to regulate the commerce of England by the maxims of parish schoolmasters, who considered the ocean to be like a canal cut between Brentford and Turnham Green, by means of which the cabbages of the one would be naturally exchanged for the tanned hides of the other. It was he who encouraged all the visionary nostrums of Huskisson and the doctrinaires, who have all but ruined the country; placing our taxed artisan and labourer in competition with the untaxed manufacturers of the continent. It was he who split the House of Commons into a thing of shreds and patches—where frothy oratory is the warp and woof, and common sense a miserable selvage which a community of tailors, striking for higher wages, would be ashamed to purloin. It was he who inculcated the doctrine, and set the example, that it is the soundest policy to make principle the handmaid of expediency; and that that government is the strongest which is enabled to steer its way by virtue of its own weakness, amid innumerable small factions, as a cock-boat is carried by the current amid rocks and shoals. It was he who commenced that system which induced one interest of the country to prey on another—the landowner on the manufacturer, the manufacturer on the shipowner, the capitalist on the colonist, the speculator on the

home-trader and the country-banker; these again on the landowner, by way of revenge; and the fundholder upon all. He it was who attempted to rule by public opinion; and yet was compelled to resort to every mean device and despicable deception in order to gain supporters; and who, by this system of interminable divisions, has rendered it impossible for any ministry to survive the changes of twenty-four moons.

And this is the minister whose memory it delighteth the grave *Quarterly* to honour, and whose misfortunes it charges to the vindictive hostility of the old Tories! How desperate must be that cause which ransacks the grave for an apology for its errors, and would cling to life even at the expense of reputation! Because the Church totters; because the tithes and the pension-list are in danger; because the rotten borough-archy are menaced; because the proscription of the forty-five mock-representatives of Scotland is resolved upon, and the doors of the Treasury for ever shut against them; because the revolutionist scowls from under his striped nightcap at all that is fat and rich; these piebald Tories of the *Quarterly* lament the preservation of the small remnant of honesty and consistency which belongs to the party. They deeply regret that they were not sharp-sighted enough to sell their principles while there was a purchaser; and to join the *first* man who courted them and would have betrayed them. They do not worship Sir Robert Peel, merely because he has nothing to give, and a small chance of being serviceable; but they mourn over their secession from Mr. Canning, solely because in their despair they imagine they might have preserved their pluralities and indulged their profligacy, at the trifling cost of their honour and their adopted or hereditary principles. It is with deep shame that we record these sentiments. It is painful to see even one of the organs of Toryism, far less one hitherto so respectable, sink so low, and, like an unhappy nun, arraigning her piety as the only cause of her lover's misanthropy and her debarment from the felicities of the world. These traits of character are signs of the times.

After these sentiments, put forth in a strain that renders sentiment ludicrous, it is not surprising to find the *Quarterly* expressing infinite concern at the revolutionary movements on the continent of Europe. The dethronement of the elder Bourbons, and the downfal of the monkish system, is to it a source of much uneasiness. The imprisonment of William of Holland within his native trenches; where the dull, dark moving green of the sea is relieved by the brighter, but more stagnant green of a thousand canals; is also food for melancholy. The Polish insurrection, too, excites far more fears than did the invasion of the Ottoman empire. The Swiss, likewise, hanging out the hated banner on the farthest crag, and crowning the red heather with the cap of liberty, are fearful omens. The abdication of the King of Saxony is bad enough; but that the Bolognese and the Modenese should revolt, this is beyond endurance! Such proceedings are sufficient to make the church bells jangle "out of tune and harsh," and tempt Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Mr. Spencer Perceval, and Mr. Hughes Hughes, to out-Herod St. Anthony in a feat of abstinence. But hear the *Quarterly*:—

"Toward that level (the level of democracy) we were descending, the more dangerously, because there was nothing to alarm the great and well-meaning body of the nation in the easy, uniform motion of descent, when the stage curtain drew up in France, and the second drama of the French revolution began—*a revolution the most unprovoked in history till that of Belgium followed it.* No Protestant could wish success to the Jesuits and the Jesuitical counsels of Charles X.,* but regarding the political measures of the Bourbons the man must set truth intrepidly at defiance who should deny, that from the time of their restoration until the issuing of the ordinances, that family had been more sinned against than sinning. *A conspiracy for their overthrow had from that time been carried on against them;* INSURRECTION AND ASSASSINATION *were part of its means;* but the design was prosecuted more safely, as well as surely, when the conspirators entrenched themselves *within the forms of the constitution.* Treason then becomes a safe game when the government against which it is directed strictly observes the law, and the traitors make use of it for their own ends."

* We doubt this! There are Jesuits in our church as well as in that of our Lady.

This extract shows the spirit in which that part of the article, condemnatory of the French revolution, is written. The constitutionalists of France are charged with conspiring, ever since the restoration, against the Bourbons. This is a singular charge, seeing that a branch of the Bourbons, and one of the most popular sovereigns of Europe, is on the throne at this very hour. But where is the proof of this conspiracy? Where is the proof of premeditated insurrection and assassination? In the jaundiced mind of the Reviewer. He does not condescend to offer any proof. He does not give us even the materials of one of Colburn's worst novels, on which to found the accusation. He favours us with no clue to the conspiracy; nor does he point to a single individual, or an isolated fact, the one the actor, and the other the deed, and both dovetailed into each other, as a fair or plausible pretext for his hypothesis. It is mere random slander, got up in a hurry, and fulminated with a recklessness like an Irishman shooting a ghost round a corner, with a patent rifle made for the purpose, *with a twist*. The writer, after dining with Bishop Philpotts, dreams of incendiaries; and in the morning fancies he has seen them. Where, when, how? Ask him not, for he cannot tell.

In this instance, however, the Reviewer robs his dream of its agreeable verisimilitude. He confesses that the conspirators "entrenched themselves within the forms of the constitution." In different language he admits that they acted according to law, and exercised the privileges conferred upon them by the charter of Louis XVIII., in precisely the same way that one of the burgesses or inhabitant householders of Malton or Dartmouth petitions for parliamentary reform. To respect the forms of the constitution was not like the conduct of rebels or assassins. To respect the laws was not the conduct of men in whose bosoms treason had been fomenting for fifteen years. The charge is a gross and disgusting libel, which none but a genuine Jesuit, whether of the creed of Loyola or the Thirty-nine Articles, could invent. When the *Quarterly* descends to such wretched fictions, it should at least have some affidavit, no matter who is hired to swear it, and if for no other purpose than for the sake of decency and to give a colour to its fabrications.

It is falsehoods like these, however, rendered doubly repulsive by the gravity with which they are promulgated, which make men revolutionists, even against their natural inclinations and the impulses of self-interest. We love our country too sincerely to wish to hurry it into the involvements of a precipitate reform, or into the sad alternative, which dictates the policy of either yielding to the arbitrary power of the mob, or counteracting this power by the still more hated enforcement of military despotism. As a matter of choice, we should rather be ruled by Lord Grey's yeomanry than the Duke of Wellington's law—rather meet Sir Thomas Denman on his charger, than Sir James Scarlett in the King's Bench—and rather live under the old regime of France than under the citizen-king influenced by the maxims of the *Quarterly Review*. But, in holding these opinions, we are nevertheless anxious to see that reform which our contemporary so much dreads and deprecates. We seek it for the very reasons which he urges against it, for we deem that to be a salutary corrective which he considers a hazardous and dangerous experiment.

Supposing, therefore, that the revolutionary proceedings in France and other countries have had a tendency to excite similar feelings, and lead to similar proceedings, here, ought we, on this account, to commence a crusade against constitutionalism on the continent, and commit an act of injustice in order to preserve, for a few months longer, institutions which are tottering and honeycombed with the dry rot? For the sake of Gatton, Malton, Calne, St. Ives, and one of the Sarums, boroughs without inhabitants, and representatives without constituents, ought we to make war upon regenerated France, and fight for a monkish king, his legion of mass-mongers, divine right, and absolute power? There are men, we admit, who, for the sake of ten pounds a year, a butt of Canary, and the tithe of a field of carrots, would support this principle, regardless of the blood that might be shed; but with these men we cherish no principle in com-

mon, and feel for them no sympathy. They are the worst enemies of their country, and incapable of being inspired with any generous sentiments, or of entertaining any sincere regard for the maxims they preach, or the charity which covereth a multitude of sins.

The French revolution, so far from being "unprovoked;" so far from being the result of a "conspiracy;" so far from any "insurrection" being meditated, or "assassination" being even dreamt of, was the natural consequence of the blind bigotry, obstinacy, jesuitism, adherence to exploded and barbarous forms, and an inflexible love of arbitrary power on the part of Charles X. and his last, worst, and most insensate ministers. Had the mind of Charles I. of England been embued with the spirit of the period in which he lived—had he been sincere in his professions, and reposed some confidence in his subjects—had he done them simple justice, and conceded with a good grace that which was extorted—nay, had he but delegated the duties of a tax-gatherer to his faithful Commons, he might have saved his head, and prevented that inundation of puritanism which swept away the altar and the throne. Had Charles X. of France been capable of taking warning from the lessons of experience, or had he studied the peculiar and volatile character of his subjects with the care he bestowed on a game of chess—had he been conversant with their wants or their capabilities, and desirous to make his people happy, contrary to etiquette, he might at this hour have been beating his father confessor at a rubber, and dreaming out his frivolous life at the chateau of St. Cloud.

The absolute will of the monarch, and a popular representative assembly, cannot co-exist. The people do not choose deputies merely to give currency and force to royal mandates. Electors need not be troubled with voting by ballot, if their representatives have no other duties to perform than to pass the estimates and assist the minister of finance in collecting the taxes. A parliament is a mere pageant if it have no power to remedy abuses, watch over the bench of justice, redress public grievances, lighten or equalize the national burthens, extend commerce and manufactures, encourage talent and industry, and foster and protect the interests of the people. But in what way could the chamber of deputies of France, under the late dynasty, perform any of these duties? At every step towards improvement they were met with objections in the name of the king, charged with trespass, and the infringement of some absurd privilege, some nameless right, some indefinable custom, some untranslatable charter granted by Philip the Fat, or Charles the Fair, or Henry the Stupid. If the people of a commune complained of an almost impassable road, they dared not touch it, even though the ruts were three feet deep. To repair it without the royal consent would have been a trespass. A canal could not be dug, nor a harbour deepened, nor a sea-wall built up, without the royal permission. All municipal patronage was vested in the crown, and the prefects were creatures of the court, scarce known to the inhabitants over whom they exercised their authority.

But these were not the only grievances. The great contention was between the parliament and the crown—respecting royal ordinances, and acts of the legislature. The frequency of the minister's interference with the press, and the imposition of the censorship, shows how little the real uses and power of that organ were understood in France by the king and his government. By a royal ordinance a post contractor could be ruined, and a printer made a bankrupt, in a single day. By one of these edicts a highly intelligent people could be deprived of the right of uttering their opinions, or canvassing the merits of a measure repealing privileges which were guaranteed them by the charter. The king not only claimed the right to curb the press, but the right also of entering a man's house, breaking his printing machines, and flinging his types in his face. He claimed the right too of altering, at his will and pleasure, the mode of election, the basis of the franchise, the constitution of the chamber of deputies, and the power to authorize a second election before the merits of a former one had been decided. He not only claimed these extraordinary and unconstitutional powers, but he actually exercised them, as all the world knows. Rather than surrender one iota of pre-

rogative to popular opinion, or for the sake of the public peace, he was prepared to risk a civil war, and desecrate the throne with the blood of his people. The fate of the ordinances of the 25th July is known—their author is in Holyrood!

The effect which this "second drama of the French Revolution," as the Reviewer styles it, is likely to produce in other countries, it is impossible yet to say. The event is but too recent, the actors not yet cooled, the alternations not completed. But be the consequences good or evil, immediately evil, and remotely good, or the reverse, there is one thing we must not lose sight of, namely, that the Revolution was *inevitable.* There was no choice between revolt and passive obedience—no chance for freedom, but in the prostration of its enemy—no hope for France, but in the expulsion of Charles. A peace of fifteen years duration had worked two opposite effects—it had instructed the people, and alarmed their rulers—it had enabled the former to appreciate the value of civil liberty, and learn how to obtain it; and it had awakened in the latter those secret fears which pointed to the consequences which have since happened. The sovereigns of the continent were not unconcerned spectators of the progress of information. They watched it with serious apprehensions; and the circulars which passed from cabinet to cabinet, nearly two years ago, between Vienna and London, and Paris and the Hague, would show the deep impression which the state of public feeling had made in the principal courts of Europe. At the very time, when the events were ripening, which exploded in July last, the ministers of Austria, France, the Netherlands and England had concerted measures to rein in public opinion, restrain the activity of the journals, and strengthen and extend the "monarchical principle." The proceedings against the press in Brussels, Paris, and London, all about the same period, go far to confirm this opinion. If it be merely conjectural, there never was one which had about it more of the indications of truth and reality.

The triumph of popular rights over absolute power, in the last revolution of Paris, notwithstanding the vinegar aspects of the exiled priests, and the ravings of a few antijacobins in their dotage, is to us a source of unalloyed satisfaction. We have escaped one evil at any rate. The continent has been emancipated, and *legitimate* coercion has lost its force, and been deprived of its terrors. The will of the sovereign is not now omnipotent; and the people have been taught that kings and ministers are as much bound to reverence justice, as to enforce obedience. Intrigue has been caught in its own snares; the fate of the Polignac ministry is a warning to all statesmen; and the age of absolutism is over! The sentiments of our esteemed contemporary of Albemarle Street, are therefore only calculated for the meridian of St. Petersburgh.

We should stop here, but for one reason—the apology which is offered for the subserviency of the late Mr. Gifford, in the article before us. The subject is the Catholic question, and concerns us too nearly to be passed over in silence. We shall quote the passage:

> "During more than twenty years the Roman Catholics and the procatholics, and their infidel allies, had incessantly employed the periodical press in aid of their cause, while their opponents, with the usual remissness of those who are acting upon the defensive, *neglected far too much this powerful means of acting upon public opinion.* There can be no impropriety now in declaring that this journal was withheld from entering (*as in conformity with its general principles it ought to have done*) upon this particular question, *by the influence of Mr. Canning,* whose friendship with Mr. Gifford enabled him to exercise such an influence. The value of his friendship, and of his occasional assistance, must be sufficiently apparent; and Mr. Gifford, whose own opinion upon the question perhaps *was not made up,* and who like most well-wishers to their country, heartily wished that so mischievous a question had never been agitated, kept the *Quarterly Review silent thereupon as long as it continued under his direction.*"

It is here admitted, that the *Quarterly Review,* as the avowed organ of the established church, did not act in "conformity with its general principles" on the question of Catholic Emancipation. It is also admitted, that the Roman Catholics, on the other side, had incessantly employed the periodical press in aid of their cause, during the long period when this advocate of the church party was pleased to be silent.

If these facts have any meaning, it amounts to this,—that the Protestant party were betrayed by their own friends, taken by surprise and routed, while their champion, for *private* reasons, made it a matter of convenience to fall asleep. The unwarrantable neglect is admitted—the suspicious circumstances are apparent.

The reason assigned for this neglect was the personal influence of Mr. Canning over Mr. Gifford, the editor, who sacrificed to private *friendship* what he owed to duty and his party. Had it been Dr. Doyle, instead of Mr. Canning, who exercised this influence, the world, perhaps, would not have been favoured with this ingenuous confession; nor would it have known why the *Quarterly Review* was *silent* during the boisterous discussion of the question, and the insidious arts employed to carry it, and boisterous enough in opposition to it when opposition was fruitless. But is the case much altered by admitting, that Mr. Canning, and not Dr. Doyle, possessed a controlling power over the sentiments of the *Quarterly?* We apprehend not. Mr. Canning was as zealous a friend of the measure, and a far more powerful advocate of it, than the Popish prelate. Mr. Gifford, therefore, in surrendering his judgment to him, and making the *Review* the *silent* approver of his principles, was clearly guilty of a dereliction of duty, and, by sufferance, a party to the innovation upon the church and the constitution. He did the cause a much more serious injury by his apathy, his mute acquiescence, and his subserviency, than he could have done had he been its open foe.

But the excuse for this conduct is amusingly silly. Mr. Gifford's opinion on the question, says the Reviewer, "PERHAPS *was not made up.*" By this millinery phrase we are to understand, that a public man of distinguished talents, and of mature age, who had studied politics during his whole life, had not come to any decision on the Catholic question. If this could be credited, it would be any thing but flattering to the memory of the critic, the Editor of the *Quarterly,* and the recognised organ of Protestant ascendancy. But the "perhaps" in the passage throws a doubt on the subject, and we are naturally left to infer, that Mr. Canning's influence alone swayed his friend, over-ruled his good intentions, and induced him to leave the assailed Church of England to her priests and the efficacy of their prayers. In short, the conduct of Mr. Gifford was like that of many who professed the same apparently sincere but hollow attachments. His perfidy was of a less culpable nature than that of many members of the establishment, who had more solemn duties to discharge, and stronger reasons and better inducements for being faithful to the cause which they deserted. There is a borough in the west of England, returning two members to Parliament, the patronage of which has for many years been in the hands of two or three clergymen. For the last ten years, to our knowledge, previous to 1830, these reverend gentlemen never failed, at the opening of the sessions of parliament to call a meeting and draw up petitions in opposition to the Catholic claims. Their eloquence on these occasions was of the ordinary staple—loud, fervid, declamatory, and electrifying. The petitions were numerously signed, and in due course presented to the house by the member for the county. But during the whole period, in which these annual farces were performed, these very clergymen had returned for their borough two members decidedly, avowedly, and notoriously *favourable to the Catholic claims!* In this way has the church been betrayed by its own venal, selfish, corrupt, and unprincipled members. Mr. Gifford we suspect came from the same exemplary neighbourhood, and was inspired by the same feelings of patriotism. Why, therefore, should we be surprised at the consequences? A house divided against itself cannot stand.

> "—Hoc fonte derivata clades
> In patriam populumque fluxit."

Which being translated after the free and easy manner of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, means—

> "When the rats get into the sack
> The corn will soon be all chaff."

"WHAT IS THE VALUE OF A VIRTUOUS WOMAN'S TEAR?"

THIS question, put to the Welsh Lord Anglesey, by the Milesian Q', (*vulgò* O'Connell), has agitated our great commercial city in an unprecedented manner, during the past month! Nor have we, ourselves, been idle on the subject. Among our fair friends, all of whom, we need hardly say, are quite as virtuous as Mrs. O'Connell, we have industriously endeavoured to arrive at something like a solution of a question so vitally important: But in vain. Some of them were candid enough to acknowledge that their tears—heaven bless them!—are not good for much, there being a supply so far surpassing the demand. Still, as to the precise question of value, they either could or would say nothing. Thus we are obliged

> "For some resource to turn ourselves about,
> And claim the aid of our terrestrial peers;"

Only one, of whom we have found capable of throwing any light, where all is darkness visible. This is Mister Tommy Twopenny Tatler Moore, who, speaking of one Mrs. Lindor, tells us that she, on a very cold night, let fall a tear upon Mr. Lindor's tomb, where it froze in elegant style, and next morning, quoth the immortal poet,—

> "An angel wandering from her sphere,
> Who saw the bright, the frozen gem,
> To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
> And hung it on her diadem."

Now we must in the fervour, of our uncontrollable zeal, invoke the attention of such of the nobility and gentry, as know—

> "That climax of all earthly ills,
> The inflammation of their yearly bills,"

to this economical and expeditious mode of œillifacturing jewellery. Let all ladies who have any cause to weep, and they who have none—the latter are, perhaps your most copious weepers—be introduced to the maidenly, or matronly Moon, when the clear cold night has put on her black and star-bespangled bed-gown, with instructions to weep as pearlily as possible. We should further recommend the appointment of an efficient body of police, to prevent petty larceny, on the part of angels wandering from their sphere, who might, one would think, afford fair and honest purchase-money for the embellishment of dew-eyed Pity's crown. By the means here pointed out, we do, in our consciences, believe that the tears of virtuous women might be made a source of individual and national wealth, while the fair and sinless instruments would become inured to the inclemencies of the weather, and consequently superior to the danger, now to be apprehended, when they return (as they sometimes do, but never should) late from a ball, or a namby-pamby party.

Mr. T. T. Tatler Moore has one other case in point. In that purely classical production,

> Lalla Rook,
> A wonderful book!

a Peri is introduced, wandering on the shores of the Liffy, mournfully discussing a hot potato, in utter despair of ever again enjoying—

> "The fruits and flow'rs
> Of heavenly bow'rs!"

since all his attempts to pay the toll in kind, have proved unsuccessful. While thus wandering, musing, and masticating, the said Peri meets with a fair penitent,

> "Miss Biddy Rooney,
> Whom father Cooney,"

(we delight in quoting) has threatened with an anathema. Mr. T. T. T. Moore tell us, that the Peri was so taken with Miss Rooney's appearance, which was in truth the very poetry of sorrow, that he whipt off a tear from her cheek, took it to heaven, and got in, exclaiming in language, which, as we can neither describe nor designate it, we here submit to a discerning public, as no bad specimen of Della Cruscan dilettanteism.

> "Joy, joy for ever, my task is done,
> The gates are past and heaven is won!
> Oh, am I not happy?—I am, I am!
> To thee, sweet Eden, how dark and sad,
> Are the pratee fields of Gadzookiam,
> Or the bog-born bowers of Ballynafad."

Here, we find the fear talismanically opening heaven's tollgate, another rare instance of value. But we have some misgivings as to this being precisely the sort of case required by

O'Connell and ourselves; since Miss Biddy Rooney was a penitent—we beg the pacificator's pardon, a *pinitint*—and therefore it is possible that she may not have been one of the virtuous women, concerning the value of whose tears, all England, O'Gorman Mahon, and the Lord Advocate of Scotland, are in such restless anxiety. However, we have done our duty; and with the proud consciousness, of having performed something towards rendering the mystery less mysterious, we shall lay our head on our pillow, secure of dreamless slumber, should no visions disturb our rest.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON REFORM.*

The present are indeed portentous times. On all sides we are assailed by revolution. Nay, even our own regular periodical commonwealth is not free from change, and that too of an alarming import. The venerable, clerical, orthodox *Quarterly*—the *weighty Quarterly* has assumed a degree of maniacal haste and hurry that must have quite disturbed its equanimity. This goodly publication, so wont to loiter on its path, always after time, has actually accomplished, within one calendar month, two voluminous gestations.

The *Rotten-Boroughs* are in danger, and it is but consistent and natural that the advocate of the Turks in Greece, Polignac in France, of Miguel in Portugal, should step forward for the protection of these "ancient landmarks of the constitution."—The article which has caused the present premature number, destined, no doubt, to save the State from the abyss of Reform, has been said to be the joint production of a certain right honourable baronet who lately filled a high office in the cabinet, and a celebrated naval captain, distinguished, if not on the briny element, at least in the pages of the *Quarterly*, by his gallant defence of that much injured monarch, Charles X.—The principles, if principles they may be called, are indeed the same as those of the gallant tar, but urged with far less bravery than is usually evinced in the productions of that eminent personage; and although the article is not deficient in the elaborate avoidance of the real question at issue, still it is wanting considerably in the rich "Brummagem" plausibility and triumphant common-place clap-traps for which the late right honourable Secretary is so justly celebrated. We therefore doubt the justness of the affiliation, although admitting that several traits and lineaments of the reputed parentage are to be traced.

The article before us is headed by a list of no less than a dozen publications on the subject of Reform. Why the titles of these various publications should be enumerated does not seem apparent,—since only two of them are in the slightest degree alluded to, and even to these no more than about a line and a half each, of a note, is devoted. Amongst these titles of pamphlets are, "*The Wrongs of Man,*" "*Plain Thoughts on Corruption,*" &c. &c. Ample subjects, as some may suppose, but according to the Reviewer, there are no wrongs but those which the Reformers would inflict, and no corruption of any consequence which it would be safe to remove.

One might have expected that this astounding article, ushered in with such a flourish of trumpets, and destined to arrest the march of public events, would have commenced by some comprehensive view of the subject, or some elementary or fundamental axiom, or some historical retrospect, for instance, of undoubted application to the great topic about to be entered on.—"*It must be allowed,* (says the Reviewer) *that evils deeply rooted, and widely extended, the immediate fruits of*"——Of what? Of defects in the system of representation? Not at all. These "*deeply rooted evils and immediate fruits,*" arise, it appears, from the speculation and crisis of 1825, &c. &c. And then follows a lamentation on the subject of "two *bad harvests,*" that have intervened, and which, together with the "evils and fruits of 1825," have, we are informed, "sensibly deterio-

rated the condition of the labouring population."—"All this," he adds, "is past question." And so he proceeds with two pages of futile details or trivial truisms, adapted at best for the preliminary of a treatise on some such weighty state affair, as, for instance, some project of improvement in saving banks.

At length, however, he approaches, though reluctantly, the matter in hand. He looks back with a melancholy pleasure to the state of the public mind at the demise of the late sovereign, and to the little probability there then seemed to be, "of any *early* attempt to disturb materially the existing system of the legislature."

"Since then," (he says) "what a change!" This is almost pathetic.

"If there be any faith" (he proceeds) "in the organs of public opinion—if we are to judge from the language of popular meetings—from the all but unanimous voice of the public press—from the declarations in Parliament itself—before a few short weeks have passed over our heads, that Parliament of England, so long a prodigy and an enigma in the eyes of surrounding nations"—(aye, indeed, a prodigy at home likewise, of prodigality and imposture!)—that Parliament (of course the "envy and admiration of surrounding nations") is about to "perform a voluntary act of abdication, to declare its own incompetency," &c.

"The newspapers, always echoing the voice which for the time is loudest, throw in their too powerful influence, to work on the enthusiasm of some and the fears of others. The only question admitted at all is, with respect to the degree and manner of the reform. A person who, at any of the late county meetings, should have presumed to doubt the soundness of the general principle, would have been hooted down as an idiot. Scarcely even a stray pamphlet ventures to raise its feeble cry on the side of *prudence and reflection.* And the most illustrious man of our period becomes for a time almost a mark for popular odium, merely because he has the manliness to stand forward alone and declare his opposition to Parliamentary Reform," &c.

And then he goes on to enumerate all the different classes of society, comprehending nine-tenths, at least, of the whole population of the empire, which unite in the common demand for this great and imperative measure of "relief and redress."

"On they rush," (says the *Quarterly)* "following each other like a flock of sheep, to the brink of the precipice, and committing themselves to their fate, some in the gaiety of unreflecting security, some with the reckless levity of despair."

The writer enumerates, just before, the various classes and parties, who are thus described as "rushing on, like a flock of sheep, with gaiety and levity," &c.; and they are no other than *Whigs*, radicals, orangemen, catholics, methodists, the saints, the merchants of Liverpool, the operators of Lancashire, the fundholders in general, the farmers in general, Daniel O'Connell, Joseph Hume, Swing, Bentham, the rick-burners, the advocates of paper-currency, their opponents the bullionists, all sorts of economists and theorists, political or otherwise. So that, in fact, "the contagion" is almost universal—the seers of Albemarle-street being almost the only exceptions.

"To what," he says, "in the name of wonder, are we to ascribe all this sudden chaos of unanimity?" —The answer is equally short.—To the notorious corruption and extravagance of the legislature, which the people begin, at length, to think, should and may be resisted. Nevertheless, great as is this unanimity, the writer, in an after-passage of the article, recommends it to be "confronted by an array of the British aristocracy," beneath whose grasp all the reformers will shrink, at once, into nothing!

"Is there any one," he says, "who will have the effrontery to maintain that public opinion is not represented in the House of Commons!"—This, of course, is idle assertion. Public opinion is more or less feared in both Houses, but represented in neither.—"*Is it in its capacity of guardian of the public purse, then, that Parliament has been wanting?*"—What a question to put! —Let the eight-hundred millions of debt answer it.—Let the English, Irish, and Scotch pension-lists answer!—Let the twenty-eight ladies, added to these lists during the last

short ministry, be a reply to the Reviewer on this point! Far be from us, however, the indiscreetness of enquiring as to the nature of the public services rendered by these fair pensioners. Would that there were always so amiable a plea for these little disbursements.

"We come back, then" (says the *Quarterly*), "still to the original question. What can be the motive of all these sudden conversions to the cause of Parliamentary Reform?" The answer is short enough; and must be on the lips of every one who is not afraid to look at the truth. It is the *dread of physical force*.

The *spectra* of an armed rabble and of barricaded streets have taken hold, it seems, of every imagination. "But the most lamentable feature of the whole" (says this absurd article), "is, that the change after all is merely on the surface; and that of opinion, properly speaking, there has been scarcely any change at all." Why lamentable, if a change to this opinion had been erroneous? Compare this passage with the preceding ones, wherein he marvels at the existing chaos of unanimity, and the gaiety and levity with which such various and opposite parties rush on to the same goal.

The writer previously, as we before observed, not only enumerates the various classes, who "rush on" to the accomplishment of Reform, but he also points out the motives which prompt them to desire it. He now affirms, however, that it is all mistake, (p. 562). They do not in reality desire Reform. They only submit to the idea, because they believe it "*inevitable*." "Each man *fancies* that his neighbours have all come round to one way of thinking." This reminds us of the French way of accounting for the loss of the battle of Waterloo. For years after that battle, it was gravely and vehemently asserted in France, that Napoleon's army was routed, and fled merely through mistake. After they had triumphantly carried the allied position, some one in the rear of their columns cried out, it was alleged, "*Sauve qui peut*." In consequence of which most erroneous exclamation, the whole army, and Napoleon with them, ran away as fast as ever they could go.

Just so, it appears, entirely through mistake; the borough-mongers are now in a state of "*bodily fear*.—

> "Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
> Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace."

"We are now," he says, "about to legislate on this vital subject—on this subject which involves the future peace and happiness of England, nay the fate, perhaps, of all civilized society, under the influence of *bodily fear*, and the dictation of an inflamed populace!" There is no security then for civilized society but in the preservation of the rotten boroughs. Such is the empty inconsequent trash which is put forth as argument. "To avert so deplorable a conclusion, these observations," we are told, "are, with all humility offered to the public. They come neither from *borough-mongers*, nor *placemen*, nor *pensioners*," &c. &c. Oh no, it is quite evident, the writer has no sort of sympathy or connexion with borough-mongers, placemen, &c.

After these and a few other protestations of purity, he goes on to defend manfully the well known Borough of *Gatton*. The bravery, however with which he espouses the system of Gatton is the less admirable inasmuch as it is chiefly, he says, to the "wavering, the timid, and the indifferent" that he addresses himself.——"It may be very offensive," (he continues) "to the taste of the lovers of *Symmetry and System* in such matters, that the five freeholders of Gatton, should send as many representatives to Parliament as the 142,000 inhabitants of Liverpool; while Manchester, in point of population, the second city of England, returns no representatives at all. But until it can be shown, that by disfranchising such places as Gatton, and according to Liverpool and Manchester, a representation proportioned to the numbers of their inhabitants, you would secure to the country a more perfect system of Legislation, it will be admitted, we presume, to be in the highest degree unphilosophical, for the mere formal object of correcting an anomaly, to hazard a violent and perilous innovation."——Why should it be violent—why is it a perilous innovation? Literally the temerity and the folly of the faction of whom this pro-

duction is the manifesto, almost surpasses belief. What a prostration of intellect and common honesty does it argue in the writer, or how complete must be the stultification and turpitude which he attributes to his readers. It is then *violent*, perilous, "unphilosophical" to grant to the second town in England that which is at present enjoyed by the five freeholders of Gatton!

"Perhaps we shall be told in reply that a reformed parliament would effect large reductions in the public expenditure, and relieve the nation from a considerable portion of the present taxes. This is the common theme indeed of all declaimers on the subject. We have read even what they call *calculations* in certain newspapers," &c. We cannot comment on such passages; they are their own best comment.

"The *demon* of public opinion," he conceives to be more than a sufficient corrector of all abuse, if any there be. "Of the inflammatory and wicked delusions on the whole on this subject of the public expenditure, which a certain portion of the press has for a long time been sedulously propagating, delusions but too well calculated to exasperate the lower orders," &c. "The pensions on the civil list have been more particularly the object of attack."—"But the sums appropriated to this purpose, are now no longer we are told, under the control of Parliament.—They stand thenceforward on the footing of *private property* (!) The pensions charged on it are emanations of the Royal bounty."—It is quite amusing how he deals with this rather delicate sore subject. "The manner and details of the distribution of the civil list can be no just concern of the public!—there surely is a principle of common decency which ought to protect these benevolences of the Crown from a scrutiny, which, to say the least, is not usually applied to the gifts or charities of private individuals. Yet not only have the unhappy dowagers, "(poor dear old ladies!)" and decayed scions of noble families on this pension list, been paraded ostentatiously before the country, assailed with every sort of coarse and bitter comment, (to say nothing of cowardly calumny,) and held up to scorn and execration as so many harpies fattening on the vitals of the nation."—Nay, what increases the "malignity" of the "*exposé*" is that they have been base enough "to point the public attention," &c. &c.

The paroxysms of anger which the writer breaks out into against those sacrilegious persons who would advocate economy of any kind, are highly entertaining.—Thus—"But there is another sort of economy,—a *mischievous, meddling*, and *pestilent* spirit, that shows itself only at particular periods, and then breaks out with an outrageous and ungovernable frenzy, destroying or overturning every thing within its reach"—(for instance, exposing with horrible "malignity" the old dowagers and youthful scions)—"an economy for which, in its paroxysms of violence, no iniquity sometimes appears too monstrous, nor any penury too mean, but which is continually holding out promises of more than it dares to undertake, and undertaking more than it dares to perform," &c. &c.—These are delectable specimens. A beast of prey could not be more savage, were his food in danger of being snatched from him.

"Allowing, however, to a reformed Parliament all the destructive antipathy towards old establishments," (*i. e.* the pension list, sinecures, jobs, &c.) "and all the horror of the emoluments of office, which you can possibly claim for it, still is it quite clear that it would, in the long run, be *even a more economical government* than we have at present?" Every such sentence is its own antidote. The Reviewer then proceeds not merely to defend or palliate, but literally to eulogize rotten boroughs; they are, in his estimation, the most precious, the most inattackable part of the existing system, the very safety and palladium of our liberties. "Touch not these," (he says) "or Chaos will come again. How should we ever have had good speakers without the close boroughs?" "Another objection to the selection of the close boroughs as a subject for legislative experiment is, that the measure in regard to them involves a question of *compensation*, which, without a contempt for individual interests, unexampled in the history of Parliament, it will be impossible for the legisla-

ture to overlook." There can be no legal offence in buying or selling their freeholds (with its accompanying seats in the legislature); nor yet in paying a larger price for it in consideration of" (this sort of produce).

But we have to apologise to our readers for so wearisome an exposition of vicious absurdity. The following extract however we cannot resist. It comes to the point—

> " Let the composition of the House of Commons once be so altered that it shall be thenceforth what persons, calling themselves moderate reformers, deem a fair representation of the people—that it shall represent, namely, the wishes and opinions of the electoral body—then, &c. &c. our revolution in England is begun."

Here the case is really stated. This feeble and contemptible article, which, nevertheless, is the accredited appeal of the oligarchy of the country, thus openly protests that a revolution is begun, if the wishes and opinions of the electoral body be allowed, forsooth, to be represented in the House of Commons. But need we wonder? It is the same party, and the same organ of it, perhaps even the same writer, which, during the past year counselled in like manner the oligarchs and priesthood of France to defy, or suppress altogether, the electoral body of that country, and to massacre the people of France. Examples, however in point, have no effect on this miserable fatuity. The consequences are yet impossible to predicate. The ballot, of course, excites the usual alarm. For ourselves, we have been against the ballot, merely because we did not see any great good which it could effect. Should it, however, be thought advisable, let us immediately have it. But what says the *Quarterly?* In one line it contributes to bribery—in the next to democracy. And yet the prevalency of bribery leads to the ascendancy of the rich; while democracy, it must be allowed, is of the opposite character. In short, the ballot is a sort of Pandora's box, uniting all evils. England, we are told, is a densely peopled, and highly peopled country, a country overflowing with talent and profligacy, and therefore, ballot would be destructive:—it is a country subject to incessant vicissitudes of abundance and want, of good and evil fortune.—and therefore, the ballot would ruin it. Such are amongst the ludicrous *non-sequiturs* of this attempt to arrest the judgment pronounced at length against corruption and usurpation. Repair and ruin, in a word, are, according to the *Quarterly*, synonymous. The aim is clear enough—the execution is undisguised; no less than flimsy, artificial, plausible, and dishonest. It is, in short, as stated by an able journalist, the protest of all decay against all recovery—the murmur of all abuse against all amendment—the war of rubbish against renovation—of corruption against purity—of prejudice against knowledge—of shadow against substance—of inveterate and callous vice against every throbbing of conscious shame, and breathing of patriotism and integrity.

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"THE ALTHORP BUDGET."

WHEN will the intoxication of 1825 be forgotten;—or the panic which followed it? When will Goody Goderich lose the name of "Prosperity Robinson?" Not in the present generation, certainly;—but the last month has produced such prodigies in the financial world as will at least divide the honours awarded by the page of history.

For three full days after the 11th of February one interrogation, or rather exclamation, was heard in every place of public resort. The opposition members crossed the house to ask of their Whig acquaintances ranged behind the ministerial benches;—the members of White's waylaid the members of Brookes's;—the old Tories of the Royal Exchange repeated the word to the disciples of free-trade in the city—"*Did you ever in your life see such a budget?*"—And the answer from every man not actually in place, was constantly, "*Never, since I was born!*"

We have scarcely a corner left for any remarks upon this extraordinary production; but still we must attempt a brief outline of its leading features.

It must be premised, however, that the Budget of which we are about to speak, is the Budget of Friday, the 11th of February. To that we shall confine ourselves, as it would obviously be useless to attempt to follow this notable scheme through all its endless variations, which have been more frequent and more extensive than the changes of the weather. As to what the Budget is at this moment, or what it may be next week,—that we believe no man knows, nor can even form a probable guess upon.

In fact the whole affair has been turned into a sort of political *hide-and-seek.* The debates in the House of Commons have been full of nothing but cross-purposes and blunders. One member comes down to give a strenuous opposition to the tax on transfers. Before he has half-finished his speech, up jumps one of the ministerial underlings, and begs to inform him that the said tax is *given up;* and that his logic is therefore all thrown away. A second begs to put a question as to the stock of tobacco on hand; he also is informed that the proposed reduction of duty is *given up,* and that he need not trouble his head about the stock in hand. A third has a strong objection to urge against the new duty on Cape wines. "That," says the Chancellor, "we abandoned yesterday." A fourth enquires as to a repayment of the glass duties. "That proposed reduction," says the Chancellor, "we gave up this morning." A fifth is vehement against the tax on raw cotton. "That," rejoins the Chancellor, "is under reconsideration, and we shall probably alter or abandon it to-morrow." Thus, point by point, has this notable scheme been turned inside out, till, at last, it promises to resemble the last year's budget of Mr. Goulburn fully as much as the original budget of Lord Althorp.

However, not to waste time, let us briefly sketch its outline.

And, *first,* of unobjectionable reductions of taxation. Of these there must necessarily be some. A man must be something more than a conjurer if he could take off half a dozen taxes without doing some good. Our financiers have, however, very cleverly contrived that those reductions of taxation which must necessarily be advantageous to, and popular with, the people, should have the detracting quality of being also *specially* beneficial to themselves or their friends.

"Didn't I marry you for love, Molly, (and a small matter of money)?" says the Irishman to his wife.

"Didn't I take off the Coal Duty, my dear public, out of kindness to you, (and my Lord Lambton)?" says the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "And didn't I repeal the duty on Candles, for your good, (and to help friend Baring's tallow speculation)?"

So much for the felicitous selection of articles for reduction. The *measures* are good, but one does not feel quite satisfied as to the *motives* which dictated them.

But, secondly, let us consider one of the two great objects professed by the Chancellor, in his plan of reduction, namely, the *relief of the poorer classes.* How is this brought about?

We have spoken of the reduction

of the taxes on Coals and Candles. These affect all classes, the poor as well as the rich. But does any one suppose that the labouring classes are to be benefited by lowering the duty on Claret, and raising the tax on Cape Wine? The latter, while saleable at 1*s*. 6*d*. per bottle, was sometimes attainable by the poor, at least when necessary to them in the house of sickness and exhaustion. This is, therefore, to be raised; and the duty on Burgundy to be lowered! An odd way of benefiting the poor, certainly. Again, the lowering the price of a Newspaper from seven pence a day, to sixpence;—was that any advantage to the poor? Or was the placing a tax of two hundred per cent. on the mechanic's holiday trip to Gravesend, a boon to the poor? But, above all, the chief fallacy lay in the alteration of the Cotton duty. It was gravely proposed to take off the duty on printed calicoes, and to tax raw Cotton 1*d*. per lb. in place of it. Now the poor do not use printed Calicoes; that article has become the common morning dress of the higher and middling classes. The labouring classes use dyed stuffs, and similar articles. But in the place of a tax to which they contribute little or nothing, it was proposed to establish one which would increase the cost of more than half their articles of clothing. Cotton is found in nearly every thing they use, and their portion of the new tax on the raw material must necessarily be very large.

So much for the poor. Now let us consider the Chancellor's *second* object, the *encouragement of trade.*

A large portion of our export trade must be transacted with our *Colonies*. How were their interests considered in the proposed financial measure?

One of our most important colonial possessions is Canada. The leading commodity sent us by Canada is *timber*. Such an *addition* is therefore made to the duty on Canada timber, and such a reduction on Norwegian, as will suffice to give a decided advantage to the latter, and thus *annihilate the greatest export trade of our own Colony!*

India is another important possession. We, at present, import from India considerable quantities of cotton, of a low class. The next step, therefore, is the imposition of a fixed duty on all cottons, fine or coarse;—which will operate as a duty of about ten per cent. on the fine American, but as about thirty per cent. on the coarser India cottons. Thus the trade of another great Colony is destroyed.

A third valuable Colony is the Cape of Good Hope. The staple product of this settlement is wine. That is, therefore, to be the next object of attack; and the duty is coolly proposed to be more than doubled; which would work, and is meant to work, the extermination of that manufacture.

India, Canada, and the Cape, are thus thrown overboard with great adroitness, though perhaps a little too much in the style of a lunatic. And who are the parties to be benefited by the destruction of our three finest Colonies? *France!* who absolutely prohibits almost every English manufacture;—and *America,* whose tariff, of all but prohibition, was but lately enacted. Of these very dear friends we were in future to obtain our cottons and our wines, to the exclusion of our own Colonies, who mainly support our manufactures and trade,—and to the sacrifice of our best foreign customer, Portugal; who, instead of *prohibition,* gives us a *preference* in her ports, and takes from us in *one* year, more manufactured goods than France takes in *five.*

Such is the budget concocted by our *political economists.* Had it been less absurd, we might have feared for the country; but the open exposure of the wisdom learnt in the school of Mill and Macculloch, very much diminishes our apprehensions. The thing has been found too ridiculous even for serious consideration; and, instead of shaking the trade of the country, and destroying the credit of its merchants, it has only shaken the standing of the ministry, and put an end to the reputation of Poulett Thompson. The scheme itself is already so entirely changed from its original outline, that no one who had not watched its mutations would recognize the original; and we should be very little surprised to find that, before it has finally passed the ordeal of Parliament, not only itself, but its parent also, has changed;—and that the *first* is also the *last* budget opened by Lord Althorp.

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.*—BY OLIVER YORKE.

Of the first volume of Mr. Moore's labours, we have recorded our opinion. These labours have been at length concluded by the publication of the volume before us. Therein is delineated the moving scene of the life of Byron: the delineation, however, is mainly Byron's own workmanship. The book principally consists of the poet's letters, with few interstitial remarks by the author of *Lalla Rookh*. Mr. Moore was, by his Lordship's own confession, next to Lord Clare, the being for whom he entertained the warmest and purest feelings of friendship. How this friendship originated, Mr. Moore has, with much plausible modesty, himself set down in the pages of his first volume. We have no wish to dwell on its particulars, or rake up an old matter. But if our memory serve us rightly, and the memory of our readers be not treacherous, Mr. Moore has there marked down his own humiliation—the friendship in fact sprung out of gratified vanity in the Peer, and toadying—slavering submission in the Commoner. Thus it continued to the end of the days of Lord Byron. In return for all the toadying, Lord Byron cried up the genius of his worshipper. It mattered little how lofty were the eulogistic terms he employed, even though he could deliberately sit down and write, "While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of the bards, in her estimation; and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, &c. &c." for all the while he was conscious of his own superiority. The Peer must have been laughing in his sleeve when he was penning these lines of hyperbolical praise, or rather of cutting, caustic satire. In the same spirit he frequently says, on other occasions, that Moore is a superior person to himself in point of intellect—that he will think himself fortunate in being reckoned second to Moore, &c. &c. Open confessions of humility and inferiority are always to be regarded with the greatest suspicion—and the case with Byron is not an exception. In other places, in letters for instance, to Mr. Murray, when his vanity has been piqued, he is led to insinuate more than once, that Mr. Moore deserved to be cut up like a gourd, in company with others of the *irritabile genus* and tribe of Parnassus. Indeed, on a remarkable occasion, Mr. Moore writes to the Lord to scold him—or, as he himself poetically expresses it, "to twit his noble friend"—for having been satirical to his cost in a communication to the bibliopole of Albemarle Street. These little circumstances will serve us to understand rightly the real condition of the intimacy between the nobleman and the commoner. Mr. Moore no doubt put down the intimacy to the score of superabundant genius and unrivalled brilliancy, on his own side, and deserved homage on the part of Byron. To all the world, beside, however, it will be but another version of the story of the Lion and the Jackal; Lord Byron being as the king of the forest—and Anacreon Moore his pigmy satellite in waiting. Lucky for the two that they were not more together. Distance insures respect—approximation brings familiarity, and familiarity breeds contempt. Mr. Moore is not gifted with the gentle Shelley's all-endurance and meekness. His life has been spent amid

> "The loud clattering of discordant jays."

And in his poetry and in his behaviour through life, he has been one of the noisiest and most conceited of that volant, and hopping, and vain tribe. The same house could not have for a twelvemonth kept together the rival sons of genius and poesy. We should have had the pride of the one running the bristles of its back against the little vanity and conceit of the other: then perhaps would have come a war of words, after the manner of a modern *Vadius* and *Trissotin*.

* Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore. In Two Volumes. John Murray. London, 1830.

Vadius. Ma plume t'apprendra quel homme je puis être.
Trissotin. Et la mienne saura te faire voir ton maître,
Vadius. Je te defie en vers, prose, Grec, et Latin.
Trissotin. He bien! nous nous verrons seul à seul chez Barbin.

No fear, however, as far as Mr. Anacreon was concerned, of a meeting any where. Meetings of hostility are not after the stomach of the man of Lansdowne House. His only way of meeting, is after the manner of our waggish friend, Peter Robinson. *He* could not keep his Scottish witticisms clear of the self-complacency of some man whom he chanced to meet at dinner. The man was wrathful, and insinuated something about satisfaction. "Satisfaction," quoth the facetious Scot; "satisfaction—to be sure; satisfaction. Time—to-morrow: hour—six o'clock: weapons—knife and fork."

So much for the intimacy. Let us now for a moment consider Mr. Moore's, adequacy for the task of biography. It is some years since that he attempted the Life of Sheridan, a man more akin to himself in point of talent and genius; though for every grain of those precious commodities, possessed by the translator of Anacreon, the other could boast of it fairly a thousand fold. How did the specimen of biography turn out? In point of composition, it was as tinsel and gingerbread a piece of composition, as ever crackbrained lackadaisical girl put together, in the crisis of her moon-struck fancies: the character of the man was defamed—his exquisite powers of mind burlesqued—in short the puny author attempted by every means to pull down his subject to the level of his own diminutive level. We utter not an exclusive opinion: what we say, has been ratified long since by the loud voice of public reprehension. And his subject was the man, whom his "friend" Byron has immortalized in the following lines of verse.

"While powers of mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind—and various in their change;
While eloquence, wit, poesy, and mirth,
That humbler harmonist of care on earth,
Survives within our souls; while lives our sense
Of pride in merit's proud pre-eminence,
Long shall we see his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain;
Sighing that nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!"

"And turn to all of him which may remain," says the ardent poet; alas! he little thought that his "friend" Moore was to attempt the part of the assassin of Sheridan's renown. That work, however, of Thomas Moore has sunk down into the tomb of all the Capulets; no one ever mentions its name in sober seriousness. Will the world do the same with the *Life of Lord Byron?* There, indeed, Moore has saved himself, for the letters and memoranda of Byron will live long as the English language shall endure. The Quarterly Reviewer, when speaking of Mr. Moore's portion of the work, says—"A man of genius is in earnest," meaning thereby that the biographer has sat down to his labour with the enthusiasm of friendship, with a determination to exalt his hero into an example fit for the imitation of the universal world. Shade of Gifford! is the laudation of the *Quarterly* borne out by facts? Has the biographer drawn a veil over the faults of the poet—extenuated his errors—excused his foibles—according to Byron's urgent request?* None of these things has he done. A man's faults ought not, undoubtedly, to be altogether concealed, but at the same time their anatomical dissection is a most shameful proceeding. To describe vice in general terms may be instructive—to lay it bare with microscopic accuracy can only arouse disgust and excite prejudice against the subject as well as the operator. The

* "So strong was this impression upon him, that during one of our few intervals of seriousness, he conjured me by our friendship, if, as he both felt and hoped, I should survive him, not to let unmerited censure settle upon his name, but while I surrendered him up to condemnation, where he deserved it, to vindicate him when aspersed."—Vol. i. p. 260.

some moral lesson. Like the tones of the Mountain Minstrel's harp described by Wordsworth, should be the lessons taught by history, whether of a nation, or of an individual.

> "Strains of power
> Were they to seize and occupy the sense:
> And to a higher mark than song can reach
> Rose this pure eloquence. And when the stream
> Which overflow'd the soul was passed away,
> A consciousness remained that it had left,
> Deposited upon the silent shore
> Of memory, images, and precious thoughts,
> That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

What, however, with every ingenuous mind, will be the consequence of perusing the pages of these "Notices?" We venture to say disgust. Either then by want of judgment, or by a perverted understanding, or by unworthy motives, Mr. Moore was wholly unfitted for the task imposed upon him by Mr. Murray. As he formerly damned poor Sheridan, so has he now been endeavouring most religiously to damn Lord Byron. He has, as he boasts, allowed the Poet "to speak for himself." The consequence is, that as the Poet was the bondsman of pride, and the slave of vanity, unskilled in worldly affairs, wanting in common sense, a prey to selfishness, and living in a most circumscribed society, and, added to all this, of quick temper, violent feelings, swayed by sudden impulses, and fickle as a weathercock in his tastes and pursuits, very little of solid matter was to be expected from his letters. Nine tenths, indeed, of the whole, are about himself or his mistresses. About a hundred times we have letters inserted requesting Mr. Murray to send him tooth powders, palm soap, tooth brushes, nail clippers, magnesia, soda powders, tincture of myrrh, and other trivialities of a similar kind. More than once he notifies his intention of coming all the way from Italy to London to see Mr. Waite the dentist; not that he wanted any thing material done to his teeth, but because it was incumbent on every gentleman to submit his teeth to inspection once in every two or three years. All these letters are by Mr. Moore thought to be so many jewels, and are therefore inserted with extraordinary accuracy. But the public, perhaps, will differ from the biographer; and as the licentious letters will be put to the score of a perverted understanding, so these trivial explanations will go to the account of want of judgment. The unworthy motives by which he has been instigated are discoverable in the general effect of the volumes. If Mr. Moore was inferior to the task, he must have felt his inferiority, and he should therefore have relinquished it at the outset. It would, however, appear, that he had a latent object in view — to do by Byron what he had done by Sheridan. He could never gain the elevation of the former in wit, and so he determined to pull him down to his own stuntedness. He could never compete with the latter in the gifts of poetry, so he determined to serve the author of *Childe Harold* as he had served the subject of that author's 'Monody.' The result is the production of a nondescript kind of person—half monster—half god—one indeed more calculated to raise our disgust than move our pity, or excite our veneration. Something in short after the fashion of the Zeus as described by Pamphus the Athenian.

> Ζευ κυδιστε, μεγιστε, θεων, ειλυμενε κοπρω
> Μηλειη τε και ιππειη και ημιονειη.

But, bating all other drawbacks, Mr. Moore, by his habits of mind, and his intellectual cultivation, was wholly incapacitated for understanding the character of Lord Byron. The biographer is a man of table wit, and a writer of songs. When Beranger, (on his trial) was asked his profession, he replied, "*Chansonnier,*" much satisfied with the appellation by which he had won the esteem of his countrymen. So, too, was Tyrtæus a song writer; but Mr. Moore is of an order very different from either the Frenchman or the Greek. The one and the other gave up their whole soul to their compositions, being content to answer the end—which Bishop Lowth has announced as being the reward of all national song writers. With Mr. Moore song writing has been the amusement, while the attainment of praise and pudding has been throughout life his staple business. To be whispering compliments to the great, to be seen seated at their tables, to

be "my dear—lording it" with some young sprig of nobility, or wafting away his soul in a song, at the request of the Lady Bettys or Belindas of London has ever been the great charm of his existence. He has always pretended to great scholarship—but scholar he is none, for, however the numerous notes stuffed with Greek, from the petty unknown writers of the lower empire appended to his epistles may appear like erudition to the vulgar, with the learned they will hardly pass muster. His character has been so exceedingly well delineated by Leigh Hunt, that we must beg to transcribe it for the benefit of our readers.

"Mr. Moore has no faith except in a joke, and a lord, and a good dinner; and yet he must needs try to win a serious reputation. For this purpose he has written volumes of bad prose, full of insincerity, and poems which are 'three-piled hyperboles' of sugar-plums. He is one of those who must

'paint the lily,
And throw a perfume on the violet.'

He paints and plasters, because he has no faith in his materials. He cannot give us the soul of what he describes; he despairs of being able to make us love it in its simplicity; so he brings a heap of gaudy colours and gilding to stick upon it, that we may partake of the benefits of his obtuseness. Even in his songs, he can rarely get beyond a stanza with any real gravity. His table-songs are inimitable: his lampoons have been the just dread of dowagers and Whig-rats. But, with the exception of a few lyrics upon recollections connected with Ireland, and probably with the best part of his childhood, which are affecting and beautiful, he cannot get a good serious thought in the first verse of a song, but he must spoil in the next with some conceit or pedantry. He set about spoiling his prose, in the same manner, with classical names lugged in to bear company with modern, like a schoolboy's theme, with degrading prettiness, and remote, half-witted metaphors; such as when he talks of Burke '*perching* himself on the remotest branch from popular contact;' as if Burke, and the thick of politics, had anything to do with a linnet in a bush. The ridicule of the critics made him doubt this style; so in his *new* work he has done his best to alter it, though it was evidently a hard task; and not knowing how to be in earnest, he has taken to as ludicrous a formality; talks of 'the poet Dryden' and 'the poet Ariosto,' as if there were Drydens and Ariostos who were potters; and puts on so many strange, bridling, cosy, motherly, moral airs, betwixt love for his naughty young master, and zeal for the chaplain, that we almost fancy him with a mob-cap on, and a cup of 'the creature' by his side. In short, Mr. Moore is no real biographer, no prose-writer, no thinker; there is not one original reflection in all his remarks, nor one that has not been made in a better manner before him by writers of his own time; and his poetry is just as good as wit and festivity can make it, and nothing else. His world is the little world of fashion; his notions of liberty those of a Whig-Aristocrat, without the excuse; and the whole secret of his deification of Lord Byron is, that their intercourse was one of flattery and convenience, and that in trumpeting his great craft down the stream, he hopes his 'little sail'

'Will join the triumph and partake the gale.'

Of Lord Byron's poetry our opinion has been set forth upon more than one occasion. The Germans have very appropriately called him "*a power man.*" He had little fancy, less of imagination, but strong and overwhelming passions, deep sensibility, a philosophising spirit, and a command of words which few men have possessed. Shakspeare and Dryden were his superiors, and for that reason Byron, the loadstar of whose heart was egregious vanity and all-enthralling selfishness, made it the business of his life to turn detractor to the only two men in English literature essentially super excellent to himself. Wordsworth has fulfilled the sacred purposes of poetry better than Byron; Coleridge, in point of intellectual vastness and pure passionate feeling is far above him; the poems of Southey give readier evidences of human sympathies and charity than any thing which Byron has produced; yet, for vivid portraiture, rapid transitions, fiery thoughts, and shifting imagery, his is the greatest name in the modern literature of England, and has produced the most general effect upon the mass of the people. Happy for him and for the world had he turned his precious gifts to a better and more hallowed account. As a man he is full of dark spots and blemishes. The fault originally was his mother's, who was a savage, and eventually of himself. Wicked parent that she was, her name deserves execration for the ill-

treatment of her son, in whom the noblest of God's creatures was destroyed! Alas! parents in the world of fashion little or seldom know the responsibility which attaches to them. Too often are their days given to the enervating distractions of society—their nights to all the frivolities of metropolitan dissipation—their children are left to the guidance and care of servants—and from their earliest years *these* are spoiled in disposition, and become tyrants in temper. Of this order was the poet Byron. From self-indulgence and solitude, and domestic troubles, his waywardness increased, his selfishness cast its strong roots around his heart, and became as deeply fixed in that pediment as any mighty oak in the forest. He ended as he lived, and he lived as he begun. He had no fixed principle of action, he gave to the poor, but it was not from charity, but for ostentation-sake; he was incapable of confidence, fulfilling the Terentian description of

"Plenus rimarum sum—huc atque illuc perfluo."

He never came into close contact with any man, for any period of time, and was never faithful to any woman save to the Guiccioli. His love was fickle — his attachment insincere—his hatred deadly. He never had the desire to uphold the dignity of wife, daughter, mother, or any other individual, save of himself. His vanity was so great, that on every occasion that it was gratified, he repeated the cause of his gratification, with a never ending volubility. His love adventures and his intrigues, with a full detail of the most trifling facts connected with them, were trumpeted forth by himself to the world. Not satisfied with writing on the subject to Moore, and to others of his friends, he sent regular dispatches on the subject to Mr. Murray, on the full understanding that they were to be seen by his literary coterie; and handed about they accordingly were, until they became the common talk of the town. Some small extracts from these last *confidential* communications we shall give, as they will afford a little insight into the character of the man.

"Mr. Hobhouse is gone to Rome—I should have gone too, but I fell in love and must stay that out. I should think *that* and the Armenian language will last the winter. The lady has, luckily for me, been less obdurate than the language, &c.—*Venice*, 1816."

"I am still dreadfully in love with the Adriatic lady, (a low shopkeeper's wife!) whom I spoke of in a former letter, and love in this part of the world is no sinecure. This is also the season when every body make up their intrigues for the ensuing year, and cut for partners for the next deal.—*Venice*, 1816"

Here is the way the poet writes, to his bookseller, of his wife:—

"To-day is the 2nd January. On this day two years I married, ('whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth,')—I shan't forget the day in a hurry."

A few lines after he speaks of having received a letter from his sister, about his daughter, and a few lines after that, he talks to Mr. Murray, deliberately, of—

"being very well off with Marianna, (the shopkeeper's wife,) who is not at all a person to tire me; firstly, because I do not tire of a woman *personally*, but because they are generally bores in their dispositions; and secondly, because she is amiable, and has a tact, which is not always the portion of the fair creation; and thirdly, she is very pretty; and fourthly ———but there is no occasion for further specification.—*Venice*, 1817."

"To night, as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over *Don Juan*, she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the 1st canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her, 'Nothing, but your husband is coming.' As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright, and said, '*O my God, is he coming?*' thinking it was her own, who either was or ought to have been at the theatre. You may suppose we laughed when she found out the mistake. You, (Mr. Murray,) will be amused as I was;—it happened not three hours ago."

A little lower in the same letter is this:

"If she and her husband make it up, you will perhaps see us in England sooner than you expect. If not, I shall retire with her to France, or America, change my name, and lead a quiet provincial life.—*Venice*, 1819."

"At ten o'clock I was at home and alone, (Marianna was gone with her husband, to a conversazione) when the door of my apartment opened, and in walked a well looking, and (for an Italian) *bionda* girl of about nineteen, who informed me that she was married to the brother of my *amorosa*, and wished to have some con-

versation with me. I made a decent reply, and we had some talk in Italian and Romaic, (her mother being a Greek of Corfu,) when, lo! in a few minutes, in marches to my very great astonishment, Marianna S * *, *in propriâ personâ*, and after making a most polite curtesy to her sister-in-law, and to me, without a single word seizes her said sister-in-law by the hair, and bestows upon her some sixteen slaps, which would have made your ears ache only to hear their echo.—*Venice*, 1817."

He writes to Moore on the death of his child—

"Your domestic calamity is very grievous——I know how to feel with you, because, (selfishness being always the substratum of our damnable clay,) I am quite wrapt up in my own children. Besides my little legitimate, I have made unto myself an *il*-legitimate since, (to say nothing of one before,) and I look forward to one of them as the pillow of my old age; supposing that I ever reach, which I hope I never shall, that desolating period. I have a great love for my little Ada; though, perhaps, she may torture me like * * * * * &c." [It is easy, notwithstanding these asterisks, to see that allusion was here made to his lady.] *Venice*, 1818"

Again, in the same letter:—

"I have had some curious masking adventures this Carnival; but as they are not yet over, I shall not say on. I will work the mine of my youth to the last veins of the ore, and then————good night. I have lived, and am content."

The Guiccioli writes to Mr. Moore a full account of the progress of her intrigue with Lord Byron, and Mr. Moore, "to screen his friend's memory from the world's obloquy," and as in duty bound, prints it.

The following short passage was inserted, we suppose, to show the Guiccioli's dexterity in making excuses for effecting her purposes against the honour of her lord. Mr. Moore publishes it for the especial benefit of the rising female generation.

"On my departure from Venice, he had promised to come and see me at Ravenna. Dante's tomb, the classical pine wood, the relics of antiquity which are to be found in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite him, &c."

These extracts will suffice, and present a fair specimen of the offensive character of the book. The extracts themselves are enough for condemning Byron. With him, the most sacred subjects are rendered trifling—the dearest ties held in utter scorn—his wife insulted—his child dishonoured, by being mentioned in the same page with his spurious offspring. And the worst is, that Lady Byron and Miss Byron are still living to read the page which this husband and father has written to their dishonour; and that husband's and father's friend has published, to the eternal disgrace of himself and the deceased poet.

Whatever might have been the reasons which induced Lady Byron to insist on the separation from her lord, they are unknown, and will remain so. They must have been grave; since two men distinguished in the legal profession, Dr. Lushington and Sir Samuel Romilly, both pronounced a reconcilement to be impossible. Supposing, however, that the separation had been occasioned by any ordinary reason, and the lady had relented, arguing that she were the party aggrieved, still the ill-advised way, indeed course of life, adopted by Lord Byron would, had his wife been possessed of spirit, which was actually the case, have been rendered utterly impossible. And yet, with a better knowledge of these facts than the greater part of his readers can have attained, Mr. Moore puts pen to paper, and twaddles out the following neatly turned periods.

"By the failure of the attempted mediation with Lady Byron, his last [illegible] with home was severed; while, notwithstanding the quiet and unobtrusive life which he had led at Geneva, there was as yet, he found, no cessation whatever of the slanderous warfare against his character;—the same busy and misrepresenting spirit which had tracked his every step at home having, with no less malicious watchfulness, dogged him into exile. To this persuasion, for which he had but too much grounds, was added all that an imagination like his could lend to truth,—all that he was left to interpret, in his own way, of the absent and the silent,—till, at length, arming himself against fancied enemies and wrongs, and, with the condition (as it seemed to him) of an outlaw, assuming also the desperation, he resolved, as his countrymen would not do justice to the better parts of his nature, to have, at least, the perverse satisfaction of braving and shocking them with the worst."

Never before was such an excuse enunciated for wayward and stubborn sensuality and vice. Because,

forsooth, a foolish young man has incurred the censure of the world, he is justified in flying into a towering passion, at the impertinence of that world for presuming to take his actions to task, and in revenge he plunges headlong into a career of shameful criminality; and then, the perverse satisfaction which he draws from such a course is to be extenuated by the soft voice and mellifluous sentences of Mr. Anacreon Moore! Oh! most sweet philosopher, preacher, and poet!

Before dismissing this subject, we have one more topic in reserve for Mr. Moore:—his treatment of Leigh Hunt. The latter is undoubtedly a man of talent, spite of all his cockney crowings and vain flutter of wings of the hue of buttercups and daffodils, when fresh plucked from the height of Primrose Hill. Mr. Moore may also be a man of talent: we do not deny it. We rather fancy, however, that Leigh Hunt has some small genius of his own: of this Mr. Moore is wholly unpossessed—so that the long-abused cockney is infinitely the superior man of the two. It ill became Mr. Moore, therefore, to fling dirt at any person superior to himself in point of intellect. Perhaps, however, for that very reason he did it. We believe, in one of his facetious and small-witted songs, the bard of Anacreon has described puppy-dogs in the act of doing something dirty to a dead lion. Mr. Moore, we opine, was describing his own propensities when pretending to detail the evil habits of other animals. Sure we are, that he has done much worse by Lord Byron than Leigh Hunt. The latter, when he wrote his book, was smarting under the pain of recent wounds; and, allowing that his volume was one pile of trash, nevertheless, with all reasonable, charitable men, every excuse can and will be alleged on behalf of him of *Tagliaboschi*. Not so, however, with Mr. Moore, who, professing friendship for the poet living, and glorying in his veneration for the poet dead, has coolly and deliberately sat down to malign the subject of his biography, in the ill fitted habiliments of an eulogist. But to leave the nobler animal, and descend to the diminutive inhabitant of the hill of Highgate: conscious that he was, even with his diminutive glories, a more glorious, because a much more able and accomplished person than himself; the author of Little's poems could not resist his malevolent impulses, and must needs attempt to treat Mr. Hunt, as he had whilome treated poor Sheridan, as he had just treated poor Byron, that is, attempt to pull him down to his own paltry level. Mr. Moore, however, has learned a lesson, which he will not easily forget. He will not, again, in so great a hurry, go out of his way to attack any one so capable of defence as Mr. Leigh Hunt. By the god of battles, the impertinent Irishman has got as complete a drubbing as ever Randall or Tom Spring, *alias* Winter, could have given him, when trained and prepared to meet the Gypsey, the Baker, or the Devil, the following morning, at Wormwood Scrubs or Moulsey Hurst!

Mr. Leigh Hunt has replied to Mr. Thomas Moore's unprovoked and brutal attack. The answer is so good, so admirable, in all its parts, that we shall conclude our article by inserting as much of it as our limits will allow. We are glad of this opportunity of vindicating the character of a long-persecuted man. Mr. Hunt has had his full indulgence of conceit—Mr. Hunt has had his follies.—Which of us can say that he has not had his conceits and his follies? Let him who is guiltless cast the first stone at him. But that guiltless is not Mr. Thomas Moore, author of *Little's Poems* and the *Twopenny-post Bag*. We of *Regina*—aye, we, Oliver Yorke—will no longer admit of this square-elbowing—these puling *Lillicisms* in the Rule of conduct. If we again see a goodly bird fidgetted to death by a flock of hungry noisy jackdaws, we will take our *Manton*, and send such a volley among the scurvy set as to pepper the sides of some of the tribe in good earnest, and send some to the devil, and all the rest into precipitate flight. Let this article upon Byron's recent memoirs be taken as a sample. Heaven and earth! because we have had a revolution in the metropolis of France; because we have had a grand stir among the Poles; because the mighty autocrat of the north is moving southward with his Sarmatic chivalry—are we to have a riot among the coteries of

London, and to allow Thomas Moore, like a literary Robespierre, to denounce this man, and that man, and the other man, to proscription and death: all these, by the way, being far better men than himself.

If we allow of such doings, chaos shall come again.—We now and hereby declare ourselves the champion of Leigh Hunt. Come one—come all—from Edinburgh and the most savage regions of Scotland--and, by the Lord, we will take all—one after another—and if we do not give these heathens and savages, whatever be their name or names—

> "Pues nació en asperos montes,
> Montesinos le diran."

Aye, whether the name be Montesinos—or Legion—or * * * * * * it matters little—we will let each have the choice of arms—and if we do not give him a flaying after his own fashion, why then say that we are no longer *Oliver Yorke*, but a bombastic Captain Bobadil, and deserve to have faces made at us as we pass along. We have reason enough to be thus emoved. We have read Mr. Leigh Hunt's introductory remarks to his strictures on Mr. Moore's volumes, and, by the locks of Jove, we were touched to the quick, when we came to the passage where the writer, in most feeling, yet manly terms, makes allusion to his family. "We do not choose to risk any detriment possible to this new 'dead weight' [these words were applied by Moore to the *Liberal*] "of ours, *the Tatler*, —*a germ, however poor, of precious promise of shelter to many heads.*" We almost think we see the writer as he penned this beautiful and most feeling line—we think we see him in the retirement of his chamber, the tear almost starting to his eye; why should he be ashamed of it—it is the tear of sorrow for past follies, of affection for his offspring, whose daily wants are pressing, and require supply at his hands—of hope and truth in the goodness of God, and in a better HEREAFTER. We think we see his breast labouring with agitation—the burning iron of the world's disappointment having entered into his soul, and left a wound which, though long since cicatrized, sometimes festers from fresh irritation. Mr. Hunt has our best wishes for his success—may he be rewarded for his exertions—may his family reward his paternal solicitude! We have said some severe things of this gentleman, but his answer to Mr. Moore has effected a miracle in our feelings; and his expressions of anxiety for his family have softened our heart to "melting charity." We make every allowance for the man who has suffered, or fancies that he has suffered, all that is set forth in the following passage of his *Tatler*. No name is mentioned, but there is evidence sufficient that Mr Hunt alludes to the severe circumstances of his own life.

> "Two years ago, if you had been a suffering Reformer, if you had persevered in one long work of endeavour for human good, or what you believed to be such, and in the belief that a time would come after you were dead and gone, when the dream should be realized,—if you had sacrificed 'health, fame, and fortune' in the endeavour; if you had encountered every species of opposition and calumny: if your cheeks had sunk; if your heart had been torn to pieces for your children; and if with a weakened frame, and no resources but of your tired thoughts, not even with a sixpence in the world before you, you had been compelled to begin life again, at an age when others begin to look forward to some repose; and if during this time, you had been deceived by false patrons, and forsaken by false friends, and at the close of it had been worked up by a combination of circumstances and of pangs infinite, to utter a syllable of complaint which might have been less excusable in happier hours, and which you yourself should regret,—that one offence would be turned against you as if you had committed a thousand crimes; all that you had ever said, done, or endured in behalf of generous sentiments would be forgotten; and nobody be so loud in your condemnation, as the men whose desertion had helped to sting you into the impulse."

We now proceed to lay Mr. Hunt's observations on Mr. Moore's attacks, and some of the letters of the latter to the former, when the author of *Little's Poems* stood in need of assistance; and the author of *Rimini*, in more prosperous circumstances, was able to afford it.

Perhaps Mr. Moore had forgotten that the letters which Leigh Hunt has published were in existence. This is probably the case. Mr. Hunt has fallen in fortune, Mr. Moore has risen in the region of fashion. His

daily intercourse is with nothing beneath the dignity of a lord, or of those who are the prime favourites of lords; or if he were not oblivious of their existence, he treated the matter with affected contempt — he looked with complacency at his own tinsel circumstances in life—then compared them with the leaden hue of those of Mr. Hunt; secretly exclaiming that "the fellow might write what he pleased, nobody would believe him if *he* were the object of censure;" he—the fondled of lords, and the acknowledged favourite of dowagers! The letters, however, have been published, and they have had their effect upon the world; and that the tale they tell may be further propagated, and treachery may be unmasked, we have selected two or three of the most convincing for insertion in REGINA.

The first was written when Leigh Hunt was incarcerated in Horsemonger-lane prison—Mr. Hunt remarks:—

"What he now sees in some passages of his letters, he leaves the reader to guess. The one, upon his patron Lord Moira in the following, will surely be held a curiosity by those who think of the different positions of Mr. Hunt as Editor of the *Examiner* and visitor of Lord Byron. The reader has been already told that the Italics in these letters are of the writer's own marking, not ours.

"Kegworth, Leicestershire, Tuesday.

"MY DEAR SIR:—I was well aware that, on the first novelty of your imprisonment, you would be overwhelmed with all sorts of congratulations and condolences, and therefore resolved to reserve *my* tribute both of approbation and sympathy till the gloss of your chains was a little gone off, and both friends and *starers* had got somewhat accustomed to them. If I were now to tell you half of what I have thought and felt in your favour during this period, I fear it would be more than you know enough of me to give me credit for; and I shall therefore only say, in true Irish phrase and spirit, that my *heart* takes you by the hand most cordially, and that I only wish heaven had given me a brother, whom I could think so well of and feel so warmly about. I hope to be in London in about [four] or five weeks, when one of my first [vis]its shall be to Horsemonger-lane, and I trust I shall find your restrictions so far relaxed as to allow of my not merely *looking at you* through the bars, but passing an hour or two with you in your room.

"I have long observed, and (I must confess) wondered at your *retenue* about Lord Moira, and have sometimes flattered myself (forgive me for being so vain, and so little just, perhaps, to your sense of duty) that a little regard for *me* was at the bottom of your forbearance, for you have always struck me as one whom nature never destined 'accusatoriam vitam vivere,' and who, if you were to live much among us Lilliputians of this world, would soon find your giant limbs entangled with a multitude of almost invisible *heart*-strings; but be this as it may, I must acknowledge (with a candour which is *wrung* from me) that Lord Moira's conduct no longer deserves your approbation, and when I say this, I trust I need not add, that it *no longer has mine.* His kindnesses to me of course I can never forget, but they are remembered as one remembers the kindnesses of a faithless mistress, and that esteem, that reverence, which was the soul of all, is fled. His thoughtfulness about me, indeed, remained to the last, and in the interview which I had with him immediately on his coming down here after his appointment, he said that, though he had nothing sufficiently good in his *Indian* patronage to warrant my taking such an expensive voyage, yet it was in his power, by *exchange* of patronage with Ministers, to serve me at home, and that he meant to provide for me in this way; to which I answered, with many acknowledgments for his friendship, that 'I begged he would not take the trouble of making any such application, as I would infinitely rather struggle on as I am, than accept of anything under such a system.' I must add (because it is creditable to him) that this refusal, though so significantly conveyed, and still more strongly afterwards by letter, did not offend him, and that he continued the most cordial attentions to us during the remainder of his stay. I know you will forgive this egotism, and would perhaps trouble you with a little more of it, if the unrelenting post time were not very nearly at hand.

* * * *
* * * *

"From yours ever,
"THOMAS MOORE."

The next has a reference to Lord Byron.

"Mayfield Cottage, Monday Evening.
[Post Mark, August, 1813.]

"MY DEAR HUNT,

"I hope you see my friend Lord Byron often; one of the very few London pleasures I envy him is the visit to Horsemonger-lane now and then.

"Faithfully yours,
"THOMAS MOORE."

Now for some remarks by Leigh

Hunt on his own *Rimini*. With some few passages of beauty, it for the most part is one mass of conceit; and the censure of the *Quarterly* was well deserved. Mr. Hunt, however, admits that it had faults, and that is saying much. But all this is nothing to the matter. The question is, what was Moore's opinion, and what Lord Byron's, of the poem? The reader shall see.

"In the letters of Lord Byron, published by Mr. Moore, are various notices of a poem written by Mr. Leigh Hunt, called the 'Story of Rimini.' In his Lordship's first mention of it in a letter to Mr. Moore, he calls it 'a real good and very original poem;' says he thinks it will be 'a great hit;' and adds, 'you can have no notion how very well it is written, nor should I, had I not redde * it.' In a letter of the same date to Mr. Murray the bookseller, he describes it as a 'very wonderful and beautiful performance, with just enough of fault to make its beauties more remarked and remarkable.' The 'Story of Rimini' was published; the *Quarterly Review* damned a poem written by the Editor of the *Examiner*; * * * We shall not pain ourselves by dwelling upon graver instances, but not long afterwards the faults of Mr. Leigh Hunt's poem became uppermost in the mind of his noble eulogizer; his friendship with Mr. Shelley (always beloved by his friends, and now so praised by those who have been taught to know him, as well as by those who are eager to reconcile themselves to the memory of a man of rank,) was a new offence to the Anti-liberals, and to those who fear them; and his admiration of the genius of another young poet, Mr. Keats, besides aggravating the offence, completed the impatience of the noble bard, who never liked Mr. Hunt's homage to Mr. Wordsworth as the first poet of the age. As to Mr. Moore, to go counter to the circles at all, except under circumstances which extorted their respect, or happened to suit the immediate policy of the Whig part of them, was a committal of a man's self, which, it seems, neutralized the merit of the exceptions, and not only precluded all public recognition of his friend, or even that hazardous assistance of a political squib or two, which his 'gratitude' promised, and his expediency took such care not to perform, but enabled him to write in two sorts of style upon one subject, to two different friends; as the reader will see presently. Mr. Moore cannot say his soul is his own, out of the pale of what is 'received.' He has no notion even of a pathos which is not dressed, as he thinks, in a manner fit to go to court. His sphere is a round of dinners: his universal empyrean the roof of the Opera House. Yet the annals of fashion might have taught him, that tears are to be shed even there; and nature, in spite of mistake, still find a sympathy. Lord Byron spoke too partially, in the first instance, of the faults in the 'Story of Rimini.' We are very sincere in saying so; and any reader may believe us, when we add, that he confounded them too much with the poem afterwards. The truth is, that the critics were right when they objected to certain coinages, cant phrases, and other defects in the poem, generated, not as they thought by affectation, but by a mistaken notion of avoiding the cant of common place.—In 1816, after the first outcry had been raised against the 'Story of Rimini' Lord Byron intimated to Mr. Moore, who had then become a critic himself, that a favourable notice of it in the *Edinburgh Review* would be useful, and 'do it justice.' But Mr. Moore, besides discovering that Mr. Hunt was no wholesale flatterer, had found out that the once potent editor of a newspaper, and critic of new operas, could be *quizzed* by a court dependant, and had thus become an object of ridicule to all who valued the gravity of their reception. In his first quarto, therefore, we find the following note on the above intimation of his lordship's:—

"'My reply,' says Mr. Moore, 'to this part of his letter was, I find, as follows: with respect to Hunt's poem, though it is, I own, full of beauties, and though I like himself sincerely, I really could not undertake to praise it *seriously*. There is so much of the *quizzible* in all he writes, that I never can put on the proper pathetic face in reading him.'—Vol. i. p. 644.

So far so good. Now mark the following letter written only a year before.

"Mayfield Cottage, March 7, 1814.

"My Dear Hunt—I do forgive you for your long silence, though you have much less right to be careless about our non-intercourse than I have—if I knew as little about you and your existence as you know of me, I should not feel quite so patient under the privation—but I have the advantage of communing with you, for a very delightful hour, every Tuesday evening: of knowing your thoughts upon all that passes, and of exclaiming 'right!—bravo!—exactly!'—to every sentiment you express—whereas, from the very few signs of life I give in the world, you can only

* "Lord Byron was in the habit of spelling the past tense of the verb *read* in this manner."

take my existence for granted, as we do that of the

> 'Little woman under the hill,
> Who, if she's not gone, must live there still.'

However, I *do* forgive you—and only wish I could pay you back a millesimal part of the pleasure which—in various ways—as poet, as politician, as partial friend, you have lately given me. Your Rimini is beautiful, and its only faults such as you are aware of, and prepared to justify—there is that maiden charm of originality about it—that '*integer, illibatusque succus*,' which Columella tells us the bees extract—that freshness of the living fount, which we look in vain for in the bottled-up Heliconian of ordinary Bards—in short, it is poetry—and notwithstanding the quaintnesses, the coinages, and even affectations, with which, *here* and *there*——

"I had just got so far, my dear Hunt, when I was interrupted by a prosing neighbour, who has put every thing I meant to say out of my head—so, there I must leave you, impaled on the point of this broken sentence, and wishing you as little torture there as the nature of the case will allow. I have only time to say again, that your poem is beautiful, and that, if I do not exactly agree with some of your notions about versification and language, the general spirit of the work has more than satisfied my utmost expectations of you. If you go on thus, you will soon make some of Apollo's guests sit 'below the salt.' The additions to this latter Poem * are excellent, and the lines on Music at the end are full of beauty.

"There are many of the lines of *Rimini* that 'haunt me like a passion'—I don't know whether I ought to own that these are among the number—I quote from memory.—

> 'The woe was short, was fugitive, is past!
> The song that sweetens it may always last.'

I am afraid you will set this down among your regular sing-song couplets—to me it is all music.

"Is it true that your friend Lord B. has taken to the beautifully 'mammosa' Mrs. ———? Who, after this, will call him a 'searcher of dark bosoms?' Not a word to him, however, about this last question of mine.

"Ever, my dear Hunt, most faithfully yours,

"Thomas Moore.

"I hope to deliver my mighty work into Longman's hands in May, but of course it will not go to press till after the summer."

The reader may make what comment best beseems him on the foregoing, Mr. Hunt shall again speak for himself.

"The next letter is dated four years afterwards, by which time Mr. Moore had got a considerable access of dread respecting the progress of liberalism. He has a pretty alliteration somewhere in one of his quartos about 'rank, riches, and religion.' We know not whether the alteration of times would have modified that particular passage, for we do not remember the context; but we are very firmly persuaded that if the second French Revolution had happened before the publication of Mr. Moore's prose works, the author would not have thought it necessary to express so much anxiety respecting the dangers of plain speaking; nor are we sure that the word religion would have been found in his writings. It was not to be expected perhaps under any circumstances, that Mr. Moore would be found in the van of opinion. We do not believe that he has given up to a party what was 'meant for mankind.' People are generally meant for what they do.

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Jan. 21, 1818.

"My Dear Hunt—Having the opportunity of a frank, I must write you a line or two to thank you for your very kind notices of me, and still more, to express my regret that in my short and busy visit to town, I had not the happiness, to which I looked forward, of passing at least one day with you and your family. I am always so thrown '*in medias res*,' when I go to London, that I have never a minute left for anything agreeable—but my next visit will, I hope, be one of pleasure, and then you are *sure* to be brought in among the ingredients. For the cordiality with which you have praised and defended me, I am, I assure you, most deeply grateful; and, though less alive, I am sorry to say, both to praise and blame, than I used to be, yet coming from a heart and a taste like yours, they cannot fail to touch me very sensibly. You are quite right about the conceits that disfigure my poetry; but you (and others) are quite as wrong in supposing that I *hunt* after them—my greatest difficulty is to *hunt them* away. If you had ever been in the habit of hearing Curran converse—though I by no means intend to compare myself with him in the ready coin of wit—yet, from the tricks which his imagination played him while he talked, you might have some idea of the phantasmagoria that mine passes before me while I write.—In short, St. Anthony's temptations were nothing to what an Irish fancy has to undergo from all its own brood of Will-o-th'-wisps and hobgoblins.

"My best regards to Mrs. Hunt.

"Yours very faithfully,

"Thomas Moore."

Leigh Hunt had sent Moore a composition entitled, *The Descent of*

* *The Feast of the Poets.*

Liberty, a Mask, which, to say the truth, adds the ingenuous author, was not worth his praises. We are of the same opinion, but so was not Mr. Moore, as the following missive will testify.

"You already know my opinion of it—it will live in spite of the Congress and Buonaparte—and though the principal maskers have shifted dresses a good deal since, your poetry is independent of the politics—it has that kind of general and fanciful character of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits, which will make it long outlive the frail and foolish heads that sat for it."

The last letter is dated from Paris, August, 1821.

"MY DEAR HUNT—I take the opportunity of a frank to send you a hasty line of acknowledgement for your kind mention of me. I was indeed most happy to see the announcement of your recovery, for public as well as private reasons—for, though you have right good auxiliaries, there is but one Richmond in the field after all.

"This is a very delightful place to live in, and if I was not *obliged* to stay in it, I should find the time pass happily enough; for were

'Ev'n Paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.'

Your friend Mr. Bowring and I were rather unlucky in our attempts to meet, but we *did* meet at last, and I liked him exceedingly."

Mr. Hunt concludes with the following stinging words.—

"All the insincere will of course secretly love Mr. Moore the better for these letters. His double-dealing will help to reconcile them to their own. But what will the sincere say to him? And they are a rising party now in the world! Perhaps he might have found it better for him in the end to stick to *them!*"

We have before said that Lord Byron was the most falsehearted of men. Here is testimony of the truth of this assertion.

"If Mr. Moore supposes that Lord Byron made him an exception to the way in which he used to talk of his 'friends,' he is mistaken.

"We do not remember him to have praised Mr. Moore's poetry but once. The poem he eulogized was one of the Irish Melodies beginning,—

'When first I knew thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee.'

"On the other hand, he was never backward to let you see that he had a poor notion of his serious poetry in general. He did not think that there *shone* much truth about that, either of style or sentiment. He says, in a letter to Mr. John Hunt, in alluding to the 'Loves of the Angels,' and observing that he should not alter his poem on that subject, 'I leave it to others to circumcise their Angels with their *bonnes fortunes* to the drawing-room and clerical standard.' In this passage, the words *others* and *theirs* have been substituted very plainly for the words *Mr. Moore* and *his*:—so cautious was he of committing himself on paper, and yet so desirous of saying all. His care in this respect was a circumstance worthy notice, considering the incontinence of speech for which he was famous. He used to observe, with a look of gravity, that 'you could not deny what you had written.' Yet this was the writer of an autobiography said to have been committed to the flames; and enough remains both in Mr. Moore's work, and in private letters, to shew that his scruples had come late, and to alarm his 'friends' all round. We have letters ourselves which we shall withhold, except in case of aggression: others we have burnt: and we beg it to be understood, that in those which remain, there is nothing to implicate a woman. No outrage ever did or could induce us to ward off a blow at the expense of the other sex. We have particular reasons for saying this, and therefore hope the reader will excuse the apparent supererogation.

"Lord Byron thought Mr. Moore a tuft-hunter* and a smell-feast. On Mr. Hunt's expressing his surprise one day, at an account of Mr. Moore's veneration for good dinners, Lord Byron exclaimed,—'He! why he finds out your bill of fare, and his countenance falls if it is not of the first order. You should have seen how distressed he looked one day at Venice, because the dinner did not suit him.'—'That then,' said the other, 'accounts for an expression I once saw in his face when the covers were taken off from some dishes. I had a suspicion of it, but could hardly believe it possible.'—'Do but give Tom a good dinner, and a lord,' returned the noble poet, 'and he is at the top of his happiness.—Oh!' added he, in the most emphatic manner, with a face full of glee, as above described, doubling himself up as he walked, lifting up his arm, and bringing it down with a doubled fist upon

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* Tuft-hunter is a college term for one who seeks the company of men of noble families; their caps being distinguished by a tuft of gold.

the word in Italics, 'TOMMY *loves* a Lord!'

The following anecdote will suffice to substantiate all that we have alleged on the score of vanity in Lord Byron.

"It was said in the *Times* newspaper (we forget exactly when, for we quote from memory, but we can refer to the passage, and will correct it, if necessary) that after all which had been said of this noble 'apostle and martyr of freedom, his exertions in the cause of Greece were limited to a six months' talk about an expedition to Lepanto, and a loan of some thousands of pounds which were repaid to his executors.' Mr. Leigh Hunt was walking with his lordship one day in the garden of the Casa Saluzzi at Genoa, when it pleased the noble bard to fall foul on the character of Milton, whose republicanism, patriotism, poetry, and everything else, he attributed to sheer 'vanity.' His companion said, that he supposed he meant to include in Milton's aspirations the love of glory, which was not to be denied; but Lord Byron would not allow the matter to be so qualified. He said it was all pure vanity, and nothing else; and that such was the motive of all public men, not excepting the greatest, let them do or suffer what they might. In short, he insisted on driving the proposition so far, that Mr. Hunt said he hoped he would not give such an opinion the sanction of his book, and put it in Don Juan; and asked him what he would say, if the world should turn round upon him, and in requital of what he was going to do for Greece, attribute all that *he* did to vanity. *His face turned of the colour of scarlet;* and he said no more."

We are proud of this opportunity of setting Mr. Leigh Hunt in a more satisfactory point of view in the eyes of the world:—We are equally proud of tearing the cloak from the shoulders of Mr. Thomas Moore, that the world may have a fair view of the inward texture of the man.—And now, having fulfilled our duty, we take our leave of our gentle Reader.

O. Y.

ON OUR NATIONAL PROSPECTS AND POLITICAL HISTORY.

BY W. HOLMES, ESQ. M. P. FOR HASLEMERE.

"And HOLMES whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

HOLMES, the Achates of the GENERAL's fight,
Who first bewitched our eyes with guinea gold;
As once OLD CATO, in the Roman's sight,
The tempting fruit of Afric did unfold."

DRYDEN, *Annus Mirabilis.* clxxij. clxxiij.

AT the Union the other night, OLD CATO* lamented as follows:—

"As for this country, there is no use in saying anything more about it, because it is scudding to the infernal regions with a fair gale of wind to its tail. To men who know the world, nothing can be more preposterous than what I see going on all around me.

"There was Lord Liverpool—no more sense than a turnip—God rest his soul! as the Papists say. There was he, and he kept the country together. What I mean by the country are the people who are paid by the country; for as to the rest who cares a brass farthing about *them?* I know *I* never did. There we were, snug and oily, all together, safe from the wind. Now and then old Burdett would get up a cross, to amuse the plebeians and secure *him* his election, and give *us* the opportunity of flooring him as *per* previous agreement; or Hume might fight about threepence halfpenny matters, in which, if he made a blunder the size of a half-farthing, we had our jokers ready to cut him up. *Diavol!* how droll we used to be at reading all the funny things that were put into print against Joe! And there was old Tierney—honest old Tier-

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* A name taken from the *Annus Mirabilis.*

ney!—a man who knew what was what. He opposed in a tender and nice manner, because being a sensible and well-trained old veteran as he was, he had always his eye cocked upon getting into place, and would have scorned to do the dirty thing of cutting down the emoluments.

"To be sure, we had Brougham, every now and then,—the Lord Brougham and Vaux, as they call the fellow now-a-days,—as bitter as soot, and especially angry and cantankerous when he saw no chance of his getting a silk gown. Do him justice, he basted us now and then in a pretty way enough—but Lord help the man! what was the consequence? who cared a tenpenny about it? We were sure of the King, George the Fourth—an honest, well-meaning, fat old gentleman as ever was. Lord Eldon had the Lords tight under his claw. In those days, the bishops dared not budge, not they—the beautiful bench that they are—and we had Canning in the Commons, who kept Brougham at bay. So he might twist his nose into as many shapes as Matthews twists his mouth—and we did not mind. He made his speech—I whipped in the animals—and there was an end of the business. He was always dead beat.

"As for Lord Althorp, who is now Chancellor of the Exchequer, (and a neat hand he makes of it,) why in those times nobody ever heard of his name. Johnny Russell, the Paymaster of the Forces, and the Grand Master of Reform—was no great shakes among us. Jemmy Graham, who made the seasonable *explanation* to O'Gorman Mahon, was a schoolboy—and Husky, my old friend, to do you justice, though an unfortunate accident took you off at the most particular of minutes, you settled the political economists for the rest of us. Apropos of that—I remember one of the pack, I believe it was Poulett Thomson, the ship-chandler, asked me one night if I knew "what was rent?" "Not practically," said I; "do you?" on which there was a laugh, and the Right Honourable Mr. Hemp-and-Tallow was floored.

"Well, Lord Liverpool dropped down in a fit—and what was to be done then? The Duke shammed opposition—the old Chancellor did it in earnest—Peel sneaked after the Duke—old Bathurst and Melville thought they would have been turned out if they did not resign, and therefore made off as a well-bred dog does when he is going to be kicked down stairs.—my cousin Westmoreland, who was only forty years in the cabinet, flattered himself that he would be brought in again before three months were over—and Lord Harrowby levanted because he was tired of the concern, and could not get any more places for his people. Did *I* resign? No!—But the word brings salt tears into my eyes when I think of what has been my fate since. What is it now to me that I escaped in 18 when the heavy lot fell upon me in 1830.

"So Canning came in. What happened in his ministry I now forget, except that he bullied George Dawson in famous good style, and made George hold his tongue. I served him faithfully because it was agreeable to my conscience, as he declared he was against Reform in Parliament, and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and vowed that he never would make Emancipation a cabinet question. Therefore I drank the glorious memory in peace, and thonged it for Canning, despising Dawson very much, and listening with great delight to John Croker's jokes against Peel, which said Peel used at that time to cut my respected countryman, declaring him a man of great dishonour and mean duplicity; two matters of which Sir Robert Peel ought to be a very accurate judge.

"Canning died of the newspapers, or else eating too much without moistening it, and Frederick Robinson reigned in his stead. The King—I mean George IV.—gave him the title of Viscount Goderich by patent, and that of Goose Goody in private conversation. Lucky for me it was that no Parliament sate during Goosey's administration. There was a sham fight between Husky and Herries which, by proper cultivation, was made into a good enough quarrel for blowing up poor Goosey's cabinet, and the Duke—my gracious master—returned as Premier.

"Well, said I, *now* all's right. Here are the Tories again! I was not sorry

when the Duke ordered Husky and the Grants, and Palmerston, and the rest of that set, to the right about face. Faith, it was I settled it myself!—They had a bull-bait on the business of East Retford; about which, nobody who had a pennyweight of brains in his head cared a Damac. But, up gets Husky, honest man! and declares for one side, with a speech, he being Colonial Secretary—up gets Peel, honest man! for another side, with another speech, he being Home Secretary. What was *I* to do? I did not care if Old Nick or Nic Vansittart had East Retford and all that dwell therein. But what was my line of action? Just think of Secretary dividing against Secretary in a civilized administration. So I said to the Duke, 'Your Noble Highness,' said I, 'permit me to remark that all this is mighty incorrect—which am I to believe in, Peel or Huskisson?' So said he [illegible] own civil and quiet [illegible] hearted old gentle- [illegible] says he—'Pitch [illegible] devil;' and of [illegible] me, I am getting old; [illegible] es in my head!—it's [illegible] Duke's carrying the [illegible] olic Bill. I knew [illegible] "And [illegible] was de- [illegible] until I found he [illegible] upon doing it. How could [illegible] resist?—I did not vote for it. —What says the player in one [illegible] Keefe's tragedies to the ghost of Blanket?—'Thou canst not say I did it.' Strange as it may appear, I was shut out on the division. Accidents will happen.

[illegible] of O's [illegible] despair [illegible] peace [illegible] therefore I [illegible] Emancipation [illegible] owed that [illegible] -ir, and [illegible]

"However, the Duke was the Duke, and there was no use in disputing with him; else he would have turned one off in a crack. Therefore, I stuck to him until he was obliged to trot. Oh, heavy hour! When I think of it—I trouble you to hand me over the brandy, that I may correct the cold in my stomach, occasioned by drinking too much port.

"And I too resigned!

"How have things gone on since? One comfort we have, that old Gaffer Grey is found out. By the god of [illegible], that ancient character used to crow over us as if he was something far above small beer. And now that he is there, as Minister, it is evident to the meanest capacity that he is not a pitch beyond Goderich. And Althorp does not flourish; and as for the rest they are old hands, tried and rejected, except Jemmy Graham, who, as I said before, is not so great a warrior as Hector of Greece. But it was not of that I was thinking. I'll make, if you please, one small pint tumbler of whiskey and water, because the heart within me is weak.

"What I was going to say, is this. Can the country go on—I leave it to a reasonable man—unless there is a real management of affairs? Cut down! Cut down! Cut down! that's the low cry of them who know nothing. 'Don't pension my lady this, and Mrs. that, and Mother tother,' —or, 'oh!—there's a lot too much money given to privy counsellors and members of Parliament; and other deserving characters.' What mean talk, what low talk, what dirty talk, what a filthy, shabby, beastly, good-for-nothing, villanous, and truly base set of creatures they are who say that——

"No—attack the King—he is great and rich, and can bear it; attack the church, because the parsons have no votes in the House; grind the poor clerks, because they are slaves that must work; pinch, squeeze, and starve the plebeians, because it's their business to be poor; but the placemen, the honest placemen, the honourable placemen, the true-hearted placemen—they who have been always at their posts, and ready at the worst of times to vote for the worst of parties—never think of touching *them*.

"We are ruined. Peel has no place, Goulburn has no place, the Dundases have only 200 places among them, *I* have no place, Mrs. Arbuthnot has only 938*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. per annum; Croker has no place, Twiss has nothing, Maurice Fitzgerald not a cross; there's Duncannon—he will, I hope, be kicked out of Kilkenny by the grateful people of Ireland, in whose language there is no word to express ingratitude; and at all events, what are his qualifications as compared with mine—and he *has* a place!

"Is this a country, or is it not?—I think not."

[*Grief here checked his tongue—the salt tears flowed over his venerable face—and, uttering a groan, he was silent.*]

Symposiac the Second.

SCENE, *Bellamy's*.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

So, Jeffrey, my neat little article, you have sneaked in for a bundle of rotten boroughs after all? Why did not you, great reformer that you are, come in for a county, as I did?

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Don't whistle till the storm is over, my Irish friend. There's a petition a head of you still.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Devil may care—I am safe, I think; but I would not give Jeffrey here the peeling of a potato for his chance.

OLIVER YORKE.

No—our worthy companion, the Lord Advocate, has Patrick Robinson—in himself a host, I wish he were a guest—against him; and the doings in Cupar were strong—rather strong. But, Jeffrey, why did not you get in, in some decenter fashion?

JEFFREY.

"He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar," is an old Scots proverb—I got in, however, in the best fashion I could.

OLIVER.

But after all your roarings in your Review for so many years—after declaring the Scotch plan of returning members to be the most disgraceful part of a disgraceful system—after raving against the Tories from prating youth to prating old age, for corruption; is there not something scandalously barefaced, or barefacedly scandalous in doing, *in propriâ personâ* all you have reprehended.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Pooh—pooh! Mr Yorke, don't be throwing his Review in his face. Isn't it forgotten by every body, and mayn't he be allowed to forget it himself?

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

What a gale he'd have blown after poor Rae——

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Poor enough he was, God knows that.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

I say, how he'd have blown great guns if Rae had done any thing of the kind. Split my wind, if he'd have left him an inch of canvas.

JEFFREY.

Why really, gentlemen, you are too hard. The fact is, my lud—gentlemen, I mean—that a Lord Advocate must be in the House. Now what were we to do? The men of the last ministry had all occupied the Treasury boroughs. Herries would not stir, Planta would not stir, Dawson would not stir, Holmes would not stir, Stanley——

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Whom O'Connell calls the shave beggar.

OLIVER YORKE.

Yes, but your great friend did not stick to his blustering when he came

before the House. I never heard any body so boggle for a word. "I—a—did—a—once—in—a—fact—a—in quoting a—a—a—ludi—ludicrous—a—story—make—a—use—a—of—the word—a—a—'shave beggar;" and then, after whispering it forth as gently as he could, he sate down, delivered as it were of a disgusting load.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

But, my dear namesake, you are interrupting little Jeffery here in his yarn.

JEFFREY.

I was saying that the people in for the Treasury boroughs would not budge; and Stanley having started at Preston, was defeated by a vender of blackball.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Faith, then, and 'twas he that blackballed the Irish Secretary.

JEFFREY.

He, he, he!—You are pleased to be witty, Mr. O'Gorman: but it was no joke to us. Ged, Sir! I was obliged to get in as I could.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

And, like a Whig, you got in by the dirty path.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Why, certainly, no place that had any freedom of election would have returned such a lubber as you.—They gave you a drubbing, I am happy to hear, at Forfar.

OLIVER YORKE.

Why, the Whigs were, you know, Sir Joseph, at a discount—their popularity ensured them manifold compliments of the same kind at the last election. There was Burdett pelted with cabbages and turnip-tops, by the botanical inhabitants of Covent Garden. I was by accident in the Garden at the time; and the flight of cabbages reminded me of so many birds of paradise winging their way through the air.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

It showed that the people thought old Spindleshanks ought to turn over a new leaf; and they, therefore, sent him plenty to choose among.

OLIVER YORKE.

It is a dead certainty, Jeffrey, that you will be turned out; and what loss will you be, even to your own party. You have not opened your mouth since you came into the House.

JEFFREY.

Like Addison and Gibbon—

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Like Addison?—ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

OLIVER YORKE.

[illegible]u, hu, hu, hu, hu!—Excuse me for laughing, my dear Jeffrey.—Waiter, [illegible]ttle of soda water.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

That's poor drink, Mr. Yorke.—Like Add——! ho, ho, ho, ho!—Waiter, another tumbler of whisky and water, screeching hot, with no lemon in it at all, except sugar.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Here, and as your hand is in, another splice of grog.—Like——ha, ha, ha! By my precious eyes, Jeff. but you'll be the death of me!

JEFFREY.

Really, gentlemen, I conceive——

OLIVER YORKE.

Conceive what you like, it is pretty clear, that you give us, Englishmen, no opportunity of deciding whether the puff upon you in the *Spectator* is deserved or not.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Bring me another cigar.—What was it?

OLIVER YORKE.

Why, the *Spectator* assured us that our friend here was a very fine fellow; that "his wit, though ever sparkling, is never offensive; that his humour, though not without breadth, is never vulgar; that his language, if not the purest in respect of idiom, is both refined and copious; that he speaks with extreme facility, the spring of his oratory swelling up, not by gushes, but in one pure, pellucid, perennial flow."

O'GORMAN MAHON.

That's mighty fine writing. it puts one in mind of Tom Steele

OLIVER YORKE (*continuing to read*).

"When all these circumstances are taken together, it will not appear surprising that Mr. Jeffrey is the *enfant gâté* of the Scotch public"

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

And it appears that he is determined not to risk himself upon a new tack. Truth is best. Jeff., did you spin that are yarn yourself?

JEFFREY.

What do you mean?

O'GORMAN MAHON.

O!—in plain English, did you scribble all that rubbish yourself, in your own praise?

JEFFREY.

I, gentlemen?—Oh no!—How could you——

OLIVER YORKE.

I am afraid that the denial fastens it upon you, my Lord Advocate. But I doubt if you are the author of the concluding remarks: "It may appear of small moment, though, in the first instance, it will tell against the Lord Advocate, that, as was said of St. Paul——"

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Oh! oh!—I must have another tumbler after that.—Jeffrey and St. Paul! —Waiter, a fresh snifter.

WAITER.

Sir?

O'GORMAN MAHON.

O! I forgot; your education was unhappily neglected. Fill this machine again with ditto-repeated.—I beg your pardon, Mr. Yorke; read on. You stuck at St. Paul.

OLIVER YORKE.

"—As was said of St. Paul, his bodily presence is weak."

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Yes, he is but a small craft.

OLIVER YORKE.

"A defect which is not improved by a voice somewhat of the thinnest, and issuing as it were by jerks from his chest, a pronunciation which we can only describe by saying that it is neither Scotch, English, nor Irish."

JEFFREY.

A most impudent calumny.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Don't fret about it, Jeffrey, it takes a deal of time to get the English accent as I have it. [*Cries of oh! oh!*] Ay, that's what they say to me in the House, but never mind.

OLIVER YORKE.

I cannot help remarking that this description of Jeffrey's person and voice in the *Spectator* would pass for a critique upon his literary labours. A long, lanky, perennial gush bubbling forth with a frothy facility—a small, small matter after all—a style of the thinnest, and a dialect which is mixed up of all the defects of Scotland, England, and Ireland, and equally rejected by all.

JEFFREY.

Mr. Yorke, you're personal, and——

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Call him out then. You see how soon Sir James Graham found out that I was no demagogue when I dropped him a hint.

OLIVER YORKE.

No—I'll *explain*. By the way, a contributor of mine has sent me a parody upon Lord Byron's "Tambourgi, tambourgi." Shall I chaunt it, to restore harmony?

OMNES.

Certainly.

OLIVER YORKE.

"Crown office! Crown office! the writ from thy scribe
Gives hope to the flunkies, and promise of bribe—
All the vow-breaking Baillies arise at the note,
Cuparian, Dundeian, each vendible vote.

Oh! none is so gay as the shabby turncoat,
With the hope of a place for the change of his note.
To the deil or his dam every promise may flock,
And he sticks to 'my Lord' as a shell to the rock.

Shall the Baillies of Perth, who could never refuse
A patron in place, placeless candidates choose?
They the chance of an Advocate member forego?
Slip occasion so tempting?—Oh—no—never, no!

Dundee, though disfranchised, sends forth all the race,
That toss off their *free* cups in the honour of *place*;
And their noses of red shall be redder before
Their champion is seated, and settled the score.

Then the turncoats of Cupar, who lie for a pound,
All ready to rat at a word shall be found;
Shall leave in the lurch their old friends without fail;
And my Lord Blue and Yellow shall hasten to hail."

I should mention that this last line is altered from the original parody. M· contributor wrote it.

> " And cram by false writs stubborn voters in jail."

You know, Jeffrey, to what it alludes; but I softened it.

JEFFREY (*much overpowered*).

Thank you, Sir, thank you.

O'GORMAN MAHON (*waking*).

Is there any more of that stuff?

OLIVER YORKE.

Half-a-dozen verses.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Oh!—[*relapses.*]

OLIVER YORKE.

" Who values a button the cause of reform,
The Tories may growl, or the Radicals storm.
No people of reason can think it a sin,
If things look quite different when *out* and when *in*.

He praised the fair face of reform in his youth,
And Scotch boroughs he fell on with talon and tooth;
But your Whig has been ever a double-tongued *lyre*,
And the " Articles" all may go fizz in the fire.

Remember the moment when Wellington fell,
The shrieks of the Peels, and the Greys' conquering yell—
All the posts that are vacant, the plunder to share,
The snug jobs to manage—the pickings so rare.

Talk not of consistency—there we are deaf;
He must think not of that who is voting for Jeff.
'Tis the day of our profits—and who ever saw
A more liberal member than *Purse-in-the-paw?*

Grey Gaffer his kindred is placing, like Peel;
And yellow faced Durham is Lord Privy Seal:
And the Treasury benches with Whiglings are stored—
And our own little Jeffrey's a neat legal Lord.

Committee! to poll then before the *town scribe;*
Crown-office, thy writ gives a promise of bribe.
Frank once would have hooted you out of the town,
But now you're in place, and our votes are your own."

WAITER.

Sir! Mr. O'Gorman Mahon!

O'GORMAN MAHON (*wakes*).

What is that. Mister me no Misters, audacious menial. The Spea himself calls me by my name, and the newspapers acquiesce.

WAITER.

There's a Hirish petition a-going on; and there's a scrimmage after you ·n the ouse.

O'GORMAN MAHON (*hastily swallowing a tumbler of punch*).

What's it about.—I must be off.—I'll be back in a crack, after I've given the fellows a twisting. [*Ex·*

SIR JOSEPH YORKE (*ejecting a mouthful of tobacco-juice*).

What! O'Gorman going to speak!—Stop, man.—By the god of war, I'd not miss him for the world. Sir Charles Wetherell and he are the only men in the House worth hearing.—I am only going to part company, my hearties, for a short while. Keep the grog stirring.—"When Britain first at Heaven's command." [*Exit singing, and pulling up his breeches.*

OLIVER YORKE.

Well, they are gone; they are friends of mine; but, nevertheless—no matter now.—What will you drink? We must have some quiet literary conversation together.

JEFFREY.

We all take toddy in the North; and I'll stick to it.

[*A couple of fresh bottles of whisky, with the accompaniments, are put upon the table. The gentlemen brew, each his respective quantum, in silence.*

OLIVER YORKE.

How is the *Edinburgh* getting on?

JEFFREY.

It is now in the hands of Macvey Napier. Tom Macauley is his great gun.

OLIVER YORKE.

And that is only a pop-gun.

JEFFREY.

And *Regina*, your own magazine, how does she prosper?

OLIVER YORKE.

As well as can be expected. We say we sell 10,000; but that is a trick of trade—all trades, *you* know, have tricks. But, in reality, we have not yet a *bonâ fide* sale of more than 8,700. Consider, we are scarcely a year started.

JEFFREY.

Well, at all events, the world ought to be eternally grateful to you for the able, manly, independent manner in which you have stood up to expose the goosey and humbug of fashionable novels. Since I have relinquished the Saffron and Blue, these feckless productions have been fluttering over the green and fragrant fields of literature like a swarm of hungry and destructive locusts, devouring all the fatness of the soil, and laying waste all the fairest hopes of the husbandman.

OLIVER YORKE.

Sir, I was long determined to chastise the base traffickers in the article, to use the shopman's phrase, of the fashionable novel. Than these, I do not think there is a more pernicious race in society. The thief may have hunger for his excuse for felony—the poor famished dank street-walker may allege desertion and earthly disappointment and despair as palliatives for her miserable trade—but what palliation is there for these Lockits and Peachums of society?

JEFFREY.

Why, Oliver, you are waxing eloquent—like Sidney Smith, or Harry Brougham, or James Macintosh, or even like myself, whenever we in our youthful days were bent upon flaying alive some unhappy animal who had incurred our most especial displeasure. A change, however, has come over the current of those things:—Macvey Napier's long nose is enough to damn the *Edinburgh*—from being sparkling and buoyant and witty, and redolent of mirth, humour, satire, and every thing that's bitter and cream-of-tartarish,

it has become as heavy and dull as ditch water. Heigh ho! that I should have to mourn over the fallen destinies of the Saffron and the Blue. It's all owing to Macvey Napier's long nose. You did well to call him *Macveius Naperius Naso.*

OLIVER YORKE.

And I did well, too, to make mince-meat of this tribe of novelists—to cut them up like a gourd; and, what is more, I promise you never to cease this war until I have exterminated them, as were formerly the swarms of pirates who whilom infested the Spanish Main, ycleped the Buccaneers. The pirates of the modern school of novel writing are no whit better. *Guerra a cuchillo.*

JEFFREY.

The fashionables, however, were even with you. Your *Regina* sprang forth in all her monthly billiancy, and astonished the cockney gazers with the full blow of her redundant and rainbow charms on the *first*, and then appeared on the *fifth* of the month in the——

OLIVER YORKE.

In a journal, as notorious for its pseudo-fashionable demeanour as the lobby beauty is for her obligations to the hare's foot and rouge pot, or as the Cheapside snip is for his *comme il faut* air, graces, and gait. Why, my good fellow, this tawdry journal puts on the cast off livery of the court footman, that it may with greater plausibility be enabled to impose on the unpractised vision of the town ignoramus and the country bumpkin.

JEFFREY.

Still it has succeeded—at least so they told me in the North.

OLIVER YORKE.

I doubt it—but no matter—so did Harriet Wilson's Memoirs. However, let us take some notice of the answer, (which bears every internal evidence of Bulwer's worst writing) to the hard hits of our immaculate and invincible *Regina*. Read, my dear Lord, and don't clip the King's English.

JEFFREY (*reads*).

"We have long intended to wield our potential and influential [the impudent varlet!] grey goose quill in defence of this vilified department of modern literature."

OLIVER YORKE.

Unheard of impudence—Tom Errand, in Beau Clincker's clothes, would, if brought into a modern drawing-room, make a similar strutting and cocking of plumes, under the vulgar supposition that a swaggering and bullying air would prevent discovery of the deceit. He—the snorting, kicking, hee-hawing donkey—he talk of taking up his grey goose quill in the defence of Novels—why he is the great delinquent himself. Is not the journal Colburn and Bentley's solid and undivided property? Did we not prove that it was obliged to puff and bepraise every piece of trash that issued from the manufactory of the Burlingtonians? Did we not produce eighteen consecutive examples of flagitious praise on the part of this same demirep, publication. However, my Lord, proceed.

JEFFREY (*reads*).

"Now we can well conceive that the laborious literator who has been digging and delving for the ore which gilds his own learned productions, in the occult and scattered veins of ancient knowledge, and who has nearly melted his own brains over the furnace in the process of amalgamation, *must feel sorely galled and mortified on perceiving the adhesive properties of his performance to the bookshelves of his publisher; while the octavo tripartite of the fashionable novel,—born of nothing, begot of nothing,—frivolous as the fumes of champagne*, and light as the down on the wings of Vanity—*evanesces like the*

vapours of his own literary crucible, leaving a button of pure gold *in its room! But surely the mind of such a philosopher might instruct him that purchasers of 'Granby,' or 'Almack's,' would have nothing to say to his paradoxes, even were the productions of fashionable novels interdicted by Act of Parliament; and that the sickly appetite which has originated the manufacture of these sugared cates, could not possibly be appeased* BY OAT CAKES AND ROUNDS OF BEEF."

OLIVER YORKE.

What horrible trash in point of writing—what nonsense in point of reasoning. The fellow who perpetrated such rank stuff ought to be tied to the halberds and get his three hundred—less were insufficient. We did not know before that philosophy was equivalent "to oat cakes and rounds of beef." We were equally ignorant that there is no intermediate step between frivolity and philosophy; in our ignorance we had conceived such a thing as common sense. Proceed, my Lord.

JEFFREY (*reads*).

"*Still more readily can we sympathise with the irritation of the true lover of literature,* who, in his eagerness for the regeneration of the belles lettres in England, *mistakes the effect for the cause, and pounces on the fashionable novel, pronouncing it to be the worm which has eaten to the heart of the withered oak tree, in whose corruption it has been engendered.*"

OLIVER YORKE.

The worm in the oak-tree, begotten of corruption, begets that corruption—helps in the spread of havoc and desolation. The participator in mischief is equally guilty with the prime cause of the mischief.

JEFFREY (*reads*).

"So far from injuring the cause of literature, they have no more in common with its interests than a wooden rocking-horse with the hunters in Lord Plymouth's Melton stud, while their enormous abundance proves only that, being addressed to the idle, luxurious, and wealthy, who are able to gratify their ravening appetite for novelty, the supply is necessarily proportioned to the demand."

OLIVER YORKE.

Gin-drinking might be defended on the selfsame principle.

JEFFREY (*reads*).

"They might just as well propose the demolition of Gunter's or Grange's luxurious counters, on the plea that bread is the staff of life, and confectionery an enervating indulgence; or write down Spitalfields and their brocaded splendours, because a frieze trusty is a sufficient defiance against the inclemency of the weather. The rational part of the community, meanwhile, will admit that *all* these flimsy luxuries are the natural product of a state of society uniting a degree of morbid refinement with the excitements of excessive opulence."

OLIVER YORKE.

If pastrycooks and silkmercers were to pass off their wares as the most substantial and indispensable food and clothing, their fraud should be exposed. But the parallels to our friends in Burlington-street, are not Gunter and Grange; but Doctors Jordan and Eady. Go forward. The *philosophy* I pass.

JEFFREY (*reads*).

"But we have hitherto considered the fashionable novel in its meanest character; we are now willing to advocate its claims in a nobler point of view. Perceiving no reason that it should not be made a vehicle for the display of as much morality, wit, humour, tact, judgment, grace, and pathos, as the best comedy of the best era of dramatic literature, *we conceive, that were the fashionable novel cultivated by first-rate writers, and emended by first-rate*

critics, it might be placed in an eminent station in the ranks of elegant literature. The best and most popular novels we possess are such as would be included to-day in the vituperated class of the 'fashionable.' 'Sir Charles Grandison' and 'Clarissa' for instance; 'Lady Julia Mandeville,' 'Evelina,' 'Cecilia,' 'Belinda,' 'Ennui,' 'Vivian,' and a hundred others equally instructive and entertaining; not even Fielding, the coarsest of writers, refrains from the introduction of a 'Lady Bellaston,' as a patch of tinsel on his serge doublet. Grammont's mendacious memoirs can be considered in no other light than a fashionable novel; and in the beginning of the last century, when poetry usurped the place from which she has been ejected by the progress of civilisation, the 'characters' of Pope and Young were, in truth, the unconnected materials of a grossly-personal fashionable novel; while 'The Rape of the Lock' of the former writer assumes avowedly the same popular tone."

OLIVER YORKE.

Only observe the truckling rogue—how hard he strives to make good his rotten position; and how miserably the creature fails. If the fashionable novel were cultivated by first-rate writers, and emended by first-r[illegible] critics, it would be different to what it is at present, forsooth. To be su[illegible] it would! If the writer had brains in his head he would not talk such arrant nonsense. If Messrs. Colburn and Bentley were to leave off puffing they would not be so guilty of imposing on the public as they are. Why, we might go on speaking in the subjunctive for ever. But to what good? Do you not, my Lud, admire the clumsy manner in which the hack attempts to blend the manners of our age with those of another as distinct and different from its predecessors as light is from darkness?

JEFFREY.

To be sure. The first was the age of coarseness, the present that of refinement. The beau of Shakspeare's time would be the clown of the present. Modes of speech and manners alter from age to age.

OLIVER YORKE.

I am, Jeffrey, but you are forgetting yourself, and your voice is becoming husky.

JEFFREY (*drinks, replenishes, and reads*).

"Personality is a species of King-of-Oude's-sauce, made to season all possible viands for all possible occasions. The idler portion of the reading world are so basely covetous of private scandal, that even a sermon is improved to their palate by the introduction of a clause, especially addressed to the errors of a friend; and the moment a work is placed in their hands, containing a lordship or ladyship among its dramatis personæ, they set about discovering affinities between these chimerical personages, and some tiresome relation or rival at Almack's, sharing, in common with the fictitious hero or heroine, the ordinary frailties and passions of human nature. But while the fair lectress of Park-lane luxuriates in the idea that her odious friend, the Countess, is shewn up in 'Almack's,' or 'The Exclusives,' Mrs. Tibbs, the Attorney's wife at York or Bristol, is equally delighted with her discovery, that 'that 'orrid Lady Sophia, our county member's wife, has got it at last'—in the same character."

OLIVER YORKE.

Oh, that we could make out the fellow's mittimus to the tread-mill. Because the world loves scandal, writers must cater to the pruriency of that world! Oh, for the tread-mill—the tread-mill! What a pretty compliment he pays to the powers of depicting character displayed in these novels drawn from "life." But, my dear Lord, don't fatigue yourself any further with that nonsense. I think I have considerably dished that trade. My satire has been more fortunate in its direction than yours when you thought to write down Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Moore, Southey, Burns, Swift—

JEFFREY (*blushing*).

Spare me, my dear Sir—do not remind an old man of the presumptuous follies of his youth.

OLIVER YORKE.

Well—let us turn to another subject. I have just read Sotheby's Homer—and—[*noise outside*] Oh! our friends are returning—and we——

Re-enter O'GORMAN MAHON *and* SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

OLIVER YORKE.

Well—what have you been doing?——

O'GORMAN MAHON.

A horrid shame to count the House when I was going to speak.

OLIVER YORKE.

Quite disgusting.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Well, it's no matter, they are going out.

JEFFREY.

Who, my dear sir?—who

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Why your set, the Whigs; they have not a leg to stand upon

JEFFREY.

Good Heavens! (*rushes out*)

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Ay, you may go, for your time is short. Here, Waiter, bring some drinking traps.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Such a helpless set of Ministers I never saw. They just resemble a land-lubber rolling about he knows not how aboard ship, before he has got his sea legs. There is a mutiny among them, as sure as a gun. Why, Grant snaps at Graham, and Graham at Grant. Pretty fellow that Graham to put at the head of the navy. I'll be shot if he knows larboard from starboard.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

And what an elegant hash they made of their Budget. They were to have a tax upon transfers in the funds, but the Jews bawled so against it, that they dropped it like a hot potato.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

They will be obliged to do the same with the timber tax—the shipping interest are all up sky high.

OLIVER YORKE.

And their tax upon Cape is abandoned. By the way it was pretty relief to the middling classes to tax Port and untax Claret. The man that could afford to pay four or five guineas a dozen for his wine is relieved, and he who could only afford thirty or forty shillings has his prices raised.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

And by the Pope of Rome, and all other Saints, they shan't tax the steam passengers. What! check the influx of the finest peasantry on the face of the earth? Could *my* constituents pay a half-crown tax? Not they, faith.

OLIVER YORKE.

It will press hard upon the pleasures of the Cockneys, and it is bad policy not to keep the Metropolis in good humour.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Yes, and it will bedevil the Steam Boats on the Clyde for instance, and elsewhere. It is a tax that *must* be thrown overboard.

OLIVER YORKE.

Well, then, and what remains?—the transfer tax is gone—the timber tax is going—the steam-boat tax cannot stand. What remains? O! a tax upon raw cotton. Manchester protests against it. I was glad to see that Young Praed made so sensible a speech for his *début*.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Then what did they take off?—duty of tobacco—and put it on again.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Very bad that. Bring me a pipe.

OLIVER YORKE.

The tax upon glass—and put it on again.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

The tax upon manufactured calico—and put it on again in a tax upon the raw material.

OLIVER YORKE.

The tax upon newspapers, which will give us the best public instructors a penny a-piece cheaper—a great relief indeed.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

And the newspaper people themselves do not give the ministers thank you for it. The Doctor himself told me so the other night. Besides, it is a breach of faith with the Irish papers, which is another reason for the immediate necessity of repealing the Union.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

How is it a breach of faith with the Irish papers?

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Why, you see, the Irish papers are sold for a fivepenny and the English for sevenpence—therefore does not it stand to reason that the English should always pay two-pence more than the Irish? I saw it proved in a Dublin paper.

OLIVER YORKE.

Very reasonable indeed! Then the only tax taken off after all, worth mentioning, is that upon candles?

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Which was always a *light* duty.

OLIVER YORKE.

Fine financiering! but what could be expected when such a shallow prater as Poulett Thompson was the adviser. On the whole, the Whig ministry has been a failure. I am glad they got in, if it were only to prove that Lord Grey is an incapable old coxcomb. It requires, after all, no great talent, to make a showy speech once or twice a session, when you can choose your own time and your own question—when you have nothing to do but to find fault; to review a book, as I may say, not to write one—and when you come, moreover, crammed by all the wit and wisdom of your party. It is rather different when you must act, not cavil; get up, night after night, to defend, instead of to attack; and in place of carrying on a desultory guerilla warfare, undertake the management of a campaign. His Lordship's incapacity has been discovered: "the place," as the Bible says, "has shown the man."

O'GORMAN MAHON.

And a poor show it is.

OLIVER YORKE.

Lord Grey is one of a school which I hope is now defunct:—a school with whom speechifying was every thing—with whom the delivery of an oratorical paragraph, or the rolling-forth of a rhetorical figure, or the composition of a curt contumelious epigrammatic sentence, seemed to be all the essence of political wisdom and sagacity. The rhetoricians were nearly done. This break-down of Lord Grey puts an end to them for ever. Nobody can expect any thing from them *now*.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

And a fair wind after them. The ministry must walk the plank.

OLIVER YORKE.

Yes:—Lord Grey, Goderich, Palmerston, Auckland, Althorp, Lansdowne, &c. must go. I do not think that Brougham, who has risen in public estimation since his rise to the woolsack—here, too, the place has shown the man—need stir; perhaps one or two others may be retained, but we must have a Tory ministry.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Whew!—Well! they could not be worse than the thieving Whigs.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

With Peel in it.

OLIVER YORKE.

The bitter in the cup.—I trust that disgrace may be avoided; but if he does come in, his situation must be subordinate, and he must surrender his precious currency bill.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

And reform?

OLIVER YORKE.

Next Tuesday—the day *we* appear—will go far towards deciding that; but no matter, reform must come now—all parties agree in that, as the Quarterly Reviewer is obliged to admit.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

By the way, who wrote that bow-wow article in the *Quarterly?*

OLIVER YORKE.

What, don't you know?—It is no secret.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

I cannot guess. Who is it?

OLIVER YORKE.

Why John Murray himself.

O'GORMAN MAHON.

Well, I do not see any chance of my joining the cabinet. But what will you do with Ireland?

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Send her to Davy Jones. I wish that my old boatswain's advice was practicable, which he proposed as we were standing by Cape Clear, on our way from the West Indies, some thirty years ago. "Captain," said he to me, turning a quid in his jaw, "don't you think that if they scuttled that ere island, and laid her under water for four-and-twenty hours, it would do her a lot of good?" I think with the boatswain. There is no better plan.

O'Gorman Mahon.

Sir Joseph—I will not let my beautiful, though unhappy country be insulted.

Oliver Yorke.

Oh! Gentlemen, no quarrelling, for God's sake. Here are two jovial drinking songs which Sir Morgan has written for our Symposiacs. Let's rehearse them, as the players say, and try whether they will flow trippingly from the lip. As for Sir Morgan, the life and soul of these parties, he says, he can't join us this evening, for his fat bouncing widow has just arrived from Cheltenham, and he trusts, by a grand *coup d'état*, to win her hand, and, what is better than her mutton fist, her clear three thousand a year. Come, Sir Joseph shall try one, and yourself the other.

Sir Joseph Yorke.

Gad—give us the yarn. I'll stave it forth for you.

[*Puts down his pipe, swigs off his grog, and sings.*

persicos odi, &c.

'Bout your foreign symposiacs, prythee, don't bother me,
 I hate your soup maigre and frogs *à la Russe*.
I'd a smoking rump steak, and nice oyster sauce rather see,
 Than all that Beauvilliers' art can produce.

I despise thin potations, vin du pays 's my abhorrence ;
 Small wine and small glasses I piously scout.
Than to yield to encroachments like these I have more sense,
 Here, waiter, quick, hand me a bottle of stout.

And no bad thing either. Waiter, the stout.

[*Waiter brings the stout.* Sir Joseph *finishes the bottle at a pull.*

O'Gorman Mahon.

Faith, Sir Joseph, you have a mouth capacious as the Dragon of Wantley's. Now comes my turn. Ill pitch my voice, as I do in the House, where the Reporters seem to think it sounds most musically, at least to judge from the effect, for the Reporters all stretch out their crane necks and long ears, as if they would not lose a single word for a mint of money.

Song by O'Gorman Mahon.

Long glasses at Long's, when high brimming for me,
 With brisky and frisky champagne,
Give a cock to my Pistol-like courage, d'ye see?
 Till big valour swells out ev'ry vein.
I go to the House, and I kick up a row,
 But Stanley won't jaw when I press him;
So again I uncork a bright magnum with Yorke,
 Jolly Oliver Yorke, God bless him!
  God bless him!
 Jolly Oliver Yorke, God bless him!

I've a love for the King, and more for the Queen,
 And more for myself than the two,
And *standing*, I'll *fall* by this Magazine,
 And toss off my swizzle with you!
I'm, d—m me! agog! but no demagogue,
 As Sir Jemmy—but don't let's distress him!
Here's the King, and the Queen, and the land of Potheen,
 And bold Oliver Yorke, God bless him!
  God bless him!
 Here's to Oliver Yorke, God bless him!

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Capital—excellent—admirable. Braham never did it better.

OLIVER YORKE.

Now, gentlemen, let us have a round—a grand chorus, and then 'gad we'll set to and make a night of it. I'll strike up.

SOON as welcome night lets fall,
All so heavily—all so heavily,
O'er the earth her dusky pall.
All so heavily—heavily.

Overjoyed again we'll meet,
All so merrily—all so merrily;
With light hearts and flying feet,
And thrilling touch and whisp'ring sweet,
To trip it merrily—merrily.

Then will music's sprightly strain,
Sounding cheerly—sounding cheerly,
Charm away each ling'ring pain,
All so cheerly—cheerly.

And when every brow is clear,
And eyes beam witchingly—eyes beam witchingly,
Love will half forget to fear,
And Beauty not disdain to hear,
The suit that humbly courts her ear,
Pleading touchingly—touchingly.

OMNES.

Omnes.—Ha! ha! ha!

OLIVER YORKE.

Waiter—here, waiter—bring two fresh bottles and clean glasses.

Enter a Gentleman in black.

Mr. Yorke—

OLIVER YORKE.

What is this interruption? Cannot I take mine own ease in mine own Inn.

[*Gentleman motions Mr.* YORKE *to the door—slips an immense letter into his hand—puts his finger to his lips, and exit.*

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Why, this is like the old dumb shows.

OLIVER YORKE (*hastily perusing the letter*).

Gentlemen—I *must* go—I must attend His ———, the personage, I mean, from whom this comes, this moment. [*Exit.*

O'GORMAN MAHON.

By the powers—I would not wonder if the King has sent for him to settle the Cabinet—

[*Left speaking.*]

Gunnell and Shearman, 13, Salisbury Square, London.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XV. APRIL, 1831. Vol. III.

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LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;

JOHN ANDERSON, JUN., EDINBURGH; AND

GRANT & CO. DUBLIN.

M.DCCC.XXXI.

LONG SONG OF ECSTASY.—BY F. W. N. BAYLEY.

There stands a house in Regent Street,
With books in all its windows,
The Sailor's Voyage to Timbuctoo,
The Battles of the Hind[illegible]os
Pelham, Devereux, and Waverley,
Lie in the farthest corner,
By side of Bishop Heber's Life,
And the Death of Johnny Horner
And Sketches drawn from Irish Scenes,
And F[illegible]s of English Counties,
With a List of all the British Peers,
And a Pamphlet on their Bounties!

But of all the books expose there,
The Star!—the Sun—the Shiner!
Was a proud and peerless Work that bore
The title of REGINA!
A strawberry stamp'd on either leaf,
Was mingled with the thistle;
And [illegible] weigh'd and free,
As [illegible]'s wild whistle!
It [illegible] on high Parnassus' top—
The summer roses wav'd it!
I ask'd [illegible] Fraser's Magazine!
I found the people call'd it.

I learnt the story of its birth,
[illegible] was the m[illegible]
It claim'd the Muses for its friends,
And Blackwood for its brother!
Apollo printed all its leaves!
The Graces came to bind it!
It left the other Magazines
A thousand miles behind it!
The *Monthly* saw it come to light,
And got the Typhus Fever!
The *Gentleman's* hung down its head!
The *Lady's* fell for ever!

The *New* was put all out of joint,
The *Asiatic* doubled—
The *Edinburgh* prick'd up its ears!
The *Quarterly* was troubled!
The Novel writers took it up,
And read, and mused, and wonder'd,
The Ministry perceived at once
How sadly they had blunder'd!
The Authors of the Nether world,
The Simpletons,—the S[illegible]es,
Came up to ask if they might all
Contribute to its pages.

Sir *Oliver* was chosen first
Its literary broker,
Then Legends of the Fairy Land
Were penn'd by *Crofton Croker*
The *Ettrick Shepherd* wrote it out,
A Story of the Spectres!
While *Locke* himself thro' thick and thin
Abused the State Directors
He summed them up a List of Sins,
And shew'd the world their knavery,
While honest *Galt* exposed again,
The Sons of Anti-Slavery!

The Laureate *Southey* wrote in verse
A History of his Dragon
While *Delta* sent it Poems sweet
And tales—to load a waggon!
The *Hemans*—Goddess Queen of Song!
Was there in all her glory,
And people read in mute amaze,
Her bold heart-stirring Story!
The *Norton* whom some fairy queen
Has deign'd to ply her wand on!—
With low notes from the thrilling lute
Of young *Letitia Landon!*

String[s] of the *Bayly's* witching harp,
With the [illegible]'s thinking,
And *Noct[es]* where the Lo[illegible]
S[illegible] drinking!
The great *O'Doherty* was there
With punch bowl [illegible]!
And [illegible] such merry song,
O[illegible] such deep p[illegible]
And [illegible] had such a mine of [illegible],
Or such a store of knowledge,
From [illegible] in the North,
To the hall in Dublin College!

Then for Reviews—*Regina's* lads
Were [illegible] of reviewers!
They [illegible] Publishers like [illegible],
And made the Authors [illegible]—
[illegible]
When speaking of one [illegible],
It [illegible] as the John Bull,
Or [illegible]!
But when a *gentle* [illegible] appear,
It—[illegible] summer wind is,
Take for example what it said,
About my own *West Indies*.

With *Portraits* [illegible]
It made the world [illegible]
To see their Phizzes [illegible]
Is next to [illegible]
[illegible] was drawn [illegible]
When evening dews [illegible]!
Sir Walter [illegible] his [illegible]
[illegible] his north [illegible]—
Galt warm'd his inexpressibles
[illegible]
And [illegible]
A [illegible]

Lockhart, the Comet of the North,
His [illegible]
Moore gazed up[on] the Clement Skies
And [illegible] like Momus joking!
Campbell—with lengthy pipe in hand
Seem'd like a God in Cov[illegible]—
Maginn arrayed in new brown scratch,
A Gentleman all over
Croker the Irish Fairy King
And Oberon of the Moderns,
With several others yet to come
Who doubtless will be odd 'uns!

Go on—Go on, thou Magazine—
Let no one over haul thee—
Continue still the Chief—the Queen—
No evil can befall thee!
Some day—even *I*—upon thy Page
May chance to cut a figure!
When my Fame like bladders just half-blown
Shall grow—by puffing—*bigger!*
Meanwhile—I bow!—I bend—I stoop;
Doctissima Doctrina!!
And sing in Chorus with the world,
God prosper thee, *Regina!!!!*

The writer of the Chorus in our Symposiac of last Number knew nothing of the article in which it was inserted.—We state the fact at his earnest desire.

Want of space prevents us this month inserting some documents received from Mr. St. John Long, in reply to a statement of ours in a former number.

No Communication received after the 12th of the Month, can be answered in any manner until the expiration of that month. And we cannot undertake to return short MSS., particularly those containing Verses. It is easier for our Correspondents to keep copies than for us to write at least one hundred letters monthly.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XV. APRIL, 1831. VOL. III.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

There may possibly be men found, herding goats, for instance, upon the mountains of the Principality, or working in the mines of Cornwall, an hundred fathoms below the level of the sea, or fishing herrings in some lonely bay, over which Ben Nevis throws his shadow at noon, who have never heard of the borough of Callington, or Mr. Baring the capitalist, or Westbury, or Sir Massy Lopez, or Gatton, Old Sarum, Minehead, Midhurst, Bramber, Malmsbury, Calne, Tavistock, Knaresborough or Malton; nay, who have never heard of Horace Twiss, Wilson Croker, Babbington Macaulay, Lord John Russell, or Sir Robert Peel. We do not affirm that such men are extant, we merely assert that their existence is possible; and that, if they have a local habitation and a name, it is only amongst them and on such minds as theirs, that there can be any doubt as to the necessity of Parliamentary Reform. It is no more than reasonable to suppose that these persons, if there be any such persons, are less conversant with this important question than the honourable Secretary for Ireland, simply because they have never had the misfortune to hear it propounded, and consequently are unprepared to vote the extinction of charters and boroughs, of whose existence they have never even dreamt.

But making due allowance for this enviable state of ignorance, and giving to our opponents the benefit of every problematical doubt upon the subject, we think it may safely be asserted that the great mass of the British population take at present a deep interest in the momentous question to which we have alluded. It may be the effects of mania, it may proceed from inspiration, or it may be caused by a mixture of both, joined with a sense of long endured and unredressed grievances; but certain it is that the people, with one voice, now demand parliamentary reform. The still and torpid wretchedness of the last four or five years, the patient suffering, the infatuated perverseness of the government, the failure of every shift and expedient, and the agonies of despair, have at length produced such a moral convulsion, such an upbreaking of principles, parties, opinions and attachments, as threatens to inundate and sweep away all the institutions and landmarks of our ancestors. The cry for reform is loud and general, and apparently unanimous; but it is the unanimity which characterises incensed men in a popular tumult. It pervades all classes; but calm discussion there is none whatever. The clamour meets us at every corner, and it is boisterous and violent; but the sound is like the sound of inebriety. Patriotism reels like a drunkard; and in those assemblies, congregated to discuss important interests and public rights, that man would be torn to pieces who should dare to utter a single word in dissent from the pervading impulse. The demagogue runs through the streets like an amateur incendiary broken loose from a mad-house, furious and ferocious, blood upon his lips, a torch in his hand, and his voice hoarse with the utterance of in-

sane denunciations. Reform is commended to us like a poisoned chalice, the alternative of which is assassination. The very wretch who is trodden in the mire by the passing idol rises up and cheers it as an avenging deity. He kisses the chain which is designed to fetter him as a slave. He blesses the chariot wheel that breaks his limbs and excludes him from the community of freemen; and, in his frenzy of delirium, he hails that as a triumph which shall rob him and his children of their hereditary and civil privileges.

Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to inquire into the causes of this political mania. It is not enough to affirm, that it has its source in the influence or the measures of the present administration. This would be like judging of the cause of an earthquake by the extent of its eruptive lava, or the ashes it scatters on the winds. This would be like inferring the origin of a fire, from the decomposition of its embers. We must go deeper than this, and much farther back, and trace the secret workings of a system, which has brought into fierce collision all the elements of disaffection—has alienated the poor from the rich, and the labourer from his employer—has made war upon every paramount interest, and made its victims the exasperated enemies of the monarchy.

For ourselves, as reformers, we confess we do not feel any surprise at the discontent that prevails, however much we may regret the violence of the excitement. It is impossible to call to mind the nature of the measures which have been introduced, and the matchless folly of the different ministries which have been in power since 1823, without at once seeing the origin of those calamities which now press upon us—which have identified poverty with revolution—and based upon the ruins of credit and confidence, the desire to hurl into oblivion those institutions, by means of which the shallow *doctrinaire*, and the unprincipled statesman, have been enabled to exert so pernicious an influence. It is impossible to look back on the alienated policy of England—the advantages she has thrown away—the wretched diplomacy by which she has allowed herself to be duped—the trade she has sacrificed—the manner in which she has been over-reached, betrayed, insulted, trepanned, cheated, and made the jest and the prey of every petty state in Europe and America—without at once perceiving the origin of that disgust and dissatisfaction, which have made the House of Commons an object of derision, and the ministers of the crown a byeword for all that is pitiful on the score of ignorance, or reprehensible on that of error or incapacity. We appeal to every man who has paid the slightest attention to public affairs since the death of Lord Londonderry, whether the several ministries—five in all—which have been in power since 1823, and the different leaders of the House of Commons who succeeded him, have not, in all their public acts, exhibited the most lamentable lack of talent, and made the name of an English statesman a public reproach.

First there was Mr Canning, as Foreign Secretary, who converted the cabinet of Lord Liverpool into a sort of bear garden, where paltry paradoxes in commerce, founded on political economy, were enforced with the stolid perseverance of a community of hair-dressers commissioned to overturn the Newtonian philosophy. There was Huskisson warring with the commercial maxims of Oliver Cromwell—Charles Grant damning acts of parliament, with quotations from Ramsay Macculloch—Canning himself uttering threats against foreign powers at night, and meanly eating his words, and erasing his epithets from his speech in the morning. All this was bad enough—humiliating enough—contemptible enough—grating to our pride—repugnant to our interests—exhibiting our first-rate statesmen in the light of paltry spouters, lords of talk and words, transcendant in eloquence, but weak in judgment, irascible, impotent, towering after dinner, and craven, chapfallen, and pluckless before breakfast. They had the will to insult, but not the courage to strike. They had the disposition to let loose the "discontented spirits" of Europe, in their fits of senatorial magniloquence; but, on calmer consideration, they shrank from their own propositions, and met the remonstrances of our allies with denials

founded in falsehood. Under the pretext of extending the principles of free trade, and conferring upon the British manufacturer superior advantages in all the markets of the world, they concluded treaties, which have proved ruinous to the shipping interest, and have reduced thousands of manufacturers to insolvency and beggary. In order to give effect to these fallacies, they did not hesitate to impose the most glaring misrepresentations upon Parliament. To show that the consumption of British manufactures in Prussia and Poland was inconceivably more extensive than our own returns proved, the fabricated statements of the Prussian minister were produced in evidence before the House of Commons. These documents represented that more manufactures were consumed in Prussia alone, than were actually exported to the whole of Europe. Nevertheless, the fraud took, and the public were deceived. Our own official returns were pronounced to be spurious, and this artful and mendacious document, fabricated in Prussia, was held to be accurate and admissible by a House of Commons resolved to shut their eyes against common sense and conviction.

It was this infatuation in the House, and this dishonesty in its leading members, aiming at the advancement of principles detrimental to our best interests, and destructive of our commercial ascendancy, which have made its odour smell rank in the nostrils, and have attracted towards it that popular thunder which now threatens its annihilation. Just, indeed, would be its doom, if it alone were punished. Justly, indeed, would the rotten boroughs be extinguished, if they alone were to be the sufferers. Justly would a profligate crew be thrown overboard if the ship could be steered to port without mariners. Canning, Huskisson, and the liberals, introduced those measures which, according to the *Quarterly Review*, have made the people out of doors entertain but an indifferent opinion of the wisdom of Parliament, and openly to express sentiments of their representatives bordering upon contempt!

It is lamentable and humiliating to be obliged to admit the general accuracy of this sweeping charge. It is in vain to deny that the House of Commons, as it is at present constituted, has fallen into disrepute. From the hour when it departed from that system of foreign and domestic policy under which the country had flourished for nearly two centuries—when it wantonly abolished laws, which long experience had proved to be sound and conservative —when its leading oracles, trampling upon the wisdom of ages, had become a set of shallow, heartless, superficial, and pragmatical *doctrinaires*, the measurers of shadows, the professors of paradoxes, the expounders of theories based upon dreams, the exhumators of the remains of Adam Smith, who, although their idol, they have made their victim,—then it was that they became odious in the eyes of all sensible men, not more from their ignorance than from the injuries they were the means of inflicting upon the people. Then it was that public confidence was withdrawn from them as razors are from the toilette of a maniac. As they rose in their own estimation, they sank in that of the people. As the House resounded with cheers, the usual epinicion on every bad measure, the good man and the real patriot hid their faces and wept. As they proceeded, from stage to stage, exhibiting their nostrums, and not only prescribing, but enforcing their empirical salves and lotions upon their unhappy patients, destroying one member in order to preserve another, sacrificing this and the other interest from a pretended regard for the general welfare; the people felt sick at heart, lifted up their eyes in despair, and secretly prayed a speedy deliverance from the advocates of a system, whose maxims were suicidal, and whose measures were pernicious.

The policy pursued by Canning, Huskisson, Goderich, Peel, Murray, Grant, Althorp, Powlett Thompson, and others—the policy advocated by Buxton, Wm. Smith, Stephen, and others—the system advocated by the Fearons, Tookes, Morrisons, Harmers, and the Ikey Solomons' of the City—the system advocated by the quacks and lawyerlings of the *Edinburgh Review*—the Bowrings and tailors of the *Westminster*, the timber

and tallow merchants of the Baltic, the smugglers of French silks, and the retailers of cheap goods not very creditably acquired—this wretched system was tolerated in the delirium of the moment, partly from ignorance, and the despair of any rational remedy. The tie between the manufacturer and consumer was recklessly severed, in the vain hope that it would tend to the general advantage. The landowner was instructed, that the repeal of those protective laws which shielded the silk-weaver, the glover, the miner, the shipper, and the kelp-burner, from foreign competition, would prove marvellously advantageous to the general interests. He accordingly drank his claret in peace, and hailed the innovation as a blessing. He did not then dream of the corn laws. He was too besotted to see an inch beyond his own grovelling notions of immediate self-interest, regulated by his rent-roll, the number of geese his tenant fed upon the common, the number of stacks he had in his barn-yard, and his ability to pay, if not from his profits, at least from his stock. His prescience did not extend beyond the next quarter-day; and he indulged no concern as to the future, provided that the kid gloves of his wife and daughters could be purchased for 1*s.* 6*d.* instead of 2*s.* a pair, and claret could be had for 6*s.* instead of 9*s.* a bottle. Little did the landowner anticipate, that the wretched fare which he prescribed for the unhappy operative, would eventually be prescribed for himself. He cared nothing for ragged weavers or pauper glovers breaking stones on the highway. The dry rot in our mercantile marine was not the smut in wheat; and he did not imagine that the fate of that interest would eventually be his. He hung by the doors of the treasury, and cheered on the measures, which plunging other classes into ruin, it was clear would soon environ his own castle, tax his substance, narrow his resources, impair his credit, and place him more at the mercy of his mortgagee, and his maiden sisters, than he or his father ever contemplated.

Those who were observers of the extraordinary events to which we allude, cannot fail to remember the almost criminal apathy, with which the landed interest viewed the abrogation of the navigation laws, and the repeal of the protective statutes, in favour of various manufactures. Spitalfields raised its voice in vain; Coventry was sent to the devil without a shrug; the throwsters of Macclesfield were reduced to bankruptcy, and thousands of workmen to pauperism, without a sigh or a groan; the glovers of Worcester were allowed to starve for the public benefit; foreign ore was allowed to be smelted in England, to encourage certain American speculators, without any concern being expressed for the miners of Cornwall, and other districts; the shipowners prayed for protection, but they might as well have prayed to the winds; the ships of Norway, Sweden, and Prussia, were invited to our ports, where British shipping lay in a state of inactive rottenness; the planter of the colonies sought relief, but he was told to emancipate his slaves, and reduce himself to beggary; the kelp manufacturer asked protection, but he was insolently told to eat the sea-weed, which he had been encouraged to burn; the country bankers, who were the stay of public credit, were first defamed, charged with overstocking the market with money, and then forced to withdraw their only profitable and useful issues, even at the hazard of reducing the country to a state of barter; the poorer classes were encouraged to invest their accumulated earnings in Savings Banks, and thereby bolster up the price of the public securities, but they are now left to the fluctuations of that precarious property, with every chance of losing from twenty to fifty per cent. of the original capital. In short, it is impossible to look back upon all the mad and ruinous projects of the last few years without being convinced, that the right hand of British statesmen has lost its cunning; that the shadow has been prized and not the substance; that wild theories were more congenial to our minds, than the maxims of common sense; and that the interests of foreigners were more deserving of our conservation, than those of our own labourer and artisan.

These melancholy hallucinations, even if there were nothing else to ground our misgivings upon, would,

in our opinion, justify the clamour for reform, which has been raised since 1823. This incurable love of change—this reckless disregard of private interests—has rendered every kind of property so insecure, that no man is safe in any trade or traffic in which he is embarked. Who would be so insane, under such circumstances, as to attempt the improvement of his estate, or embark capital in any enterprize? He cannot tell how long the law, which protects him at present, may be allowed to remain in operation. He may be worth twenty thousand pounds today, and this day twelve months, by the fiat of the House of Commons, he may not be worth as many shillings. He can insure himself against the winds of heaven and the waves of the ocean, but he cannot insure himself against the folly of the House of Commons. To-day he may be affluent, and the means of giving employment to thousands of his fellow-countrymen; but to-morrow the minister, by an order in council, can make him a beggar, and turn his workmen into the streets to starve. He may invest a fortune in the Canadian trade, but before he shall have time to derive any profit from it, the trade may be suddenly stopped, and his costly establishments rendered utterly useless. He may build a factory; but it is no sooner finished, than he is made the victim of some new commercial treaty in favour of the foreign manufacturer. He may establish a bank; but he is forbidden to issue a promissory note under a certain sum, on the ground that he is unworthy of credit, and likely to ruin himself, and defraud the poor. If he be a wine importer, it is ten to one that he is ruined, if he rely upon the duration of any existing tariff. But enough of this. It would be endless to enumerate all the changes and blunders, all the acts of folly and spoliation, which have characterized the policy and the legislation of liberal ministers and liberal parliaments—of schoolboy politicians, and dandy patriots, in spurs and moustaches.

If we turn from domestic grievances, and glance at the negociations of British diplomatists in foreign courts, the picture is equally mortifying and deplorable. On the American boundary question we have been over-reached at all points, and duped into concessions, the value of which we did not comprehend. We first shut the ports of our colonies against the United States; who, in order to retaliate, increased the import duty on our manufactures. We then enter into fresh negociations and admit the Americans on their own terms, without stipulating for the reduction of the duty. We thus injure Canada—confer no benefit on the West Indies—injure the home manufacturer—and do at last that which we should have done at first, and might have done under peculiar advantages. In the Mediterranean we have tarnished our honour at Navarin—allowed the Americans to participate in a traffic which we had previously and exclusively enjoyed—and inflicted a serious outrage upon an "ancient ally," whose interests we pretended to hold in the highest regard. We interposed our *good* offices in giving a constitution to Portugal, for which she thanked us not; and the consequence was, we lost nearly the whole of our trade—our parchment constitution has been burnt by the hands of the common hangman—English influence has been disregarded—the old *régime* flourishes in despite our good wishes—and the armament which we sent under a flourish of trumpets, had to be withdrawn, covered with glory, like a squad of undertakers seated on a hearse, and returning at a canter from a funeral. In South America too, we paraded our marvellous and ostentatious liberality in the appointment of consuls, who have cost us more than the entire value of the trade we yet carry on with these bankrupt and fraudulent republics. A desire to plant constitutions, as certain persons plant trees, in all situations, without regard to soil or temperature, has exposed us to the ridicule which invariably falls to the share of empirics, and has cost us incalculable expense, fleeced us of millions of money in the shape of loans, and left the unhappy people, whom we encouraged as rebels, to prey upon each other as hordes of banditti, and quarrel about spoils, either created by private rapacity, or considered as public property, on the ground that the rightful owner had been compelled to resort to illegal acts in order to maintain his personal

or family independence. Pursuing the same disingenuous policy, we have raised expectations amongst all the discontented spirits of the world, which we have not had it in our power to gratify or fulfil—encouraging rebellion, which we have afterwards been compelled to discountenance—uttering menaces which we could not enforce, and *talking* thunder which, like that of a strolling-player, did not disturb the cobwebs in his barn, or do more than excite a smile in the groundlings, who, instead of amazing, we have only amused.

Such acts of matchless folly—of unpardonable ignorance—of revolting injustice, have opened the eyes even of the common people, to the inherent incompetency of the aristocratic representatives of England to direct the policy, or wield the power of the British monarchy. The cry for reform has, consequently, become more loud as this incompetency has been rendered more glaring. But in judging of the effects of so much misgovernment, it would be doing an act of injustice to the actors, and the public who are the sufferers, were we to pass over silently the moral consequences of their conduct. The constituent may suffer from the error or the neglect of his representative — he may have just grounds for accusing him of imbecility, perhaps of profligacy—of voting for or against that which he did not properly consider or thoroughly understand—and this is reprehensible enough—but the accusation assumes a different form when it involves the honour, the solemn pledges, the repeatedly avowed and confirmed sentiments of the representative. When he, in whom we have reposed unlimited confidence for a long series of years, deceives us at last—either defrauds us by some unblushing act of malversation, abuses our misplaced confidence, or violates the compact which had given him influence in the senate, and identified him with our best cherished principles, our ideas of political allegiance become unhinged, and he an object of distrust, if not of hatred. The misconduct of such men, and the open violation of their engagements, have a tendency to taint the whole mass of representation. One or two ulcerous spots render the whole body repulsive.—Friendship loses its charm, and early attachments become faded like some frail beauty in the moon-light.

Now, we submit, that these feelings of distrust have been engendered by the recent conduct of a considerable number of the representatives of the people, and that public confidence has been outraged by the flagrant violation of solemn promises. The conduct of Sir Robert Peel, and that section of the Tory party who adhered to him, on the Popish concession bill, has inflicted a wound that will fester and rankle during the existing generation. Not that we deem it any calamity that the parties who so apostatized have covered themselves with infamy, and are punished by the avenging consequences of their own acts; the much greater misfortune is that their apostacy has tended considerably to bring the House of Commons and public men generally into their present state of degradation, and by making them unworthy of credit or of confidence, has rendered them totally inefficient. The Tory party had always been the conservative party in England, and so long as they were united, their power was resistless. But the conduct of Sir Robert Peel and his coadjutors broke the chain which bound them together, divided the house against itself, exposed the various fragments of the party to the conjoined assaults of the Whigs, Liberals, and Radicals, and insured for these factions an easy victory. When no dependence can be placed on the General—when it is doubtful which side he may fight upon when the interests of the country are at stake—nay when there are strong grounds for suspecting his sincerity, and dreading his treachery, it is too much to expect success in combating under his banners. The honest patriot stands aloof with his face veiled, ashamed of his allies, and suspicious even of his friends. Under these circumstances, when public virtue has fallen into disrepute—when profligacy only is rewarded—when he who betrays his principles and his constituents, under the miserable pretext of expediency, is advanced in rank and pensioned at the expense of the people, the country must sooner or later become the prey of its destroyers.

Under these circumstances the mob must triumph, reason must yield to force, and the post of honour be a private station.

If, therefore, we had ever entertained any doubt as to the expediency of reform—a moderate and conservative reform we mean—this doubt would have been removed by the conduct of Sir Robert Peel and others on the "healing measure." This conduct removed all hesitation or wavering, or deference to the opinions of others. From that hour —may it stand, aye, accursed in the calendar!—we felt convinced that reform was not only necessary, but inevitable—that a change had come over the spirit of the nation—that a sense of the corrective power of reform had taken a tenacious hold of public opinion—that men now advocated it who never did so before—and that if not conceded with a generous and conciliating liberality, it would be forced upon us by a convulsion, and in a spirit of dictation.

Such was the result of the grand measure of 1829. The Wellington administration exhausted their whole strength in carrying the Catholic bill in opposition to the wishes and prayers of four-fifths of the population. They accomplished their object, like a forlorn hope which scales the walls of a fortress. They succeeded in planting the flag of liberalism on the highest battlement of the British constitution; but they perished in the radiance of their own inglorious fame, or, at least, they received their death-wounds, which terminated mortally in a few months afterwards. The very men who cheered them on to the assault were the first to turn their weapons against them—the first to undermine them—the readiest to arouse popular fury against them—the first to strike, and the first to raise an uproarious shout at their downfall.

And they did fall, covered with execration, amid the taunts and scoffs and gibes of an incensed public, as no ministry ever fell before. When they were removed from office the country felt relieved from a monstrous incubus. They had become utterly helpless, and when they were driven from their posts, the joy of the nation seemed like a paroxysm of delirium.

The administration of Earl Grey entered office pledged, first, to maintain peace; secondly, practise economy; and, thirdly, to carry some measure of reform; to which last they were bound by former promises. The first of these pledges is of little value, inasmuch as the maintenance of peace does not altogether depend upon any particular administration; the second is impracticable to any beneficial extent, provided that our present establishments and the credit of the country are to be kept up; but as to the third pledge, and the manner in which they have redeemed it, and the policy of the measure already submitted to parliament, these call for our attentive consideration.

But, at the outset, we are bound in candour to admit, that the Whigs, and Lord Grey in particular, have nobly redeemed the promises of a long life. Whatever objections the Tories and others may have to the bill, or rather to some of the details of the bill under review, none, we think, can deny to Lord Grey the credit of fulfilling his engagements, and availing himself of the earliest opportunity to promote and enforce those opinions on the question of Parliamentary Reform which he had for forty years honestly and consistently entertained. It would be poor malice, and pitiful mendacity to charge the Noble Lord with doing that in the cabinet of which he had not been the avowed advocate when he sat on the opposition benches. We may question the wisdom of the measure; we may arraign the impolicy of the time chosen, and the sweeping nature of the change contemplated; but certainly we neither have good grounds for impeaching the sincerity or the patriotism of Earl Grey. Reform was indispensable—he came into office pledged to carry it—the people expected it—the Sovereign was favourable to it—and now we have the bill upon our table, and see it making its way in the Commons in the face of one of the most formidable oppositions ever formed against a cabinet measure.

The details may be given in a few words. The bill proposes to extinguish sixty-two of the smallest boroughs in England, and cashier a moiety of the members from forty-six larger boroughs; in all, depriving

no less than 165 of the present members of the power of entering Parliament through those places.

Weymouth is stripped of two of its four members, consequently the whole number disfranchised amounts to 167 members.

The consequence of this would be, that England would send seventy members less than at present to all future Parliaments. The ninety-seven which remain are to be conferred upon counties and towns, some of which have never been represented, in the following manner:—seven large towns, viz. Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Wolverhampton, Sunderland, and Greenwich, (including Woolwich and Deptford,) are in future to return two members each. Four districts in the environs of London, namely, Marybone, Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, and Lambeth, are also to return two members each. Twenty-one smaller towns are to return one each. Twenty-seven counties are to return two additional members each—thus giving ninety-seven new members to England, in lieu of the 167 totally disfranchised.

But while England loses seventy members, Scotland and Ireland are to have five new members, giving as the "tottle of the whole," 50 to Scotland, 105 to Ireland, and 443 to England, instead of 513, as at present.

The rights of all electors, freemen, potwolloppers, and others, who at present are qualified to vote, are to be respected during their lives, with this exception, that all non-resident voters are to be disqualified by the new bill.

In counties the right of voting is declared to be in the forty-shilling freeholders, in 10*l*. copyholders, and in leaseholders of 21 years, whose rent shall amount to 50*l*. In towns all householders and occupiers of houses, being residents, whose rent shall amount to 10*l*., or is rated at that sum, shall be allowed to vote. These provisions extend to counties and towns in Scotland, but to towns only in Ireland, the counties being left nearly as they are at present.

The election is to finish in two days—the votes to be taken in districts in counties, and in parishes or wards in towns. Edinburgh and Glasgow are to return two members each—so are Limerick, Belfast, and Waterford. Paisley, Dundee, Leith Aberdeen, and Greenock, are to return one each.

The conferring the franchise upon all inhabitant householders and renters in towns of 10*l*. is, in point of fact, opening up *all* close boroughs whatever, no matter whether the present voters be few or many.

This is a short summary of the bill, the details of which we forbear entering upon further, because they must already be familiar to every ordinary reader, and as it is more than probable that we shall be called upon to notice them on a future occasion.

At first sight this appears to be a magnificent measure—a bold, a fearless, and a just invasion of the strong holds of corruption, a signal visitation of retributive justice in the degradation and punishment of the men who have betrayed their country—a searing iron for the Peels, Goulburns, Crokers, Dawsons, and fifty others, who, from cowardice and dishonesty, which, in more gentle phrase, is called "expediency," robbed the protestant freeholders of Ireland of their rights which it was not pretended they had abused. But upon further consideration its defects stand out, and assume the form of objections, which to those, who, although reformers, are neither revolutionists nor jacobins, must be deemed insuperable. While therefore, we are disposed to yield all due praise and thanks to the ministers for many of the provisions of the bill, and acquiesce in the general principles of it, still it is with unfeigned sorrow that we confess we recognise others of which it is impossible for us to approve, and which, for the sake of the monarchy itself we should like to see rejected.

For instance, the disfranchisement of the out-voters, is an admirable measure. These were the greatest nuisance, inasmuch as they were the most venal and unprincipled of the body of English electors. They were as regularly bought and sold as certain other animals are by Mr. Alderman Scales. They were a Swiss guard in reserve at the service of that member only who had the heaviest purse, who could most indulge their debauched propensities, cram them with beef and ale, and make them drunk, riotous, and in-

solent, for his own private purposes. That it is proposed to cut off this body, root and branch, from all participation in the suffrages of those places whence they came, and which they never visited but to pollute and disgrace, is one of the best provisions of the drastic remedy of Lord John Russell.

The mode of election, too, is good. Restricting the duration of the election to two days, and taking it in different places, in proportion to the number of voters, will tend much to put an end to bribery, and terminate sooner those degrading scenes which have long been the reproach of the borough, and even county constituency.

The assimilation of the Scotch with the English system is also excellent. The representatives of Scotland have ever been remarkable for their adhesion to the Treasury, and their scorn not only of public opinion but the real interests of their country. Neither property, talent, nor population is at present represented in that portion of the united kingdom. The electors of boroughs are invariably self-elected; needy dependants, generally, of some petty aristocrat or noble patron, who distributes gaugerships and tide-waiterships in exchange for votes, neither of whom having any sympathies in common with the mass of the population, nor even with the wealthier and more enterprising classes. A provost, a few breeches-makers and booksellers in the shape of bailies, and about thirty obese drones, well trained and servile, called councillors, return the member for Edinburgh. The inhabitants have no more voice in the election than they have in the choice of a mandarin with a blue button. In all the other boroughs the system is the same—the same rotten influence prevails. In the counties the greater number of voters exercise a sort of fraudulent suffrage. They are the hirelings and dependants of a few feudal lords, who, by means of a fiction, vote by virtue of a pretended interest in lands, not one acre of which is their own. There will be an end put to this fiction and fraud by the reform bill, and, for which God be praised! a period to the insolence and monopoly of the *superiors* and their agents; to the reign of lawyers, land agents, and the most odious tools of faction.

To the rent scale which regulates the franchise in towns we have no objection, further than what springs from its universality. For instance, the class of people who in London, will be allowed to vote under this bill, will be excluded in Birmingham, Sheffield, and most of the other towns at a distance from the capital. If a 10*l*. rent ought to qualify a voter in London, a 5*l*. rent ought to qualify one in Sheffield and Paisley. In Sheffield, with a population of 100,000, the number of qualified voters will be less than 3,000. In Paisley, with a population of 50,000, the number of voters will not exceed 800. The owner of a beer shop, of a small public house, of a house even of disreputable fame, will have a vote, but the honest and industrious operative will have none. A retailer of drugs and drams, the keeper of a lodging-house for bagmen or mendicants, will have a vote, but not so the foreman of a cotton-mill, or iron-foundry, or the poor weaver, equally eligible, and much more respectable than these privileged parties. This scale, therefore, requires modification, if for no other object than to prevent future agitation, and silence future demands. In this respect, as we apprehend, the bill does not go far enough. It is not calculated to satisfy the people, nor allay those reasons of grievance which are entertained, and justly entertained, by the operative classes. It is, indeed, desirable that while the influence of the aristocracy is restrained, the power and influence of the lower democracy should also be restrained. But we may restrain the one without having the power to restrict the other. We may take away the influence of the landlord, and yet be compelled to yield to the tenant. We may rob Lord Cleveland, and yet be compelled to pay respect to the petitions and claims of the pauper electors of Preston. The wiser course would have been, to have balanced both interests—retained some of the boroughs, or a moiety of the influence of them all; but at the same time to have given a more accessible qualification to the inhabitants of manufacturing towns—retained aristocratic influence, but extended elsewhere the democratic prin-

ciple. If the bill should pass, this mistake will be a source of future heartburning, which may lead to serious results. If we destroy one influence, without being enabled to control another, our liberality must be productive of consequences which it is fearful to contemplate.

But we have a much more weighty objection to urge against the present measure, founded upon the inequality of interests, which it has a tendency to produce. For some time it has been evident to every observer, that the mercantile and manufacturing interests have been obtaining an ascendancy over the landowners and the cultivators of the soil. Of late years, all the measures introduced into Parliament, have been for the advantage of the former, to the disparagement of the latter. While the land has been rapidly progressing towards a state of ruin, and the agricultural labourers, gradually becoming less respectable, have been more and more inadequately paid and employed, the principal object of the legislature has been to encourage spinning and weaving, and make this country a smoky, dingy, noisy, dirty workshop, for the people of Hamburg and other foreign states. Ministers seem to have had no other object than this in view, by the advancement and the increase of manufactures. For this purpose was Sir Henry Parnell's book written. For this purpose were passed all the acts of Canning, Huskisson, Peel, Powlet Thompson, and the political economists. The folly and the mischief of the system are now before our eyes. The heart of the country is diseased —agriculture languishes—the farm labourer is a pauper and an incendiary.

The mercantile and manufacturing interests, being thus paramount in Parliament, particularly in the House of Commons, we cannot see the wisdom of making them stronger, or of placing every other interest at their mercy. But this is decidedly done by the bill of Lord John Russell. If the trading party were powerful before, they are rendered omnipotent by this measure. The landed interest, by this bill, will not be able to command, under any circumstances, more than a third part of the representation. They will be beaten on all questions relative to agriculture, or supposed to be aggressive upon manufacturers, by a majority of two to one. To prove this, let us look once more at the provisions of the bill. It will be admitted that the members to be extinguished, are mostly taken from boroughs in the hands of landowners, or persons connected with agriculture. It is a charge against the aristocracy that the small boroughs are for the most part their property. If this be the case, it must follow that the extinction of these boroughs, and the reduction of others, must affect their interest, and diminish their influence. Let us therefore see the extent and operation of this.

	Memb.
Sixty boroughs extinguished takes from the aristocracy	119
Forty-six boroughs reduced one-half, takes from them . . .	46
New members to London gives against them	8
Ditto to large towns, gives against them	14
Ditto to smaller ditto	21
IN ALL . .	208

These two hundred and eight members, consisting of those taken from the landowners, and those given to the manufacturers, show the extent of the change contemplated, and the effect likely to result from destroying one interest, and increasing another. The only compensation which the landowners receive for this loss of influence, is the distribution of fifty-four members among twenty-seven of the larger counties. But what are fifty-four to two hundred and eight? The majority is overwhelming, and the landowners cannot have even a chance. The House of Commons must in future become a sort of chamber of commerce, a kind of Leeds Cloth Hall, where the plough is nothing, and the loom everything.

This, in our opinion, is a serious objection. It is like placing the pyramid on its apex; inverting every principle of the constitution; making the tenant the landlord, and the lord the vassal. The consequence must be, that in the next Parliament the corn-bill will be repealed, and with it will necessarily be repealed every protective statute in favour of manufactures and national industry.

England, in spite of its heavy taxes, will be open to the competition of foreigners, and nine-tenths of our most ingenious artisans will be thrown idle, and left to rob or starve in the streets.

Another objection to the bill in its present shape is, that while it increases Scotch and Irish influence in the House of Commons, it reduces the number of English representatives. We are told that the measure is intended not only to place the constitution on its original basis, but to meet the views and demands of the people. But what portion of the people pray for a diminution of members? Where is there a single petition which seeks a reduction of representatives? We have thousands of petitions praying for a reduction of public offices, and of military establishments, but not one praying for an extinction of members of parliament. The ministers, with an infatuation which, we lament to say, has characterized all their measures since they came into office, refuse that which the people *pray for*, and grant that which they *do not seek*. Mr. Hunt himself never dreamt of lessening the numerical strength of the House. At the wildest radical meeting ever congregated, who ever heard of such a proposition being even mooted? No reformer asked for it; none wished it; none expected it. It is altogether a visionary experiment, thrust in like a figure of speech to give novelty to a paradox.

Before the union with Ireland the House of Commons consisted of as many English representatives as it does at present. Since that period the country has considerably increased in wealth and population. There are more people, more interests to represent; and yet, with these indubitable facts staring us in the face, our cabinet reformers propose to curtail the English force of its fair proportions, and at the same time give additional members to Scotland and Ireland. This is not reform, but revolution—this is not renovation, but a suspension and destruction of all the vital functions of the constitution. If, in former times, 513 members were not deemed too many for England, surely 443 are too few when England is united to Scotland and Ireland.

The scale of population also is unfortunately chosen, and contains all the objections upon which the principle of disfranchisement is based. For instance, it is alleged, that such boroughs as Gatton and Old Sarum do not hold that important rank in the country which they held in former times, and that, therefore, their rights of franchise ought to be transferred to larger places. But upon what data is this eligibility and non-eligibility founded? The census of 1821. All this would be reasonable enough if no change had taken place in the population of various places since that period. This, however, is not the case. On the contrary, some places have diminished while others have increased in point of population, since 1821. Some have started into new life, increasing and multiplying, while others have retrograded, become barren, where the undertaker has been more in request than the accoucheur. From some the tide of emigration has flowed, while in others there has been a considerable influx of population. Why, then, should we adopt the scale of 1821? A special return to the House of Commons would have shown the present numbers of the boroughs, and would have been a certain guide in affixing the limits of disfranchisement and retention. If the bill pass in its present state, it will turn out that some towns, having only 4,050 inhabitants, are allowed to return two members, while others which have 5,000 inhabitants are proscribed—that those which have 2,100 inhabitants return one member, while those which have 3,000 are shut out of the pale of representation altogether. For example, by the proposed bill, the borough of Saltash, containing 2,873 inhabitants, is wholly disfranchised; while the borough of St. Germains, containing only 2,400 inhabitants, is to retain one member.

If these anomalies be corrected in the committee, well and good; if not, they will be the source of future dissensions, and as much parliamentary warfare as any that ministers to the present grievances.

Our two principal objections to the bill however are founded upon the complete ascendancy which it gives to the manufacturing interest—giving to a secondary interest that

which by right belongs to the proprietors of the soil, and those who have the deepest stake in the country; and secondly, upon the extinction of seventy English members, which is invidious, unjust, and unnecessary.

Under all circumstances, however, as some Reform is much better than no Reform, let the bill be passed; and under a new Parliament, and when the evils of the measure have been practically felt, a gradual modification will take place, until Parliamentary Reform shall have assumed a perfect system. Wholesale legislation is impossible. We know how miserably Mr. Locke failed when he attempted a sweeping codification. Thus will it fare with all sudden attempts at the same result. Perfect laws are the consequence of experience; and nothing but experience will enable us to complete the laws relating to Parliamentary Reform. Ministers deserve the gratitude of the country for having proceeded so manfully—let them fulfil their duty, and the progressive wisdom of the people will reduce into a perfect whole the laws regulating the composition of our House of Commons.

MONTGOMERY'S OXFORD.*

Mr. Montgomery has decidedly improved. *Oxford* is a superior poem to any with which he has as yet obliged the public. We shall endeavour to give a short analysis.

The opening couplet proposes the main question of the poem; as Mr. Montgomery now may know from Aldrich, it may be called the *major* of his work.

> " What makes the glory of a mighty land,
> Her people famous, and her hist'ry grand?"

Several things are immediately enumerated as not answering this query, and the palm is at length given to Intellect. This—the *minor*—being thus settled, the conclusion follows:

> " If, then, from Intellect alone arise
> The noblest worth a nation's heart can prize;
> In towering dimness, gothic, vast, or grand,
> Behold her palaces of learning stand."

We are thus naturally connected with Oxford, and the " dim grandeur of her ancient towers," where all around her is " grand" as eye desires.

Warming with his subject, he assures us, that none whose souls have thrilled at the sound of fame,

> " Can tread the ground by genius often trod,
> Nor feel a nature more akin to God!"

Considerable, but rather vague praise, upon Pindaric rapture, Virgilian song, Homer, Rome, and Athens, follows; and Mr. Montgomery, without descending to particulars, gives a general commendation of the poets of those ancient days.

> " While Genius moulded, with a master hand,
> The primal elements of pure and grand."

Milton—who was, however, a Cambridge man—and Shakspeare—who took his degree in the deer park of Sir Thomas Lucy—are mentioned with much approbation. Genius—turned, with more gallantry than regard to the practice or syntax of the ancients, so praised a short time before, into the feminine gender—is reproved for wishing that " her boldness to herself should be rule;" and Spirit, equally metamorphosed into a lady—though, in the line after, styled " the *king* of nature, and the *lord* of time"—is reminded, that even if she has

> ——" forced the universe to feel her nod,
> And dared a while to imitate a God"—

she must behave herself in Oxford according to the statutes.

Then follows a history of Oxford, from its foundation in the days of Brute, who came,

> " With Grecian sages, and a kindred band,
> To fix their dwelling in our Eden land."

After the establishment of this learned colony, " Memphick built what Vortiger restored," which we fear would, if published in Ireland,

* Oxford, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, of Lincoln college, Oxon, author of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, *Satan*, &c. Oxford, Collingwood. London, Whitaker. Edinburgh, Blackwood. 1831.

be considered a figure of speech peculiarly belonging to that country, and known by the name of a bull. But we must deal tenderly with poets. A distich, respecting this Prince Vortiger, has already immortalized its author:

> " A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

Why should not Mr. Montgomery take his flight as well as the high-born Howard, who was a popular poet in days when Dryden lived by something very like beggary, and when Milton was but a degree above starvation?

Cæsar, he conjectures, might have visited Oxford, and there revived his recollections of Rome. Perhaps, even the *toga*, which, it seems, expresses

> " The monkish drama of collegiate prime,"

might be traceable to this visit; but, as Mr. Montgomery lucidly says,

> " Truth is darkness in the depth of time,"

and, therefore, he does not dwell too positively on the subject.

We are then hurried over half a dozen centuries until the time when that rather strange phenomenon arose, when England

> " Beheld the wilderness usurp the plain,"

and the cruel Saxon and the incursive Dane

> " Left ravished piles all desolately grand,
> And breathed a sterner spirit o'er the land."

There may be a mistake here, as we rather think that when the Saxons and Danes visited us, we had no grand piles to ravish, and our doubt of the correctness of the description, is somewhat increased when we find in the poem that the ravages of these persons were all removed—the banished muses, &c. restored, by

> " Kingly Alfred on his island throne,"

Alfred himself being a Saxon, and the Danes having had possession of the country and the throne many a long year after he had been quietly interred. We admit, that in such a poem as *Oxford*, a trifle of this kind is of no consequence.

A sort of *Oxford Guide* is next attempted, with no small success. For instance;

> " All Souls' with central towers superbly grand,
> But see, the clouds are born, they break, expand;"

and

> " The chapel by great Wykham reared,
> Where once the grandest of the grand appeared." &c.

After testifying to the effect that Oxford had upon himself when he first saw it, he chooses the most grand point of its history:

> " But thou, fair Oxford! never didst thou seem
> Begirt with glory in so grand a dream;"

as when the Prince Regent—dear old George the Fourth, here called "the princely hope of England's crown," paid it a visit. Then every thing was grand, the heaven of blueness, the plumed bands, the horded gownsmen, the prince himself, his royal smile, his noble face*—

> " 'Tis noon—'tis night—a day of grandeur spent,
> In all that makes a day magnificent,
> Art, pomp, and beauty, graced by king and queen."

or what is almost as good, a Duchess (of Oldenburg) who was afterwards a queen—every thing we repeat is as grand in the poem, as in the prose description of the court circular given in the notes. The Reverend Mr. Dillon was most affected by the sublimity of the dinner table in Oxford, and the august uncovering of all the dishes. Mr. Montgomery, whose astronomical studies have elevated his head, (p. 218) looks above the gastronomical propensities of the historiographical parson, and finds the chiefest glory of Oxford in the Prince Regent's show. He fixes his eyes upon the stars.

He soon however returns to intellect:

> " And tell me, thou, whose wandering feet have trod,
> Like his, who trembled on the ground of God,

if—

* " With head uncovered, royally he smiles,
And every heart that noble face beguiles."—P. 38.

The latter verse is obscure.

> Whate'er of good and glorious, learned and grand,
> Delighted ages, and adorned the land,"

was not fostered in Oxford; to prove which, the poet subjoins an appendix of notes, principally extracted from such recondite works as Boswell's *Johnson*, Anthony Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, &c.—and in no small degree occupied with the literary persecutions of an eminent person now of Lincoln college, Oxon, the author of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, who is evidently a very important character in the history of Oxford. In one of his notes, he makes an appropriate quotation from La Bruyère: "*Il n'y a point au monde un si penible metier que celui de se faire un grand nom*;" and, applying it to himself, he feelingly, in many parts of his work, deplores the unfortunate consequences which the grandness of his name has entailed upon himself.

Besides the author, several other great men of Oxford are commemorated, but of course to them a far shorter space is allotted. Addison, "that holy man"—Steele, "child-like to a tear"—Collins, "a nerveless spirit, and a soul insane"—Johnson, "an unforgotten man." (Bede had a similar compliment paid him a short time before

> "Here Gildas lived, [Qu.?] and *unforgotten* Bede,
> With sages whom *historic lovers*, [who are they?] read.")

The Doctor however is not too much praised, for although it seems he is Mr. Montgomery's archetype (p. 51,) yet he had his faults—

> "In Johnson thus—the piety that trod
> Each path of life, communing with his God——"

And sometimes condescended to take tea, without milk—

> ("He gave to penance, [milk,] what was due to tea.")

—Davenant, "a verse-enchanted child," and—

> "Here Sydney dreamt, Marcellus of the land,
> Whom poets loved, and queens admitted grand."

A beautiful climax it must be owned. For our own parts, we have not only been admitted grand, but Noble Grand, and Most Noble Grand; we confess however, that no queen ever did us the honour of raising us to that high step.

Many others are panegyrized in a manner equally noble. The compliment to Lord Chatham is especially worthy of being extracted.

> "And haughty Chatham, at whose humbling word,
> Even Walpole trembled——when its power was heard."

This last hemistich is judiciously thrown in; we else might have been inclined to fear, that our old friend Sir Robert might have been so nervous as to tremble at a speech from "that d——d cornet," spoken in silence. But we interrupt Mr. M.

> "And haughty Chatham, at whose humbling word,
> Even Walpole trembled——when its power was heard;
> Who baffled *France*, America, and *Gaul*:
> To throne his England like a queen o'er all."

We were once of opinion, that Gaul and France were one and the same country, and that Lord Chatham pleaded the cause of the Americans, instead of baffling them; but we bow to the superior knowledge of a gentleman, so deeply versed in the works of "sages whom historic lovers read." Bowles, at last, is the principal favourite, an honour which he enjoys, in consequence of having entertained Mr. Montgomery, at "a banquet generously spread." An old and time-honoured custom of poets, and one that should for flowing Bowles be freshly remembered.

Southey briefly passed over, brings us to the author. On this *grand nom*, fifteen pages are bestowed, in the course of which a female critic and poet—*horrescimus referentes!*—we fear it is L. E. L. herself—is most villainously entreated. It appears that Mr. M. was a very melancholy youth, but that his heart throbbed with the universe.

> "No scene was glorious, and no object grand,
> But there he worshipped an almighty hand."

He wrote poetry accordingly, and was criticized by wretches capable of any crime. Like another eminent author, Sir Fretful Plagiary, he despised them—he is quite cool—

> "Malignant trash, was thine to scorn at all."

" Each *reptile* started from his snug review,
To spit out poison, as most *reptiles* do."

Some of these abominable creatures, he assures us, ventured to ask what right he had—

" To paint around him wheresoe'er he trod,
The glowing fulness of Eternal God."

We fear that there is a mistake in this. Those fellows were bad enough no doubt, but we believe what they *did* object to, was Mr. Montgomery's making the name of God a plaything, to rhyme upon—a word, the chief use of which in his hands, appeared to be (as in this poem) no more than its aptitude to tag a distich in company with "trod," "odd," "hod," "sod," "pod," "nod," "cod," &c. That they were wrong we cheerfully admit, but we may as well set even them right. They did not complain that Mr. Montgomery painted—

" The glowing fulness of the eternal God,"

but they were so unjust to a gentleman in his condition; a poet starting in the religious line, to whom the words of religion formed the chief stock in trade, whereby he was to sell his article, as to suggest that he ought not

" To rhyme and rattle with the eternal God."

Mr. Montgomery, however, puts them down for ever, and, in order to show the miscreants how much he despises them, he gives us in the next page—

" There memory points where their feet have stood,
Redeems our nature, and recalls her God."

The second part is shorter than the first—and those who wish to know how Mr. Montgomery apostrophizes my country! glorious, grand, and free—how freshmen are quizzed—how England is reminded that a time may come,

" Yea, when that ocean which proclaimed her grand,
Rolls into nothing at the high command."

How earth's immortals have adored the night—

" In song or vision yielding up the soul,
In the deep grandeur of her still controul."

How never a city, since the moon began to hallow nature for man's soul,

" Steeped in the freshness of her fairy light,
More grandly shone than Oxford shines to-night."

How there are days when

" A false refinement and a stale desire,
For something grander than our hopes desire,
Pervades a world of intellectual sway."

How there are many more grands, and grandeurs to follow—all persons curious for such information, must turn to the book itself.

It is an excellent poem; and if it be worthy of the present race of Oxonians, we rejoice to hear it. We happen to have a few old recollections of things said, done, and written by the waters of Isis, and sometimes we think a couplet by a cigar-smoking reviewer is worth a cart-load of poems that shall be nameless. Old Oxford,

' Unfading in lustre, unbroken in years,
The great mother of Churchmen and Tories, appears."

But let us take things as they are. The old distich was

" Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedecyna poetas,
Bubb, Stubb, Grubb, Crab, Trapp, Young, Carey, Tickell, Evans.

Another distich is wanting now:

En decimus tandem surgit, discedite victi,
Puffico-Sathanicus, Flummeri-Montgomery.

BITS OF CLASSICALITY.

Horace—Puffendorf—*Anacreon*—Q. *Anti-Hibernus*—J. K.

ODE FROM HORACE.—BY AN OLD SMOKER.

LIB. I. ODE XXXVIII.

Ad Ministrum.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ:
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta
Vite bibentem.

IMITATED.

To a Waiter.

"Bring me a cigar."—Byron.

I tell you I hate all your Bengalee state,
To the devil with hookahs and hookaburdár:
Your dandified attar but spoils the good matter—
'Tis tobacco I smoke, in the shape of cigar.
I ask nothing, indeed, but the plain honest weed;
That's the stuff which I choose to beflavour my grog;
And I have no grief while consuming the leaf,
At the tap of the Vine, where you're waiting, you dog.

Puffendorf.

RHYME IN ANACREON (OD. XX), BERHYMED IN ENGLISH.

Græcè.

Εγω δ' εσοπτρον ειην
Οπως αει βλεπης με·
Εγω χιτων γενοιμην
Οπως αει φορης με.

Anglicè.

Would that a looking-glass I were,
For you to cast your eye on:
Or that I were your scarf, my dear,
Your bosom soft to lie on.

IRELAND AND IRISHMEN.—AN EPIGRAM.

Where fair Ierne spreads her ample reign,
No poisonous herb or reptile taints the plain—
Dame Nature changed their dwelling-place one day,
And bade them henceforth seek a nobler clay;
From beast and herb exiled the venom ran,
And poisoned all the social joys of man.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Exulat Hibernis serpentum virus ab agris;
Nulla venenatas explicat herba comas.
Mutavit solitas leges Natura—beatis
Virus ademit agris, indigenisque dedit.
Hinc rixæ cædesque exortæ: hinc tristis in iras
Vulgus, seditio paci inimica, ciet.

J. K.

GRANT'S NOTES ON BYRON'S "CAIN."*

THIS book is one of the best jokes that we have lately met with. Only think of a man setting forth his pretensions to annotate and criticise—we beg his pardon, he don't criticise—Byron's *Cain*, on the ground of his being the "author of *Chancery Practice!*"—"Lord Byron's *Cain*, a Mystery, with Notes, &c. &c. By HARDING GRANT, author of Chancery Practice!" This really, we are compelled to *grant*, sounds very magnificently. But the gentleman's qualifications for the task which he has undertaken, do not terminate in this superb specimen of authorship; with which, however, we do not profess ourselves to be acquainted, but suppose it must be something exceedingly piquant, from the ostentation with which it is announced in the title-page of a work of such pretensions as the present.—Mr. Grant has another qualification to justify him in lecturing on a poem of Byron's. In an ill-written preface, presenting some singular defects both in logic and grammar, and varying very abruptly from the third person to the first, he tells us, that he is quite unacquainted with any other of Lord Byron's poems besides this identical "Cain, a Mystery." And even this same "Cain" has been indeed a mystery to him until very lately.

> "About nine years ago," says Harding Grant, author of *Chancery Practice*, "on its first appearance, *I read a few lines of it, in the papers of the day*, with great displeasure. Since which I have been totally forgetful of it, until a few months past, when, being very unexpectedly induced to read it through, I was much surprised at many parts of it of a nature I little looked for, and was thence swayed considerably in the author's favour."

Blessed fate of Byron! Mr. "Harding Grant, author of *Chancery Practice*," has been "swayed in favour" of his poem, "Cain, a Mystery."

So many, and such qualifications uniting in one person for any particular task, are not met with every day. They are such, however, as the reader would have little expected; and as little would he expect that a book, in any degree successful, should be produced under such auspices. Strange to say, the writer has succeeded in producing a work which is not only readable, but which constitutes the very best commentary extant on the poem which it professes to elucidate. His very defects seem to have stood him in stead in this great labour. The reader, doubtless, will be curious to learn how all this has been brought about. He shall see.

With no feeling for poetry, and with very little perception of the philosophy of religion, the author has set down to this poem as to a textbook for commentary, which he proceeds to spin out in the style of Matthew Henry. To him the poem is as veritable a document as the Bible; and he treats the speeches of Cain and Lucifer, not as if they were dramatic accidents, but as if they were historical repetitions. Where, therefore, he meets with a sentiment that offends him, he contents himself with remarking, that "Lucifer was a liar and slanderer from the beginning," and that this is another instance of it, or that "Cain had not taken sufficient pains to be rightly instructed on matters of such abstruse speculation;" and so he continues in a quiet and humble style, taking the poem sentence by sentence, and argument by argument, until he has exhausted the whole matter before him; and then very coolly concludes his book with recommending the reader to peruse, for his further satisfaction on a particular point, "Six Short Lectures on the Parable of the Prodigal Son, preached, during the last Lent, in the Parish Church of Bradford Abbas, near Yeovil, Somerset, by the Rev. R. GRANT,† the Vicar;" and informs us, in his last sentence, that "they are published by Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly, price 3s., and the profits of their publication are stated to be applied in aid of the funds of the Sunday School instituted in the parish." Singular as this process may

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* Lord Byron's Cain, a Mystery, with Notes; wherein the Religion of the Bible is considered in reference to acknowledged Philosophy and Reason. By HARDING GRANT, Author of Chancery Practice. William Crofts, London, 1830.

† Of course this Rev. R. Grant is some relation of the commentator.

appear, it prospers in the end whereto it is sent, and relieves the poem, even on dramatic grounds, and certainly on theological ones, from being inimical to the truths of revelation, and the doctrines of Christianity.

We are desirous of illustrating the author's manner and matter, and therefore first present the reader with one extract from the work itself; after which we shall take up the general argument, serving his commentary, as he has served Byron's poem, that is, making it a peg to hang our own sage reflections upon.

The sample which we propose extracting, is as follows:—

"LUCIFER.

Thou livest, and must live for ever. Think not
The earth, which is thy outward covering, is
Existence—it will cease, and thou wilt be
No less than thou art now.

CAIN.

No *less!* and why
No more?

LUCIFER.

It may be thou shalt be as we

CAIN.

And ye?

LUCIFER.

Are everlasting.

CAIN.

Are ye happy?

LUCIFER.

We are mighty.

CAIN.

Are ye happy?

LUCIFER.

No. Art thou?

CAIN.

How should I be so? Look on me.

LUCIFER.

Poor clay!
And thou pretendest to be wretched! Thou!

CAIN.

I am:—and thou, with all thy might, what art thou?

LUCIFER.

One who aspired to be what made thee, and
Would not have made thee what thou art.

CAIN.

Ah!
Thou look'st almost a god; and———

LUCIFER.

I am none;
And having failed to be one, would be nought
Save what I am. He conquered—let him reign!

CAIN.

Who?

LUCIFER.

Thy sire's Maker, and the earth's.

CAIN.

And heaven's,
And all that in them is. So I have heard
His seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

LUCIFER.

They say—what they must sing and say, on pain
Of being that which I am—and thou art—
Of spirits and of men.

CAIN.

And what is that?

"Note 13.

"Lucifer, in this stage of the dialogue, after announcing Cain's immortality, very truly tells him, that, compared with his ultimate state of being, his present earthly covering is scarcely existence, and that it will cease. All this is true. For nothing can be more true, as Plato and Cicero, and all Christians will acknowledge, than that this life is nothing compared with eternity, either in respect of duration or sensibility. Duration endless. Sensibility, either of happiness or misery, most exquisite. And upon Lucifer's adding, that in such his ultimate and immortal state, Cain should not be a being *less* than he now was, and Cain expressing his ambition to be something *more;* Lucifer plainly tells him he should be *as they,* viz. as Lucifer himself, and his fellow rebels against the Most High; and of whom he will presently afford opportunity of saying a little more. Cain, however, does here shew some sense and spirit, by not being exactly satisfied with his mighty friend's general assurance of his being like *them;* he desires to know what they, in fact, are. Lucifer, patron-like, thinks to astound, if not satisfy, his client and adherent, Cain, with one of their principal attributes, and therefore tells him they are 'everlasting.' This shall not be disputed here. Perhaps *some* deduction may be made from this attribute, or at least from Lucifer's pretensions to it, hereafter, in the proper place. But miserable Cain seems to have learnt some way or other (though he would not take the lesson from his parents or family, nor even practise it,) that there was such a thing as happiness, though he refused the cup when offered to him, as will appear hereafter. He therefore asks his lofty yet sorrowful and new acquaintance the important question. 'Are ye happy?' It was a question, something like the sword of Michael, given him from the armoury of God, and similar in powerful effects, for—

"———— then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so soon
The grinding sword, &c.

"But he tries to evade Cain's piercing question—

"Which brought to his remembrance from what state
He fell, ————

by shifting it. He answers, therefore, by telling him of another of his attributes, 'We are mighty.' But even this not satisfying Cain's present anxious mind, and happiness appearing to him to be the chief good, and last end of man, [as in fact, *rightly understood,* it is, for what is existence without it?] he sticks to his text, and drives even Lucifer to a corner, by repeating his question, regardless of Lucifer's high sounding, but hollow compound attribute of everlasting might. The Master of Spirits,therefore, unable to resist answering, at last, being thus *put to the question* by his humble friend, confesses, Prometheus-like, the very truth, viz. that he and his associates are *not* happy. But as if resolving to be even, or as far as may be lessen the effect of his avowal, he retorts on Cain the same question respecting himself. And he succeeds (as in parley he mostly does) in thus diverting Cain's attention. For had Cain been permitted to *dwell* upon the circumstance of his unhappiness, though possessing an everlasting and mighty nature, it might have led him to suspicious thoughts concerning his real character. Lucifer therefore asks Cain if *he* is happy? And Cain's answer is a sad one, however true. He says, 'How should I be so? Look on me.' What he meant by desiring Lucifer to look upon him to see the proof of what he said, does not appear clear to me; for the dire event had not yet occurred, for which the mark was set upon him. We must therefore suppose, that his dark, and discontented, and even daring nature, looked through his countenance, and that it was, in scripture language, somewhat 'fallen.' This seems the more likely, as he so much resembled this congenial spirit in character and conduct; and he, we have learned, was also 'sorrowful,' and—

"Of a sterner and a sadder aspect,

and

"Sorrow seemed half of his immortality.

"If therefore it is true, that happiness is important to man, it appears to me, that all praise is due to Lord Byron's memory, for thus evidencing, in his two prominent characters, that happiness and contempt of God go not together. And so Plato, as we have seen.

"Lucifer, nevertheless, undaunted, absolutely sneers at the inferiority of his poor friend's wretchedness to his own:—

"————————Poor clay!
And thou pretendest to be wretched! Thou!

As if Cain were really too mean to be wretched. Cain, however, seems rather nettled at this indignity; he therefore persists in claiming the honour of being wretched, as well as Lucifer himself, though 'Master of spirits, everlasting and mighty.' He manfully asserts, afresh, his own pretensions—'I am'—and almost with an appearance of hostility, and certainly with less *reverence*, than he had before observed. For he interrogates—'And thou, with all thy might, what art thou?' This was rather an affronting, or at least uncourtly, unceremonious treatment of one who had done Cain the condescension of walking with dust, as Cain himself expressed it. But Lucifer was not defective in that sort of wisdom, which, although it do not pursue 'virtuous ends by virtuous means,' nor even has discernment enough to see what is really and substantially good, yet is extremely astute in every view. So here, Lucifer's end was, to entrap Cain, and get him (of which more hereafter) body and soul for himself for ever. Cain was, probably, his very first prey of the human race. Adam and Eve had turned to their God again. Of Abel there can be no doubt, because the Scriptures testify of him. And Adah and Zillah appear to be piously disposed. Cain therefore, the only dissentient, the only one of the human family who had said,

"————Evil, be thou my good!

was a most covetable acquisition to Lucifer, as we shall see presently from his own shewing. As when the angler one while teazes, then amuses the finny object of his steady looks and serious regard; or, as the deep politician, or the wary gamester, avoids perturbation; and as the skilful general suffers not himself to be thrown out of his design by the petulance of his adversary, whom he fully intends to overcome; so Lucifer controls every emotion. He therefore coolly, and even with specious shew of civility and affection, informs his rather alarmed and inquisitive client, that he (Lucifer) was one who aspired to be *what* made him, and who would not have made him what he was. Cain appears to have been much struck by his communication. He did not, indeed, at once advert to the impieties and folly of Lucifer in having attempted to

"————have equalled the Most High;

but instead of that, blinded as he was by his own defection from his Maker, he fancies Lucifer, for such daring, must be something great, and so tells him he looks almost like a god, and—was going, it should seem, to add some accompanying adulation, when Lucifer honestly stopped him with saying he was none: adding, that having failed in that attempt, he would be nought but what he was. This to be sure was practising that useful maxim of making a virtue of necessity. Yet it was really a good lesson to Cain, would he have taken it. For who finds fault with an exhortation to be contented with one's condition, unless upon very *reasonable* grounds of discontent? Lucifer moreover, thus excited, could not keep his own secret; 'he conquered.' His *permission* to his conqueror to reign, is quite in good taste for him.

"From Cain's succeeding question, one should almost suspect he had not understood Lucifer to have made an attempt upon his Maker and his throne; for he now asks him, *who* it was that he permitted thus to reign. To which, on his replying, 'thy sire's Maker and the earth's,' Cain immediately, and with more propriety than could almost have been expected, adds, what he had learned from his parents, and from the songs of seraphs, 'and heavens, and all that in them is.' Lucifer's remark upon this addition of Cain's to his own declaration, leads to rather important considerations. He observes, that the seraphs *must* sing, and Cain's father *must* say, what they severally did, *on pain* of being what Lucifer was among spirits, and Cain among men. And let any reasonable and moral being say, if any thing could well be worse. We shall now however take permission to examine a little into this alleged *necessity* of the seraph's so singing.

'Must' is always a hard word. And here it is under a sufficient *penalty*, it must be confessed."

And so on for another page or two.

The technical manner in which this commentator has proceeded, may perhaps be necessary to a certain class of readers (for whom we should not much care to write), in order to prove to them that the poem of *Cain*, properly, that is, dramatically, considered, is not an irreligious production; but we should have preferred starting at once upon the broad principles of Byron himself, on this matter, who, with Shelley, declared, that "every poet was a religious man," and *vice versa;* and we should then have referred to the poem before us for an instance of that principle, as inferable in the choice of subject, which the poet set about seriously, not satirically, treating. Upon this part of our theme we should have written some very fine things, which we have not now space or time to perpetrate. Then we should have launched at once, in high style, into the main argument of the poem, which is of no less elevated a mark than this—"Why hath the Supreme Creator made man to toil, to sicken, and to die? Why is the creature subject to conditions of evil?" We should then have briefly informed the reader that Lord Byron, in order to set this high question afloat in a conspicuous manner, displayed it under two aspects. First, under that in which it was viewed by the ancient Manichee, who contended that God *could not*, under all circumstances, have made the world happier or better than we behold it, because of the yet unconquered resistance of a malignant principle. Second, under that in which it is viewed by the modern optimist, because of a *necessity*, or *fitness*, arising out of the nature of God himself, his goodness and wisdom, which *led*, or *compelled* him to make men such as they now are, and to place them on an earth like the present. This second aspect, however, the poet treats rather by implication and antithesis than directly; that is, by making Lucifer deny the divine goodness and wisdom, which, however feebly advocated by Cain, is sure to be reinforced by the good sense of the Christian reader.

Now both these views we should have set about immediately correcting, and we should have performed this mighty labour by at once elevating the argument beyond the limits of aught created. To support ourselves in so pure a region would, we confess, have been difficult, but in what other region may the origin of all things be sought?

Now we must beg permission, in the first place, to hold that the common (so called,) philosophical phraseology—that it is "necessity which makes a God;" or "God is a necessary Being," is incorrect and mischievous. True it is, that, according to the constitution of the human mind, the *idea* of God is necessary to make all other things possible. God is necessary as an IDEA—that is, in relation to created intelligence. But not so as a BEING—that is, in relation to himself. Conceive God as *before* Creation, and he is unnecessary. But, in that case, we rise above the ideas of before and after: in Eternity there is no *before*, for there is no *past*. Yet Creation implies a Beginning, and Eternity, relative to time, is both before and after. But it is not with respect to Eternity as relative to Time that we have now to do, but with Eternity in itself.

The only postulate which is at all accurate, relative to the Deity, is given by the Supreme Being himself, and cannot be departed from, without leading to confusion—"I AM IN THAT I AM." All the categories predicable of Deity are exhausted in the formula,—He is—"one real or essential substance is." The others can only apply to what is not Deity, as "many negative causes may be"—"all limited concurrence must be." In this consists the peculiar reality of the Divine Being. All reality in Nature is made by the negations of other things. This book is only a book, because it occupies a certain portion of space, to which it is constrained by the law of action and reaction, which confines it within certain limits. The Deity is *real*, for the contrary of all these reasons. His reality is essential, not relative.

Again—all other ideas include the one idea of Being, and suppose it,

as a circle implies a centre. Being *must be,* only because IT IS, and was therefore eternally *possible.* All modes, relation, degree, and number, whether finite or infinite, imply Being.

We may not, on the other hand, say, *it is,* only because *it must be.* This would exalt Necessity over Being, which Necessity would of itself imply Being, since Necessity itself must *be,* previously to its acting; and thus our reason would be led backward in a regressive series without end. If, therefore, *it is,* not because it must be, but *because* IT IS: how unsafe is it to talk of the necessary existence of a First Being. All that can be said is, that he really, essentially, substantially, and eternally is—which is a pleonasm. The idea of Being admits of nothing out of itself.

Thus God is not necessarily, but antecedently to either freedom or necessity—*quoad existentiam essentiæ.* "HE IS BECAUSE HE IS!" and there is no other reason for his Being. Hence the name by which He is called in Scripture, is Jehovah, or the Self-existent.

Did we not say, at the outset of this article, that *we* were philosophers, and have we not in what we have just written, manfully redeemed our pledge? Now, if Mr. Harding Grant had been competent to some such "*touches*" as the above, we would at once have admitted him to his degrees in the metaphysical college, of which we are "doctor." But as it is, he can, at present, only rank as a pupil of the lowest form. He has, however, he says, read Plato, and therefore what we have written may, perhaps, to him be intelligible. His "chancery practice," also, but we don't know, may assist him a little.

We must proceed. The author of *Cain* seems to have known something more of the matter than his commentator. The opening of his poem implies all we have said—

> "God, the Eternal! Infinite! All-wise!
> Who, out of darkness on the deep didst make
> Light on the waters with a word—all hail!
> Jehovah, with returning light, all hail!"

Now here we must be permitted to make an *excursus.* It is for the purpose of saying that we disagree with Mr. Galt in his views of Byron's religious knowledge. We disagree with him in his assertion that his lordship was only "as religious as most men are, who do not make its mysteries objects of study." Not make the mysteries of religion objects of study! Why, these mysteries appear to have haunted Byron's mind all his life long. They break out in *Childe Harold,* in *Manfred,* as well as in *Cain,* and in *Heaven and Earth,* nay, even in *Don Juan. Verbum sat.* —and now we will return.

Byron has shewn considerable philosophical tact in the way in which, in the above brief extract, he has placed the attributes of Deity. "God, the Eternal! Infinite!" Eternity, as including infinity, is fitly placed the first in order. Space is so included in Time, and extension implies, (and may be reduced to mere,) succession. Thus all locality is absorbed in degrees of Time. The Hours—the inevitable Hours, preside over all temporal things! Thus Dimension, or Capacity, without Extension, is lost in Duration without succession. Thus the Deity is called the Eternal rather than the Infinite, and is said to dwell in Eternity.

To dwell in Time is only to perceive successively in a series of past, present, and future. To dwell in Eternity is only to perceive instantaneously, in a perpetual presence. The mode of perceiving and dwelling is the same. This is a self-evident truth, only obscured by our inattention.

The wisdom of God, to which all creation must be referable, is one with his integrity or justice, which is identical with his being uncontrollable by any being, whence his act of election is perfectly free, even as he himself is illimitable. It is with reference to his Integrity that Byron properly designates Him by the term all-wise. He is All-wise, because he is All-being—in himself, without reference to any creature,

He is absolute Fulness, neither a negation nor limited with negations —not the sum of Infinites, but the Supremely Infinite.

Moreover, it is of the last importance, that the reader should understand that God is not God, because of these attributes; but these attributes are his, because he is God. They are all traceable to his being absolutely one, and He is One, only because He is God—the Eternal and the Infinite.

But why are these called Attributes of God? Because the contemplative minds of his intelligent creatures *attribute* these acts to Him. In God they are acts of his essential energy, and are included in the *idea* of God as the wonderful properties of the circle are included in the idea of the circle. Like these properties, however, they require to be evolved to be intelligible.

The evolution of these properties or attributes was undertaken by God himself, in his eternal acts of creation—we say, eternal—because all things were created by Him "in the beginning," which is distinguished from time, as being the *beginning* of time, and is therefore purely an idea, and free from the conditions of space or time. This freedom is the liberty wherein the Deity works. Mr. Harding Grant sagely tells us something—as to the consistency of the freeness of the wills of seraphs with a philosophical and scriptural necessity—about "the influence of motive."

"But, if Lucifer will have it, that to act, though most spontaneously, yet from the influence of motive, be slavery, then what being is not a slave? Must not Lucifer himself be in slavery? Does not he act from the motive and influence of malice? Yet would he himself acknowledge himself not free? He says none are free but himself. And, (if we may so speak, with reverence,) *is not the Supreme Being himself a Slave? for does he not act from the motive and influence of perfect goodness?*"—p. 154.

One would scarcely believe that so much nonsense, in so little a space, could have been perpetrated in a country where Mr. Coleridge had published his "Aids to Reflection." Motives, quotha, making God a slave? Whence originated these motives? Whence but in the Eternal Being? Are these motives something extraneous to the Deity, that they could be suspected, for a moment, of exercising control or influence over Him? Are they not, on the contrary, controlled and influenced by Him? Why will then thus toilsomely climb, when they can *soar* at once to the fountain of truth? We wish that none but poets would comment on poets—none but poets comment on the Bible. They would at once intuitively perceive, what these mole-eyed creeping things are endeavouring to prove circumstantially, and by reasoning from a part to the whole. Those nobler creatures argue from the whole to parts, and this whole they find in the integrity—that is, the wholeness of their own minds, which are fully developed in all the faculties, and not only, as in your worldlings, cultivated in some chamber of the intellect, to the exclusion of all the rest.

God is an eternal and infinite Being! Whence comes, then, this motive? Why, it is but a motion of this eternal and infinite Being, uninfluenced by any thing from without, for there is nothing without Him. What is it, *to be?*—what but *to act?* This action is the motive—an act, freely produced by the Being that acts, not resulting from any necessity or fitness, (as the optimist says,) arising out of the nature of God himself. This necessity or fitness dwells not in the sphere which now we contemplate, any more than to God can properly be ascribed a nature. Nature of God, indeed! Know the fools of what they speak? Nature and God are opposites—but of this bye and by. Well—to act—what is it, to act? It is neither more nor less than to manifest a WILL. For an act is only possible by the being of a Will. And the essential character of Will is, that it is a self-determining spirit, *i. e.* the power of originating an act of state.

We happen to have in our diary the notes of a conversation which we had with Mr. Coleridge, on this very subject, and which, as it is perfectly original, we consider ourselves entitled to the peculiar thanks of the reader for here inserting.

"Will," said this extraordinary man, "is a higher faculty than Reason, but a Will is none that does not act; and the act of a Will, which is the highest form of Being, is to beget Being. There must, therefore, have ever been the voice that said, 'I am'—and the Response, 'Ay, Father, thou [illegible] I in thee!' It is the existence of a Will that constitutes Individuality."

"Nature," he continued, "is rather an appetence to be, than Being itself. It is essentially imperfect, and all her tendencies are, (so to speak,) 'to supersede herself.' Thus the fin of a fish is a hand, but without the uses, it only serves as a fan; but there it shews that an imperfection has begun to be *felt*, and is lessened in a higher scale of creatures. Nature is the opposite to God, and, therefore, God cannot be seen *in* Nature; but all things are distinguishable by contrast only, and, therefore, by means of nature, the idea of its opposite may be evolved, which is God. Now God is spirit. It is between these two opposites of spirit and nature, that there is an antagonism, and which, existing in man, explains the principle of his structure.

"Mr. Coleridge was then asked, by a gentleman present, what, then, was the nature of man before the Fall: how could that be perfect? He answered, it was good, not perfect. What was its state, however, before the Fall, he would not decide. The state before the Fall, he continued, is that of Ideas, which is antecedent to History, that deals with a period of facts. Will being always essentially active, there was an eternal possibility of Creation, and of all states of Being—there was also the possibility of a state of perfection—there was one of man's standing and one of his falling. Hence, in the World of Ideas there is a continual process of Being—and an appetence for Being—Spirit—and Nature—which was necessary, for no being is absolute Being, but that of the absolute Will, or God. The existence of other Being, therefore, could be only relative. Nothing can be known to exist, but in consequence of some other thing, with which it is contrasted or compared. But its similitude supposes also a dissimilitude. There must, therefore, have eternally been an anguish, and an agony, and an eternal baffling, between true Being and that which was not true Being, but was striving to become so. Thus it is said of Satan—'He was a Liar from the Beginning.' All Theology depends on mastering the term, Nature."

Let us see; to what part of our argument had we arrived? "To be is to act, and to act is to manifest a will." Will and Being, then, are identical. We have yet to build our bridge over Chaos to Creation. We must not, however, travel too fast; for it is not on this side of the chaos that we are to look for the Origin of Evil. Moses only relates the first appearance of it, when it made labour and death necessary to the well being of man. Of the causes which induced God to make man peccable, to expose him to temptations, and to try him by suffering, he professes to give no information. Coleridge, it may be perceived, far from supposing that it was *necessary* that man should be peccable, places the fact of his being so, to the account of those eternal possibilities that are the products of an ever-active Will,—"(all things are possible with God)"—which, in itself, is the highest Form of Being,—and, in the antagonism between Spirit and Nature, which it was the good pleasure of that Will to institute. Why it was the good pleasure of that Will may be ascertained, by estimating the final cause of such antagonism. This final cause, in the language of modern philosophy, constituted the intelligent motive for that act of the divine Will—but that motive, be it remembered, was an act itself of the divine Will, which, in itself, is the first and final cause of all things, the Alpha and Omega of Creation, the Beginning and the End. And what was the final cause of that antagonism? In a word, to produce a more perfect being than would have been otherwise produced—that man might rise to higher relations of being, and, by a conquest over nature, approximate ever more to [illegible] who, only, is "*True Being.*"

In order to manifest this antagonism, so essential for the wisest ends, Law, which, in itself, is *spiritual*, was opposed to the *natural* desire of every intelligent creature.

In Lord Byron's *Cain*, we find the antagonism, thus constituted by the

divine will, in a state of manifestation, and the progress of development. But, in fact, it is in this antagonism itself that the chaos is to be sought and found—this world of man, thus in a state of conflict, is the real chaos with which we have mainly to do. It is here that chiefly we want the word which saith, "Let there be light, and light is." Here it is that the unformed elements require to be reduced to order. "Life," says Göthe, "lies before us, as a huge quarry lies before the architect, except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine, with the greatest economy, suitableness, and durability, some form, the pattern of which originated in his spirit. All things without, nay, I may add, all things on us, are mere elements; but deep within us lies the creative force, which, out of these, can produce what they were meant to be; and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest, till, in one way or another, without us or on us, this has been produced."

This work is imposed on every man—this work had Cain to perform. Man's highest merit it is always, as much as possible, to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. These circumstances, however, are not to be subdued but by labour and pain. This labour, by the unphilosophical, is considered as degrading; but, on the contrary, it is a spiritual act; and every invention of art or science, by which this circumstantial evil is subdued, is so much of a spiritual progress made in the condition of the world, and which circumstantial evil is only permitted in order that such progress should be evolved. In the course of this evolution many martyrs are made—much pain endured—but conquest is assured to us at last.

In Byron's *Cain*, the Prince of the Power of the Air is pourtrayed as being quite as much perplexed by this mystery as the mortal whom he tempts. In this temptation Byron preserves a peculiar propriety—the suggestions of Lucifer are but as the echoes of the thoughts of Cain. The influence of evil spirits on the human character is a subject very imperfectly understood. We find Mr. Harding Grant propounding a strange theory on the subject of supernatural agency. We find him asserting, that

"[illegible] scriptural and other evidence, there [illegible] wanting (vide *Baxter*, on the Immateriality of the human soul) physiological reasons for crediting the alleged operations of Lucifer and his subordinate infernal agents. It is thought that the cases of extraordinary excitement in lunatics, or mad persons, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for upon any supposition than that of its being the work of those malevolent spirits, (under God's permission,) since physical causes, though they may affect the soul in the way of limiting its faculties, or deadening or impeding its activity, yet cannot be imagined to animate it in so terrible a manner as is often seen; because matter, from its own inertness, is incapable of any action at all, unless employed as an instrument by some other cause. Hence it is concluded, that some living, intelligent cause operates upon the material organ, (the sensory, for instance,) and there forms those images or representations which the soul, always active, lively, and percipient, cannot but behold, and which thereupon excite in the soul that extraordinary emotion of which we are speaking. It could not be the voluntary act of the soul (which never acts without volition) to be thus the tormentor of itself, as well as of its companion the body also, which it regards with affection, and without whose aid its own powers would be chiefly unemployed and useless; for it is not permitted to act separately; otherwise it might prefer to act as a separate person from the body altogether, unclogged by matter; which is not the intention of the Author of their united existence. But this is not meant to derogate from the divine influence of the Holy Spirit upon the soul, in an immediate manner. It is admitted, that the disorder of the *material* part of man may produce effects of such a nature as approximate to its own inertness and inactivity, such as idiocy, sleep, apoplexy, or the like; but not cause rage, distraction, frenzy, unless *wrought upon* as above stated. Nor could the disease be lodged in the soul itself, which is an uncompounded, simple substance, and hath no parts, and therefore properly no constitution, or corporeal frame; neither is it liable to any change or alteration in its own nature. Hence there appears no other way for its being thus affected, but from the cause already assigned. It should seem, therefore, that the term "madness" carries with it a sort of imputation on the soul itself, as if chargeable with some fault in its own constitution; an imputation it does not merit. On the other hand, it sometimes is difficult to find the distinguishing line between mental affliction of this nature, and bad

moral character. The same reasoning is applied (in reference to the agency of spiritual beings,) to the phenomenon of dreaming also; in which state the soul is *obliged*, being ever awake, and attentive, and yet confined to the body, to behold whatever illusory representations are made on the sensory during sleep, the same as in the case of persons awake. But as to dreams, there seems to be latitude for the intervention of *good* and benevolent spirits also, either in the way of thus making useful or monitory images or impressions; or perhaps by opposing and modifying the mischievous operations of evil spirits; or by relieving the soul from them altogether, or in other ways of which we cannot be fully aware. And as evil spirits may make impressions for the soul's perception, which it abhors and dreads, and regards with aversion, and would gladly avoid if it could: so good spirits may impress subjects of an opposite nature, which the soul may contemplate with pleasure and *willingness*, and possibly retain, and employ for its future use. These notions seem rather to be confirmed by, than to oppose, that petition in the form of prayer which Jesus Christ gave to his disciples at their request, 'and deliver us from evil,' which many persons, of competent judgment, have thought, might have been more appropriately rendered '*the* evil one;' which the original word is believed to *import*, by way of *eminence*, when ascribed to Lucifer, or Satan; since it expresses the idea of an *agent*, *purposely* evil, malignant, false, mischievous, vicious, wicked, *habitually* bad. Nor can it, I presume, be denied, that this view of the object has a tendency to recommend an increased sense of man's dependance upon the unceasing goodness and providential defence of God, against these evils, or this 'evil,' to which he is exposed. I say, 'evil,' certainly, and so does Christ himself; but doubtless in the qualified manner in which we have before considered it; and in accommodation to common language and perception."—pp. 250—252.

All this is so feebly argued, that we can scarcely believe the author was sincere in his advocacy. Most lamentably is he at fault in what he seems to consider his clenching argument, the petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Deliver us from *the* evil *one*." There are not wanting instances of the same term being used indefinitely. In the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, it is so used, "I say unto you, that ye resist not evil."—It is the very same form of expression, and yet, certainly, cannot mean Satan personally. Who would not rather prefer adopting the more general sense of the term? Our author's theory of dreams also may be superseded by a single sentence from Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, which asserts the distinction between a dream and a reality, on the ground that the former is a subjective mode of conception, only mistaken for an objective one—a phenomenon of consciousness which it is not necessary to refer to extraneous agency, and indeed precludes it. As to our author's notion of the soul being incapable of disease, it is amusing, knowing, as he ought to know, that sin is its greatest disease. More amusing is the difficulty which he feels in ascribing to it rage—distraction—phrenzy—knowing, as he ought to know, that these passions are of the soul only. And as to the material part being only capable of producing inertion and inactivity, the notion is above all things, absurd. Why, the very incompetence of the material part as the instrument of the soul to perform its proper functions, would be the very thing to make the soul rage, and fume, and fret, as Mr. Grant would know, if he had to cut up a public dinner before hundreds of spectators with a bad carving-knife. So much for Mr. Grant's physiological reasons.

Mr. Coleridge has already answered for us, in a few words, this question of supernatural agency, which is dependant on certain notions relative to celestial orders. His answer occurs in Mr. Coleridge's remarks on a recent publication, entitled, *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*. Of this work, pages 26—36 contain a succession of eloquent and splendid paragraphs on the celestial orders, and the expediency or necessity of their being concealed from us, lest we should receive such overwhelming conceptions of the divine greatness as to render us incapable of devotion and prayer on the Scripture model.—"Were it," says the eloquent writer, "indeed permitted to man to gaze upwards from step to step, and from range to range, of those celestial hierarchies, to the lowest steps of the Eternal Throne, what liberty of heart would afterwards be left him in drawing near to the Father of Spirits."

To all this the old man on the top of Highgate Hill triumphantly objects. "More weight with me than

all this Pelion upon Ossa of imaginary Hierarchies has the single remark of Augustine, there neither are nor can be but three essential differences of Being, viz. the Absolute, the Rational Finite, and the Finite Irrational; *i. e.* God, Man, and Brute! Besides, the whole scheme is unscriptural, if not contra-scriptural. Pile up winged Hierarchies on Hierarchies, and outblaze the Cabbalists, and Dionysius the Areopagite; yet what a gaudy vapour for a healthful mind is the whole conception, (or rather phantasm,) compared with the awful Hope held forth in the Gospel, to be one with God in and through the Mediator Christ, even the living, co-eternal Word and Son of God."

We know not whether these few words will satisfy Mr. Grant or not—they are sufficient to satisfy us. We doubt, however, of their effect on this commentator, because he is so incumbered with this "Pelion on Ossa," that he absolutely dares to predicate that we are as obliged to believe in the personal existence of Lucifer, as in that of the Almighty! Now, none but a Manichee could possibly make such an assertion, if he knew the meaning of what he uttered. The *idea* of God is, as we have said before, *necessary*, in order to render all other things possible—not so our conception of the Evil One. We deny the existence of two opposing principles—we deny their equal necessity. Mr. Grant, (who is no Manichee, but in this instance has only fallen into a mistake, from the deficiency of his philosophical tact,) has himself, in another part of his book, properly discriminated between what is called the good and the evil principle. Here are his words:—

"That there is no occasion for resorting to such a hypothesis, is the opinion of perhaps all intelligent persons of the present day. But it may be proper to notice some of its inseparable absurdities. It is presumed, that the evil principle, who is one of the subjects of it, must be intended to be absolute and infinite in its nature; in other words, an *absolute* and *infinitely evil* principle. But the supposition of such an absolute and infinitely evil principle, is an express contradiction. For as this principle opposes and resists the infinitely good one (for an *infinitely* good one also must be presumed: because less than infinite would be nothing, for the purposes proposed); therefore, the evil principle must also be independent and infinite, or absolute, in knowledge and power. But the notion of a being infinitely *evil*, is of one infinitely *imperfect*; for *infinitely* evil, of course, implies the *total* absence of every thing good, whether moral or physical; its *knowledge* and *power* therefore must be infinitely imperfect; that is, absolute ignorance and impotence, or no knowledge and power at all. The one of these beings then (the good principle), is absolutely perfect, or enjoys all manner of positive perfections; and consequently the other, being directly the reverse, must be purely the negation of it, as darkness is of light; *i. e.* it must be an *infinite defect*, or *mere nothing*. Thus this *evil* being must have some *knowledge* and *power*, in order to make any opposition at all to the *good* one; but as he is directly opposite to that good or perfect one, he cannot have the *least* degree of knowledge or power, since these are *perfections*; therefore the supposition of such an existence as this, implies a contradiction.

"But supposing advocates of this doctrine to mean (as any person of sense must mean) by this evil principle, an absolutely *malevolent* being of equal power and other natural perfections with those of the good one. 'It would be to no purpose,' says Archbishop Tillotson, 'to suppose two such opposite principles. For, admit that a being infinitely mischievous, were infinitely cunning, and infinitely powerful, yet it could do no evil, because the opposite principle, of infinite goodness, being also infinitely wise and powerful, they would tie up one another's hands: so that, upon this supposition, the notion of a Deity would signify just nothing; and, by virtue of the eternal opposition and equality of these principles, they would keep one another at perpetual bay; and being an equal match for one another, instead of being two deities, they would be two idols, able to do neither good nor evil.'

"Neither does Bayle's amendment of this hypothesis free it from the difficulty. He supposes the two principles to be sensible of the above mentioned consequences arising from their equality of power, and therefore willing to compound the matter by allowing an equal mixture of good and evil in the intended creation. But if the quantity of good and evil in the creation be exactly equal, neither of the principles has attained, or could expect to attain, the end for which it was supposed to act. The good principle designed to produce some absolute good, the evil one some absolute evil; but to produce an equal mixture of both, would be, in effect, producing neither. One would just counterbalance and destroy the other; and all such actions would be the very same as

doing nothing at all. And that such an exact quality of good and evil must be the result of any agreement between them is plain; for, as they are by supposition, perfectly equal in *inclination*, as well as *power;* neither of them could possibly concede, and let its opposite prevail. The creation, therefore, cannot be owing to such a composition."—*Archbishop King, Origin of Evil, chapter II.*

"The foregoing considerations seem satisfactorily to overturn these 'great double mysteries, the two principles,' and their 'secret thrones,' and discover the whole to be as much phantoms as any which Lucifer had been exhibiting to his wondering pupil; and if Lucifer meant to insinuate that he himself was either of these principles, his deception is detected. The *good* principle he could *not* be, and the *evil* one is seen to be an impossibility. It therefore remains that there is one supreme Creator and Governor of all things; all-wise, all-powerful, and all-good; infinite, eternal, unchangeable; the God of Plato and of Cicero, the Jehovah of the Bible; the God of Christians."—p. 324—326.

We wish Mr. Grant had stopped his discussion at this sentence; for what he afterwards adds, is ———. It follows from the above reasonings, that the "evil one" must be a finite principle—that is, no principle at all—and that there is only one Principle of Creation. But now,—in order to bring this matter out clearly, it will be necessary to revert to the consideration of the celestial Orders which old S. T. C. had, "at one fell swoop," dethroned. Our commentator would attack us on the ground of Scripture testimony. Are not cherubim and seraphim mentioned? Now these cherubim and seraphim are the very beings that make to our purpose. They were symbolical, say the learned Jews, of the intellectual and rational faculties of the human mind. This notion is correct in the main—but requires a little enlargement. They were rather symbolical of the whole creation, whereof man being a microcosm, his faculties were fitly imaged by the figures which composed the cherubim. But Man is declared to have been the image of God—these cherubim, therefore, while they had, in manner aforesaid, reference to all creation, and to intelligent man, as its abstract and chief, had also ultimate reference to the Supreme Creator of whom man is an image. All this was not designed without exquisite propriety. Whatever He has created, and wrought and formed, must exhibit some of his perfections. All his works speak of him: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." Nay, all that is in existence, from the highest angel to the minutest atom, must, as it came forth from God, make something of Him known—must exhibit something of his character—must manifest some of his attributes. Thus the minutest insect that floats in the air, shows, according to its measure, that God is life. And thus, also, the present conflict between good and evil, has reference to an eternal condition of things in the secret councils of the Most High.

Now these cherubic symbols existed from the earliest infancy of the world, when sensible images were required to realize, to untutored minds, ideas so abstract as the Soul and God. They evidently represent the Divine Trinity in union with the Humanity—"God manifest in the flesh." The etymology of cherub, signifies "a similitude of the great in power, wisdom, and glory,"—or, more briefly—"an emblem of the Divine Majesty." The cherubim are described in Ezekiel's famous vision.

Now for the seraphim.—These are described by Isaiah. They are identical with the cherubim of the Temple, the scene of the vision; as its principal figure, the throne on which He sat, the position of the seraphim, their number, their wings, their proclamation of the glory of Jehovah, and the act which one of them is stated to have performed, sufficiently prove. The root from which the word seraphim is derived, is a word which signifies to *burn*, and the attribute of *fiery*, with relation to nature or colour, runs through all its derivatives. The reason why Isaiah used the word seraphim, rather than cherubim, is to be found in the nature of his vision. There is a necessity for an accumulation of images in symbolic language, in order to describe the object completely which is intended to be thereby illustrated. A single symbol cannot always convey

a full view of the case. Thus, in the recognized typology of the Levitical service, Christ was represented both by the sacrificed lamb and by the sacrificing priest. One type could not shew that He was to offer up Himself. In St. John's Epistle, also, He is described as one of the witnesses, and the person to whom the witness is borne. So in this vision of Isaiah, he is represented by the compound testifier in the seraph, and also by the king who was seated on the throne! This principle of interpretation is so clear, that *Vitringa*, who interprets the seraphim as symbolizing both angels so called, and ministers of the gospel, is compelled to account for the assignment to the former of the act of atonement or sanctification, performed by the seraph who flew out with the live coal, by saying, "Those things which God Himself performs, and performs by Himself, are attributed, in this vision, *to angels*, for the sake of propriety," i.e. with regard to the scenic propriety of the visionary drama.

We do not feel it necessary to enter into the same analytical display of the apocalyptic animals, in which the same rule of interpretation obtains; as enough has been written to shew that all that is said of angelic agency in the Scriptures may be interpreted as dramatically symbolizing the acts of God's providence and grace to, and perhaps in and by, his intelligent creatures. We know of no intelligent creature, but man, and of no mediator between him and his Creator but the God-Man. The media of communication between him and this mediator, thus symbolized by cherubim and seraphim, are no other than the powers of reason and will belonging to each, by and to which only the truths of religion are addressed. In these powers abides the spiritual law, to which the law in the members is opposed. This opposition, however, had also to be represented in symbolical language, and a different agency was necessarily instituted for this purpose. This agency was also spiritual; for the faculty of sense, whereof the forms are no less than those magnificent capacities which we call space and time, can belong to none other but a spiritual being. And so the grand principle (as manifested in the aforesaid antagonism) of man's moral structure, was dramatically represented in these two classes of symbolical representation, whereof one was variously known by the name of cherubim and seraphim, and the other by the various titles of Satan, Lucifer, or Beelzebub, or by whatever other denominations the heathen nations had designated their deities, for the most part representing the sensual appetites or passions, whether of love or fear, before whom they bowed the coward knee, in carnal adoration. With beautiful propriety, still pursuing this mode of symbolic moralizing, the Scriptures represent man as being tempted of the Devil. But a time was at hand when this mode of symbolic teaching, which is not without great and manifest inconveniences, was about to be superseded. Then the Apostle James undertakes an explanation of it in literal language, in these words, "Every man, when he is tempted, is led away of his own lusts, and enticed."

Lord Byron, intending to dramatise the story of Cain, found it necessary to adopt this symbolical style, or else to write what would have been little better than a monologue, and insufferably tedious. But, as we have said before, with admirable art, he makes Satan's suggestions, to be but, as it were, the echo of Cain's own thoughts.

"*Cain.* Thou speak'st to me of things which long have swum
In visions through my thought; I never could
Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.
My father and my mother talk to me
Of serpents, and of foods and trees; I see
The gates of what they call their paradise,
Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,
Which shut them out, and me: I feel the weight
Of daily toil, and constant thought: I look
Around a world where I seem nothing, with
Thoughts which arise within me, as if they
Could master all things: but I thought alone

This misery was *mine*. My father is
Tamed down; my mother has forgot the mind
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk
Of an eternal curse; my brother is
A watching shepherd-boy, who offers up
The firstlings of his flock to Him who bids
The earth yield nothing to us without sweat;
My sister, Zillah, sings an earlier hymn
Than the bird's matins; and my Adah, my
Own and beloved, she, too, understands not
The mind which overwhelms me: never till
Now met I aught to sympathise with me.
'Tis well—I rather would consort with spirits."

In this speech is the key-note to the whole composition. Cain is a man in whom the grand antagonism between the flesh and the spirit is become manifest. Well! to bring this design into full prominence, the poet adopts the old notion of the two principles, both infinite. It is not without judgment that he does this. It is true, they are not both infinite: but one is so, and the other, which is no principle at all, yet calls itself so, and pretends to be infinite. The assertion of the existence of these two principles is, therefore, with great dramatic propriety, ascribed to the pretender. We are told by Coleridge, there was always that which is eternally true Being, and that which is striving to become so. It is understood to have been Satan's ambition to assume divinity, which lost him heaven; and man's first temptation was grounded on his desire to become as God in knowledge. It was the endeavour of the rational-finite, to become the absolute—his desires stretched into infinity, and he plunged into the abyss—"The abyss of space." There he found chaos only, and returned hopeless and perplexed. Such was Lord Byron's conception, and it was a noble one.

Now it is the legitimate end and aim of man's moral structure to aspire to infinite and eternal conditions. The end and aim both of the vicious and the virtuous man is to aspire after a happiness, which shall be endless and unchanging. But they adopt different means to arrive at happiness, and employ a different class of faculties. Herein is the "mystery of our being" whereof Cain was inquisitive. The means which are successfully employed, and which do really achieve the end of infinite and eternal felicity, are those which edify the moral being, in Scripture emphatically called life. This edification of the moral being is so far from excluding knowledge, that he who sincerely sets about it, will find he is momently accumulating knowledge, and enlarging his capacity for it. To the adoption of these means there are sufficient inducements, but they are of a sort not addressed to the senses, but to the reason and the will. In the mean time, there are inducements which address themselves to the senses, and which tend to the edification of man's physical being. Now with respect to the former spiritual means, there is no necessity that they should be limited. Such desires are infinite in their essence and their acts, and can only be satisfied with an infinite object of enjoyment. Not so with respect to the gratification of the senses. All the objects of their desire are finite, and incapable of satisfying a spiritual being. A limit is therefore wisely imposed upon their exercise. This limit is first imposed by a spiritual law, which prescribes a boundary, beyond which they shall not seek gratification, and engage the will and reason (which necessarily co-operate) from their more appropriate contemplations. In case this spiritual law fails to procure obedience, it is then reinforced by a physical one, which renders further gratification impossible, and changes the pleasure into pain. This pain serves to admonish the soul, that she is vainly seeking for infinite pleasure in a finite sphere, and, if duly attended to, will cause her return to her more suitable delights. The senses act by material organs, which the former, being as we have said spiritual, endeavour to task to the demands of their own spiritual aspirations, a requisition which, being physical, they are unable to fulfil.

These very organs themselves are, however, the conductors of the external temptations to sensual desires; and are typified by the spiritually animated serpent, even as these very organs can only act when actuated by the spirit which is in man, one faculty of which is that of sense. If these temptations be yielded to, and man seeks by these means to become as God, that is infinitely and eternally happy by the medium of the senses, he will certainly first acquaint himself with good; for, to a certain extent, pleasure, exquisite pleasure, will obtain: but he next as certainly will acquaint himself with evil; for, when that limit is past, pain will succeed: and to that pain a torpidity of all the physical and mental functions, resembling that death which ultimately dissolves the bodies of all, and was, at first, a consequence of such sensual excess; and which, after a short time spent in such forbidden indulgence, will, even before the dissolution of the body, seize upon the faculties of the soul, and benumb its powers of action.

Of the strength and efficacy of these temptations, thus explained, we have every day experience, and the history of man abounds in examples. So strong are they, that it is not enough that the capacity of these organs for pleasure, and even for sensibility, should be limited, but it was decreed necessary by Providence, that before the gratifications for their indulgence shall be obtained, they must be purchased by labour. This necessity for labour suspended, at any rate, the course of fatal indulgence. Labour also obliged man to exercise the higher faculties in the exertion of skill and ingenuity in his conquests over the nature with which he was compelled to be at war in the external world, and which he should have resisted in that inner one in his own structure.

This necessity for labour has been, by most theologians, considered merely as a curse. There is considerable misapprehension in this view of the subject. The Hebrew word ברך, is rendered in our English scriptures both to curse and to bless. In fact, it signifies neither, directly. The radical sense of the word is to "pour out or send, or drive vehemently;" whether words or water, or any other thing, can only be decided by the occasion. In the paucity of expressions necessarily belonging to a primitive language, one word must thus be made to serve many purposes. The word, therefore, in Genesis, should be rendered not—"I curse the ground for thy sake"—but "I speak vehemently to the ground for thy sake," in the same manner as God *said*—"Let there be light, and there was light." By the word of the Lord, by which all things were made, was the ground appointed to bear thorns and thistles, that man might only eat bread by the sweat of his brow. A merciful interposition of providence, by which man will be ultimately enabled to work out his salvation with fear and trembling.

Now the sensual man has always been averse to this labour—to labour of any kind, whether bodily or intellectual. With Cain, he exclaims—

> "And this is
> Life!—Toil! and wherefore should I toil?—Because
> My father could not keep his place in Eden.
> What had *I* done in this?—I was unborn;
> I sought not to be born; nor love the state
> To which that birth has brought me. Why did he
> Yield to the serpent and the woman? or
> Yielding, why suffer? What was there in this?
> The tree was planted, and why not for him?
> If not, why place him near it, where it grew,
> The fairest in the centre? They have but
> One answer to all questions;—'twas *his* will,
> And *he* is good.' How know I that? Because
> He is all-powerful: must all-good, too, follow?
> I judge but by the fruits, and they are bitter;
> Which I must feed on for a fault not mine."

In this extract we have another instance in opposition to Mr. Galt of Lord Byron's knowledge in theology. But this passage is not the

only instance in which, in this poem, he has taken occasion to hint at the inaccuracy of the prevailing notions in the religious world—that is, among the sectarists—on the subject of original sin, which they translate into hereditary sin. Their inaccurate notion he has ascribed to Cain, who never fails to draw from it the inevitable conclusion. This piece of irony is, however, so cleverly done, that they whom most it concerns, seem scarcely to suspect it. Strange to say, Mr. Grant falls into the trap thus subtilly laid. He gravely sets about correcting Cain's argument on the subject. He admits the grand assumption, but disputes the conclusion. In this grave piece of work he proceeds upon the absurd distinction between *actual* and *original* sin. In Mr. Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, this dogma is set in its true light. And it is very probable that Lord Byron, who had a very high opinion of Coleridge, derived his notion of the tenet from some conversations with the latter. Be this as it may, the Church of England article relative to the subject authorizes no such statement of the doctrine as is here impugned. Here it is :

"IX. *Of Original or Birth Sin.*

"Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk) ; but it is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam ; whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit; and therefore in every person born into this world, it deserveth God's wrath and damnation! And this infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated: whereby the lust of the flesh, called in Greek φρόνημα σαρκὸς, which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affection, some the desire of the flesh, is not subject to the law of God. And although there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptized, yet the Apostle doth confess, that concupiscence and lust are of the nature of sin."

Now the meaning of this article is only this, that man, as man, is constructed upon the principle which we have laid down, of an antagonism between spirit and nature. In this respect every man is as well off as Adam, before his fall, who was constructed upon precisely the same principle. Every man has equally his period of innocence, of action, of temptation, of transgression. Some differences, in the course of time, may have happened, in what is without and on him ; but still, if these circumstances are harder in themselves to battle withal, certain artificial helps have grown up in the same course of time, to enable him successfully to encounter them, and he has the advice of many of the good and wise to resort to for assistance, and who are, in fact, daily volunteering it ; whereas Adam was solitary, except with regard to his God, in which his children are as much privileged as he, for God "is not far from every one of us." We are, therefore, not suffering, in any sort, the penalty of Adam's transgression, (as the Church of England article truly testifies,) but every man for his own—and the term "Original Sin," like that of an "Original Compact," means something which is ever originating, and, like those ideas which are native to the soul of man, are, though common to all, felt to be *original* in each.

We do not know whether the reader expects that we should follow Lord Byron into the "Abyss of Space," into which the soul plunges in her pursuit of an infinite good, in the world of the senses. But we are afraid we have left ourselves very little "space" for the discussion of a subject so abstruse. What we have to say, we will, however, endeavour to compress within the limits of that brevity which "is the soul of wit." The reader will readily perceive how, in the indulgences of which we have spoken, man may fall, in his infinite lusting, into the abyss of space. A drunken man, entirely done up, would be no unfit emblem to assist his fancy But it is not only in those degraded pleasures that the carnal principle is seen to work. It takes yet a higher aim. It assumes, frequently, the form of intellectual exertion, and is seen ambitiously domineering in the exercises of the Speculative Reason. This last is, in fact, the sphere into which Byron has introduced Cain.

Now what is this speculative reason ? Reason, whether speculative or practical, is an ideal power. She disdains to be bound by the representations of the senses and the understanding, which can at best only as-

certain, for instance, the *relative* totalities of time and space, and insists upon producing an idea of their *absolute* totalities. Is a thing which is comprehended in space or time, small? It may be, says speculative reason, smaller. Is it great? it may be greater. She enlarges the horizon of the mind, and suggests to man, that, beyond his present experience, there are more things to be known. The universe itself she presents to the mind not as limited by time and space, but as infinitely determinable. She conceives the whole of things circumscribed within temporal limits, and, by prescribing those limits, at once places herself beyond them, and then finds herself in a new region of being, which forthwith she proceeds to explore.

For wise purposes was this faculty given to the human mind, that it might evermore be urged forward in its inquiries in science, politics, and religion, and aim evermore at the utmost perfection which may be at any time attainable, either as a knowing, a social, or a moral being. But as the most useful privileges are ever liable to the greatest abuses—so is this sublime power liable to enormous misapplication.

We have said before, that the sensual man has always manifested an aversion to labour. Now the legitimate use of this speculative reason was to promote labour—by suggesting ever, that there was still something more to be known or done, it would have legitimately led to further enquiry and exertion. Strange to say, however, the history of speculative men has teemed with contrary conclusions. The instance of the schoolmen must occur to the recollection of every one—to which may be added the various sects of pseudo-mystics. These people endeavoured to supply the defects of their present experience, not by doing their best to arrive at more, but by substituting the idle vagaries of uninformed speculation. In this way, they built up theory on theory, not substracted as every theory ought to be, from facts and observation, but in entire ignorance of the matters to which such theories were supposed to relate. All knowledge was, in this way, supposed to be equally possible with them, and they thought, they could with equal ease decide how many spirits might dance upon the point of a needle, and explain the planetary system. They knew as much about the one as the other.

We find Cain and Lucifer both gone forth on this unprofitable road of conjecture. They have got into the abyss of space, beyond the bounds of the habitable world, on which they look back with much contempt. Their purpose is to ascertain "the history of past, and present, and of future worlds." The first demand made by Cain is in exquisite keeping with the design of exposing the absurd conjectures of the idle class of reasoners before described. "Point me out the site of Paradise"—a futile inquiry, about which they continually perplexed themselves. Lucifer's hypothesis, "If there should be worlds greater than thine own"—his depreciation of "the very best of man's enjoyments"—is in the same identical spirit of superseding experience in behalf of some indolent fancy.—"The phantasm of the world, of which this world is but the wreck," is one of those same vain conceits. The Cuvierian system of a preadamite world is a useless fiction. It, however, leads this worthy couple, for want of better objects of thought, beyond the limits of space into "Hades;" in which, like two fools, they engage their attention with nothing else. Fitly is the place, in which such systems must be sought, called "the realms of death."

Here Byron again ridicules a sophism of the sectarists, concerning "the unfolding of the doctrine of eternal life, clogged with agonies eternal"—a sophism well exposed by Mr. Coleridge in his *Aids to Reflection*—a sophism which supposes, that, in order that a certain number of souls should be saved, it was necessary to grant the common gift of immortality to a certain other number; who, therefore, for the sake of the saved, suffer eternal pain. A very pretty representation this of that gospel which brought life and immortality to light! The system of rewards and punishments in another world most assuredly proceeds upon a different ground from this. As surely as eternal rewards and punishments

await the good and the wicked, they are awarded in righteousness and in mercy.

After floundering about in this phantom of a preadamite world, whence so much was to be learned, Cain is made to exclaim, he knows nothing! His tale of a sucking lamb stung by a reptile, is a hit at another prevailing sophism, which we cannot stay to expose. Mr. Grant, however, has done it pretty well. Abuses of the speculative reason are likewise hinted at in the suggestions of a better constitution for the world—*e. g.* "it were a better portion for the animal not to be stung at all,"—and that God would have done better in not planting the fatal tree.

> "Thou hast shewn me wonders; thou hast shewn me those
> Mighty preadamites, who walk'd the earth
> Of which ours is the wreck; thou hast pointed out
> Myriads of starry worlds, of which our own
> Is the dim and remote companion, in
> Infinity of life; thou hast shewn me shadows
> Of that existence with the dreaded name,
> Which my sire brought us—Death; thou hast shewn me much,
> But not all. Shew me where Jehovah dwells,
> In his especial Paradise—or *thine;*
> Where is it?"

Lucifer jests Cain out of his answer, and banters him about "the great double mysteries—the *two principles.*" Now Cain's inquiry is another of the mistakes of the speculative reason, in raising questions which no experience in her power can resolve. It is then, with exceeding propriety, that Lucifer exclaims, "Back with me to thine earth." That is the proper region for her occupation. To this, also, his parting admonition refers:

> "*One good* gift has the fatal apple given—
> Your *reason.* Let it not be overswayed
> By tyrannous threats, to force you into faith
> 'Gainst all external sense and inward feeling.
> Think, and endure; and form an inner world
> In your own bosom, where the outward fails.
> So shall you nearer be the spiritual
> Nature, and war triumphant with your own."

The only way in which the fatal apple can be said to have *given our reason,* is by having induced an experience of the abuses to which the speculative faculty was liable, furnished us with a warning against the like mistakes in future, and directed us to a better method of inquiry. This, since the Reformation, and the establishment of the experimental philosophy, which both came in together, we have since adopted in all that concerns human thought or action. Lucifer's advice, however, though correct, is purposely conveyed in such words as to lead to errors in conduct.

The notion of the preadamite world was adopted to get rid of the supposed absurdity, that God should have existed an eternity without creating any thing. Speculative reason, however, in this, hovering, as she does, between time and eternity, applied to an eternal state conditions which only belong to the world of the senses. No length of time can bear any proportion with eternity; and if the Almighty be supposed to have begun creating myriads of ages ago, there would still be either an infinite series of time, or the same eternity, supposed unoccupied, and the same difficulty to be solved.

Byron says of Cain, that "he alone of mortals from that place was the first and last who returned, *save* ONE." In this passage he alludes to our Saviour's descent into Hades. The poem, from which we have quoted on this subject, takes a different view of Hades from that which Lord Byron has given. The author has not sought in that state of being for the fictions of the speculative reason, but for the realities of that religion on which the poem is founded—a religion which has its foundations not in the speculative but the practical reason. Both poets have used the appropriate means for their respective ends.

What we have written may have sufficiently developed in the reader's mind the conception of one element of that antagonism which explains the principle of man's structure. The other remains to be yet given. Our space is already exceeded—it would be doing injustice to the subject, however, not to devote a page or two to the remaining part. Byron has treated of it in his third act—but briefly. He was not equal to it, for an obvious reason—the subject requires a *practical* professor. This he was not. We can only know what morality is, by practising it. It is not a theme for speculation. It is a life—and hence the means of edifying the moral being is called the Tree of Life. Both that, and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, are planted in the midst of the Garden of this world.

In the character of Adah, Byron has given, as well as he could, an example of a practical moralist.—"Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise?" She asks Cain, "Can we not make another?"

"*Cain.* Where?
"*Adah.* Here, or
Where'er thou wilt: where'er thou art, I feel not
The want of this so much regretted Eden."

In connexion with this subject, Byron aims a random shaft at the sectarian error regarding the doctrine of the Atonement. This error has been ably, and at large, corrected in Mr. Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection.* The Atonement is represented as a sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty. And we ourselves have seen it stated in some sectarian catechism, that the chief distinction between the Law of Moses and the Gospel of Christ consisted in this:—that by the former no allowance was made for human inability towards a perfect fulfilment of the moral law; but that under the Christian dispensation, the law was accommodated to human imperfection, and all that was required was, that every man should do as much as he could, and allowance, out of Christ's merits, would be made for the deficiency. The doctrine of the Scriptures is in diametrical opposition to all this. Christianity saves not people *in* their sins, but *from* their sins; and the finally guilty, for whom the innocent is said to have been offered as an atonement, are not saved. By the atonement is meant re-union only—and the process is this. A perfect example of a moral man, acting on the rules of the practical reason, is presented to the contemplation of mortals. He perseveres in opposition to the spirit of the age, in his course of practical morality, the precepts of which he delivers; and that they, who are to benefit by following his example, should have no excuse in the pressure of whatever fearful circumstance, he perseveres in the same course under pain of death; so that neither life nor death can furnish an apology to his believers for a dereliction from duty. Thus it is that his blood cleanseth from all sin; and only they who realize to the utmost, in their personal conduct, the character of their exemplar, are redeemed and saved. There is in all this nothing about our being

"victims for a deed
Before our birth."

nothing about our "need" of having

"victims to
Atone for this mysterious, nameless sin."

It is, indeed, stated *historically*, that "in one man Adam all died"—and "in one man all are made alive." Adam is put as representative, being the first, of all who yield to natural lusts; he is their grand exemplar; and we have shewn how death falls upon the spiritual faculties of all such: they are, indeed, dead in trespasses and sins. We, also, who put in act our rational powers, as moral beings, have an exemplar, by imitating whom we shall quicken our spiritual being, and renew capacities of delight which are unknown to the carnally-minded, and be as one with God.

Now the moral life, thus required, is only possible, in union with much diligence and activity. The spiritual man cannot be an idle man. As labour is necessary, as a spiritual act, to the subduing of physical nature, in order to the sustenance and delectation of the body—so the same war against nature has to be performed by the rational spirit, in its course of practical morality. Nature in all its lower propensities, and in some of its

highest feelings. For nature herself, whether *on* us or *without* us, is equally unintelligent, and will run into wild excesses unless restrained by the admonitions of an intelligent will, which is he spirit in man.

But the great problem is, how to awake the carnally-minded out of this sleep of death, and to *renew* in them this intelligent will? This problem is unanswered in Lord Byron's *Cain*, and we must refer our readers for answer to the inspired record.

After all, it must be confessed that nothing can be more extraordinary than that such a work as *Cain* should have been produced by Lord Byron. The only reason that can be given is, that he was, as a poet, what Balaam of old was, as a prophet. He spake the truth, though perhaps unwillingly. In the character of Abel he has comparatively failed—in Lucifer and Cain he has succeeded admirably. In pouring out the objections of a strong mind to certain errors, he has acted evidently in his vocation. In attributing to Cain and Lucifer theoretical speculations which the progress of truth has superseded, and which failed to satisfy their inquiries, he probably only repeated a process which his own mind had gone through, and retired from perplexed and discontented. He substituted nothing better in their place, because he had nothing else to substitute. His mind had arrived at that point of scepticism which is the first step to science, but he had not yet passed beyond. Whether he ever would is exceedingly problematical.

Before we conclude, we wish to say one word in favour of our, the best of Magazines. All the periodicals that have noticed Mr. Grant's book, have praised the author for his deep reading and adequate knowledge —but, one and all, have declared the work so much out of the common way, that they were not prepared to enter into detail. We mention this for the sake of observing, that this is only *one* instance of the utter incapacity of the present race of our periodical critics. They are competent to nothing, but to a slight article on a popular *nouvelette*. A high-thoughted poem, or a book which requires a little philosophy or theology, perplexes and damps their energies. *We* are, however, equal to such things, or any thing else; and neither Mr. Grant's book, nor any other book, has aught to puzzle us.

In conclusion, we recommend the present work to general perusal, in default of a better; only requesting the reader to bear in mind, that Mr. Harding Grant, "the author of *Chancery Practice*," is not so good a Metaphysician as *we*.

THE BACHELOR'S REPLY.—AN EPIGRAM

Laura. Thy mellow Autumn more resembles Spring;
Say, did a snake* devoured this vigour bring?
Cœlebs. From female snakes, fair maid, I always fled,
Hence years have rolled so lightly o'er mine head.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Laura. Dic, precor, unde tibi, Cœlebs, tam verna senectus?
Anne vorâsti anguem, tantus et inde vigor?
Cœlebs. Fœmineos vitare angues mihi maxima cura,
Semper erat—nobis inde senecta viret.

Alluding to the snake of Æsculapius.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN IDLER.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICES.—CHAPTER II.

——τοῦ δ'οὐκ ἐπιλήσομαι ὄφρ' ἂν ἔγωγε
Ζωοῖσιν μετέω, καί μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ·
Εἰ δὲ θανόντων περ' καταλήθοντ' εἰν αΐδαο,
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κἀκεῖθι φίλου μεμνήσομ' ἑταίρου.
'ΡΑΨΩΔΙΑ Χ'

* "Forget him! not while with the quick I dwell,
And life gives strength and motion to my knee;
Even if the dead forget the dead in Hell,
Yet there, loved friend, will I remember thee!"

Inchicronan House stands in a country singularly wild, but fertile and beautiful beyond all praise. In the midst of a demesne rich in time-honoured trees, and adorned by every thing which wealth and taste could add in embellishment of nature, without injuring her simple grandeur, the mansion is placed upon the declivity of "a gentle hill," commanding several others of like form, but lesser magnitude, which continue gradually to decrease until they at length sink into a shore that bounds a very world of waters. For there two mighty rivers, (which can on either side be traced to the extreme verge of the horizon,) ere they roll into the Atlantic, mingle their floods, and that so impetuously that their trysting-place is marked by a broad belt of agitated water, and an everlasting mist of suspended spray.

When I first gazed upon the scene, it appeared to me most touching. It was awfully grand—pensively beautiful—in it the bounds of the past and present seemed obliterated. You at once looked upon a world bright, and young, and lovely, and upon the relics of a world that had gone by. For this inland sea that lay extended before me, was studded with fair islands, and of these each had its own dark tale to tell of departed splendour and lost civilization, appealing to the heart by a display of ruins, respecting which even tradition is mute, the names of castle and tower, and palace and abbey, and the names of those who reared them being alike forgotten. It was impossible in the presence of such a vision, not to breathe a sigh, for Ireland now merged in a second barbarism; nor could I refrain from thinking that in the same manner as the race of man, civilization might be well compared to the race of leaves, having like them its seasons—its spring—its summer—its autumn, and its winter; and, like them, its second budding from the desolate tree—its flourishing—its sickliness—its decay.

* Οἵη περ' φύλλων γενεὴ τοιή δε καὶ ανδρῶν
Φύλλα τὰ μέν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει ἀλλα δέ θ' ὕλη
Τηλεθόωσα φύει. Ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη
Ὣς ἀνδρῶν γενεὴ, ἡ μὲν φύει ἡ δ' ἀπολήγει.
'ΡΑΨΩΔΙΑ Ζ'.

"Transient as leaves, the race of human kind—
Leaves strew the earth thick scatter'd by the wind;
But soon once more fresh gleams the forest scene,
By spring's sweet season clothed in budding green;
As fleeting is the lot of man—one race
Falls, and another blossoms in its place."

* In the absence of any tolerable translation of Homer, (I have not yet seen Mr. Sotheby's, and therefore can pronounce no judgment on it,) I beg, gentle reader, to present you with a version of the passages I have quoted. If you know any thing of the original, you will cry bravo! if not, you will either, according to your particular temperament, set me down for an impertinent puppy, or else politely exclaim, Lord bless us, he forgets Pope's splendid work! In the first case, please to suppose I have made the fitting reply. In the latter, it would only be for me humbly to submit, that the splendid work, or glorious performance, or unrivalled translation, or whatever else you choose to call it, is, in spite of Lord Byron's dictum to the contrary, a trashy humbug, so far as

The demesne, although of great extent, is walled in on all sides, excepting that towards the water. Completely shut out, therefore, from the offensive bustle of the world, Sir Reginald resided upon this beautiful spot of earth, in a solitude betwixt a sultan's and a hermit's. He had all things heaped around him which might have charmed your true epicurean; he could alike command the joys proper to civilization, and those peculiar to a savage life; and, if excitement could be perpetual, he had been a happy man; but, alas! the firmest nerves will be ever and anon unstrung, and the sternest and most pervading spirits will sometimes flag; and thus there were moments, and hours, and days, in which he suffered under a degree of lassitude which made existence a sore burthen to him.

When abroad he delighted in the most violent exertion, in riding across the country in steeple-chase fashion, or in sailing his boat upon the broad bosom of the deep when the breeze blew highest; and in such pastimes I was willingly his companion, because to me also the excitement of the speed and danger was above price. But when within doors, our enjoyments were at once philosophic and voluptuous. Sir Reginald's cook was decidedly a great man; his resources, it is true, were immense; but he employed them with the genius of a Vatel. He offered up to us daily, (as Tom Moore sings somewhere in an ode, which professes to be erotic, but ought to have been gastronomic,)

"The treasures of earth, of sea, of air."

and he dispensed them with a chastened liberality which was almost too exciting. Then we always drank our Bourdeaux freely, as became Irishmen, and as the wine deserved; and, during our enjoyment of the generous liquor, we seasoned it with conversation which never failed to interest us both, because in us there were the proper points of difference and agreement—difference in experiences, pursuits, and abstract studies, and agreement in referring all things to the same canons of principles and feelings, in love of literature and the fine arts, and in the unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Afterwards we either whiled away some hours with the women, listening to the music of Mozart, Weber, or other of our favourite composers, or else we at once retired to the library.

This library was a building charmingly appropriate. The very genius of study seemed to have hallowed it with his abode. It lay apart from, but connected with the house, in an octagonal tower, built by Sir Reginald himself, which, as is fitting, commanded no prospect capable of distracting the attention. Three windows forming three sides of the room, and extending from floor to ceiling, looked out upon a small hill, the summit and base of which were overgrown with huge trees, so that it presented only a little ascending grass plat, which relieved, without soliciting, the eye. The remaining five sides, with the doors they included, were covered with books; a spiral staircase ascended to a second chamber, similar in almost all respects to the first, and still continued its upward course I knew not whither, for there were only two ranges of window in the tower, although its height would have admitted of a third.

Immediately on my introduction to this place, I can well remember, I precipitated myself on the books, anxious to read Sir Reginald's character in their titles, more fully than I had yet been able to do by other means; for surely, thought I, if there be any thing of truth in the old proverb, I may best know him by these, his most intimate companions—the companions of his unguarded hours.

They, however, availed me nothing, although collected by Sir Reginald himself; and this was, not that they evinced any thing of foppery, or more of bibliomania than every scholar must experience at some period or other of his life, but because they were too miscellaneous. There were choice volumes upon almost every subject of human knowledge, and in the language of every country that can boast a literature.

Homer is concerned, bearing something about the same relation to the original, that Fanny Kemble does to Miss O'Neill; or Demosthenes Twiss to Demosthenes the Athenian; or——but enough upon the subject. H. M.

I was, accordingly, as much abroad as ever; and was at length led to the conclusion that he studied, as he did everything else, without reference to aught except the passing moment, and without any object save the one of escaping that lassitude of mind and body to which he was a victim, when neither was intensely engaged. Impressed with this idea, I once asked him, jestingly, how it came to pass that he, who had collected so much varied knowledge, and possessed such transcendent powers of applying it, never thought of devoting some portion of his abundant leisure to the composition of a work which might afford him an agreeable occupation, and win him an imperishable name. But he smiled, scornfully, and asked me in return, how many men of high genius had ever written, except upon compulsion—want—bodily want—or mental misery?—I remained silent, being, in truth, something startled at the question; and he continued—so few, that, for my own part, I am disposed to conclude that most of the works which instruct, delight, and adorn the world, ought, properly, to be regarded with a sorrowful veneration, as costly monuments to the misfortunes of the mighty intellects of earth. And farther, Mildmay, I consider that genius is a fatal gift, separating the possessor from his fellows and their sympathies, and rendering him as it were, the beacon light, that guides, and warns, and illuminates other things on their course, but is itself wasting away in its own brilliancy; and this, I think, is peculiarly the case with literary genius, and I therefore look upon the author as indubitably the most miserable of the higher orders of mankind, lacking, as he does, the excitement of the orator and the conqueror —lacking it in his pursuit and in its reward; for he feels no heart-thrill like the rapture of the conflict, nor can the applauses of the million ever reach directly to his ear. True it is, the acquiring of knowledge is delightful, but the communicating it to the world is mixed up with so many mechanical details, and such cursed materiality, that it becomes most oppressive to the spirit; and, touching the reward, it is equally cold and unsatisfactory. The *monstrari digito*, shared with every passing buffoon, is at best a doubtful distinction; and even taking matters at the highest, the author is merely the Jupiter to whom the incense arises, indeed, from the distant altars, but arises debased and polluted by a thousand fumes.

I could not controvert those bitter truths, and he knew my feelings were with him, so he terminated the conversation by observing, mournfully, the fact was, that with him, as with many other hard students, the knowledge he acquired was but as a draught, pleasing for the moment to the taste, and exciting to the spirits, but leaving no after-flavour, and bequeathing no continued exhilaration. This was literally true; and, moreover, any study which engaged him intently for a time, was sure to be succeeded by one of those melancholy fits to which he was fearfully subject, and under whose influence he would shut himself up for hours and days, partaking of no food, interchanging no word, and, in short, holding no converse whatsoever with mortality. He told me, at an early period of our acquaintance, that he was subject to these visitations; I, consequently, never intruded on his solitude, or, afterwards, troubled him with question or remark. On one occasion, however, I was alarmed at his protracted absence—I had not seen him for nearly two days. Towards the close of the second I was sitting in the upper library, when I heard my name pronounced from above, in eager accents. I rushed up the staircase, and found my friend seated at a small table, in a room answering perfectly in shape and size to the two other apartments of the tower. The light, however, came only from on high, and passing through a festooned awning of muslin, it fell mellowly and reverently, as it were, upon the objects to which the place was consecrated:—these were three portraits of a lovely woman, representing her in different dresses, scenes, and circumstances.

In one she appeared in the etherial drapery of the mantilla—walking in the gardens of a superb Moorish palace. The form was symmetry itself; the face beautiful beyond compare—such a face as doth sometimes visit us in our youthful dreams—the forehead

[illegible] and ample—the nose Phidian —the lips ripe and full—the eyes large, serene, and brilliant. The expression, however, was peculiar,—happy, but thoughtful, and something haughty, and tinted with a settled shadow, proclaiming that excessive sensitiveness which is proper to the higher order of genius, and forbids all degrees in joy or sorrow. Under the painting was the triumphant scroll—

> " Who, round the North, for paler dames would seek,
> How poor their forms appear, how languid, wan, and weak !"

Another picture represented her in the garb of a peasant girl, and near to a cottage, before which a rustic feast was spread.

Here her countenance was radiant with delight, and her delicate hands were pressed on her bosom, as if to control its impetuous heaving.

The scroll under this, in some sort, told the story—it was, *saro felice*.

The third painting exhibited the beautiful Andalusian in a far different situation. She was alone in a rich chamber; a silver lamp lay on the table near her, which was strewn with costly ornaments, carelessly flung aside. She was dressed in a loose white robe; her black tresses were dishevelled, and streamed upon the ground; one fair hand rested listlessly upon her lute, the other dangled in like fashion over the arm of the chair; and her head was thrown back, and her upraised eyes were cold and glazed, as if the tear was frozen in them. Under this appeared the thrilling lines of Danté,—

> ——" Nessun maggior dolore,
> Che de recordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."—

For the rest, the apartment was crowded with musical instruments, books, jewels, and ornaments, befitting the lost and lovely lady on whose counterfeit I gazed.

All that I have now told was the result of subsequent observation; at the moment I looked only on my friend. He was ghastly pale, and appeared in all the horrible calmness of overwrought feeling. He wrung my hand very hard, and his smile, as he motioned me to a seat, distorted his features like the stroke of a galvanic battery. After a moment he addressed me in firm but fitful accents; and, in a freezing tone of merriment, said—

" You remember, Mildmay, how the old stoic Marcus Brutus fooled himself into the belief, that he was visited by his evil genius under the form of his murdered friend—that is to say, according to Lucretius,* in one of those cases which the hero's body had thrown off, or shed, as a snake does his skin, or as a dried onion does its outer coats. Well! you will laugh when you hear it, and you *may* laugh —I—I could not persuade myself a moment ago, notwithstanding all the aid of reason and philosophy—I could not persuade myself that I did not see the sign fatal to my race."

For an instant he breathed hard, and then proceeded in a more earnest and solemn tone.

" I know it was mere illusion, occasioned by my long fast and melancholy reverie, but the impression was most vivid, and would not be effaced. I was gazing on that portrait—the portrait of my own beautiful Maria—I was gazing on it in the yearnings of lost love, and musing over broken hopes, and blighted prospects, and inexorable fate, when, on a sudden, I fancied I observed the Templar's cross distinctly, but at first very faintly, displayed upon her forehead: speedily, however, it assumed a deeper hue, and a thousand old stories flashed upon my mind. I remembered how it was said to have, in like fashion, appeared to my grandfather, as he stooped down to kiss the brow of his young wife, whom he left in her sleep to fight the duel in which he fell a corpse; and I continued to gaze stedfastly, till at length the cross appeared dripping with blood. I closed my eyes for a time, then looked again—it was still there; changed my position, walked up to it—it was still there. I then turned my back on it, and called you. Now let us

* Lucretius denied the immortality of the soul; but asserted, " that, from the falling off of the surfaces of bodies, those surfaces or cases, like th[illegible] of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from them—[illegible] that the shapes and shadows of both the dead and living are frequently beheld."—H[illegible].

see if your material presence has chased the 'unreal mockery.'"

He looked steadily, and exclaimed,

"By——it is there yet!—Come along, let us leave this, the illusion is too strong to be overcome by reason, upon a point in which the mind has received so strong a bias in childhood.—Let us get into the open air."

He walked calmly, and with an almost careless air, down stairs, called for wine, and drank off a glass of it, mixed with water. We descended in silence to the shore. [illegible] in, and before many minutes the canvas of his boat was expanded to the wind. Gracefully she inclined to the breeze, and dashed forward with a smooth and steady motion, riding the waves like a huge sea-fowl. The day was splendid, all nature seemed smiling in its best array. Sir Reginald held the helm,* and after a little I observed his eye once more glisten with pride as he watched the performance of his favourite craft.

> "But shapes that come not at an earthly call,
> Will not depart when mortal voices bid,
> Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
> Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall."

Eh, Mildmay! is this the text on which you are ruminating?" cried he, touching me on the shoulder.—"Come, man, as the old song hath it—

> 'Prithee, why so pale?'

"By the thundering majesty of Jove, one would think it was you, and not I, that had received a summons to the gloomy realms of the king of shadows.

Σμερδαλε' ευρωεντα, τα τε στυγεουσι θεοι περ.†

"Summons!—what summons do you mean? Phoo, I thought every Momonian knew that when the vision of the bloody cross is disclosed to a St Senane, he is destined to perish within a year and a day."

"You know I have been very little in Munster, and you were absent when I was."

"Aye, true, true. I'll tell you the whole story however, and a fitter place I could not have chosen for the purpose. The fiction arose from the remorse of my ancestor (such I may emphatically call him, for he it was to whom I owe my lands and lordship, and from him I derive the name I bear,) for having murdered his brother in arms, who was a Knight Templar. They had both been taken prisoners in Palestine, as they fought side by side at the close of a well-contested day, and Saladin had made splendid offers to induce them to assume the turban. Both for a time resisted, but Sir Robert de St Albans,‡ weary of captivity, and hopeless of ransom, (for as you remember it was forbidden by the Templars' rule to ransom a brother at higher cost than that of a knife or girdle,) at length *ratted*, as any degenerate carpet knight of modern days might do, and received the hand of Saladin's sister, and a high command, as the reward of his apostacy. My ancestor, Sir Maurice de Meillerie still, however, remained faithful to his creed and knightly vow, and the jealousy of his former companion in consequence continued his captivity. Sir Robert de St Albans meanwhile succeeded in all his enterprises, and even led a Saracen army under the walls of Jerusalem. Suddenly, however, he was recalled from his command, and feeling that his departed favour left his person no longer in security, he reconciled himself to Sir Maurice, and having broken his bonds, fled with him to Europe. They took the usual vows of brotherhood in arms in the church of St. Mary at Rouen, and entered into a compact that whatever they might win in any realm by conquest or otherwise, should be equally divided between them. On the faith of this agreement, they sought adventures together in various countries. At length they directed their course towards Ireland, then a favourite place of resort, alike to the northern pirates and their more southern descendants.

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* Wordsworth's *Dion*.

† "Hideous—fo[illegible]hich the Gods themselves stand aghast!"

‡ Sir Robert de St Alba[illegible]s, I believe, the only Templar upon record who was false to the banner of his order, and his knightly vows.—H. M.

On a day in June, soft and beautiful, like this, they sailed in to the mouth of the glorious river, over which we are now careering; and the first land they made was Inisdharrig, which an old chronicler of our family (a prior of Xerez de la Frontera,) describes as *una pequeña isla, ò perla del mar, ò esmeralda de la tierra.*

"The island was then the resort of pious Christians, or superstitious people if you please, from all parts of Ireland. There were eleven religious houses on it, the ruins of which, with the picturesque round tower that is still perfect, we shall see by and bye, as I propose to pass a few days at Inisdharrig if you have no objection.

"The lawless strangers of course burned, and plundered, and ravished, and slew without any regard to the sanctity of the place. They next shaped their course in this direction, and made their way into Inchicronan Lake. There, after the usual fashion of the Danish and Norman invaders, they converted their vessels into a sort of marine camp, to which they might convey their plunder, and retreat as to a place of safety from their forays.* Before long, however, they engaged the natives in a pitched battle under the leading of my ancestor. In this their success was indifferent, and Sir Maurice was well nigh mad with rage, partly at his own ill fortune, and partly because the command next day would fall to Sir Robert, he and his brother in arms having agreed, like a couple of the old Roman consuls, Paullus Æmilius and Terentius Varro, I believe, to govern upon alternate days. Sir Robert, however, did not live to win glory in the battle that followed, for he was either slain in single combat, or murdered by my worthy progenitor during the night; and his body most probably flung into the Siorna, the little river which runs by my house. The battle was fought near this river. Next day Fortune smiled upon the Normans, (but you shall read the whole account in the old Spanish chronicle,) and Sir Maurice always keeping up his little navy, built a castle upon a cliff called Bineider, and thus made good his footing in the country; for, as you are aware, even up to the latest period of their history, the Irish never excelled in sieges.—There, therefore, we maintained ourselves, although almost invariably in a state of war with our neighbours, until the attack upon our religion by the English government united all good Catholics, whether Celts or Danes, or Saxons or Normans, in one common cause. This unbroken succession of broils and battles, in which we were for so many centuries engaged, the doom of Hagar's child seeming to have been pronounced upon us, "Hic erit ferus homo, manus ejus contra omnes, et manus omnium contra eum"—most probably gave rise to the popular belief, that we are a race of predestined homicides, an opinion" (continued he with a slight shudder,) "which has certainly been strangely and fearfully borne out by events, up to the present day. The visions which his remorse suggested to my ancestor, making the blessed symbol of hope and salvation to others, a sign of death and doom to him, gave rise to the belief respecting the phantom cross, which, as you may easily understand, every one of my progenitors fancied he saw within the year before his death, the fancy being generally created under circumstances likely to lead to a fatal conclusion, or

* This plan, pursued to a certain extent by the northern adventurers in all the countries they infested, was perhaps more largely and systematically acted upon in Ireland than any where else. Her numerous lakes and rivers afforded the utmost facility for carrying it into effect. Ere Turgesius, the son of the king of Norway, reduced the whole island to subjection, he had established garrisons on all the great lakes. In Mac Geoghegan's History of Ireland, we read, " Il n'y avoit pas encore de place forte ni de ville fortifiée en Irlande. Le Général Normand (Turgesius), voyant la nécessité d'avoir des places de retraite, pour se mettre à couvert en cas de besoin, et assurer le butin, supplea au defaut en distribuant sa flotte qui étoit composée de quantité des petits bâtimens à voiles et à rames dans les differens lacs du pays; il en plaça une partie sur le lac Neagh, une autre sur le lac Rée dans le Shannon; il envoya le reste [illegible] S[illegible]hmiagh. Voilà les garnisons d'où ces barbares faisoient des courses dans le pays et les foretresses qui leur [illegible]voient de retraite lorsqu'ils étoient repoussées par les h[illegible]tans."—*Histoire d'Irlande,* [illegible] *L'Abbé MacGeoghegan,* tome i. p. 378.

else operating itself so strongly as to occasion that of which it seemed the harbinger. But I, who am the last of the name and race, will cheat the devil, and break the spell."

The circumstances respecting the death of the Templar above alluded to, were described in the old chronicle as follows—I have translated literally from the Spanish:—The worthy Prior after dwelling upon the first battle in which the Normans were discomfited, and attributing their failure to the ill conduct of Sir Robert, in disobeying orders, proceeds to say:

"Either army spent the night on the ground they had occupied during the day.

"Sir Maurice deeply grieved, retired to rest; but he could not sleep, and behold, as he lay in his tent, an old man in mitre and stole, bearing an entire resemblance to a saintly image, which Sir Robert de St. Albans had overthrown in Inisdharrig, appeared before him, and reproaching him with the sacrilege and slaughter he had committed, denounced death and doom to him and his whole host in the morrow's battle, if he did not, that night, slay Sir Robert de St. Albans, who was a perjured monk, and a dishonoured knight, to whom even repentance could be of no avail. He said also more to Sir Maurice, which he revealed not; it was touching the fortunes of him and his descendants, and the conditions on which they might hope for mercy.—But at the end, waving his crozier, he made clearly visible to him the spot whereon he was to slay the foresworn Templar.

"After his disappearance, Sir Maurice signed the cross and told his beads, and walking forth into the cool moonlight, he ascertained that his mind and body truly performed their functions, and that therefore his senses had not played him false. He accordingly acknowledged the divine mission; and rousing Sir Robert, he led him forth on pretence of suggesting something touching the conduct of the next day's battle, and so brought him to the appointed spot.

"It was a small circular space on the river's brink, something elevated above the surrounding plain. In the language of the country, such are called *forths*, and are believed to have been traced out by no mortal hand.

"When arrived within its precincts, he told Sir Robert what had been revealed to him in his vision, declaring nevertheless he would not for their brotherhood slay him unawares, and desiring him to prepare for combat.

"Here, however, an unwonted fear seized upon the false Templar, and he begged sore for life, offering to serve Sir Maurice ever after as a vassal; but seeing this availed not, he at length drew his sword. But scarcely had it crossed the blade of Sir Maurice, when he was cloven to the brisket by some supernatural interference, for his antagonist had aimed no blow.

"Sir Maurice sunk upon the ground beside the victim of an avenging heaven, and, awaking from his trance at day-dawn, found himself in his own tent.

"The thought of what had passed during the last night now flashed upon his brain, and he rushed to the tent of his brother in arms, hoping that he had only been under the spell of a terrible dream; but there was no tidings of Sir Robert, nor could his body be any where discovered.

"Sir Maurice then fell into a state of most horrible excitement; he struck his standard bearer, and did many other outrageous actions seeming to denote an unsettled mind. At this the whole army was in utter consternation, till at length Sir Maurice became more calm; and, advancing before all and kissing the cross of his sword, he vowed a vow to God and St. Senane, that if victorious in that day's fight he would dedicate to him an abbey more splendid than any that had been destroyed at Inisdharrig, and, moreover, assume his name himself, and entail it upon his posterity.

"By the blessed mediation of the saint he was victorious.

"The Irish, elated with the success of yesterday, charged in pursuit of a division which was directed to fall back, as if in disorder, from an attack on the bridge, and once upon the level plain, they were pierced and broken, and trampled down in all directions by the Norman chivalry.

"The panic, created in the moment

of presumed victory, was irrecoverable—few escaped; such as perished not by the sword were driven into the Siorna, which ran red with blood.

"The Irish were never after able to make head against Sir Maurice.

"He however kept all his vows. The name has been transmitted to his posterity, and he built the magnificent abbey of St. Senane, which may be yet seen in Inchicronan island.

"The labour of twenty years and a vast heap of treasure were expended on this structure. As soon as it was completed Sir Maurice collected within its walls the scattered remnant of the monks of Inisdharrig, and, forming a learned and pious brotherhood, he richly endowed the monastery, and then took the vows himself, determining to pass the remainder of his life in penitence and prayer.

"On the death of Colmanus, the first Abbot, he was elected in his room, wherein, as before, his conduct was most exemplary; but at times he was sorely tempted of the great enemy, and grievously afflicted with fits of gloom, in which the vision of a cross resembling that borne by the Templars, and dropping blood, was ever present to his eyes. And, finally, some days before his death, he sent for his son, Sir Reginald, and, weeping on his neck, besought him while he was yet innocent of blood, to abjure the world and let their race terminate holily and hopefully in the cloister. But Sir Reginald would by no means consent.

"Then his father revealed privately to him the doom which was allotted to their race, and the perilous state of their immortal souls, as declared to him by his unearthly visitor, but still in vain—Sir Reginald would not consent; whereupon the Abbot embraced him, and bade him farewell with excessive sorrow—lamenting and bowing down before an inexorable fate. Thenceforth he spoke not, save in receiving the last consolations of the church; but he seemed sadly wrought upon, and when at length his spirit passed away, the island was swept by a tremendous storm, and the abbey rocked to its foundations."

Weeks passed by, and I was happy to observe that my friend appeared more uniformly cheerful than before. From a thousand circumstances, however, I could perceive that the phantom which he fancied he had seen, had made an indelible impression on his mind. Without inducing him to entertain the belief that his days were numbered, it had the effect of making him act as would in truth become all men in this uncertain life. He proceeded with the forethought of one who felt he was liable to a sudden summons from the scene and pursuits in which he was engaged. He busied himself for a time in the arrangement of his worldly affairs, and even after he must have completely settled these, he continued, contrary to his usual custom, to write much, and he seemed anxious to hurry on many benevolent projects which he had heretofore alluded to merely as things in the womb of time.

Of these the great and favourite one was to appropriate some of the treasure left by his uncle, to the repairing part of Inchicronan abbey, and re-establishing within its walls an hospital, dispensary, and almshouse, which were to be under the care of a brotherhood, founded upon a rule of his own; a peculiar feature wherein was, that no person should be admitted before the age of forty.

By this design he proposed to secure a retreat for a certain number of learned men who were really weary of the crowd, and to frame an institution which, in his district, should in some measure tend to supply the place of poor laws.

Now a long conversation we had touching the practicability and promise of this project overnight, gave occasion to a solemn visit to the abbey on the following day. It was then drawing towards the end of July: we started in a small rowboat, which was freighted with the *materiel* of a gipsy dinner. In addition to ourselves and a servant, there was Gerald Fitzgerald, a fine boy of eighteen, and the brother of Geraldine, and father Lysaght, a priest of the old school, who was also a scholar and a gentleman, and a great favourite of Sir Reginald's.

Inchicronan lake is five miles from the house by the Siorna, but we rowed rapidly, and were soon upon

that glorious sheet of water, over which, however broad and deep though it be, no sailing vessel can hold its way in safety.

The lake varying in breadth from two to three miles, is supposed to be about seven long, but on all sides it is surrounded by rocks and mountains, strewn around in such fantastic confusion, that they appear like fragments of an earlier world.

Of these some were covered with trees or verdure; some were of the herbless granite, bold and bare; while an advanced guard of each pushed forward into the lake like skirmishers in the front of the more distant array that stood mirrored in the waters.

On the largest of the rocks, and one projecting sheerly over the lake from a very narrow base, stood the ancient stronghold of the St. Senanes. It consisted merely of a square keep or donjon, with four corbel-turrets, utterly undistinguishable in the distance from the grey stone on which it was perched.

Around the base of this rock, (known from the remotest antiquity by the name of Bineider, (the eagle's clift,) and which conferred its title on the castle,) lay clustered the houses of Inchicronan village, formerly tenanted by the St. Senane vassals, there placed to be ready to reinforce the castle garrison on the least alarm.

Bineider castle commanded all the adjacent heights, and was long deemed impregnable. Ireton, however, dissipated this delusion; he battered down a good portion of one of the flanks, took the castle, and put the garrison to the sword.

All bearing the name of St. Senane perished in the onslaught, with the exception of the infant heir, who had been previously sent to the mountains for security, and was now conveyed over seas, whence he returned in due time, the troublous days being gone by, and (thanks to the remoteness of the wild district in which his race had dwelt from the seat of government) recovered his lands and lordship. He did not, however, choose to resume his place in the eagle's nest; his French education had given him a distaste for such unsocial elevation; so he it was who laid the foundation of the present mansion.

This I learned from the old priest the while we pulled along, and the antique turrets were just sufficiently defined amidst the lighter grey of the clouds around them, to give you the idea of a fairy palace arrested in its flight, and suspended in mid-air by some more powerful intelligence than that which had originally enforced its motion.

The abbey of Inchicronan had also been afflicted with the fanatics destroying presence, as was abundantly testified by its desolate condition, and by an immense heap of skulls and other human bones piled up against one of the outer walls.

The abbey stands upon an island in the centre of the lake celebrated for a miraculous well, near which we proposed to spread out our repast.

This was the first place we visited, after having taken a hasty survey of the noble Gothic building, whose condition I may accurately describe in one of Byron's lines:—

> "Despoiled yet perfect, spared and blessed
> by time."

But while the rest of the party were busied in preparing our repast, Sir Reginald and I, to kill that anxious quarter of an hour which generally precedes a meal, determined to ascend the steeple, which is in a state of complete preservation, the very battlements and ornaments being uninjured.

Now, with some cautious stepping, we had attained the summit, and were walking round by means of the four triangular stones, on whose projection the roof once rested, when in passing from one to another Sir Reginald's foot slipped, and he would have fallen to the ground beneath had I not seized him by the collar with one hand while I clung to the battlements with the other.

On regaining his position he observed in an unaltered tone, "I see, Mildmay, I am not destined to die in consecrated ground as would have become a St. Senane—*mais n'importe*—so come then—to dinner with what appetite we may."

His was unimpaired; I seldom saw him in better health or spirits, it was altogether a joyous meal: the champagne de'Aij sparkled; the jest,

the story, and the song went round; and all, except myself, seemed very happy; but I was oppressed with a melancholy, I could neither conquer nor control. It was doubtless caused by the shock I received from the recent peril in which my friend had so nearly perished.

I accordingly felt relieved when the termination of the repast enabled me, in pursuance of the previous arrangement, to say farewell; I had promised to be at home that night, and horses were now waiting for me on the shore.

But ere I could leave, Sir Reginald exclaimed, wringing my hand, "what, Mildmay! think of going without having visited the sepulchral chapel,

> "'Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues shadow
> The floor which doth divide us from the dead;
> Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood,
> Mouldered into a mite of ashes, hold
> In one shrunk heap what once made many heroes.'"

(He always quoted when he wished to leave the hearer in doubt as to the tone of feeling under whose influence he uttered any thought or sentiment.) "No, my dear boy—it is impossible—come along, you'll see, that if you let me tumble awhile ago I should not have had far to be carried."

The burial-place of the St. Senanes is in a small chapel now unroofed and ivy-loaded;—it is divided by a lofty Gothic screen, of the most exquisite workmanship, from the place where the high altar once stood, so that the descendants of the founder lay directly under this most sacred spot.

On a grey slab, fixed in the wall, and corresponding with the height of the altar, as marked on the opposite side, the arms of the family were emblazoned in relief:—Sable a cross, between four fleur de lis argent—The crest a dragon's head erased proper. The supporters on the dexter side, a pilgrim or grey friar in his habit proper, with his beads, cross, &c., and a staff in his right hand—on the sinister a mailed knight resting his right hand upon the cross-handled sword borne by the crusading chivalry. The motto was,

Fide et Fortitudine.

In the niches on either side there were rough hewn statues—some half defaced, the others existing only in representative fragments; they had been erected in honour of the doughty knights of the earlier history of the house, whose deeds of prowess had also been recorded on marble slabs, embedded in the wall beside; but, out upon time! he had made the inscriptions quite illegible.

"Now then, Mildmay," said Sir Reginald, "you may depart—and, marry, with the comfortable assurance that you leave me in right worshipful company, with whom I may soon have the honour of forming a more intimate acquaintance. Eh, Mildmay! Halo! man, why do you look so grave? Come, we'll see you to the boat, and wish you better spirits.—Then Father Lysaght and I will consider what can be done with the abbey. Gerald Fitzgerald will go with you—we can get on without him."

I objected to taking Gerald from his party; but he expressed his determination to go, not wishing to let me have so long a pull by myself. The friendly contest continued till I had launched the boat, and I finally shoved her off just as he was about to step in.

I reached home at the appointed time. Two days after, I drove with my sister to Ballortlagh Hall, to see Geraldine Fitzgerald, who for the last two months had been confined by a dangerous illness.—She had caught cold and neglected it. This was bad; but still worse, she called in a physician. Now, a good old maxim declares, that, "there is a very little difference between a good physician and none at all; but that there is an immense difference between a good physician and a bad one." Poor Geraldine had a very bad one—a fellow of the old school, who being totally ignorant of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, did really go to work as Napoleon said—in short, he was nothing better than a file of recipes—a retailer of nostrums.

Now Geraldine had been affected by a slight inflammation of the lungs.

To check this," he ordered her to be bled copiously. This was right; but not knowing that the fainting of the patient is the only thing to mark the limit as to quantity in these cases, he contented himself with having a certain number of ounces taken, which, as it happened, fell short of the desired effect. Successive bleedings were in consequence resorted to, and as all were equally ill-managed, the inflammation kept its ground while her physical powers were fast ebbing away; until at length, on the earnest remonstrance of Sir Reginald, another physician was called in, the system altered, and she was now slowly recovering—very slowly, however; for, from utter exhaustion, she had long been a victim to insomnium, and was a mere skeleton.

I had all along taken great interest in the fate of poor Geraldine, as well for her own sake as because of the love she bore my friend, Sir Reginald. I once hoped they might have been united, trusting that the gentle and affectionate disposition of Geraldine would have rendered him more uniformly contented with existence. And I thought he loved her: so he did, after a fashion—in which, however, there was more of sorrow than of pleasure. He never could marry her. He loved her in remembrance of her dead sister, whom she much resembled and whom he had adored in his boyhood, not without requital, although both discovered it only in time to make them miserable—to bring early death upon the one, and the remorse that never ceases upon the other. He has himself written much upon this melancholy theme, let me not anticipate him with an unworthy hand.

When arrived at the hall we found there was nobody at home, except her father—her brother, Gerald, was still with Sir Reginald; and accordingly I consented to stay and keep the old gentleman company at dinner: he was in high spirits and "happiness," as the poet sings, "having been born a twin;" he was rejoiced in finding somebody to whom he could impart his felicity. The recovery of his daughter was now past all doubt, and he had that morning received a commission for his son. Oh! he was in high spirits, and, indeed, at all times he was a pleasant, merry old man, abounding in local anecdote and information.

His father had been an intimate friend of my grandfather's, and he was recounting to me a funny scene he had witnessed between the seniors one evening they had drunk too much wine, when a servant announced that Mr. Leighton wanted to speak to him. He sent to entreat him to come in. Mr. Leighton would not alight; he had something of extreme consequence to communicate to Mr. Fitzgerald, which he did not wish should come from the lips of a stranger.

The old man rushed out; my sister and I remained lost in surprise and chilled with the foreshadowing of some vast and undefined evil. In a few minutes Mr. Fitzgerald returned in all the wildness of the most passionate grief;—his only son—the boy from whose outstretched foot I had shoved off the boat, was drowned!—Drowned? Was there no hope—no doubt? None—none; his hat been washed ashore; his name was written in it. But might he not have lost his hat? might he not actually be at Inchicronan House, as was supposed? No—no; Mr. Leighton was just come from it. Sir Reginald must have been drowned too—his people thought he was here. The whole party must have perished—neither they nor the boat had been seen or heard of since they left the island.

I fell to the ground as if struck by lightning; my sister raised me stunned and speechless; but the clamorous grief of the bereaved father, and the death-cry which was now swelling through the house, restored my senses, and made me remember that humanity had still claims on me. I, therefore, hurried out amongst the servants to stop the cry, urging them, as they loved their master, to be silent—reminding them of the state of his only surviving child, to whom a shock of this nature could not fail to be fatal—and threatening, in the energy of overwrought feeling, whoever might disobey me, with immediate vengeance. I thus, in some degree, restored quiet without. Returned to the parlour, I found poor Fitzgerald getting

more and more frantic, as if each *successive fraction of time* served to make him more fully conscious of the extent of his loss. He was nearly choking; I seized the opportunity of drugging the draught he took from my hand with laudanum. Then, to give his mind some soothing occupation, I urged him to kneel with us before a just and wise, and all powerful God. We threw ourselves on our knees; the whole household assembled around us; I repeated such portions as I could remember of the Litany, and I was listened to with a silence broken only by the sobbing responses of the old man. But suddenly, as we prayed, I became conscious that a slight figure, in a loose white dress, had glided into the apartment; it was poor Geraldine: she had somehow become aware of what had happened, and now appeared amongst us like a visitant from the other world—her form seemed so unsubstantial—the expression of her countenance so calm and so unearthly.

For a moment all respiration was checked: she passed on, and knelt at the chair by my side; "I am come to pray with ye," said she, in a voice exquisitely sweet, and not louder than a whisper, but so distinctly and instantaneously heard, that it seemed to strike at once upon the sensorium, without waiting the tardiness of the usual conduit; and as was attested by a strong expiration from every lip, its sound released all present from the spell under which they had been cast by what fancy had declared an apparition, before reason or reflection could exercise their sway. The father became at once calm and collected. I struggled to proceed with the task I had undertaken; it was for some time without effect; the words would not come forth; my mouth was parched; my throat was stopped by a something I could not swallow; at length I proceeded in broken, gasping accents, which gradually became more continuous and distinct, till myself something calmed and animated by the pious exercise, I, after exhausting my reminiscences, breathed forth an extempore prayer, as the big tears coursed each other down my cheek, and seemed each to remove an intolerable load from off my heart. As I concluded all appeared much quieted. I then turned to Geraldine, who was kneeling forward with her face buried in her hands; I touched her arm—pressed it—she was dead!

The childless man, after attempting to dash out his brains against the mantel-piece, was carried to his bed, and held there only by main force.

I remained all night in the house of mourning; but with the first glimpse of light I was on the banks of Inchicronan lake; it was soon covered with boats—the whole gentry of the town and county were upon the shores. We dragged the lake in all directions; and I had the most expert divers under promise of ample reward, plunging in on all sides; still the sun set, and there was no trace of the bodies—no vestige of their fate, save the hat which had been already washed ashore.

The entire succeeding day passed in the like fruitless search. We had no clue to direct us; no hint whereon we could proceed. The inhabitants of Inchicronan House had concluded that their master and his party were at Balloirtlagh hall, which lay at the remote end of the lake. The Fitzgeralds, as I before said, had fallen into a similar error; they fancied Gerald was at Inchicronan House; no question was accordingly raised until the hat was washed ashore near the village.

In addition to these facts there was only one man who could give any evidence: that was the herdsman who lived upon the island; I examined him most minutely. He had seen the party leave the island at between nine and ten o'clock: it was blowing fresh; not sufficiently so, however, to excite his apprehensions for their safety. They departed in high glee. Were they drunk? no, not in the least; they were merely in good spirits. Gerald Fitzgerald and the servant rowed: the priest was keeping a look out in the bow—Sir Reginald steered—he watched the boat until it was lost in the evening shadows—she held her way steadily and well. After he lost sight of her he could still hear the song which Gerald was singing, and in which the others occasionally joined. The wind blew towards the island. Some sudden gust from the mountains might have upset the

[illegible]—but where? Far, far from land it must have been; for of three perfect swimmers, one surely must have escaped. But no, this was not the case. The boat had gone down (how, there is none to tell,) within less than four hundred yards of the island; we discovered this towards the close of the third day; we had not previously thought of searching so near land. The grappling hooks thrown out idly from a returning boat, without any hope of success, but rather in a feeling of vexation, brought up the priest's body. Having ascertained the fatal spot, I went down myself, in my extreme anxiety, to discover how the calamity could have taken place. The event, however, was inscrutable: the only thing certain was, that my friends had made no struggle. The boat was there floating, as the common people say, between two waters. The rowers, with the oars, were entangled in it. Father Lysaght, who was in the bow, had been flung clear away: he could not swim however. Sir Reginald was, as it were, standing on the bottom, nearly under the boat. As I looked on him, it was difficult to conceive he was not yet breathing, and but spell bound. There was a mockery of life in him, as he stood holding his glove carelessly, as it seemed, in his left hand; his right being slightly advanced before his person. I could scarcely bring myself to believe that he was dead: I pressed forward most impetuously, for all this was distinctly visible to me from some distance; but when I approached nearer, and observed his swollen and blackened features, and saw his eye dull and glazed, and motionless, my heart sickened, my reason failed, and I then struggled onward with the most impetuous speed to rescue him, as I fancied, from a throng of fiends, the gurgling of the waters sounding like thunder in my ears, and every rock and weed assuming in my view some huge and hideous form. I remember no more: I understand I succeeded in bringing up the body, though I emerged as senseless.

I was forthwith borne to a sick bed, where I lay in fever and delirium for several weeks. Ere I recovered, the vault of the St. Senanes was closed for ever.

I recovered very slowly; for weeks after the diagnostics of my malady had passed away, I was in a state between life and death, reckless alike of both:—I had not the buoyancy of hope, which induces us to struggle for the one; or the excitement of fear, which makes us shrink convulsively from the other. There was, in me, a perfect stagnation of existence. As far as I was concerned, time had ceased to be—I had no ideas to measure it withal: my senses communicated no pain or pleasure—my mind was incapable of creation—my memory of effort—nothing traversed my brain saving shapes, abortive, shadowy, and undefined—nothing could be drawn forth from the utter vagueness and confusion that reigned within its 'storehouse.'

Meanwhile, autumn had faded into winter—winter had subsided into spring, and spring was fast brightening into summer, when I was at length in a condition to be supported to the window. Oh! the thrill of animal delight (for it was no more) which tingled through my frame, and turned my head with a faint and gentle intoxication! It was, indeed, a sensation exquisite beyond compare—and one which nothing—no, not even the keenest sympathy with external nature can restore in the fulness of its primal rapture. How lovingly my eye rested on the green turf!—so beautifully—so eloquently green!—or traced the windings of the river—or wandered over the land, pausing ever and anon in fond renewal of acquaintance with some familiar object—rock or tree, or hillock—till I was borne away in perfect dizziness.

I had, however, felt like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," when released from his state of penance.

There seemed to be first, as it were, a light crackling throughout my body to the fingers' ends, and then a resolving gush—a blessed dissipation of stagnant humours that had before oppressed me. Thenceforth thoughts did once more visit my mind, and came and went at my volition. In a word, I was freed from the icy thrall which had so long bound me, and silently I paid my orisons to the Genius of the Place, by whose ministry I had been so happily restored.

From that moment my convalescence proceeded rapidly. I was soon able to ride forth, and again appeared in the busy haunts of men. Affairs at the Assizes brought me on the ensuing day to the county town: to my infinite surprise, one of the first persons that caught my eye on my way to the court-house, was Mr. Fitzgerald; he formed the centre of a group assembled in the open space, invariably laid out before such edifices in Ireland. He looked in rude health, and when I came up, he was minutely detailing to his auditory, the circumstances attending the catastrophe, whereby he had been rendered childless. The whole scene jarred strangely on my feelings; I however alighted and gave the old man my arm;—but we had not advanced many steps when we met other acquaintances, who condoled with him after the same manner, and were in their turn gratified with the same accurate recital, and edified by the same expressions of resignation to the will of providence and so forth, which had been addressed to their predecessors. The performance was again rehearsed, even to others, who encountered us in our progress through the crowd,—I call it performance for such I found it had become by constant use, although originally the lamentations were doubtless most sincere, and the resignation peradventure unaffected; and thus it came to pass, I could not help regarding him in some sort as an old comedian, who was making an attempt at tragedy, too pitiably ludicrous to provoke a smile. I was very painfully touched by it; his appearance, his bearing, his tone, his occupation, disgusted me. He was fat and sleek to a degree,—and there was something of pretension in the extreme and unusual neatness of his sad-coloured garments (for he was habitually a sloven) as if he felt that fortune had called upon him to play a more exalted part in life's drama, than it had hitherto been his lot to fill;—and then although he stated that his object in rushing into the throng, and busying himself in public matters (to which he had always been notoriously indifferent) was to smother recollection, yet in the same breath he failed not to dilate upon his misery, while his eye seemed lit (may I be pardoned if I do him wrong!) with the cursed Dogberry pride of "a fellow that hath had losses;"—at least most evident it was that from the increased consideration, wherewith his calamities had invested him, he derived no slight consolation for the shivering of those links, which properly bound him in this world alike to the past and future.

A certain frivolity of mind—an inordinate love of conviviality—a passion for practical jokes—and an indomitable propensity to unseasonable jesting—unseasonable, both as regarded his age, and the times at which it was indulged—had caused the world to view him with less of respect or esteem, than his advanced years, his numerous good qualities, his talent, and unspotted character, would have otherwise commanded. But now misfortune—which, like the thunderbolt, sanctifies its victim—had communicated to him a reverence whereto he was before a stranger, but which was now cheerfully accorded by all men. For the meet and lowly homage rendered to misfortune has its origin in fear,—impressed upon us by the near view of calamities, from which we know we are not exempt,—and pity,—which is likewise a selfish and not unpleasing motive of the human heart, because, in pity, there is always a lurking sense of superiority,—and likewise in a feeling whereunto we are loth to give utterance, but which nevertheless strongly influences us—a feeling, that, in thus humbling ourselves, we are making a sacrificial offering to the dread Nemesis, before whom the mightiest in intellect and grandest of soul have at all times bowed, even when they acknowledged the interference in mortal concerns of no other divinity.

Fitzgerald, however, without troubling himself to inquire from what source his new honours sprung, received them with manifest complacency.

I shook myself free of him as speedily as possible; but this availed me for but a brief period. I went to dine and sleep at the ever-hospitable mansion of Fendemere Park. Fitzgerald was already there. He was seated at table, nearly on the spot whereon I had first seen Sir Reginald St. Senane. Scarcely had the soup been removed, when he commenced rela-

ting to an old deaf aunt of mine all the events of that dreadful night, on which the desolation of his hearth was completed; and, in the course of his narrative, I could hear him expressing the greatest gratitude, and conferring the highest praises upon me. It was horrible!

Still he went on, while my heart sickened with the recollection of his own frantic grief, and the memory of the loved faces I had once seen around that board—the fair and innocent Geraldine—her brother, the boy of whose fate I was the blind instrument—and my friend, my dearest friend! But I endured it.

At length the cloth was removed, and the ladies had retired. I had scarcely eaten a morsel; but I was affected with a preternatural thirst, and swallowed wine in huge bumpers. It produced no exhilaration, but acted on my unstrung nerves with terrific energy. I could with difficulty refrain from bursting into tears when my eye rested on my own wan and wasted fingers; and my spirit sunk within me from the consciousness of bodily emaciation, he being, at the same time, before me in the enjoyment of perfect health! I felt, in my desolation of mind and physical debility, that I was but as the ruined tree of some Alpine region—one of

> ——" those blasted pines,
> Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
> A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
> Which but supplies a feeling to decay"—

while he over whose head so many more tempestuous winters had rolled, and who ought not to be joyous, appeared the very model of the ancient Teian; his grey hairs truly gleaming over his ruddy visage, like the snow around the summit of a volcano. Still I suppressed the expression of all violent emotion, until he commenced in the progress of the general merriment to tell me one of those loose stories, in the recital of which he certainly excelled. With one brief and emphatic curse on him, I rushed out of the room and found my way into the lawn. I fainted: again I pressed a sick bed for a long period; during which, the horrible serenity of his epicurean countenance haunted my imagination, till it almost drove me mad.

When the nervous excitement was allayed, the spectre disappeared—but I never could again look upon the original; even the faces of those who were familiar with him, became odious to me: all merriment was hateful. The smile that played upon the lovely lips of my own dearest sister—the young—the innocent—the gentle—the affectionate being who had, like a ministering angel, watched beside my pillow with such enduring tenderness, grew disgusting to me. I felt that I was fast sinking into that morbid state of existence which could only end in madness, and I resolved to bid the country an eternal farewell. My friend had left me ample means. His estates went to a very distant relative of another name, who was also a foreigner; the greater part of his personal fortunes, with his books, pictures, horses, dogs, and yacht, he bequeathed to me. The instant I was sufficiently strong to bear the journey, I had myself put on board this yacht. The sea air and change of scene, and the freedom from mental irritation after a time, restored my bodily health. I went to Italy, and was fortunate enough to succeed in purchasing a villa and grounds near the lake of Como, which a year before I had longed for, without the hope of ever possessing. I fancied I could at least enjoy contentment there. To happiness I do not look forward; it is impossible for me ever to think upon the loss of my friend without a feeling of unmixed melancholy. He was not one of those who died the death of the righteous, in the blessed hope of mercy, but on the contrary, an infidel whom even the gentlest zealot would condemn. The future, then, is brightened by no anticipation of a heavenly reunion; nor is my affectionate mindfulness of him flattered by his enjoyment of that other species of after-existence, to which the great and wise have in all ages aspired—the eternity of glory. Of him, it cannot be said as of Agricola, "*Quidquid ex Agricolâ amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet, mansurumque est in animis hominum in æternitate temporum, famâ rerum,*" for his name is not linked to those splendid deeds which might make it "buoyant to float down the tide of Time." The memory of his generosity—his cou-

rage—his talent—his learning—his genius—of all his noble qualities—his vast acquirements and wonderful endowments, are buried in one lone bosom, saving only the small portion his memoirs may rescue from oblivion. But to proceed;—I returned to Inchicronan, and shipped off from it all belonging to me. Amongst the rest the portraits of Sir Reginald's mistress, the beautiful Maria, and the desk at which he wrote the burning history of their loves.

In the desk I found the MS. which I now give to the world. It was accompanied by a note, desiring me to publish it as it was written, (although in fragments,) but the time when, was referred to my own discretion, which, he concluded, would make the period remote. Fitzgerald is, however, beyond the possibility of being offended or humiliated by any passages in Sir Reginald's narrative relating to his daughter Fanny; and his race, like that of the St. Senanes, is extinct.

I received a letter from my sister last month, mentioning that he had died in consequence of a fall from his horse; he was in his usual state of tipsiness, walking the animal quietly homewards from a friend's house on a dark night, when his head came in contact with the branch of a tree which overshadowed the road, and he was thrown to the ground. A concussion of the brain took place, probably from the vibratory nature of the blow he first received, and next morning he was picked up by an oyster-man, and carried home upon his ass a dead man. While he yet lived, as will abundantly appear from the earlier passages of my friend's life, I could not, with any degree of propriety, give the MS. to the world. I have now, however, no longer a motive to delay the publication.

HENRY MILDMAY.

A MADAME —, EN LUI OFFRANT POUR SA FETE UN BOUQUET DE ROSES ET D'IMMORTELLES.

DISCIPLE de Cujas peu fait à l'art de plaire,
Pour chanter une fête à vos amis si chère,
J'ai voulu que des fleurs l'emblème ingenieux,
D'un jeune admirateur vous présentât les vœux.
A la beauté la rose est offerte en hommage,
De vos jeunes appas c'est la plus vive image;
Dans l'immortelle et ses graves attraits,
Voyez un souvenir qui ne mourra jamais;
Mais si j'osais blesser une ame trop modeste,
J'y joindrais du laurier le feuillage céleste.

ON ALCHEMY AND THE ALCHEMISTS.

> " Oh, but the stone, all's idle to't—Nothing!
> The Art of Angels, Nature's miracle!
> The Divine Secret that doth fly in clouds
> From east to west!"—ALCHEMIST.

THERE is no subject more deeply involved in obscurity than the one upon which we purpose, at present, to make some observations; and yet, surely, there are few from which more entertainment or instruction might be derived, were it properly handled. It requires but little depth of information or understanding to enable us all to join in censuring and condemning the " extravagant pretensions," and " unmeaning jargon," of those who devoted their lives to the obscure researches of Alchemy—the propagators, or the victims of that wild enthusiasm that, for many a century, continued to send men in quest of the " divine secret," by means of which, not only all baser metals were to be converted into silver and gold, but all diseases healed, life prolonged, and youth perpetually renewed. Yet if we reflect how much these pursuits of the Alchemists were akin to the spirit of the times in which they lived—how intimately connected with the almost universal belief in Astrology, witchcraft, and demonology—we shall perceive that there is here matter for extensive and curious investigation. And if we farther consider what mighty influence their discoveries and inventions have had upon the history of mankind in modern times, we shall be convinced that, beneath their " unmeaning jargon," there may be much that we have not yet comprehended, and that, although it may be very convenient for the self-conceit of this " most enlightened age," and comfortable for the vanity of every small " philosopher," to dismiss the subject with such exclamations of contempt, it will not do for the friend of truth and justice so to dismiss it. To those " deluded visionaries," to their unwearied zeal in examining the combinations of bodies, and the effects of chemical processes upon them, it will be found that we owe much of the chemistry of our own times. And much more than this do we owe them; for it was they too who first shook themselves loose from the schools, and proclaimed war against the nets of authority which, for many a century, had kept Europe in bondage and ignorance.

We know, from authentic records, that the pursuits of Alchemy occupied many thousands of men for at least no less a period than ten centuries; and if we knew nothing more, this fact of itself would surely be sufficient to warrant some further inquiry than has yet been made. In this case, as in all others, error lies upon the surface, and it is much easier to detect what is false and absurd, than to find out what is true, and really significant. We may rest assured, that the history of the world affords no instance of any error having taken possession of men's minds for so long a succession of centuries, without being maintained and kept alive by some intermixture of truth. And even the language of Alchemy, although it seems extremely absurd, and has become quite unintelligible to us, doubtless, in many cases, spoke realities to the initiated; and we shall see, it was studiously designed to speak to none else.

If any proof were required of the real knowledge which the Alchemists possessed of chemistry, and of the influence which their researches have had upon posterity, it might be sufficient to bring forward the single instance of the invention of gunpowder, which is now proved to have been made by our countryman, Roger Bacon, one of the earliest and most zealous of the Alchemists whose names have reached us. The discoveries of this Franciscan monk, and his deep extensive knowledge of the chemical effects of bodies upon each other, and the laws by which their mutual action is regulated, entitle him to be regarded as the founder of chemical science in Europe. Though his writings are still, in a great measure, sealed to us, enough is intelligible to convince us, on the slightest

inspection, that they contain many remarkable facts, which pass for the exclusive discoveries of much later chemists. His largest and principal work, entitled *Opus Majus*, observes Mr. Brande, "breathes sentiments which would do honour to the most refined periods of science, and in which many of the advantages likely to be derived from that mode of investigation insisted upon by his great successor, Chancellor Bacon, are anticipated." Our own slender acquaintance with his works, is sufficient to enable us to sanction this eulogium, and makes us wish it had been pronounced in more distinct and emphatic terms. Roger Bacon was undoubtedly one of the greatest men this country has ever produced: few individuals are entitled to occupy a more prominent place in the history of Europe, if we are to judge of him from the effects manifested by his researches and discoveries since the rude age in which he lived down to the present moment at which the influence of chemical knowledge seems vast, beyond calculation. His name may be held in still higher admiration when it is remembered how he suffered persecution and imprisonment for the sake of knowledge, and continued to seek it in spite of all that could be done to prevent him. To his ignorant and superstitious contemporaries, his skill in chemistry and natural philosophy,* appeared so extraordinary and miraculous, that they could account for it only by supposing him to be in connexion with the Devil and his agents. He was, in consequence, excommunicated by the Pope, shut up in a dungeon for ten years, and exposed through his whole life to the contrivances of malice and superstitious zeal,†—one more instance of the fate of genius in all times, and of the miserable shortsightedness which makes us hate and persecute our best benefactors so long as they remain amongst us. What Horace wrote two thousand years ago, is true now, as it has always been:

> Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
> Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.

Many more instances of the success and singular ardour with which Alchemists, amid their vainest dreams, cultivated the real knowledge of the chemical action of substances upon each other, might be adduced to show how much we are indebted to them for the extent of

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* That Bacon was acquainted with the use of magnifying glasses will appear from the following passage: "Si verò homo aspiciat literas vel alias res minutas per medium crystalli, vel vitri, vel alterius perspicui suppositi literis, et sit portio minor sphera, cujus convexitas sit versus oculum, et oculus sit in aere, longè melius videbit literas, et apparebunt ei majores"—"et ideò hoc instrumentum est utile senibus et habentibus oculos debiles Nam literam quantumque parvam possunt videre in sufficienti magnitudine."—*Opus Maj.* p. 352. After speaking of burning lenses, and stating that he had made many, he goes on to describe his *telescope* in distinct enough terms: "Nam possumus sic figurare perspicua, et taliter ea ordinare respectu visus et rerum, quòd frangentur radii et flectuntur quocunque voluerimus, et sub quocunque angulo voluerimus videbimus rem propè vel longè, et sic ex incredibili distantia legeremus literas minutissimas, et pulveres ac arenas numeremus, propter magnitudinem anguli sub quo videremus, et maxima corpora de prope vix viderimus, propter parvitatem anguli sub quo videremus"—"et sic puer posset apparere gigas, et unus homo mons, &c.; sic etiam faceremus solem et lunam et stellas descendere secundum apparentiam huc inferius, ut animus mortalis ignorans veritatem non posset sustinere."—*Op. Maj.* p. 357. Bacon died in 1292, Galileo in 1642.

† The man who found himself called upon to write in such a strain as the following, could be no great favourite with his *learned* fellow-monks and contemporaries of the schools:—"Nunquam fuit tanta apparentia sapientiæ, nec tantum exercitium studii in tot facultatibus, in tot regionibus, sicut jam a quadraginta annis. Ubique enim doctores sunt dispersi, in omni civitati et in omni castro, et in omni burgo, præcipuè per duos ordines studentes, quod non accidit nisi a quadraginta jam annis vel circiter, cum tamen nunquam fuit tanta ignorantia tantus error."—"Si haberem potestatem super libros Aristotelis, ego facerem omnes cremari, quia non est nisi temporis amissio studere in illis, et causa erroris, et multiplicatio ignorantiæ ultra id quod valeat explicare."—"Vulgus studentium cùm capitibus suis non habet unde excitatur ad aliquid dignum, et ideò languet et asininat circa malè translata, et tempus et studium amittit in omnibus. Apparentia quidem sola tenet eos, et non curant quid sciant sed quid videantur scire coràm multitudine insensata."

our present chemistry. And it might also be remarked, in proof of the importance of their investigations, that they entirely changed the practice of medicine, set it free from the slavish authority of the schools, and first prepared the way for making it the subject of rational study. But this is not the proper place to enter into any detailed enquiry respecting their claims. It is not our purpose to set up a defence of Alchemy, or of those who professed to cultivate it; we rejoice that mankind have got over the gross errors and absurd dreams which led them to engage in such pursuits, and that we now have the wild follies of those Alchemists, enregistered as warning to all posterity. Yet a few hints concerning the nature of that "black art," and the character of those who followed it, may not, we apprehend, seem altogether impertinent in an age like the present, when you shall find men ready to devote their whole lives to the study and interpretation of a few obscure hieroglyphics, toiling from year to year, and, with infinite satisfaction, exulting over the meagrest fragments of information, or conjecture, regarding a nation and country, in whose fate we must surely feel much less interested than in that of our own immediate ancestors. All such enquiries indeed are most praiseworthy and fruitful, however hopeless they may seem to the mere spectator, and merit all the attention and encouragement they at present receive. Without farther apology, therefore, we shall proceed to take a shy glance at this old romantic land of Alchemy, trusting that our readers will cheerfully bestow upon us their company, and a liberal portion of their stock of patience. And first we must clear the way by premising a few words respecting the history of chemistry, previous to the time of the Alchemists properly so called.

It would be vain to attempt ascertaining the exact period, when the first germs of chemical knowledge began to show themselves. The first origin of this science, as of most others, is lost beyond the records which we possess, and indeed perhaps incapable of being recorded at all, from their insensible minuteness. That ancient "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," Tubal-cain, has by some been regarded as the originator of chemistry; but we have no proof that he, or any of the other "artificers" mentioned in the five books of Moses, possessed farther skill than what was requisite for a few simple processes. So is it also with the men of Tyre and Sidon, "cunning to work in gold and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson and blue," whom Solomon employed in building the temple of Jerusalem.

The Egyptians have better claims to be ranked as the first cultivators of chemistry, and indeed it is probable the Hebrews, and perhaps the Tyrians also, derived from them what knowledge they possessed. The name of Hermes, or Mercurius Trismegistus, (thrice greatest) who is said to have been the friend and secretary of King Osiris, stands pre-eminent among them; and it was afterwards transferred to chemistry, ("Hermetic art;") of which he was regarded as the inventor.* Yet after all it is doubtful whether any such person ever existed, and certain that the works attributed to him, are the productions of much later times. This much at least is known, that many of the mystic symbols and fables of the ancient Egyptians, have relation to chemical processes, and were intelligible only to one privileged class, the priests, who were initiated in all mysteries, and transmitted their knowledge in a language understood by none but the initiated. This last circumstance may throw light upon the origin and purpose of the language which the Alchemists made use of, and which, as we shall presently see, was also intelligible only to the *Adepts*, or initiated. Some writers have endeavoured to find among the ancient Colchians, Phœnicians, or Indians, the origin of the

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* Taout, or Thouth, was the Egyptian; Hermes, the Greek; and Mercurius, the Roman name given to this inventor of arts. Some have attempted to derive his Egyptian name from Thouodh, (pillar) because his precepts were engraved on pillars.—(Vid. Sprengel, Gesch. der Artzney. B. i. p. 74.)

arts and mythology of the Egyptians, but with that degree of success or probability, we shall not here stop to enquire.

The Greeks seem to have paid little attention to chemistry; indeed, none at all, if we may judge from the circumstance, that no mention is made of even the simplest chemical operations in any of the older or classical authors who treat of medicine, or other subjects which might have been connected with chemistry. Yet to the ingenuity of a lively imagination, many of the fables invented or adopted by that gifted people, might doubtless appear to convey some allusion to chemical facts.

Upon the whole, it would be vain to seek for any appearance of chemical science among the ancients.* Centuries of free and extensive investigation are required to accumulate and arrange the materials necessary for the very first principles of any science depending, like this of chemistry, entirely upon observation and experiment. The records and monuments of ancient art which still exist in an authentic shape, shew only that several chemical processes were known and practised from a very early period; and that whatever knowledge of chemistry other nations may have possessed, it is from the Egyptians that it was immediately, or through various channels, transmitted to Europe. We shall find, that the conquest of Egypt by the Romans, and subsequently by the Arabians, gave both those nations an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her arts and monuments, and thus opened fully the source from which a taste for chemical enquiries was to spread over all Europe.

Respecting the attention which the arts of the Egyptians attracted among the Romans, but few scattered observations have reached us; yet these are sufficient to show that, at least during the decline of the empire, the supposed art of making Gold and Silver was sought after. And, if we consider the boundless luxury of those times, which no wealth was adequate to gratify—the indolence and degenerate spirit, which made it impossible to seek riches by industry; there will not be found much difficulty in accounting for the tendency which the Romans felt to supply their necessities, by the transmutation of the baser metals into gold and silver. The pretensions of the Egyptian monks, hermits, magicians, &c. were unlimited; the wondrous monuments of the vast wealth and power of Ancient Egypt, which still remained, seemed to lend force to these pretensions, and might incline a degraded people to the belief, that the inhabitants of that country had been in possession of the secret of transmutation. And still further to confirm this belief, to give more semblance of credit to their pretensions, or to involve them in deeper obscurity, a vast multitude of works, containing mystic formulæ, and symbols of operations for procuring the philosopher's stone, were composed by the monks or philosophists of the Alexandrian school, and by them attributed to Hermes, Democritus, Pythagoras, &c. &c. In a work ascribed to Jamblichus, the disciple of Porphyry, and contemporary of Constantine the Great, "On the Mysteries of the Egyptians," the number of these books attributed to Hermes alone, are said to have been estimated by some at 20,000, by others at 36,525. And we may have some idea of the

* "Si l'on examine," says Fourcroy, a high authority on such a subject, "avec courage, et sans préjugé toutes les preuves qu'on a réunis pour établir l'existence de la chimie chez les Egyptiens, après avoir rapporté son origine aux premiers âges du monde, et aux premiers travaux où les hommes ont employé le feu comme agent, ou reconnaît bientôt que, tirées uniquement des products employés dans leur constructions diverses, elles peuvent toutes annoncer des arts ou des procédés de fabrique plus ou moins avancés; mais rien qui tienne à des notions générales tirées de ces arts, rien qui dépend d'une doctrine suivie; rien, enfin, qui puisse donner une idée d'une véritable science."

"Tout ce qu'on a dit de l'antique origine de la chimie, sur les premiers hommes qui ont travaillé les métaux, taillé et polis les pierres dures, fondu des sables, dissous et crystallizé les sels, ne montre à un esprit exacte et sevère, qu'une vaine et ridicule pretension, semblable à cette par laquelle on voudrait reconnaître les élémens de la géométrie dans l'ouvrage grossier du sauvage, qui use les fragmens du rocher, qui leur donne des formes à peu près regulières, pour les rendre utiles à ses premiers besoins."

influence and credit of these monkish productions from the fact, that they were quoted as high authorities by all the Alchemists, and some of them even printed as genuine so late as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It would be curious to enquire what connexion the dreams of the Theosophists and new Platonists had with the pursuits and pretensions of the Alchemists. The "sympathy of the universe," which those philosophists used to talk so much of, might lead to a comparison of the metals with the planets, and thus give origin to their Alchemic names. The "strict diet," the "abstraction from all sensual objects," the "union with God," and the "purity of heart," were, as we shall soon see, no less insisted upon by the Alchemists than by the followers of Ammonius, Plotinus, and Porphyry. But leaving these inquiries, which it would here be out of place to pursue farther, we shall proceed hastily to notice one or two of the most remarkable historical facts which throw light on the subject under more immediate consideration. The first is the edict of Diocletian, which Gibbon mentions in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. In doing so, he has committed one of those errors which his rapid and sweeping conclusions are so frequently found to contain.

"One very remarkable edict," says Gibbon, "which he (Diocletian) published, instead of being condemned as the effect of jealous tyranny, deserves to be applauded as an act of prudence and humanity. He caused a diligent search to be made 'for all the ancient books which treated of the admirable art of making gold and silver, and without pity committed them to the flames; apprehensive, as we are assured, lest the opulence of the Egyptians should inspire them with confidence to rebel against the empire.'* But if Diocletian had been convinced of the reality of that valuable art, far from extinguishing the memory, he would have converted the operation of it to the benefit of the public revenue. It is much more likely, that his good sense discovered to him the folly of such magnificent pretensions, and that he was desirous of preserving the reason and fortunes of his subjects from the mischievous pursuit. It may be remarked, that these ancient books, so liberally ascribed to Pythagoras, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the use or to the abuse of chemistry. In that immense register, where Pliny has deposited the discoveries, the arts, and the errors of mankind, there is not the least mention of the transmutation of metals; and the persecution of Diocletian is the first authentic event in the history of Alchemy."—*History of Decline and Fall*, chap. xiii.

This edict of Diocletian, we apprehend, is of itself sufficient to show, that the "admirable art" must have been cultivated before his time, and must have gained much credit before it could be thought a fit subject for the interference of law. And in this opinion we are confirmed by finding, contrary to the assertion of Gibbon, that the "immense register of Pliny" does in fact contain an account of an attempt made by Caligula—of course two centuries before the time of Diocletian—to "transmute" orpiment into gold. As the passage is short and not generally known, we shall take the liberty of giving it in the author's own words. Having spoken of the various means of procuring gold, he goes on to say: "*Aurum faciendi est etiamnum una ratio ex auripigmento, quod in Syriâ foditur pictoribus, in summâ tellure, auri colore, sed fragili, lapidum specularium modo. Invitaverat spes Caium, principem avidissimum auri: quamobrem jussit excoqui magnum pondus; et planè fecit aurum excellens, sed ita parvi ponderis, ut detrimentum sentiret, illud propter avaritiam expertus, quamquam auripigmenti libræ* xiv. *permutarentur.*" —*Plin. Hist. Natural.* lib. xxxiii. "There is moreover one way of making gold from orpiment, which in Syria is dug up by painters, on the surface of the earth, of a golden colour, but fragile, like glass-stones. The hope of gain induced Caligula, a most avaricious prince, to try the experiment:—Wherefore he ordered

* "John Antioch. in Excerp. Valesian, p. 834; Suidas in Diocletian."

a large mass of it to be digested; and he truly made excellent gold, but of so small quantity that he lost thereby—having made the trial out of avarice—though fourteen pounds of orpiment were changed." We need only remark, that however absurd the assertion of Pliny regarding Caligula's success may appear in these times, it was a thing to which the Alchemists might triumphantly appeal.* The seeds of that "vain science" were in reality sown before the time of Diocletian. Nearly a century afterwards, we find St. Chrysostom (Homil. 56 in Matth.) declaiming against it as one of the vices of his age; and, with more or less vigour, it continued to thrive almost to the end of last century.†

* Orpiment was one of the substances which they used in the "Great Work."

† In his dissertation, prefixed to the third volume of the Supplement to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Mr. Brande, speaking of the origin of Alchemy, has been guilty of some singular inconsistencies. "Of this occult art," says he, "the two leading objects were the *transmutation* of common metals into gold and silver, and the discovery of the *universal medicine*, which, by the removal and prevention of disease, should confer immortality upon the possessors of the secret.

"The *origin* of these chimerical notions has been variously accounted for. The idea of transmutation may plausibly be referred to the various processes to which natural bodies were submitted by the astrological experimentalists *of the seventh and eighth centuries*. Observing the change of properties in metallic ores by exposure to heat, and the production of malleable and useful metals from their brittle and useless compounds, it is not surprising that superficial observation and incorrect reasoning should lead to a belief in their production and transmutation; and such speculations, not without apparent foundation, holding out attraction to the ambitious, and hope to the needy, would soon excite notice and command followers. That this was the case, the records of those times amply testify." Now for Mr. Brande to attempt accounting for the origin of Alchemical notions in the *seventh and eighth centuries*, when he had spoken of them in the preceding page as *existing in the fourth century*, may seem a strange enough enterprize. "The *Alchemical* works," says he, "had been previously destroyed by Diocletian in the fourth century, lest the Egyptians should acquire by such means sufficient wealth to withstand the Roman power," &c. And with respect to the *universal medicine*, his account of its origin is, we apprehend, scarcely less faulty. "The pursuit of the other object may be referred to the success attending the medical employment of many of the chemical preparations. Pharmacy was becoming enriched by the introduction of chemical compounds; and remedies for diseases, before deemed incurable, were occasionally discovered among the products of the furnace. Hence, perhaps, the possibility of the existence of an universal remedy might occur to those under the infatuations of the black art." The truth is, the object of Alchemy was to purify the baser metals into gold—to "cleanse or heal the six lepers," as they were called, namely, silver, mercury, copper, iron, tin, and lead; and the philosopher's stone, by means of which this was to be accomplished, was generally spoken of as a medicine. The transition from the cleansing and healing of these metals to the cleansing and healing of the human body, was easy and natural. We find this to be the account Roger Bacon gives of the matter in his *Opus Majus*:—"Et verè est secretum maximum, nam non solum procuraret bonum reipublicæ, et omnibus desideratum, propter auri sufficientiam; sed, quod plus est in infinitam, daret prolongationem vitæ. *Nam illa medicina, quæ tolleret omnes immunditias et corruptiones metalli vilioris, ut fieret argentum et aurum purissimum, æstimatur à sapientibus posse tollere corruptiones corporis humani* in tantum ut vitam per multa secula prolongaret, et hoc est corpus ex elementis temperatum, de quo prius dictum est."—*Op. Majus*, p. 472. The Alchemists, and among the rest Roger Bacon, as may be seen in his *Opus Majus*, believed that there were "two principles of metals," sulphur and quicksilver, which "generated all the metals and minerals of the most diverse species;" that "nature always tended to the perfection of gold," but that "various accidents" occurred to "prevent her operations," and "transform" and "pollute" into baser metals and minerals what, if left alone, she would have made into gold, "the purity and sum of the intention of all metals." It is remarkable, that almost the same ideas are to be found in some papers by the celebrated Homberg, one of the first chemists of his age, printed in the *Mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Sciences* for the years 1706 and 1707. In one of those, for instance, (An. 1707, p. 40,) speaking of the smoke which arises from gold when burnt in the focus of a lens, he says:—"Je dirai, *qu'un métal parfait, comme est l'or, est composé principalement de deux matières, sçavoir de mercure ou de vif argent et de souffre métallique*, qui séparément sont toujours volatiles, c'est à dire sont enlévez en fumée par le moindre feu; mais lorsqu'ils sont joints ensembles, et qu'ils sont devenus métal, ils perdent cette volatilité et deviennent si fixes, que le feu de la flamme ou le feu ordinaire de nos laboratoires ne les sçauraient enlever en fumée," &c &c.

The influence of the Arabs in diffusing this art over Europe, is better known in the history of Chemistry, and therefore it would be superfluous to dwell upon the subject here. They derived their pretensions from the same source as the Romans. Their naturally enthusiastic, fervid temperament qualified them admirably for receiving and propagating the wildest dreams of the Alchemists, and adding to these still greater extravagancies of their own. The genii in the "Thousand and one Nights," with their transmutations, &c. seem to have an intimate connexion with the pretensions of the Alchemists, which it might be interesting to enquire into. But we shall not dwell upon the subject at present, having said enough to enable our readers in some measure, to understand and appreciate the pretensions of the Alchemists, which we shall take the liberty of laying before them, in the language used by the Alchemists themselves. These pretensions are amusing, and throw light on the history of the times in which they were made and listened to.

The first of the Alchemists, whose name has been handed down to us is Geber, who is said to have been an Arabian prince, and to have lived in the seventh century. He was frequently called King Geber; the works attributed to him have been more read and studied, than those of any other Alchemist, and they have been repeatedly translated into all the languages of Europe. We have the English, German, French, and Latin translations before us, and find them to coincide pretty exactly with each other. A small volume contains all the works of which he is supposed to have been the author. They all relate to the subject of Alchemy, though he is said to have been likewise a physician and astronomer. He begins by declaring what are the qualifications necessary for attaining to the knowledge and possession of the philosopher's stone.

"Therefore we say, if any man have not his *organs complete*, he cannot by himself come to the *completement* of this *work*, no more than if he were blind, or wanted his limbs, because he is not helped by the members; by meditation of which, as ministering to nature, this art is perfected. And if the body of the artificer be weak, sickly, and feverish; or like the bodies of leprous persons, whose members fail; or of men at the last point of life, or worn out with decrepit old age,—he cannot attain to the completement of the art. Therefore the artist is hindered in his intention by those natural impediments of the body."

"We premised one chapter, in which we absolutely and manifestly declared the impediments depending on the part of the body of the artificer. It now remains that we briefly declare the impediments from the part of his soul, which mostly hinder the completement of this work. Therefore we say, that he that hath not a natural ingenuity and soul, searching and subtilely scrutinizing Natural principles, the fundamentals of nature, and artifices which can follow nature in the properties of her action, cannot find the true radix of this most precious science. As there are many who have a stiff neck, void of ingenuity in every perscrutation, and who can scarcely understand common speech, and likewise with difficulty learn works vulgarly common. Besides these, we also find many who have a soul opinionating to every phantasie; but what they believe they have found true is all phantastic—deviating from reason, full of error, and remote from natural principles; because their brain, replete with many fumosities, cannot receive the true intention of natural things. There are also besides these, others who have a soul moveable from opinion to opinion, and from will to will, as those who suddenly believe a thing, and will the same, without any ground at all of reason; but a little after that, another thing, and do likewise believe another, and will another. And these are so changeable that they can scarcely accomplish the least of what they intend, but rather leave it defective. There are likewise others who cannot see any truth in natural things, no more than beasts, as if they were witless, madmen, and children. There are others also who contemn the science, and think it not to be, whom in like manner this science contemns, and repels from the end of this most precious work. And there are some who are slaves, loving money, affirming this to be an admirable science; but are afraid to interposit the necessary charges. Therefore although they approve it, and according to reason do seek the same, yet to the experience of the work they attain not, through covetousness of money. Therefore this our science comes not to them; for how can he who is ignorant, or negligent in the search of the science, attain easily to it?"

"Therefore we conclude that the artificer of this work ought to be well skilled, and perfect in the sciences of natural philosophy; because, how much money soever he hath, and although he be endowed with a naturally profound wit and de-

sire in this artifice, yet he cannot attain his end, unless he hath by learning acquired natural philosophy. The author must be helped by most deep research and natural industry. For by reason of his learning only, how much soever of science he hath acquired, unless he be also helped by natural industry, he will not be invited to so precious a banquet. And by his industry, he must amend his error in the point to which he will be ignorant, how to apply a remedy, if he rely only upon his own learning.

"Also it is necessary for him to be of a constant will in his work, that he may not presume to attempt this now, and that another time; because our art consists not, nor is perfected in a multitude of things. For there is one *stone*, one *medicine*, in which the magistery consists, to which we add not any extraneous thing, nor remove we aught; except that in preparation we take away superfluities. Also he must be diligent in the work, persisting to the final consummation thereof, that he leave not off abruptly, because he can acquire neither knowledge nor profit from a diminished work, but shall rather reap desperation and damage. It is also expedient he should know the principles and principal radixes of this art, which are essential to the work; because he that is ignorant of the beginnings, cannot find the end. And we show you all those principles, in a discourse complete and sufficiently clear, and manifest to wise men, according to the exigency of this our art. It is likewise expedient the artist should be temperate and slow to anger, lest he suddenly, through the force of rage, spoil and destroy his works begun. Likewise also he should keep his money, and not presumptuously distribute it vainly; lest he happen not to find the art, and be left in misery, and in the desperation of poverty; or at least, when, by his diligent endeavour, he is come near to the end of his magistery, his money being all spent, he be forced to leave the end (miserable man as he is) uncompleted. For they who in the beginning, prodigally waste their whole treasure, when they draw nigh to the end, have not wherewith to labour. Whence, such men are twofoldly overwhelmed with grief, viz. Because they expend their money in things unprofitable, and because they lose the most noble science which they were in quest of. For you need not to consume your goods, seeing you may come to the completement of the magistery for a small price, if you be not ignorant of the principles of the art, and rightly understand what we have declared to you. Therefore if you waste your money, not minding our admonitions, plain and manifest, written in this little book, inveigh not against, but impute what you suffer to your own ignorance and presumption. For this science agrees not well with a man poor and indigent, but is rather inimical and adverse to him."

"Nor should the artist be intent on the true completement only; because our art is reserved in the Divine Will of God, and is given to, or withheld from whom He will, who is glorious, sublime, and full of all justice and goodness; and perhaps for the punishment of your sophistical work, he denies you the art, and lamentably thrusts you into the bye-path of error, and from error into perpetual infelicity and misery; because he is most miserable and unhappy to whom after the end of his work of labour God denies the sight of truth. For such a man is constituted in perpetual labour, beset with all misfortune and infelicity, loseth the consolation, joy, and delight of his whole time, and consumes his life in grief without profit. Likewise, the artist, when he shall be in his work, should study to impress in his mind all signs that appear in every decoction, and to search out their causes.

"These are the things necessary for an artificer fit for our art; but if any of these we have declared be wanting in him, he should not approach our art."

We have quoted at length these somewhat tedious admonitions of Geber, because they give a good idea of the language in which the masters of the "Science of Holy Alchemy" used to address those who aspired to the dignity of *adepts*. The same language continued to be repeated with small modifications for at least ten centuries; the writings of Geber being reverenced as the highest authority in every thing respecting the "great work." In the *Hermes Bird*, a strange unintelligible medley, attributed to Raymund Lully, and translated into English at a very early period—the aspirant is thus addressed:—

"Gy'fe thow wilt thys warke begyn
Then schrevy the clene of alle thy synne,
Contryte in hert with alle thy thowght,
And ever thynke on Him that the der
bowght."

And to the same purpose in Norton's *Ordinall*, a work we believe written about the end of Henry the Seventh's reign, and published about the middle of the seventeenth century, by Elias Ashmole, in his *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum.**

* "*Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum,* containing severall poeticall pieces of our famous English Philosophers who have written on the Hermetique Mysteries in their owne ancient language, by Elias Ashmole, Esq., *qui est Mercuriophilus Anglus.*"—Ashmole was the well known founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, in 1679.

"Now ye that will this science pursue,
Learne ye to know false men from trew;
All trew searchers of this science of Alchemie,
Must be full learned in their first philosophie,
Else all their labour shall them let and grieve,
As he that fetcheth water in sieve.
The trew men search and seek all alone,
In hope to find our delectable stone.
And for that they would that no man should have losse,
They prove and seek all at their own coste;
Soe their owne purses they will not spare,
They make their coffers thereby full bare;
With greate patience they doe proceede,
Trusting only in God to be their speede."
&c. &c.

With these qualifications of the "Artificer" before us, we may now see what defence Geber has to offer against the objections of those who blamed and ridiculed the "divine search and travail of the ancient Fathers:"—

"If they say," exclaims he, "Philosophers and princes of this world have desired this science and could not find it, we answer, they lie. For princes, though few, and especially the ancient and wise men in our time, have, as is manifest, by their industry found out this science, but would never by word or writing discover the same to such men, because they are unworthy of it. Therefore they not seeing any to possess this science, conceive an error in their minds, and thence judge that none have found it." "But if they otherwise argue that species is not changed into species, we again say, they lie, as they are more accustomed than to speak truly of these things; for species is changed into species, in this manner, namely, when the individual of one species is changed into the individual of another. We see a worm, both naturally and by natural artifice to be turned into a fly, which differs from it in species; and a calf strangled to be turned into bees; wheat into darnel; and a dog strangled into worms, by the putrefaction of ebullition. Yet *we* do not this, but Nature, to whom we administer, doth the same. Likewise, also, *we* alter not metals, but Nature, for whom, according to Art, we prepare that matter: for she by herself acts, not we, yet we are her administrators." &c. &c.

King Geber now goes on to shew what are the "special qualities" of each metal, and of the "natural principles," or "fetant spirits," by which they are to be cleansed of their leprosy;"* but into such details few of our readers might feel inclined to accompany him. We can only remark, that those who choose to consult the original, will find an indescribable mixture of chemical facts, obviously enough related, and obscure allusions, which it might cost the *Adepts* themselves some patience to comprehend, but which certainly might have meaning sufficient to lead astray and perplex the credulous. His peroration is remarkable, and characteristic of the true Alchemists:—

"Now let the high God of Nature, blessed and glorious, be praised who hath revealed the series of all medicines, with the experience of them, which by the goodness of his instigation, and by our own incessant labour, we have searched out; and have seen with our eyes and handled with our hands the completement thereof sought in our magistery. But if we have concealed this, let not the son of learning wonder; for we have not concealed it from him, but have delivered it in such speech, as it must

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* Chaucer's Yemanne enumerates these spirits and metals:—

"I wol you tell as was me taught also,
The foure spirites, and the bodies sevene
By ordne, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene.
The firste spirite quicksilver cleped is;
The seconde orpimente; the thirdde ywis
Sal anmoniak, and the fourth brimston.
"The bodies sevene eke, to hem here anon,
Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe;
Mars iron, Mercurie quiksilver we clepe;
Saturnus lede, and Jupiter is tin,
And Venus coper, by my fader kin."

necessarily be hid from the evil and unjust, and the unwise cannot discern it. Therefore, sons of Doctrine! search ye, and ye ye will find the most excellent gift of God reserved for you only. Ye sons of folly and wickedness, and evil manners! fly away from this science, because it is inimical and adverse to you, and will precipitate you into the miserable state of poverty. For this gift of God is absolutely, by the judgment of Divine Providence, hid from you and denied you for ever!"

'Let us now figure to ourselves the acolyte of "holy Alchemy," thus qualified, with pure heart and resolution, setting to work, and impressed with deep reverence for the "olde Fathers venerable," endeavouring to trace their meaning and follow their directions in his search, and make himself "full learned in his first philosophic." And let there be placed before him such a passage as this of Ripley,* wherein directions are given for procuring the stone, and which we submit as a specimen:—

'First calcyne, and after that putrefie,
Dissolve, dystill, sublyme, descende and fyxe;
With aquavitæ oft tymes both weet and drie,
And make a marriage the bodie and spirite betwixt:
Which thus together naturally if ye can myxe
In losing the bodie, the water shall congealed be,
Then shall the ladie dy utterly of the flyxe,
Bleeding and changing colours as ye shall see.

The third daye again to life he shall uprise,
And devour byrds and beastes of the wildernesse,
Crowes, popingayes, pyes, pecocks, and mevies;
The phenix, the eagle whyte, the gryffon of fearfulnesse,
The greene lyon and the red dragon he shall distresse,
The whyte dragon also, the antelope, unicorne, panthere,
With other byrds, and beasts, both more and lesse,
The basiliske also, which almost each one doth feare.

In Bus and Nubi he shall arise and ascende
Up to the moone, and sith up to the sunne,
Thro' the ocean sea, which round is without ende;
Onely shypped within a little glassen tonne,
When he cometh thither then is the maistrie wonne:
About which journey greate goode shall ye not speede,
And yet ye shall be glad that ever it was begonne,
Patiently if ye list to your work attend."

Such is the specimen of the obscurest and wildest language of Alchemy, which will doubtless appear sufficiently cunning and absurd. Of course it was altogether incomprehensible to those who were not initiated in the mysteries of the "divine science." And even in reference to the Adept, who aspired to the dignity of a master, it seems to have been so contrived as to contain just enough of realities to keep him zealously and constantly at work in his experiments; and, at the same time to have been so vague and mysterious as to prevent him from despairing in his undertaking, or satisfying himself of its nothingness and absurdity. To the "sincere, diligent, and humble" Adept there remained always so many ways of accounting for his want of success, that it might have been impossible by any means to convince him that he was in quest of a thing which could have no existence.

But though these seem to have been the effects of the language of Alchemy upon those who were sincere in their pretensions and labours, it may well be imagined, that its obscurities gave infinite scope for impostors and pretenders of every description. No work of Alchemy that does not contain many warnings against such. We have already seen the character of the "true searcher," in Norton's *Ordinall,* and he goes on to tell us:—

* George Ripley, of Bristol, wrote his *Compound of Alchemie,* and addressed it to Edward IV., in the fifteenth century.

"The false man walketh from towne to towne,
For the most part in a threadbare gowne,
Ever searching with diligente awaite
To win his prey with some false deceit.
Of leasing and swearing, such will not cease,
To say how they can silver plate increase:
And ever they rayle with perjurie,
Saying how they can multiply
Gold and silver; and in such wise,
With promises they please the covetise,
And causeth his minde to be on him set,
Then falsehood and covetise be well mett.
But afterwards, within a little while,
The multiplier doth him beguile
With his faire promise, and with his false oathes,
The covetise is brought to threadbare clothes.
"But if he can hastily be well aware
Of the multiplier and his chaffare,
Of whose deceits much I can reporte,
But I dare not, lest I give comforte
To such as be disposed to treachery,
For so much hurt might come thereby.
Wherefore advise you, and be wise,
Of them who proffer such servise.
If they had cunning, have ye no doubte
They would be loath to shew it out:
When such men promise to multiplie,
They compasse to do some villany,
Some true man's good to bear awaye.
Of such fellows, what shulde I say?
All such false men wherever they goe,
They shulde be punished they be not soe.
Upon nature they falsely lie,
For metals do not multiplie."*

Chaucer's tale of the *Chanones Yeman* is a satire against the Alchemists, or rather "multipliers" of his time. Here we have the Chanon in

* The story of Lully's having, while in London, converted a mass of 50,000 pounds of quicksilver into gold, from which Edward I. is said, by the Alchemist, to have coined the first rose-nobles, or, according to others, the first guineas, made his name famous, and gained credit for another celebrated feat which Norton, as well as all other Alchemists, believed him to have performed, and which they adduced in proof of this science:—

"Such art of multiplying is to be reproved,
But holy Alkimy of right is to be loved;
Which treateth of a precious medicine,
Such as truly maketh golde and silver fine.
Whereof example, for testimony,
Is in a city of Catalony,
Which Raymund Lully, knight, men suppose,
Made in seven images, the truth to disclose;
Three were good silver, in shape like ladies bright,
Everie each of them were gold, and like a knight.
In borders of their clothing letters did appear,
Signifying in sentence as it sheweth here:

1. Of old horshoes (said one) I was yre,
Now I am good silver, as good as ye desire.
2. I was (said another) iron fet from the mine,
But now I am golde pure, perfect, and fine.
3. Whilome was I copper, of an old red panne,
Now am I good silver, said the third woman.
4. The fourth said, I was copper grown in the filthy place,
Now am I perfect gold made by God's grace.
5. The fifth said, I was silver perfect, thorough fine,
Now am I perfect gold excellent, better than the prime.
6. I was a pipe of lead well nigh two hundred yere,
And to all men good silver I appeare.
7. The seventh, I lead am gold made for a mastery,
But truly my fellowes are nearer thereto than I."

his "threadbare gowne," with an "overest sloppe not worth a mite," and "all baudy and to-tore also;" and his Yeman "discoloured of face," who had been "so used the hote fire to blow," and

—— "wont in no mirror to prie,
But swinke sore, and lerne to multiplie."

The commencement of this *Yemannes Tale* is so characteristic, that we shall extract a few lines from it:—

"'In the subarbes of a toun,' quod he,
'Lurking in hernes and in lanes blinde,
Whereas thise robbours and thise theves by kinde
Holden hir privee fereful residence,
As they that dare not shewen hir presence,
So faren we, if I shall say the sothe.'"

"With this Chenon I dwelt hare seven yere,
And of his science am I never the nere.
All that I had, I have ylost thereby,
And God wot, so hon many mo than I.
Then I was wont to be fresh and gay
Of clothing, and of other good array,
Now may I were an hose upon min hed;
And where my colour was both fiesh and red,
Now is it wan and of a leden hewe;
(Who so it useth, so shal he it rewe)
And of my swinke yet blered is min eye;
Lo which avantage is to multiplie!
The sliding science hath me made so bare
That I have no good, wher that ever I fare."
"What maner man that casteth him there to,
If he continue I hold his thrift ydo;
So help me, God, therby shal he not winne
But empty his purse and make his wittes thinne.
And whan he, thurgh his madnesse and folie,
Hath lost his owne good thurgh jupartie,
Than he exciteth other folk thereto
To lese hir good as he himself hath do.—"
"When be ther as we shuln exercise
Our elvish craft, we semen wonder wise
Our termes ben so clergial and queinte.
I blow the fire til that myn herte feinte."

But we can afford no more room at present, and must refer those who wish to have further information respecting the abuses of the "science of holy Alkimy," to the humourous and kindly tale itself of the *Chanones Yeman*, or the more stout, but rude and surly *Alchemist* of Ben Jonson. Did our limits permit, we might now proceed to show how the Alchemists set men free from the trammels of the schools, and recalled them from the absurd veneration of mangled books and obsolete authorities, to the patient and zealous study of nature. Most of the Alchemists cultivated other branches of natural philosophy as well as chemistry, an instance of which we have seen in the case of Roger Bacon, whose discoveries in optics and astronomy were no less remarkable than in chemistry. The same persons who opened the way for the proper cultivation of medicine and chemistry, did so no less for mechanical arts and sciences. We cannot better illustrate the boldness of the Alchemists in announcing their discoveries, than by taking an example from the *Triumphal Chariot of Antimony*, attributed to Bazil Valentine, who is said to have been a Benedictine monk of Erfurt, and to have written various other works on medicine, about the commencement of the fifteenth century. The *Chariot* is, by some, supposed to have been the joint production of several Alchemists and such have called in question the existence of the monk of Erfurt; but, however this may be, there can be no doubt that it breathes the true spirit of the Alchemists.

"As I hope," says he, speaking of the opposition he had met with, "yea doubt not, (although all vagabond and circumforaneous medicasters, all physicians resi-

dent in cities, and how many soever there be that profess themselves masters of any part of medicine, do all together contrive what they can, and exclaim against antimony,) but that this same antimony will triumph over the ingratitude of all those unskilful men (for true physicians, and such as are always ready to learn, I touch not here) and by its own power and virtue acquired after due preparation, will overcome and tread under foot all its enemies. But, on the contrary, those ignorant false judges and pertinacious contemners of antimony, because they know not the truth, shall perish and be cast into the abyss."

"But I little care whether you, Mr. Doctor, who do neither know this thing, nor ever would apply your mind to know it, do slight the same and refute it as a ridiculous and an altogether false tale. It is sufficient for me, that I am able, (but if praiseworthy, let praise be given to God,) to prove and defend the truth thereof. For I myself have experienced it, I have made, I have prepared, I have prescribed this medicine, and there wants not a sufficient number of witnesses to confirm it under hand and seal."

"And whenever I shall have occasion to contend in the schools, with such a doctor, who knows not himself to prepare his own medicines, but commits that business to another, I am sure I shall obtain the palm; for indeed that good man knows not what medicines he prescribes to the sick; whether the colour of them be white, black, blue, or grey, he cannot tell: nor doth he know whether the medicament he gives, be dry or hot, cold or humid, but he only knows that he found it so written in his book, and thence pretends possession by prescription of a very long time, desiring no farther information. Here again, let it be lawful to exclaim—good God, to what a state is the matter brought! *What* goodness of mind is in these men? What care do they take of the sick? Woe, woe to them! In the day of Judgment, they will find the fruit of their ignorance and rashness! Then will they see Him whom they pierced, when they neglected their neighbour, sought after money and nothing else, whereas were they cordial in their profession, they would spend nights and days in labour, that they might become more learned in their art; whence more certain health would accrue to the sick, with their estimation and greater glory to themselves. But since labour is tedious to them, they commit the matter to chance; and being secure of their honour, and content with their fame, they, like brawlers, defend themselves with a certain garrulity, without any respect had to conscience or truth. Coals seem wonderful strange, and as outlandish wares to them; therefore they refuse their money that should be bestowed on them, as if they intended to lay it out to a better use. A paper scroll, in which their usual *recipe* is written, serves their purpose to the full; which bill being by some Apothecary's boy or servant received, he with great noise thumps out of his mortar every medicine, and all the health of the sick." "My God! change, change these times, and put an end to this arrogant pride, lest they swell up to Heaven! Throw down those giants, lest they accumulate all mountains; and defend those who seriously managing their business, faithfully serve thee, that they may be able to stand against these their persecutors."

After detailing the uses of antimony, and the processes for "purifying it and extracting its venom," he again bursts forth:—

"Oh, ye wretched and much to be pitied medicasters! who, painted with a fucus, breathe out I know not what Thrasonic brags. Unworthy men, more mad than Bacchanalians, who neither learn, nor foul your hands with coals;—judge not lest ye procure judgment to be pronounced against you; which your children's children may write down to your shame in indelible characters! Ye titular doctors, you I spake to, who write long scrolls of receipts; you Apothecaries, who, with your decoctions, fill pots no less than those in princes' courts, in which meat is boiled for the sustentation of some hundreds of men; ye, I say, who hitherto have been blind, suffer a collyrium to be poured into your eyes, and permit them to be anointed with balsam, that the most thick skin of blindness may fall from your sight, and you behold the truth as in a most clear glass."

Such were the Alchemists; and such their language towards the schoolmen, in those dark and superstitious ages. They triumphed; because with all their absurdities, they possessed real knowledge, derived from experiments, and from the diligent observation of Nature; whereas the schoolmen had nothing to support their pretensions, but a vain array of unmeaning words, and if possible, a still more vain appeal to the authority of books, which they had frequently mangled, through ignorance, or with a design to suit their own purposes. Beneath the rude language, and loud boastings of the Alchemists, the seeds of truth were sown, which have since brought forth seemly and most abundant fruit. And in taking farewell of them, let us indeed censure their rudeness, and their wild delusions, but let us also feel that we owe them a heavy debt

of gratitude. For the philosopher's stone was like the treasure hidden in the field, which the husbandman bequeathed to his sons: of itself it had no existence, yet in seeking for it, there was found a genuine reward. In the hands of Providence, whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, these Alchemists, with all their errors and extravagancies, were the means employed to send abroad the spirit of free and fearless enquiry, and to redeem mankind from slavish ignorance and superstition.

THE POETRY OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Well, now! Our Man of Genius *is* a Man of Genius! Why, hardly has he been established in his post of Poet Laureate long enough to have produced the requisite portion of praise and poetry to the honour and glory of the King and the Princes, the Ministers, and all other monstrosities, which go to the making up of what are called the heads of the nation—when, lo! he lavishes upon us superabundant proofs of his having made a careful, moral, political, geologistical, and gravely quizzical survey of that wonderful region, which has produced the men, who have produced the poetry, translated by him, and promulgated by *Regina*, for the joy of a grateful and egregious Public, with whom may the reading of Fraser repose! Great is our satisfaction at seeing, as we do, on all sides, the splendid evidences of that bloodless revolution which has been effected by our mighty, nay, magical exertions; and in no respect is this satisfaction more justly grounded than with reference to the peculiar sources of literary information, which we have proved that we possess, in countries where the art of writing is, as yet, unknown. From the dark and mysterious recesses, whence our monthly miracles flash upon a dazzled world, filling all men with a perplexity of conjecture, beautifully expressed by the editor of the *Athenæum*, when he says,

> I'm very sure I've somewhere read it, or
> Been standing by when some one said it, or
> Thought it that No One is Editor
> Of that queer Magazine
> Which calls itself the Queen,"—

from these mysterious recesses we now send forth the contributions of our Sandwichian correspondent. The poetry, necessarily referring to national and local customs, we, for its elucidation, shall avail ourselves of the work of the Rev. William Ellis,* a gentleman whom we, at considerable expense, sent to Hawaii, or, as Captain Cook calls it, Owhyhee, (thoughwhyhe says so, we cannot say,) in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two. With this gentleman's lucubrations we are, upon the whole, satisfied; but one remark we must make, rather as a caution than a reprimand: it is this—we by no means approve of the outrageous consumption of pork, which Mr. Ellis boasts of, as complacently as our particular friend Dando does of his oyster exploits. We did not send Mr. E. to the Sandwich Islands for the purpose of devouring baked pigs; and it would be well for him to reflect that such monstrous mastication cannot fail of exciting observations like the following, which was made by Kumuokapiki (stump of cabbage), on the occasion of a visit from Messieurs Ellis and Thurston:—

"AN OBSERVATION.

> Messieurs Thurston and Ellis—
> Rare boys for their bellies!
> Messieurs Ellis and Thurston,
> Have stuff'd till the're burstin'!"

* Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii or Owhyhee, with Observations, &c. By William Ellis. London: Fisher, Son, and P. Jackson.

Let not Mr. Ellis mistake, however,—our objection is not so much to his eating, as to his talking about it. His profession might have taught him the importance of curbing that unruly member—the tongue. As it is, we trust these few hints will not be thrown away upon him.

The Hawaiian country is a highly curious one—very volcanic—craters continually emitting *volumes of smoke*—a circumstance in which they greatly resemble the Burlington abomination of our friends, Colburn and Bentley. Before proceeding to the poetry of Hawaii, we will just notice, that in the work of Mr. Ellis, mention is made of the singular fact that, in the Sandwich Islands, is found "an animal larger than a mouse and smaller than a rat!! We had believed, the only specimen of this creature to be *the Phillpotian*, in England, for which, *see Exeter*. We are gratified to learn that so useful a breed is to be found among another great people, whose attachment to us justifies the hope that they will supply us, should our own dear creatures die without issue. Having made this pretty digression, we will now plunge *in medias res*—premising that we love our readers too sincerely to think of placing before them the unpronounceable names of the Hawaiian bards. Their names have nothing to do with the business. Their poetry is what is wanted, and that we are prepared to give—here it is; and, thanks to our gifted correspondent, these beautiful touches of thought and feeling have now a fair chance of finding their way—or coming home, as the fine writers call it—to the hearts of thousands of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, their brothers and sisters, their wives and daughters!

We shall set out with a burst by a reckless sort of bard, who commenced his poetical career as follows:

"RESOLUTION.

" Now, boys, I'll go it!
I'm sure I'm a Poet!
The gauntlet I throw it
Down—yet why shew it?
'Tis enough that I *know* it,
I merely cry 'blow it!'
'T has been so—and so it
'Twill be till I die!
Here's to you, Ko-pu!
And to you, Ko-ku!
And know, that a fathomless depth may lie
'Neath a sun-lit sea, or a laughing eye!"

His next effusions, prove him to have been a mad wag:

"NIGHT THOUGHTS. NO. 1.

" My wig! how dark it is!
Now, what a lark it is
To rattle a chain,
And smash thro' the pane,
Bewild'ring the brain
Of the valiant and vain,
With the thought of a Vampire—
See—how they scamper!
And the old ones are hobbling,
They think, from a goblin;
But, no! 'tis from me,
Ha—fiddle-de-dee!"
Look here!
Depend on it, terror,
Is always an error:
That is, sirs, unless,
As I wish to express,
There be something to fear!"

"No. 2.

"Oft, as I lay with my head on my pillow,
I dream of the dead people under the billow,
All busy in making up baskets of willow;
'Till, starting with terror, I roar a loud 'hilloah!'
Then giggle to find I've my nose in my pillow!"

"No. 3.

"Confound the God of Love!
The odds I ne'er could know
'Twixt the cooing of a dove,
And the cawing of a crow!
But grog, if frog, or dog, or hog,
Washed down with any kind of grog
Is highly interesting,
And favours freaks and jesting.
Then heedless let us rove,
Till gout is in the toe,
And our co-existent drove
Stands still, while on the go."

"No. 4.

"ON A VERY WORDY VERSE-BUILDER.

"That Homer sometimes sleeps, they say,
His readers think a bore;
With Bob it goes the other way—
He wakes—his readers snore!"

This last may astonish persons who know that the Sandwich islanders are unlearned in every kind of lore. We will explain the case. The poet of the *Night Thoughts* travelled to Greece and Italy, as we learn from his *Lines on Busts and Statues,* in which he says,—

"We gazed on Homer and Herodotus,
Until the statues seemed *to nod* at us."

By way of contrast to this facetious bard, we shall give a specimen from one whose deep pathos, and deeper bathos, demand attention from all chirping chatterers and critics—an attention hinted at by an Italian poet, who, foreseeing the fiddle-faddle hubbub which would be made in our day against the crowned chief of all the Magazines, has recorded, that "when Hercules lay down to rest, he ordered the grasshoppers to be silent."

"THE END OF A JOURNEY.

"On a summer evening, when the autumn tints of vernal brilliancy lit the cloudy clearness of a winter sky, a traveller, in all the youthful energy of enfeebled age, bent his eastward gaze to the setting sun. Venting a suppressed sigh of sorrowful exultation, he silently exclaimed as follows:

In the orient splendour of the dying eve,
When the morning dews are falling;

The stagnant course of the meandering stream,
Murmuring soundless music,

Chimes with the sably snowy swan,
Singing her birth-day dirge;

And, "bofe togedder" tune the jarring soul,
To soft, discordant harmony!

What is th' unvisionary dream of life,
Where only lamentation smiles?

The unremaining remnant of dull life,
Is like out-smoked tobacco;

Adustion, from combustion of a reeky root,
Grey, sad, and cineritious!

What profit yields mortality's sad tax?
Voiceless Echo answers "ax!"

The flowers are dead—and yet they *stalk*
About life's lifeless garden!

And now, nought blesses *all my eye*,
But one vast *Betty Martin!!*

Here the traveller breathed his last in an expiring groan."

Another melancholy strain of this poet, will doubtless delight our readers.

"Down, down, down derry down!"

"The greatest proof of man's activity
Is when—if 'gainst his will he give it—he
Descends a very steep declivity.

I saw it—see it—aspect humbling!—
His agitated bowels rumbling!
His soul dismayed with dread of tumbling!

Now he totters—if he slips, he
Sure will dislocate his hips, he
Reels like any body tipsy.

Cares he now for rank or riches,
Life's his dearest treasure, which is,
Now, not worth his leathern breeches!

Feels he now the thirst for glory?
No—until this race be o'er, he
Cares no curse for Whig or Tory!

Wretch! thy tender wife hath mist thee!
I've a thought!—sad speeder, list thee,
Do but stop, and I'll assist thee.

Heedless, near and yet more near, oh!
Sends he on to death! I fear, oh!
He'll be an unrequited hero.

Done! the race has only lamed him—
And 'tis as well it thus hath maim'd him,
Nothing short of this had tamed him.

No motion 'bove a gouty shrimp hath he,
And, thus ordain'd thro' life to limp, hath he
No claim upon the public sympathy?

What Islander could e'er have leap it half,
Or who, among us, e'er could step it half
So well? By Jove, I'll write his epitaph!

In terms like this—I am not funning it—
'Here lies a man, who would be running it,
Until he *met* his fate by *shunning* it!'"

There is a considerable quantity of Omnipresent verse among the Hawaiians, quite as stupid, vapid, turgid, tumid, and trumpery, as that which distinguishes our own pudding-headed pietists of the present day. We should not have mentioned either the one or the other, but for the advantageous distinction possessed by the sacred boys of Sandwich, namely: that the source of their poetic inspiration is often found in the simple circumstance of "taking the wrong sow by the ear." To explain this, we extract from Mr. Ellis:

"Sometimes hogs were taken alive to the temples, as presents to the idol. The large ones were led, and the smaller ones carried in the arms of the priest. The priest then pinched the ears or the tail of

the pig, till it made a squeaking noise, when he addressed the idol, saying, 'Here is the offering of such a one of your *kahu* (devotees). A hole was then made in the pig's ear, a piece of cinet, made of the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, was fastened to it, and the pig was set at liberty, till the priest had occasion for him. In consequence of this mark, which distinguished the sacred hog, he was allowed to range the district at pleasure."—Mr. Ellis, p. 74.

This privilege of the pig it was that so forcibly struck the great oriental traveller, Noonampoo-oonam, and induced him, in conjunction with a Sandwichian poet, to write the song of 'the pigs,' which has never been printed, though often sung by the traveller, to the great horror and delight of a square circle of friends. It would be a breach of confidence to publish that production here. We will therefore, give one written by the Sandwichian bard, with the help of nobody, and to say the truth, it is the better of the two.

"AN ADDRESS TO THE INNOCENT.

"All hail ye piggy-wiggies! a pretty sight I vow!
To see you all surrounding the fond maternal sow!
With pardonable pride methinks I see her tittering,
To find she's made her sty, so very great a litter in!

O may these sinless little things, be careful what they're at!
And imitate their mother in becoming mighty fat!
They needn't mind their minds—'tis said, altho' by whom I
Quite forget, the law is fixed of *sus procumbit humi.*

Farewell, ye piggy-wiggies!—farewell, a long farewell!
I really feel an appetite to see ye look so well!
And when your treble squeak hath deepen'd to a grunt,
May no torturer or slaughterer employ a knife that's blunt!"

The same poet addresses a Cat in terms of equal beauty :—

"MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS.

"Pure spectacle of bliss maternal!
Unrivalled, save in realms supernal!
How cheerfully could I now spurn all
Blandishments for which men yearn all,
And scorn all crowns, except Great Britain's,
To be a Cat with fourteen kittens!"

Many abstruse, black-letter boobies may possibly sneer at these expressions of a feeling and delicate heart, and exclaim—

"*Quand on a perdu la raison,*
Pourquoi s'amuser à la rime ?"

a question which we leave the metrical suicides of the present day to answer. Would any one of them making, as our especial friend Montgummgery does, the mortal manifestation of *un mouton qui rêve*, be able to produce any thing like the poetry just quoted? No! Has the paste-work, upheld by puffery, any thing to equal it? No! again we exclaim. Then, let us hear no complaints till we can shew a poet of half the merit evinced by the Sandwichian. Such fellows as Moore and his meretricious tribe, are not fit to hold a candle to him. Their mosaic of dirt and dulness has been fairly characterized by a future poet, when he says—

"Syllabub syllables sweetly strung,
Seeming so sillily smooth to be sung,
Sicken some singular sinners, they say,
Scorning soft sentiment's silvery sway!"

How much superior to such trash is the following vigorous composition, addressed from one poet to another :—

" A PROPOSAL.

" O, why do I scribble in rhyme, my boy,
  When I write to a lad, like thee?
'Tis not that I love the sublime, my boy,
  Any more than unbrandyed tea.
But 'tis that there's something in us, my boy,
  So gentle, or wild, or bright,
That, without any prosy fuss, my boy,
  We'll, bard-like, be drunk to-night!

O, what is this dream of life, my boy,
  To match with the gladsome glow,
In two lads, who have neither a wife, my boy,
  Nor the gout in the heel or toe?
So fill up your glass in a trice, my boy,
  And when the last drop you drain,
Shall I give you a bit of advice, my boy?
  Why fill up your bumper again!"

By the way, before giving another Bacchanalian, we must point out to Mr. Ellis how very cautious he should be in imputing sinister motives to men of such great honour as the Hawaiians. Mr. E., after describing the vast inconvenience to which he was exposed by a want of his accustomed comforts, on one particular occasion, goes on to say.—" This was not all. Our host, and Makoa, our guide, with almost a house full of natives, had been regaling themselves with an immense bowl of the fermented juice of the sweet potato, and were very noisy till midnight, when they lay down, but, to our great annoyance, continued talking and singing till daybreak. We frequently asked them to be still. They answered, 'We will—we will;' but were as boisterous as ever."

Here is a pretty charge against the promise-preserving consciences of an inoffensive class of jolly fellows! Now, what was the fact? Why the boys were singing the following song, and the chorus was mistaken for a promise of silence, whereas it was one of a very different character.

" MAKOA'S SONG.

" Send round the grog, boys!
  Night 's on the jog, boys!
  Life 's all a fog, boys!
    All things are *mist*,
  Save what you'd shun, boys!
  Sure this is one, boys!
  Sight of the sun, boys!
    While at your twist.
    Fill, boys, fill!

[*Mr. Ellis from the adjoining room, unheard and unthought of.*] Be still! be still!

Chorus.—We will! we will!

  Whose is the heart, boys,
  Wishful to part, boys?
  E'en let him start, boys!
    We will not sever.
  Here 's Otaheite! *
  Girls heity-tity!
  Boys brisk and flighty!
    Drinking for ever!
    Fill, boys, fill!

[*Mr. Ellis from the adjoining room, unheard and unthought of.*] Be still! be still!

Chorus.—We will! we will!"

---

* The singer had just returned from Tahiti.

Thus, we see these interesting beings thought nothing of Mr. E.—made him no promise, and—now for a touch of our own dear logic—*ergo*, they broke none. The plain truth of the matter is, that Messieurs Ellis and Thurston had devoured such an unChristian quantity of baked pork that they could not sleep. We beg this may not happen again.

Before we quit this gentleman, we will just supply a deficiency in his account of the customs observed on the death of a chief. He enumerates a vast deal of eating and drinking, with the etceteras, and complains that, on such occasions, the natives knock out their teeth. But he has omitted to say *how*. Our gifted friend affords the following description:—" When a chief dies—or when two persons agree in holding diametrically opposite opinions on any question—they adopt the following method of knocking out each other's teeth. They stand opposite to each other, looking fixedly. The operator makes a strong thrust at the mouth of his patient, which the latter parries if possible. In this case he retaliates on the operator, till one or the other gives in." By this means, as is very truly said by Mr. Ellis, so many teeth have been knocked out, that a good set of teeth is as rare among them, as a good conscience among ourselves. Our next poetical specimen we shall introduce by a necessary explanation:—that the natives of the Sandwich Islands drink a vast quantity of *ti*, which by no means resembles the blue-stocking beverage abounding in London. No, no:—the sweet *ti*-root makes most capital grog, or, as Mr. Ellis says, " an intoxicating liquor." A great cultivator and consumer of this root addresses to his friend the following

" REQUEST.

" Do you know what I wish you to do with my skull?
Thro' life it ne'er harbour'd a thought that was dull;
So make it a calabash, boys! for your *ti*,
And, once in the year, brim it highly to me;
And say when you're drunk, as you very well may,
' My wig! how he'd swig! were he with us to-day!' "

At a banquet given by the late Rihoriho, where a vast quantity of ti was disposed of, the bard, who preceded our gifted friend in the high office of Poet-Laureate of the Sandwich Islands, sang the following ballad. So great was the effect, that Messieurs Ellis and Thurston very narrowly escaped death by the combined operation of joking and choking. The translation is executed with, if possible, more than the usual spirit and power, characteristic of the superfluous efforts of the man of genius.

" LAY OF THE BARD.

" Your grand-dad, Rihoriho! was a jolly sort of dog,
Who had a very happy knack at tossing off his grog.
He loved the girls, and shower'd his gifts on men of wit and bravery,
But he hung up all his clergymen in scorn of clishmaclavery.

Your grand-dame, Rihoriho! was most virtuous and fat,
And shewed the breadth of beauty when she squatted on a mat;
Her way was, when she could not like a thing, to always lump it,
And she spoke so like an oracle, she was her husband's trumpet!

Your father, Rihoriho! was not very small nor big,
But a sleek and sable sort of sheep, with a curly woolly wig;
And yet had wit enough to blame your grandfather for lingering,
And keeping locked the lots of cash he longed so to be fingering.

Your mother, mighty governor! made *one* unlucky slip,
By which she had the evil hap to dislocate her hip;
The angel and the devil were in her so justly blended,
That, the less we say about her here, will be the sooner mended.

Your daddies and your mammies, Rihoriho! are no more—
But you, upon my honour! are fully worth all four;
Because you push the grog about, and in the midst of laughter, you
Care just as much for them, as for the lubbers who'll come after you."

This lay, in some measure, bears out the complaint made by Mr. Ellis, of the small regard in which females were held till lately. One couplet, which had passed into a proverb, is particularly conclusive on this point. It is as follows:—

> "Would any one, who possibly could *be* male,
> Prefer the form and follies of a female!"

But we have great pleasure in saying, on the authority of our gifted correspondent, that they have reformed this altogether—and, thanks to his exertions, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following translation of the regrets of a lover for his deceased mistress.

"KUPINAKOKA.

> "Thou art gone to the land beyond the sky,
> And alone in the world am I!
>
> In the loveliest spot of the lovely heaven,
> Do I look for thee at even;
>
> And a shadowy form, like thine, I see—
> But it flits to the farmost sea,
>
> Till it melts away from my straining eyes,
> Where the day-god's glory dies!
>
> How oft in the light of thy looks did I rove
> Thro' this shady cordia grove!
>
> Or drink the sweet breath of thy maiden vow,
> Beneath the viiiviri's bough!
>
> And I've chosen a slumb'ring place for thee
> At the foot of thy favourite tree;
>
> 'Neath which I have reared thee a pile of stones,
> And polish'd thy beauteous bones!*
>
> And there will I breathe thee my latest sigh,
> Ere I seek thee beyond the sky!"

By the account of Mr. Ellis, as also by that of the Man of Genius, the women of Hawaii must be very pretty; and as they do not wear stockings at all, they cannot be called *blues*. Mr. E. tells us, that "they are seldom without some favourite animal. It is usually a *dog*." Herein they resemble our fair countrywomen, with this slight difference, that the latter shew a preference for *puppies*.

But we must leave the women, pretty or otherwise, and proceed with our poetry. The next piece we shall give, is denominated

"CONJECTURES.

> "A horse, with his nose in a bag,
> Is probably thinking of corn;
> A vestment, reduced to a rag,
> Is likely enough t' have been worn;
> A sceptic, who boggles at doubts,
> May silently swallow a sin;
> And, in politics, they who are 'outs,'
> May possibly wish to get *in*.
>
> A lady, when dressing for church,
> May, perhaps, have a thought of this earth;
> A lover, when left in the lurch,
> With maudlin may bother your mirth;
> A lawyer, who frowns at a fee,
> May be moved by some deeper pretence;
> And a man, who is hanging, can be
> In a state of most painful *suspense!*"

---

* These are the two strongest marks of veneration for the dead among the Hawaiians.

To all which we give our assent. We will now offer a poem founded on the first appearance of a Sandwich Islander below stairs, at the tribunal of Miru, the Pluto of this great people. "Sometimes," says our friend and servant, Ellis, "the natives said, when a recently-departed spirit arrived in the dominions of Miru, his infernal majesty would ask, what the kings above were doing, and what the people were about. On receiving the answer, Miru would, sometimes, send the spirit back to the *Ao Marama*, the state of light or day, with a message to the kings and people to *iho nui mai ma nei*—*i. e.* to descend altogether to the regions below." The following production has reference to the last occasion of the kind.

"MIRU AND THE MAN-SPIRIT.

MAN-SPIRIT.

I come from the state of mortal light,
To take a long snooze in thy realms of night;
So order my bed, sir, as soon as ye can,
And don't be too fierce with the warming-pan.

MIRU.

Spirit! pray what are the mortals about?
Are kings hunting conquest, or lame with the gout?
Do they see in their subjects their own flesh and blood?
Answer me quickly, old Stick-in-the-Mud!

MAN-SPIRIT.

Why, what should I tell of the trumpery drones,
Who play with a sceptre? poor puppets on thrones!
I know but of one who's not made by the tailor,
And he rules in England, a jolly old sailor!

MIRU.

True, true, I've been told of his plain-sailing life,
And I hear that he's blest with an excellent wife;
But come, my old soul! I must draw on your patience,
What's doing, or brewing now 'mong all the nations?

MAN-SPIRIT.

From all I have heard, they're as mad as of yore,
And I suppose you're aware, sir, they cannot be more.
Some growling, some howling, some biting, some bitten,
They're all helter-skelter—excepting Great Britain.

MIRU.

I know that queer nation—Whig, Radical, Tory,
They all have a touch of true national glory.
Go back, my good fellow, and come not again,
'Till you bring all mankind, save these last, in your train.

MAN-SPIRIT.

Rumpti-idy-ty-idy-ty!
Rumpti-idy-ty-ido!
Rumpti-idy-ty-idy-ty!
Fol-de-rol-lol-de rol-li-do!

[*Exit, singing and dancing.*—MIRU *disappears in the smoke of his own tobacco-pipe.*"

We learn from Mr. Ellis—what indeed we knew before—that the Sandwich Islanders salute each other by touching noses—which makes them very particular in the cleanliness of this part of their persons; and pocket-handkerchiefs not being used among them, the said cleanliness is deserving of our cheerful commiseration. It is to this peculiarity that a despairing lover refers, when he says—

"My nose I'll cease to blow, oh! oh!"

&c. But our principal reason for noticing it is, that a poem, having especial reference thereto, has been parodied by a British poet, who was old enough and clever enough to know better. With deep concern do we state, that the poet in question is, or was no less a person than Lord Byron; and this plagiarism on the part of his lordship will, we doubt not, go far to confirming that unfavourable opinion of his head and heart, which, thanks to Mr. Thomas Moore, is now so generally entertained. It is really lamentable that a man of Lord Byron's genius should have condescended to pilfer from a Sandwich Island poet, and then give the plagiarism to the world as a translation from the Romaic. However, by a sort of poetical justice, this affair of Byron's is about the worst thing he ever perpetrated. We allude to the stanzas beginning—

> "I enter thy garden of roses,
> Beloved, and fair Haidee," &c.

Why, the very introductory paragraph to the pretended translation is taken almost word for word from the Hawaiian. We shall now give a fair version of the original, leaving our readers to judge how far this pilfering from an inoffensive author of dark complexion can be reconciled with the bladdery laudations in which Pope is placed at the head of all the poetical talents, which this country has ever produced.

"A Quick Transition.

"This song is a great favourite with the young girls of the Sandwich Islands. Their manner of singing it is by vocal execution, all present joining in the chorus." The air very much resembles a similar one, played by Orpheus on the Scotch bagpipe.

> "Thy Nose is the nose of all noses,
> Tremendous Miss Fiddledidee!
> And the spot, that's once blest by thy toes, is
> Made sacred for ever to me!
> Behold me, low-bending before thee,
> A smartly made fellow and young,
> I should really be sorry to bore thee,
> But love is the lord of my tongue.
> Isn't love the great business of Nature?
> Then hear this avowal from me—
> By Jove! you're a capital creature,
> Most splendid Miss Fiddledidee!
>
> In the garden, I thought you were mateful,
> But there I was out, by the Powers!
> Of suicide thoughts I've my pate full,
> I shall die in a couple of hours!
> You saw me of late, when young Alice
> Sate close at my side, cheek-by-jowl!
> She ne'er would indulge shilly-shallies,
> Or puzzle the brains of my soul!
> Botheration now! don't I adore thee?
> Then come, thy consent let me crave;
> Or refuse, and I vow here before thee,
> My beard never more will I shave.
>
> As a man, who ne'er joins in the dances,
> Beholds in a ball but a bore,
> So thou dost regard my advances—
> Well!—my misery soon will be o'er!
> Already my stomach feels queerish,
> As a boy's, when he's learning to spell—
> Yet up! I'll forget all that's fearish—
> I can splice with another as well!
> Now, hated thy nondescript nose is,
> Outrageous Miss Fiddledidee!
> And the spot, that's once touched by thy toes, is
> The devil's own desert to me!"

Ha! George Gordon Byron, when could your moody, mystifying muse have produced any thing like this? Look at the philosophy of the man! The girl won't have him! What does he do? Does he whine, and pine, and pule; and talk treason against the celestial dominations? Not a bit of it! He says, like a man of sense, and a good logician—"If she won't have me, 'tis a proof that some one else will." That's the style of poetry for our money! inculcating

> "A steadfast faith and cheerful hope,
> Spite of the Devil and the Pope!"

We have another instance of plagiarism from the Sandwichian poetry, of—if possible—a still more flagrant nature, and by a much inferior person—namely, one Mr. Moore, a writer not unknown to the public as author of some pretty pieces of verse, eminently unsuited to that wild and wondrous Irish music, to which they are attached. In an early work of this gentleman—subsequent, however, to that which, by being *Little* made him for some time very big—is inserted an amazingly silly production, called *The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.* As the volume referred to, has long since slipped through the "effacing fingers" of the buttermen of this busy country, we shall just give a stanza of the plagiarism, that our readers may perceive how closely the original has been adhered to. How Lord Byron and Mr. Moore contrived to learn enough of the language for even these bungling thefts, we know not, nor do we care.

"THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

> "They made her a grave too cold and damp
> For a soul so warm and true,
> And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
> Where all the night long by a fire-fly lamp,
> She paddles her white canoe."

We shall not think of going through the remaining stanzas, in which Mr. Moore has thought fit to diffuse his nonsensical notions. His copying displeases us by this very circumstance—its length. It is a namby-pamby dilution of a thought suggested by the perusal of a Hawaiian poet, who, poor fellow! never noticed it—firstly, because it never came to his knowledge, and, secondly, because, as Lord Byron's biographer egregiously expresses it, he was "a silk worm wrapped up in his own task!"* The original poem, "with all its virtue loose about it," is as follows:—

"THE LAY OF THE DISMAL CRAMP.

> "They made him a bed that was wretchedly damp,
> And had reason that same to rue,
> For he awoke in the night with a thund'ring cramp,
> And he thump'd and he swore, and he kick'd out the lamp,
> With a plague of a hilloa-ba-loo!
>
> 'Now my lamp is out—not an inch can I see!
> And snoring the dolts I hear;
> But short and not sweet their snooze shall be,
> And I'll lock up the maid, and toss in the key
> To a butt of their table-beer!'

* See Moore's *Life of Byron.* Yet the writer of such rare stuff was the satirist of Galt's peculiarities!

Away, with his dismal cramp, he sped,
Though walking you'd think a bore;
And onward he went, with a hop and a tread,
Till he stood at the side of the innkeeper's bed,
And he bellowed a terrible roar.

And the landlady, starting, began to break
Her sleep, as he bawled in her ear;
Till she cried to mine host—from her dream awake—
'Ah what is the row?—sure didn't you *spake*,
Or is it the divil, my dear?'

Said the stranger, 'You vixen! my bed was damp,
I'll be curst if I pay you a screw!
And I've lock'd up your maid, and kicked out the lamp,
And you're in the dark, and I'm losing my cramp,
So I'm off with a hilloa-ba-loo!'"

Here, then, are two instances of barefaced bamboozlement, which, by the everlasting beauty of all loveliness! have so disgusted us, that we are unable to quote farther from the contributions of our gifted correspondent, the Man of Genius. For the present we have done. We might, indeed, have gone on to the beginning of the end; but we are so indignant at the dishonesty of our countrymen, that we break off in the central middle. The future is, however, bright with hope to us and to our readers. Like the Capital Cock of the Beef-steak Club, the Lord Harry Brougham and Vaux, who, when elected to represent the brawny bumpkins of Yorkshire in the Commons House of Parliament, told his constituents that, from the elevation to which they had raised him, he surveyed new fields of usefulness—so, also, do we, from the inconceivable height, to which, by our own efforts, and all that sort of thing, we have attained, behold fields which will occupy the full term of our natural life in the reaping—a reaping to be reaped by our hook, and ours only. And if by some unforeseen concatenation of circumstances our said hook should become blunt, we will apply to Theodore for a *Hook* which grows sharper with use, and glistens like unto the light from the diamond zone of the Most Noble the Marchioness of Londonderry.

In conclusion, we have to say, long life to the Sandwichian bards!—long life to the Man of Genius, who has translated their productions!—long life to ourselves, who have published the translations!—and long life to the discerning public, who purchase the only Magazine worth their money!!!

MEANS OF LESSENING THE WEST INDIAN DISTRESS.

BY JOHN GALT.

The West Indian interest, properly so called, undoubtedly shows symptoms of decay. The productions of the continent have come into competition with those of the islands, and the cultivation of the islands, ever since the abolition of the British slave-trade, has become more and more expensive. The soil itself is no longer so vigorous, and the value of the whole property has been diminished by the fallacious outcry of the English philanthropists.

To avert the ruinous consequences of this state of things, the planters are yearly seeking relief. They claim from Government some declaration to put down the clamour of the philanthropists for the extinction of negro slavery, a clamour by which not only the possession of their property is endangered, but even their own lives; and, they solicit a reduction of the duties payable on the importation of their produce into this country. With respect to the claim, I have already sufficiently expressed my conviction of its justice; and I now propose to offer a few desultory remarks on the general case of the West Indians.

Hitherto, in the protection of their interests, they have not shown that they possess a right understanding of their own question. From the time when old Mr. Thorp (more than forty years ago) reminded Mr. Pitt, in the first interview between the planters and the minister on the subject of the slave-trade, that the West Indies paid a vast revenue to Great Britain, until the presentation of the petition recently submitted by the Marquis of Chandos to the House of Commons, the error, then entertained, has continued inveterate among them, and has withstood the force alike of reasoning and science. On the occasion alluded to, Mr. Pitt observed, that it was not correct to say the West Indies paid any part of the revenue of Great Britain, for it was the consumers of their articles who paid the revenue, and that it would be they only that would pay it, come the articles from whatever country. A truth which convinced Mr. Thorp that some other principle than the pretence of being directly advantageous to the revenue of Great Britain must be discovered as a *fulcrum* for the argument of their claim to protection.

But until the West Indians understand the fact, they will never see the question in its true light—NO REDUCTION OF DUTY CAN SERVE THEM. The duty on sugar, for example, has not the effect of preventing, in any degree whatever, the consumption of sugar: as much of that article is consumed at this time as the people desire, and new uses of it must be discovered before any increase can take place. It has almost become an actual necessary, and the consumption of necessaries is regulated by the appetites of man. You must increase the population to increase the demand: while there is water enough, no more will be consumed than the consumers require, however plentiful the supply beyond what is wanted may be. To augment the value of the supply, the population must be increased—and this truth should be inculcated on the West Indians; for we have seen the price of their sugar fall far under the amount of the duty solicited to be reduced, without producing an increase of consumption equivalent to raise the value of it to the price from which it fell. To make their argument for the reduction of the duty on sugar valid, they ought to shew, that when the price declined, the consumption increased; for the duty is to the consumer an ingredient of price, and the removal of it only equivalent to a fall in price. No truism can be more palpable, and yet the West Indians argue as if the removal of the duty would benefit them who are the sellers—while the manifest cause of their complaint originates in the supply being greater than the demand: more water is flowing past in the stream that supplies the town than the population requires—more sugar is being made than the consumers need. If the planters expect relief from a reduction of duty, they must keep

the quantity produced at its present maximum—they must keep the price at what it is by diminishing the quantity they send to market; for if they send more to market, the price will again fall, and their condition will be as perplexing as ever.

Suppose, for example, that the whole duty on sugar were extinguished, what would be the situation of the planters? for the article is almost a necessary, and the supply already saturates the wants of the population. It is clear, that being supplied in such abundance, no great increase can take place in the consumption, and that any increase in the supply must therefore tend to reduce the value—which is precisely what is going on. But the supply is not furnished from the same estates as formerly—which should be distinctly noticed—it comes from new additional estates; from cultivation in other quarters, which competes with that of the old plantations; and in consequence, no increase of consumption could benefit the old planters—they make as much as they are able; for the demand caused by that increase would be supplied by their rivals. In a word the West Indians stand thus—their properties are more costly to them than formerly, the produce of their estates is rendered less valuable by competition, and perhaps it is also diminished in quantity by natural results; they stand in the dilemma of not being able to recover their former importance, unless their competitors can be driven from the market, and the supply reduced in quantity. Their complaints about duties and fiscal regulations are only blind gropings: the darkness by which they are embarrassed is in themselves—all the rest of the world see this blindness, while they themselves ascribe the obscurity to external causes.

But although it is difficult to conceive a more erroneous conception than that of the West Indians in imagining, that the consumption of their sugar may be increased, and its value consequently enhanced, by a diminution of the duty, still it must be admitted, that they have an instinctive perception of the existence of a possible relief which may be derived from something connected with the duty, and this, I may perhaps be able to shew, is well founded.

Before the extension of the bonding system to sugar, when the duty was payable on importation, the merchants—who, it should always be recollected, are a distinct body from the West Indians—advanced the money for them, and charged not only interest for the advance, but the customary commission, as if it had been price on the amount of it. No objection could be made to this rule; it was fair and commercial, and equitably judicious to both parties. But when the bonding system was extended to sugar, and Government consented to postpone the duties until the article was required for consumption, a course of mysticism—I had almost said delusion—having the effect of a fraud on the helpless West Indians, took immediate effect. The bonding was intended for their behoof—but how has it ever worked? as a boon to the merchants only! And it is one of those innumerable instances of connivance in which governments are led to sanction great practical grievances.

When the duty was not required to be advanced at importation, it is manifest that the merchant had less occasion for sleeping capital than previously.

He had then only occasion to advance the duties for a few days, because as soon as he delivered the sugar he would receive back payment, and yet upon that payment he would obtain the same commission as when he remained under the old system, months in advance. It is therefore clear that the bonding was a boon to him only, and in which the planter was no participator—a boon to which the merchant could allege no pretence whatever.

This usage still exists, and it is with respect to it, that the West Indians discern something connected with the duty which may relieve them. In the first place, they are taxed the merchants' commission on the duty very unnecessarily. It is the consumer who pays the duty, and the duty should not therefore, in equity, be levied on the West Indian agents, the importers, but on the agents of the consumers. Were the law so modified as to change the practice, the West Indians would receive a boon to which they are justly

[illegible]led, but a profit [illegible] their [illegible], at present enjoy, would be transferred to their purchasers. In justice and [illegible] the West Indians should not be obliged to advance the duties—the process connected with the duties is a stage subsequent to the importation; from it they should be absolved, and a more simple and just procedure established The West Indians should have no further obligation entailed on them after their sugars are in the warehouse. Here the sugars should remain till they are sold, and when [illegible] the sales should be at the short price, and the purchaser pay the duty This is the practice with tobacco, &c, and why it should not be with sugar can only be explained by the ignorance which the West Indians constantly show of their own interests, or the trammels in which they are bound by their mortgages to their merchants.

I am averse to legislating for merchants, and think that governments have but one sole duty to perform, the protection of property it would not however be greatly deviating from that principle, since the West Indians solicit relief by law, to enact that the duty on sugar shall be paid by the purchasers, and that the importers of the article shall in no respect be held responsible for the same This would at once be a boon to the extent of the commission paid on the amount of the duties, and to the interest additional on the advance

There is another modification of the bonding system, which would serve them, and be in itself strictly just. By the system as it exists, an enormous fraud is enforced by government on the planters, and I am only astonished how such oppression should by a little knavish equivocation, have been tolerated so long The voice of every honest man should be raised against it, and no statesman worthy of the name, dare, I am sure, defend it.

At the importation of sugar, and indeed of every article that may be bonded, the quantity is ascertained before lodging it in the warehouse—and if the article should afterwards be there ever so long, the duty must be paid on the quantity ascertained, at the time of lodging, whatever the in-drink may have in the meantime been; yea, even if it be destroyed, the merchant is still legally liable for the duties. No excuse can possibly be made for a rule so iniquitous. By it the West Indian is obliged to pay duty on what he finds has vanished, when he comes to sell, for the purchaser does not pay him for the quantity bonded, but only for the quantity delivered It may be fair, and perhaps the circumstances of the places of shipment, in the West Indies, may render it expedient that the freight should be payable on the quantity landed from the ships, and thereby a necessity imposed for ascertaining it as it is landed, but what purpose can government have in saying, you shall pay duty on the same quantity that you pay freight for, but to increase the revenue, at the expense of the integrity of the law? The duty which the law contemplates, is upon the quantity of the article consumed, but by the practice enforced by government, a great deal more is paid, especially on sugar, and the unfortunate West Indian is obliged to sustain the unjust loss of the difference It is true that government cannot well go to the grocer's shop, and there levy the duty, but, as in all human concerns, perfection may be approximated, let the government make no computation of the quantity bonded, but levy its duties only on the quantity delivered, and in the case of sugar, a considerable just allowance will be granted to the West Indians, and the practice purified and assimilated to the spirit of the law But to accomplish this, the merchants, the agents of the West Indians, have no motive The loss falls not on them, on the contrary, they are interested that the duty should be levied on the greater quantity, the quantity imported, and may naturally be little inclined to complain of a practice, in which any change would be to their detriment

In the mode of levying the duties, the West Indians may be relieved; and it is disgraceful to their own sagacity that they have submitted to the evil so long, if not obliged by the condition of their mortgages It is true that government may object to the change, in consideration of the loss which would fall on the revenue; but in this case it is so clear that

one particular interest is taxed for the benefit of the other, that it would be a dereliction of all just principles were redress refused. The spirit and justice of the law says that a certain tax shall be raised on a certain quantity of sugar, for example; but a contrivance in the mode of levying it enables a larger amount to be collected on a smaller quantity; and the West Indians, in consequence, not only lose the value of the difference in the quantity, but also the amount of the duty that is paid on that difference. No plausibility can palliate this practice; for if no other means existed by which the revenue could be indemnified for changing the practice, an additional duty, payable by the consumer, ought to be proposed, rather than the revenue should be augmented by a usage so dishonestly partial in operation.

The determination of the question as to consumption, and the relief which it is in the power of government to give, as to the duties and the mode of levying them, brings us to a very serious subject of consideration; and which, next to the slavery question, is the most vital that can be offered to the deliberations of the West Indian body. We hear every where of the march of improvement in commerce and manufactures, and we behold its beautiful effects daily rising around us; but the West Indies are still unvisited by its progress—all the manufactured productions of that region remain unregarded by philosophy. The rums and sugars are produced as slovenly as if science could not touch them; and an incalculable mass of refuse is still imported with every thing from the West Indies, at a frightful expense of freightage and duty, that ought to rot at the heaps and dunghills at the curing houses. The fact is, that although the cultivation of the West Indian and the mainland soil has been increasing, no improvement has taken place in the productions. An increase of quantity in the old raw material is all that has been attended to. Muscovado sugar has not, in the slightest possible scientific degree, been improved for many many years; and rum, another of the great staples, is still in as unmitigated fierceness as when, a hundred years ago, it fired the criminal passions of the Buccaneers—and this too, in the face of the most obvious skill and suggestions of Europe, as if some curse of perpetual ignorance were inflicted on the West Indians in retribution for their reluctance to educate their slaves. The fact that both chymistry and botany stand still among them, is in itself one of the wonders of the time; and that, while all the world is languishing with new wants, for new enjoyments, they should still be as blind as gin-horses, everlastingly working with the same coarse materials, is a phenomenon that puzzles ingenuity, and mocks the belief of the improvability of man in torrid climates.

It might naturally have been expected, that when the Germans had improved the art of refining sugar, no time would have been lost in establishing it in the plantations. Yet, to this hour, the West Indians in total incapability of discerning their own advantage, continue to pay freight and duty to Europe, for all the trash and rubbish that makes their sugar brown, and which forms no inconsiderable portion of its volume: and this too, although the process of refining is only a prolongation of that by which the juice of the cane is converted into sugar. Nay what is more surprising, the drift of the exertions of the planters is with respect to their raw material—while the evidence of the whole civilized world tells them, that the days of molasses and brown sugar are at an end, and dirt and treacle gone for ever! The washerwoman that sighs over her teaspoonful of muscovado, and knows —for even she does—that it may be refined, marvels that no bleaching liquor has been discovered for its dinginess. But the subject is too grave to admit of jocularity. The state of the West Indian manufactures is disgraceful to the West Indian mind: and I am only amazed when reflecting on the fact, that hitherto, among all the varieties of British enterprize, no attempt has yet been made to establish sugar-baking in the West Indies. It is an art which the obsolete spirit of those laws that fostered established trades by bounties, may possibly refuse for a time to countenance there; but to it the West In-

dians will ultimately owe their salvation.

It is not for me, however, nor does it belong to my subject, to point out defects in the management of the manufactures of the West Indies, nor to suggest the benefits which might arise from the introduction of more intelligence among the planters: I only allude to the undeniable truth, that ignorance there has a strong hold; and with her wonted absurdity, despises all that she cannot understand. It is not for a moment to be imagined that the West Indies, with their luxuriant vegetation, are not susceptible of growing articles for the use of man, as valuable as their present productions, nor that their productions are brought to such perfection among themselves, as to supersede the manipulations of Europe; all I contend for is, that the West Indians instead of wasting their attentions on modification of duties, &c. would more promote their property by employing science and art, which they so much disregard, and, along with more skill in their manufactures, direct their enquiries to the means of multiplying their productions, and in seeking to discover new ones.

J. Galt.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

One day last summer I happened to be travelling in the coach between Lanark and Glasgow. There were only two inside passengers besides myself; viz. an elderly woman, and a gentleman, apparently about thirty years of age, who sported a fur cap, a Hessian cloak, and large moustaches. The former was, I think, about the most unpleasant person to look at I had ever seen. Her features were singularly harsh and forbidding. She was also perfectly taciturn, for she never opened her lips, but left me and the other passenger to keep up the conversation the best way we could. The young man I found to be a very pleasant and intelligent fellow—quite a gentleman in his manners; and apparently either an Oxon or a Cantab, for he talked much and well about the English universities, a subject on which I also happened to be tolerably conversant. But, agreeable as his conversation was, it could not prevent me from entertaining an unpleasant feeling—one almost amounting to dislike and hostility—against the female; whom I regarded, from the first moment, with singular aversion. We were not troubled, however, very long with her company, for she left us at Dalserf, about half way between Lanark and Hamilton.

"It is very curious, sir," said I to the stranger when she had gone, "that I should feel so strangely annoyed as I have been with that woman. I absolutely know nothing about her, and cannot lay a single fault to her charge, but plain looks and taciturnity; and yet I feel as if no inducement would tempt me to step again into a coach where I knew she was to be present. And after all, for any thing I know to the contrary, she may be a very good woman."

"Your feelings, sir," answered he, "are remarkable, but by no means new; for I have myself been subject to a precisely similar train of emotions, and from a cause similar to yours. The thing is odd, I allow—what my friend, Coleridge, would call a psychological curiosity—but, I believe, every human being has at times felt it more or less. The unlucky woman who has proved such a source of annoyance to you, has been none whatever to me. She is plain-looked, to be sure, but it did not strike me that there was any thing peculiarly unpleasant in her aspect; and as for her silence, *that*, in my eyes, is no discommendation. So much for the different trains of emotions experienced by different persons from the same cause. There is, in truth, my dear sir, no accounting for such metaphysical phenomena. We must just take them as we find them, and

be contented to know the effect while we remain in ignorance of the cause. Now, to shew that you do not stand alone in such feelings, I shall, with your permission, relate an event which lately occurred to myself:—on which occasion I was horribly annoyed by a circumstance in itself perfectly harmless and trivial, and which gave me much more disturbance than the taciturn lady who has just left us has given to you. My adventure, in truth, was attended with such extraordinary results, both to myself and another individual, that it possesses many of the characters of a genuine romance." Having expressed my desire to hear what he had to relate on such a subject, he proceeded as follows:—

"The circumstance I allude to happened not long ago, while supping at the house of a literary friend in Edinburgh. On arriving, about nine in the evening, I was ushered into his library, where I found him, accompanied by two other friends; and in the short interval which elapsed before supper was announced, we amused ourselves looking at his books, and making comments upon such of them as struck our fancy. Our host was distinguished for learning; he was a man, in fact, of uncommon abilities, both natural and acquired; and the two guests who chanced to be with him were, in this particular, little inferior to himself. Among the other books which we happened to take up, was *Punch and Judy*, illustrated by the inimitable pencil of George Cruikshank. While looking at these capital delineations of the characters in the famous popular opera of the fairs, no particular emotion, save one of a good deal of pleasure, passed through my mind. I looked at them as I would do at any other humourous prints; and laying down the volume, thought no more of it at the time.

"In a few minutes the servant girl made her appearance, to announce that supper was ready; and laying hold of the landlord's arm, I went along with him down stairs; his two friends, linked together in the same manner, following close at our heels. On entering the dining-room, there was certainly a very neat repast spread out. I cannot at this moment condescend upon all the viands, but I recollect distinctly of boiled lobsters, devilled fowls, and fried codlings, staring us in the face. There was, however, an individual in the room, and in the act of seating herself at the head of the table, who struck my fancy more forcibly than even the dishes upon the table. This, as I afterwards learned, was Miss Snooks, our entertainer's cousin. I was not exactly prepared to encounter the apparition of a female at our banquet. The landlord was a confirmed bachelor; and I expected to see nothing but myself, and three other *lords of the creation*, for the evening. To tell the truth, (which at the risk of my gallantry must be done), I was a little disappointed, for I had come thither expecting to enjoy some private talk with the male part of the company, and overhaul some bits of scandal not exactly fitted for a lady's ear. However, there was no help for it. A lady *was* present, and we had just to make up our minds to put a bridle upon our tongues, so long as she pleased to honour us with her company.

"I had scarcely crossed the threshold of the room, than Miss Snooks curtsied to me, honoured me with a smile, and requested me to place myself alongside of her. I did so, and had time to contemplate her physiognomy. The first thing which struck me was the immense size of her nose. It stood forward *tremendously prominent*; and behind it —in the shade—was her face. It did not glide gently away from the brow above, and from the cheeks at each side. On the contrary, it jutted out like a promontory, and seemed as bold and defined as Cape Wrath or the Ord of Caithness. It appeared to have sprung out all at once from her face at the touch of some magician's wand, in the same way as Minerva sprung from the head of Jupiter. It had a hump on it, too, like a dromedary; for it was a Roman nose—such as that sported in days of old by Julius Cæsar, and, in modern times, by the Duke of Wellington—only much more magnificent in its dimensions. I feel some difficulty in describing the rest of Miss Snooks, so much was I taken up with this godlike feature. She was tall, thin, wrinkled, fiery-eyed, with a blue silk gown on; and a cap, stiff-

starched, and overgrown with a mountain of frills, and indigo-coloured ribbons. Her voice was shrill, almost squeaking; and—with reverence be it spoken—she had a *leetle* bit of a beard—only a few odd hairs growing from her chin and upper lip. Her age, I suppose, might be about fifty.

"Now comes the peg 'whereon hangs a tale,' and where my feeling resembled your own. I felt I was to be miserable for the night—at least so long as Miss Snooks favoured us with her company; and that she would favour us with it long enough was evident—for I had a presentiment that she was a *blue-stocking*, and *they* always sit late. Her gown was blue, so were her ribbons, so were her little twinkling eyes, and so was her nose—at least at the point. But there was no help for it. I made up my mind to the worst, and allowed her to help me to a bit of fowl. The landlord, and the two other guests, supped on fried codlings. She herself fastened upon a lobster's claw.

"Meanwhile supper proceeded, and the clatter of knives and forks bore testimony that the process of mastication was going on swimmingly. For some time I enjoyed it as much as the rest of the company, as I was rather hungry and the fowl excellent; but my enjoyment was of short duration—for Mr. Hookey, the gentleman who sat opposite to me, on the left hand of Miss Snooks, asked me a question, and on looking up to answer it I saw—not him, but the lady's nose. I speak advisedly: there is no exaggeration in the case. If any part of him was visible, it must have been his body. His face was utterly hid by the tremendous feature which stood between us like an 'envious shade,' and intercepted all vision in that direction. To get out of the influence of this 'baleful planet' I shifted my head aside, and so did he, and we thus got a sight of each other over its peak. From that moment, all idea of eating was gone. The nose stood at first *literally* between my friend and me—and now it stood *metaphorically* between the fowl and my stomach.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Hookey, besides being a great talker, was a native of the same part of the country as myself, and having been absent from thence for several years, was anxious to hear of any event and change that had taken place since he left it. He accordingly bored me with questions which I could not but answer. I could not answer them decently without raising my head—and I could not raise my head without encountering the nose of Miss Snooks.

"But this was not the worst part of the business. Miss Snooks took it into her head to put questions to me, and thus confronted me still more with her *promontory*. There was no way of evading the annoyance, but by getting to the opposite side of the table—a step which it was impossible to perform with any regard to decency; and I was thus compelled to 'kiss the rod,' and put the best face I could upon the matter.

"Supper being removed, wine was introduced; and I had the honour of pouring out a glass of port to Miss Snooks. She thanked me with an inclination of her head—or rather of her nose—and drank to my health, and to that of the rest of the company. While performing the process of drinking, I could not help gazing upon her, to see how so very remarkable a person would go to work. The peak of her nose actually dipped down over the farthest rim of the glass — spanning it as a rainbow spans the vale of Glengarry, while the 'limpid ruby' rolled in currents within the embrace of her delighted lips. The more I gazed upon her, the greater did my surprise at this extraordinary feature become.

"It is unnecessary to detail, at length, the conversation which ensued. It was tolerably connected, as might be looked for in so small a company, seldom branching out into miscellaneous details, and turning chiefly upon literary matters. But I found it impossible to join in it with any degree of relish. In vain did my opposite neighbour call up before my imagination the scenes of my birthplace; in vain did our landlord crack his jokes—for he was a great humourist—and rally me upon my dulness; in vain did he allege that I was in love, and good-naturedly fix upon two or three girls as the objects of my affections. Worthy man!

little did he imagine that I was in love with his cousin's nose.

"In love, yes, I bore the same love towards it, that the squirrel bears to the rattlesnake—when it gets fascinated by the burning eyeballs, horrid fangs, and forked tongue of its crawling, slimy, and execrable foe. Mistake me not, sir, or suppose that I mean to insinuate that Miss Snooks was a rattlesnake. No: the reasoning is purely analogical; and I only wish it to be inferred that *that* nose, humped like a dromedary—prominent as Cape Wrath—nobler than Cæsar's, or the great captain's—had precisely the same influence on me as the envenomed Python of the American woods has upon the squirrel. It fascinated me—threw a spell over me—enchanted my faculties—made me love to gaze upon what I abhorred, and think of nothing but one feature—one nose, which nevertheless held a more prominent place in the temple of my imagination, than Atlas, Andes, or Teneriffe, or even the unscalable ridges of Himalaya, where Indra, the God of the elements, is said to have placed his throne. Having meditated for some time in this way, I found that it would never do. There was something inexpressible absurd in the mood which my mind was getting into; and I resolved to throw off the incubus which oppressed me, and be like other people. Full of this idea, I filled a bumper, and bolted it off—then another—then another. I was getting on admirably, and rapidly recovering my equanimity, when, chancing to turn my eyes towards Mr. Hookey, he was nowhere to be seen. He had not gone out; that was impossible: no—he was concealed from me by the mighty nose.

"This event had nearly capsized me, and brought me back into my old way, when I poured out another glass of wine, and hastily swallowed it, which in some measure restored the equilibrium of my faculties. I looked again at Hookey, and saw him distinctly—the shade was gone, for Miss Snooks had leaned back, in a languishing mood, upon her chair, and taken her nose along with her. At this moment I fancied I saw her ogling me with both eyes, and resolved to be upon my guard. I remembered the solemn vows already made to my dear Cecilia; and on this account determined to stand out against Miss Snooks and her nose.

"But this was only a temporary relief. Again did she lean forward, and again was the nose protruded between Hookey and myself. It acted as an eclipse—it annihilated him—made him a mere nonentity—rendered him despicable in my eyes. It was impossible to respect any man who lived in the shade of a nose, who hid his light under such a bushel. Hang the ninny, he must be a sneaking fellow!

"The wine now began to circulate more freely round the table, and the tongues of the company to get looser in their heads. Miss Snooks also commenced talking at a greater stretch than she had hitherto done. I soon found out that she was a poetess, and had written a couple of novels, besides two or three tragedies. In fact, her whole conversation was about books and authors, and she did us the favour of reciting some of her own compositions. She was also prodigiously sentimental, talked much about love, and was fond of romantic scenery. I know not how it was, but although her conversation was far from indifferent, it excited ridiculous emotions in my mind, rather than any thing else. If she talked of mountains, I could think of nothing but the hump upon her nose, which was, in my estimation, a nobler mountain than Helvellyn or Cairngorm. If she got among promontories, this majestic feature struck me as being sublimer than any I had ever heard of—not excepting the Cape of Good Hope, first doubled by Vasco da Gama.—When she conversed about the blue loch and the cerulean sky, I saw in the tip of her nose a complexion as blue or cerulean as any of these. It was at once a nose—a mountain—a cape—a loch—a sky. In short it was every thing. She was armed with it, as the Paladins of old with their armour. Nay it possessed the miraculous property of rendering a human being invisible, of concealing Mr. Hookey from my eyes; thus rivalling the ring of Gyges, and casting the invisible coat of Jack the Giant-killer into the shade.

"After conversing with her for

some time upon indifferent matters, she asked me if I was fond of caricatures, and spoke particularly of the designs of George Cruikshank. Scarcely had she mentioned the name of this artist, than I was seized with a strange shuddering. In one moment I called to mind his illustrations of Punch and Judy, at which we had been looking, before coming down to supper. A clue was now given to the otherwise unaccountable train of feelings, which had possessed me ever since I saw Miss Snooks. From the moment when I first set my eyes upon her, I fancied I had seen her before; but where, when, and upon what occasion I found it impossible to tell. Her squeaking voice, her blue twinkling eyes, her huge frilled cap, and above all, her mighty nose, all seemed familiar to me. They floated within my spirit as a half-forgotten dream; and without daring to whisper such a thing to myself, I still felt the impression that all was not new—that the novelty was not so great as I imagined.

" But Punch and Judy set all to rights. I had seen Miss Snooks in George Cruikshank, and at once all my perplexing feelings were accounted for. *She* was Judy—*she* was Punch's wife. Yes, Miss Snooks, the old maid, was the wife of Mr. Punch. There was no denying the fact. The same small weazel eyes, the same sharp voice and hooked chin, and the same nose—at once mountain, cape, &c. &c. belonged alike to Judy and Miss Snooks. They were two persons; the same, yet different—different, yet the same—the one residing in the pages of Cruikshank, or chattering and fighting in the booths of mountebanks at Donnybrook or St. Bartholomew's fair—the other seated bolt upright, at the head of her cousin's table, beside a small *coterie* of *littérateurs*.

' I know not whether it was the effect of the old port, but, strange to say, I could not for some time view Miss Snooks in her former capacity, but simply as Judy. She was magnified in size, it is true, from the pert, termagant puppet of the fairs, and was an authoress—a writer of tragedies and novels—in which character, to the best of my knowledge, the spouse of Punchinello had never made her appearance, but then the similitude between them, in other respects, was so striking as to constitute identity. Eyes, chin, voice, nose, were all precisely alike, and stamped them as one and the same individual.

" But this strange illusion soon wore away, and I again saw Miss Snooks in her true character. It would perhaps be better if I said that I saw her nose—for somehow I never could look upon herself save as subordinate to this feature. It were an insult to so majestic a promontory to suppose it the mere appendage of a human face. No—the face was an appendage of it, and kept at a viewless distance behind, while the nose stood forward in vast relief, intercepting the view of all collateral objects—casting a noble shadow upon the wall—and impressing an air of inconceivable dignity upon its fair proprietor.

" The first impression which I experienced on beholding the lady was one of fear. I have stated how completely she—or, to speak more properly, her nose—stood between me and Mr. Hookey, and felt appalled in no small degree at so extraordinary a circumstance. There is something inexpressibly awful in a *lunar* eclipse, and a *solar* one is still more overpowering, but neither the one nor the other could be compared to the *nasal* eclipse effected by Miss Snooks. So much for my first impressions: now for the second. They were those of boundless admiration, and ——."

Most unfortunately, just as the gentleman had got to this part of his story, the coach stopped at the principal inn of Hamilton, and he there left it, after bowing politely to me, and wishing me a pleasant ride for the rest of the journey.

A Modern Pythagorean.

CASTILIAN POETRY.*

The popular poetry of no European country can with truth be said to be comparable to that of Spain, either for abundance of materials, for delicacy, heroism, tenderness, — in a word, all those sources of emotion which are requisite to the formation of finished art. By the term popular poetry we define merely those overflowings of song which an idle and listless life, an early perfected and sonorous language, giving to the lazzaroni of Spain and Italy a copiousness and choice of epithet quite unknown among northern nations, created in Spain at a period when the latter were in a state of comparative barbarism. If we examine it impartially, what a wonderful and infinite variety of tones and colours,—what a mine of poetry in its vast picture of original manners does it present!—of the fashions of the court, the city, and the country,—of life in the elegant *quintas* of the rich, and in the humble cottages of the peasant and fisherman!—how numberless are its descriptions of religious solemnities, pilgrimages, domestic records, ancient monuments, Moorish traditions, and the warlike and pastoral li`› of the beautiful provinces of Granada! The collection of such a record would indeed require the devoted attention of some learned Spaniard, and an extensive local acquaintance to boot; for it is the only one which it is impossible to perform at a distance from that country. The collection of M. Bohl de Faber, (the labour of twenty years, as he informs us,) was a rare and acceptable present from the learned Theban; but, from the causes already assigned, it is greatly deficient in tasteful arrangement; and in the elegant, though feeble, Essay of Quintaña, (so far short of what might have been expected from his resources,) a very small space was necessarily allotted to the discussion of the Romances. For these causes it will be evident to the reader, that all attempt to fill up the *hiatus* would be beyond our means; and indeed, nothing could be farther from our thoughts than to go over ground which has so often been traversed by numerous and accomplished scholars. If we have been happy enough to cull a few flowers in that sweet but disorderly garden, it will suffice our modest ambition, and with this avowal we humbly beg that our prose may be regarded only in the light of a peg whereon to hang our modest and unpretending versions.

The Provençal dialect, formed from the corruption of the Latin tongue, had its own characteristic forms. Subjected to new combinations of poetry and versification, it was consecrated by the Troubadours to the expression of the delicacy and vivacity of love—the frank severity of their moral and political opinions—their enthusiasm for heroic deeds, and the noble personages who performed them—their just and courageous indignation against the errors and faults of their contemporaries: and thereupon commenced a new literature. Although we may remark in the writings of these poets many allusions and imitations, which incontestably prove that the masterpieces of the Latin, and even of the Greek literatures, were not wholly unknown to them; still it is not less evident, that their taste was not sufficiently formed or matured to admire or reproduce their beauties. The new literature borrowed nothing then from the lessons and examples of the ancients. It had its own distinct and independent means—its imagery, both local and foreign, and its peculiar spirit. The universal ignorance and neglect of study, unavoidably subjected these poets of the middle ages to the influence of religious and chivalrous manners, contemporary and national prejudices, and, above all, to their own character. Certainly it was less difficult

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* Rimas Antiguas Castellañas, por M. Bohl de Faber. Leipsique, 1827.
Poesias del Coronel Don Josè de Cadalso, Caballero del Habito de Santiago. Paris, 1830.

> "*Aspice ut exuvias, veterumque insignia nobis*
> *Aptemus.*"
>
> VIDA'S *Art of Poetry.*

for them to invent a new literature, than to imitate the old: to them accordingly is due the glory of having created that, which to one party in Europe has become the characteristic and fertile source of beauties of sentiment, imagery and expression, quite distinct from the beauties of the classic literature, properly so called. In that literature it is impossible not to admire the workings of that ardent and audacious spirit, which by turns excited them to censure or to celebrate the actions of which they were the witnesses. Neither can we deny their courage in denouncing the wrongs and injustice of kings and princes, the turbulence of the nobility, the excesses of an ignorant and fanatical clergy, and the vices of a miserable and degraded people. At one time listening only to religious zeal, (though to their honour be it owned, they generally took the part of the oppressed, and expressed themselves with a bold and manly candour on the subject of such wars,) they incited by their verses monarchs and their subjects to arm for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, and to avenge the profanation of the Infidels;—at another time, marching in the train of the Cross, they passed into Syria or Palestine, where, soldiers in the day of battle, they afterwards celebrated in their triumphal songs the victories and heroism of the Christians.

Such were the characteristics of a people who, after the extinction of the Albigenses, and their own consequent dispersion, were forced to shelter themselves in the neighbouring states of Spain; and the Troubadours of Catalonia and Arragon soon arrived at the court of the Castilian Juan II. to mingle and enrich the melody and sentimental melancholy of their poetry with the fervid imagination of the Andalusian Moors. The brilliant torch of genius inflamed every breast under the empire of a poet monarch, the protector of all who illustrated their country in the beginning of the fifth century. Religious enthusiasm, the worship of love and beauty, and the idolatry of martial glory, after the fall of Granada, absorbed all the energy and activity which the Spanish cavaliers had employed in liberating themselves from the Hagarene yoke. Poetry was then cultivated only as a relaxation, or rather it was the language of men powerfully excited, and who had an actual necessity to scatter without the fire which consumed them within. Burlesque gaiety showed itself in turn with a singular exaggeration, and all was in extremes—the peculiarity of minds which were governed as yet by no rules—but there is unquestionably a great charm in these sallies of a rude and simple imagination. Born from the contact of the richest and most energetic languages of Europe and the East, melodious without softness, nervous without roughness, the Castilian is the only one among modern languages comparable to the Greek from the happy mixture of the vowels and consonants; as masculine as the Doric dialect, and perhaps less rude; endowed, if not with more force, at least with the same delicacy as that of the Ionians, without ever falling into the effeminacy of the Italian, the Spanish language, while breathing that oriental perfume with which the prolonged contact with the sons of the desert had impregnated it, unites to all the freshness of youth and the vigour which the bold children of the north had communicated, the majesty which the language of the world's masters had imprinted on the features of this most beautiful of its offspring. Among few nations, either ancient or modern, and at few eras, says the elegant preface to the French translation of Bouterwek, does it appear that chance ever united more numerous or more favourable circumstances for the creation and development of a rich and beautiful literature, than among the Spaniards during the first period of their empire's prosperity. The resources which are thought exclusively to pertain to republics, were combined with the effects which are only to be attained in a vast monarchy. That national hauteur so inherent in the Peninsular character, which their victories over the Moors, their conquest of America, and their preponderance in Europe, had singularly exalted, imparted to individuals that sentiment of dignity and self-esteem, that noble confidence and moral energy, which is seldom manifested except in states where

the citizens bear a part in public affairs, and which, after the battles of Marathon and Salamis, in redoubling the energies of the conquerors, contributed so much to those noble creations which have remained the only models of the beautiful and the most happy direction of intellectual activity in all parts of its domain. To that exaltation of the faculties was joined all that varied knowledge, which travel, commerce, the first fervours of classical study and the perfection of a language as expressive as harmonious could furnish as the nourishment, guide, and organ of genius.

Of the different metrical forms thus introduced, we shall select as a beginning to our quotations an "Aubade," by which name the Troubadours distinguish a kind of love-song, in which the poet generally celebrates a night propitious to his love, and his regret caused by the appearance of light which forces him to quit the object of his tenderness. In the serenade, on the contrary, the lover laments the slowness of twilight, and accuses the tedious day which separates him from his mistress. The characteristic feature of these pieces is a mixture of delightful sentiment and natural melancholy which is rarely found in the same degree among the other compositions of the Troubadours. Nothing appears to us more delicate and tender than the following. It is the production of a female whose name is unknown.

"AUBADE.

"*En un vergier, sotz fuelha d'albespi,* *Tene la dompna son amic costa si,* *Tro la gayta crida que l'alba vi.* *Oy dieus! oy dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!*	"All under a bower of the green willow leaves, The lady her lover's last farewell receives, Till the sentinel whispers the dawn she perceives. The dawn! O Heavens! is it morning so soon!
Plagues adieu ja la nueitz non fulhis *Ni'l mieus amicx lone de mi no's partis,* *Ni la gayta jorn ni alba no vis.* *Oy dieus! oy dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!*	Ah, would that the Night her dark gloom ne'er unveiled, Nor afar from my arms my bold lover withdrew; Nor the bright Star of Morning the sentinel hailed. The dawn! O Heavens! is it morning so soon!
Bels dous amicx baizem nos ieu e vos *Aval els pratz on chanto'ls auzellos,* *Tot a fassam en despieg del gilos.* *Oy dieus! Oy dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!*	Beloved of my soul, let us kiss, thou and I, All under the bower where the little birds sing; Nor a thought on the jealous bestow but defy The dawn! O Heavens! is it morning so soon!—
Bels dous amicx, fassam un joc novel *Ins el jardi on chanton li auzel,* *Tro la gayta toque son caramel.* *Oy dieus! Oy dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!*	Beloved of my soul, yet another bestow, Whilst loudly the nightingale sings on the bough; Till the sentinel sounds from her soft chalumeau, The dawn! O Heavens! is it morning so soon!—
Per la dos'ama qu'es venguda de lay *Del mieu amic belh e cortes e gay,* *Del sien alen ai begut un dous ray.* *Oy dieus! Oy dieus! de l'alba tan tost ve!*	By this air that the scent of the rose would outvie, From my own love so beautiful, noble, and young, Of the balm of his breath I have drunk a sweet sigh. The dawn! O Heavens! is it morning so soon!

'Alas! Señora, tidings ill! Last night, on yonder plain,
All stark and stiff my comrades lay, by vaunting heathens slain:
Lord Baldwin, pale and fainting lies, his soul away hath swooned,
His bosom bare a lance hath gored with many a ghastly wound.
His uncle, royal Charlemagne, hath shrived his sins each one,
To-night he dies; nor will his eyes behold to-morrow's sun.
Wilt thou, fair maiden, of thy grace, be my dear lady love,
Since now the soul of Baldwin wings its flight to heaven above?
For if thou wilt but fancy me, Señora, here I vow,
But little wilt thou lose in him who is thy lover now.'
'O Nunio Vero! Nunio Vero! false and faithless knight,
How couldst thou, when I sought the truth, repeat a lie downright.
But blind were she who could not see the end of thine alarms;
Then know, false Knight, that yesternight Lord Baldwin left these arms.'"

The next is a good picture of the gallant Moorish Chieftain in all his pomp and circumstance, and is also amusing from its vein of humour. We are not aware if the issue of the combat is on record, but we are loth to believe young Zayde a coward.

"The Challenge.

"'Zayde, if a warrior's heart upholds thy lordly pride,
And knightly deeds dare vouch the words which all the court deride,
If in the plain thou canst restrain thy gallant-bounding steed,
Or first advance, as in the dance, thou always tak'st the lead:
*If borne sublime amidst the rush of squadrons through the field,
Thou knowest the stormy joy when first the Christian foemen yield,
When clothed in shining armour like a thunderbolt of war,
Bright o'er their dancing plumes we whirl the flashing scymitar;
Or if thou canst excel as far when we hear the trumpet's voice,
As when thy lute and light guitar the Alhambra dames rejoice,
When all perfume and pomp you proudly pace the gay parade,
The first in hall or festival, at song or serenade,
If face to face, and sword to sword, thou wilt as proud reply,
As all thy friends when absent thou wilt dare to vilify;
Come forth and meet me in the field, for valiant cavaliers
Care not to fight with words before young dames and noble peers.'
Thus wrote the young Zulema while the fire flashed from his eyes—
In every place he leaves a trace, the scroll in tatters flies.
Then calling to his page, he cried, 'Boy, to the Alhambra go,
And this my card in secret to the Moorish Zayde throw;
And say his pleasure I now wait upon the plains to know,—
The plains through which the waters of the limpid Genil flow.'"

To conclude our extracts from these gay ballads, we add one of more modern date.

"The Captives.

"*Soledad que afflige tanto.*

"'O, Solitude, where is the heart
Such terrible griefs could endure?
O, Liberty, dearer than all,
Thy blessings who would not procure?
Dark odious walls on one hand,
On the other great bars, which at noon
The beams of the sun cannot pierce,
Nor yet the soft light of the moon.
Strong keys upon all the balconies,
Hard padlocks upon every door;
And harder than all the sad lot,
That keeps us from those we adore:
All winter congealed in the shade,
All summer shut up in a stove,
Silent our tongues and our eyes,
Still haunted by those we can't love.
Of sorrow a whole year around,
Of pleasure not one little hour,—
O, Solitude, where is the heart,
Such terrible grief would not sour?
Denied to the young and discreet,
When sought by some rich old buffoon,
Obliged to come down stairs that he
May with his vile tongue importune.
Eternal our woes seem to be;
Our blessings, what chance may design,—
O, Liberty, precious and dear,
What heart for thy sweets would not pine?'
Thus dolefully sung,
To the cushions around,
Two maidens at work
On a broidery ground.

* Thus Garcilasso:—"*En la sublime rueda colocados.*"

Locked up by their mother,
Who gossipping went,
Old widows to visit
In mere compliment.
'What girl ever saw,'
Cried the younger, in doubt,
'A woman lock up
What never goes out?
Who sings now at night?
Who talks now at day?
Who reads to us, or
Who writes when away?
O, rigour unkind!
Would to Heaven it might
Soon drive us along
To despair's greatest height!
In knots and in circles,
The neighbours all go,
Reaping suspicion,
Whilst malice they sow.
Past pleasures and sweets,
Into sours are changed;—
Into prisons the bowers,
Where freely we ranged.
That which was prudence,
These wiseacres call
Symptoms denoting,
Our bright honour's fall.
O, mother, mother,
Fear keeps the vineyards!
The one who entreats
More speeds than who guards:
If once the plant grow
According to bent,
Too late you apply
Rods to guide its ascent.
You listen to tales of
Duennas and spies,
Who pass in the church
Their fibs and their lies.
Then home, in a hurry,
You hasten again
To us, like a storm
Of thunder and rain.
I'll reap my harvest,
I'll jilt and I'll jest,
Deceive and coquet,
As well as the best.
Then, turn not your keys and your bars,
Nor all your doors lock up between a
Maid and her love, for I'll fly,
As sure as my name's Teatina.'"

There is an abundance of devotional pieces in M. Faber's *rimas,* some of which are beautiful, but the greater part seldom deviate into sense. Of a more modern cast, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of translating a little ode by the divine Luis de Leon, in whom all the fervour of Castilian piety was united to the taste and elegance of Horace:

"On the Ascension.

"*Y dexas Pastor Santo.*

"And leavest thou, Pastor Holy!
Thy Flock in this dark wilderness and maze,
'Midst fear and melancholy?—
Dost thou, in glory's blaze,
Calmly ascend to the Infinite of Days?

The wise, the good, the blest,
Rejoicing once, but now in mournful guise;
The cherished in thy breast:
Who now shall sympathize
With them, or who shall charm their longing eyes?

What shall those eyes behold,
That saw the beauties of their Heavenly Lord,
That can delight unfold?
By whom that heard thy word
Will not the world's harsh discord be abhorr'd?

This dark and stormy ocean
Who shall control? What power the winds shalt chide
In their tempestuous motion?
If clouds thy form now hide,
What star the vessel to her port shall guide?

Alas! thou envious cloud!
Why with our short-lived pleasure interfere?
Why in such haste to shroud
Thy wealth, and disappear?—
How poor, how blind, alas! thou leav'st us here!"

But we must now proceed to close our feeble and rambling critique with a short notice of the life and writings of the young scholar whose name and works we have assumed as the text of this discourse.

"THE GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS."

No. XI.

JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

PROFESSOR WILSON!—What can be said of Professor Wilson worthy of his various merits?—Nothing. Were we to reprint Lockhart's graphic account of him in *Peter's Letters*, it would not tell half his fame. A poet who, after having had the calamity of obtaining Oxford prizes, and incurred the misfortune of being praised by the *Edinburgh Review* for some juvenile indiscretions in the way of rhyme, wrote the *City of the Plague*, which even the envious Lord Byron placed among the great works of the age, and which all real critics put higher than his poetical Lordship's best productions in the way of Tragedy;—a moral Professor, who "dings down" the fame of Dugald Stewart—a paltry triumph we own, if truly considered, over a small person, but a triumph of no trivial moment if the voice of Edinburgh be counted of any avail,—an orator who, sober or convivial, morning or evening, can pour forth gushes of eloquence the most stirring, and fun the most rejoicing;—a novelist, who has chosen a somewhat peculiar department, but who in his *Lights and Shadows*, &c. &c. gives forth continually fine touches of original thought, and bursts of real pathos,—a sixteen stoner, who has tried it, without the gloves, with the Game Chicken, and got none the worse,—a cocker, a racer, a six bottler, a twenty-four tumblerer—an out-and-outer—a true, upright, knocking down, poetical, prosaic, moral, professional, hard-drinking, fierce-eating, good looking, honourable, and straight forward Tory. Let us not forget, that he has kept twenty seven feet in a standing leap, on plain ground!—[Byron never ceased boasting of the petty feat of swimming three or four miles with the tide, as something wondrous. What is it to Wilson's leaping?]—a gipsy, a magaziner, a wit, a six foot club man, an unflinching Ultra in the worst of times!—In what is he not great?

"Show this to Wilson," says the said Lord Byron, in one of his letters published by that respectable gentleman, Thomas Moore, "show this to Wilson, for I like the man, and care little for his magazine." Lord B. wrote this under the impression that Wilson was the editor of *Blackwood*, and as common fame agrees with his Lordship's conjecture, we have ventured to affix to the Professor's portrait, the title of CHRISTOPHER NORTH. We hope he will not be angry with us for so doing, because it is done *honoris causâ*, as Sir C. Wetherell would say. Who is there that does not distinguish the Professor's hand amid the adjoining Balaam, and rejoice over the mingled mirth and melancholy, the humour and poetry, the eloquence and buffoonery, the gravity and the gaiety of those fitful productions which, under one strange name or another, gleam forth every now and then in brilliant contrast with the black lustre and miserable paste by which they are surrounded.

In the opposite Plate, he is depicted as he appears in his countryman Macdonald's admirable statue. Perhaps other positions less severe and stony might be more characteristic, but we had no objection that the picture of the poet should call attention to the works of the statuary. In the back ground are seen the University, of which Wilson is the most distinguished ornament—a fistic contest, such as his Boxiana sketches have embalmed—and the rudiments of a cock-fight which, coming under the general head of "Varment," falls within the province of his frolic pen. The Professor's wig, and the crutch of the rheumatic Mr. North, have their appropriate place in the picture; and if our readers regret that we have found no room for a symbol, emblematic of his tragedy, in our plate, they will, in all probability, have found *plague* enough in getting through our illustrative letter-press. Farewell!—

> "Hæc dictans raptim mediis in fluctibus urbis,
> Propino poculum, Wilsŏne care, tibi!"



o the whisky," said Galt; and accordingly the whisky was [illegible]. Under the "benign influence" of the fourth tumbler of toddy, Mr. James Fraser made the following communication. We have not the heart, we confess, to keep it from our readers.] But—*descendite cœlo!*

* * * * * *

About a fortnight ago, Mr. James Fraser (who was at that moment oc-

[illegible] in getting through our illustrative letter- [illegible] farewell —

> " Hæc dictans raptim mediis in fluctibus urbis,
> Propino poculum, Wilsone care, tibi ! "

VISIT FROM MR SAINT JOHN LONG.

The article on "Quackery and Twaddling," which follows this paper, was written and sent to press before we received Mr Saint John Long's visit.

We have been lately distinguished—unworthy fellows as we are—beyond our contemporaries. We have actually had A VISIT from the illustrious Quack! We are not deluding the reader or ourselves. We are not speaking of a phantom, an imagination, an *effigies*, or any insubstantial proxy or resemblance—but of the undoubted doctor—the positive corporeal Long. No omens preceded this startling advent—no cracklings in the sky—no thieves or sheets in the candles—no "*pricking of our thumb*"—our whisky flask did not burst—our *Indian* rubber did not [illegible] with jealousy.—In a word, matters remained precisely in their ordinary situation, even we ourselves were just as unmoved, as though little Pinkie had dropped in on his way from Portland Place to Saint Stephen's, and asked for a pinch of Strasburg.

When we say, that *we* have had a visit from this illustrious empiric, we must be understood to say that he has paid a visit to our *establishment*—our Temple, No. 215 [illegible]. We ourselves are inaccessible—invisible, but our Minister of the Home Department, Mr. James Fraser, presides there in mortal shape, and receives the [illegible] which is afterwards duly transmitted to our [illegible] *He* it was who stood face to face with the great Rubber [illegible] but an event of this magnitude must not be dismissed [illegible] the following particulars.

* * * * * *

[Let us first, however, inform the reader, in a parenthesis, how the information reached us. We were just adding a final squeeze of the lemon to our whisky punch, at the instigation of Sir Morgan O'Doherty. "You'd betther take anither twist o' the limon," said he, "it's a divilish dale too sweet." Accustomed from our infancy to obey the slightest hint of the Adjutant on all matters connected with taste, we had armed ourselves with the citric acid and were about to squeeze the contents of the fragrant "limon" into our punch bowl, when a knock of the most alarming character was heard at the door. "Who can that be?" exclaimed half a dozen of us, *una voce*. "It's the divil cum [illegible] wid a conthribution," said Crofton Croker. "Be aisy," retorted the Baronet, "it's only an ould lady that's brought to bed of a poem, and is pleased to——" Here the knocker sounded terrifically for the second time, and would have waked any one but our porter, who continued in his leathern chair, dreaming elysium.—A third peal, however, in that key which is supposed to belong exclusively to Jupiter Tonans, at last roused up our rascally Cerberus, and a visitor was admitted. We had scarcely time to ascertain that a few words were interchanged between the parties, when a quick agitated step was heard mounting the marble staircase, and—following close upon the heels of our door-keeper, (who was scarcely permitted to utter "Mr Fra—a—)—Mr James Fraser, our publisher, burst into the room! A cold dew lay upon his forehead—his limbs trembled—his eyes were starting from their sockets—and wonder and horrible [illegible] sat on his [illegible] cheek. Seeing that he was unable to speak, but that he eyed the punch bowl with an imploring look, O'Doherty proposed to [illegible] a burnt feather.—Hook suggested a glass of salt and water (which he affirmed was infallible in such cases)—and we ourself were just about to sprinkle the sufferer with vinegar—when, by one of those gigantic efforts with which nature sometimes resumes her sway, the publisher cried out—"Whisky!"—"The chiel 'll tak a wee drap o' the whesky," said Galt, and accordingly the whisky was administered. Under the "benign influence" of the fourth tumbler of toddy, Mr. James Fraser made the following communication. We have not the heart, we confess, to keep it from our readers.] But—*descendite calo!*

* * * * * * *

About a fortnight ago, Mr James Fraser (who was at that moment oc-

cupied on a paper on the Œolic Digamma) was informed by one of his clerks or shopmen that "a gentleman" wished to speak to him. The "gentleman," who was hovering at a distance, like Hesperus when he comes twinkling up the east in the early part of the evening, was desired to approach. He approached; and announced himself as—*Mr. Saint John Long!* Being perfectly certain that few people would be forward to assume that "questionable" name, our publisher was satisfied that he stood in the presence of the Rubber. Not to be wanting in courtesy, he invited him to sit down, an invitation however which was declined. Saint John Long then opened his case. He complained bitterly that we had called him a Quack (!) —that we had stated that his name was feigned; and that we had, moreover, designated him as a sign-post painter. These were heavy charges; and when made personally, and with a formidable look, the situation might be considered dangerous. But Fraser stood up to his man. He gave look for look, word for word.

The charges were, however, reiterated. One by one, they were laid in all their heinousness before the publisher, and he was assaulted in the shape of the most frightful interrogatories. "I come," said the illustrious Long, "to seek redress for the injuries that I have sustained. What do you mean by casting these stains upon my character?" To this Mr. Fraser, with "infinite promptitude," (and, we must say, very handsomely and candidly,) replied, that the sole reason was that we really thought him—a Quack; but that if he could prove to our satisfaction that we were in error, we would print his vindication. "We consider," continued the bold publisher, "that you have injured society, and——" "Injured society, indeed!" said Long Saint John, "It's all for the sake of *your pockets.*" Our pockets, quotha! We fancy that our pockets would be much more inclined to consumption than plethora, were we to trouble our readers with many of the small doings of Mr. Long John Saint John Long. To be sure, he *cures* consumption—so that we should have the antidote as well as the bane perhaps—but then he does not *always* cure, and we might stand enrolled in the catalogue of his failures, and be immortalized before our time. The chances of benefit are therefore equal. To proceed, however, with the visit or visitation:—

"You call me a Quack, and—so forth," said Mr. L., increasing in anger and importance. "*Haven't I been acquitted by* A JURY OF MY COUNTRY?" To this astounding interrogation our publisher scarcely knew what to reply. At last, (taxing his recollection very severely,) he managed to observe, (but *very* meekly,) "A'—Mr. Long,—you—forget, surely—the *first* jury did not acquit you?—Did it?" enquired he, in continuation—(for he was bothered by the Doctor's self-possession) "*Did it?*" and the illustrious Doctor could not insist that it did. He therefore immediately took other ground. "You say I've changed my name. It isn't true." "Very well, sir," replied F., "be it so. It is a matter of little moment. We do not ask for your pedigree. You have but to advertize the fact, and I have no doubt but that you will meet with a proper portion of credit!" "But, sir," persisted Long, "you called me a sign-post painter. I never was a sign-post painter. I never followed *any* trade. You've done me an incalculable injury, especially amongst the upper classes. However, I have delivered my message, and if——" Fraser here interrupted him, and protested that he did not know what "message" he meant. "No matter, sir, I've delivered my message, and I shall now put it into the hands of professional persons. I'm determined to make you—*suffer!*" Saying which, like some angry comet, which "portendeth death and war," the Rubber whisked away and was lost in the obscurity of Regent Street, and left no trace behind him!

For a considerable period after his departure Mr. Fraser was in considerable agitation; for he interpreted Saint John's menaces into a regular "rubbing." "An oaken towel or a latitat," said Fraser to a friend, in confidence, "I should know what to do with; but that infernal lotion, I confess, *does* alarm me. I cannot help it." It was in vain that the most alluring arguments were urged to draw him from the subject. He was told that he might prepare himself before hand with a stock of cabbage leaves—that he might have Brodie in attendance. He was reminded how martyrs

had suffered—nay, had rubbed and scrubbed and spiked *themselves* in Hindostan and elsewhere. He was informed how the great Scævola had *singed* himself (burnt off his hand) &c. &c.;—but all would not do! He grew worse and worse, until, in the last stage of his delirium, he rushed out of his house and burst in upon our conclave in the manner we have before related!

. . . . But let us be serious. Mr. Saint John Long has positively visited our publisher; and the conversation which we have quoted (in effect,—almost *verbatim* indeed,) actually took place between them. The sole piece of exaggeration, or imagination, that we have indulged in, is touching Mr. Fraser's alarm. However atrocious it may seem, we must confess that he was *not* seriously frightened. Whether Saint John Long's bluster—his whip, with a *fox*'s head upon it, (apt emblem!) inspired our friend with any sensations approaching to timidity, is between him and his conscience. He, however, scornfully rejects the notion; and moreover asserts his surprise, that a *contemporary publication*, (not remarkable for its tenderness towards those whom it deems public offenders,) should have submitted to apologise to this notorious person, *after*, as he understands, its editor or publisher had received a VISIT from Long! But let us reflect a little on these same visits. If persons in the situation of Saint John Long, who has been *twice arraigned*, and ONCE CONVICTED, of *homicide* (!!) are to come to the house of every editor and publisher (with whips in their hands, and big words in their mouths) and force apologies—if they are to succeed in making every newspaper and magazine call back its words, and CONTRADICT THE RECORDS OF THE OLD BAILEY!—why there may be a good deal of *talk* about the liberty of the press, and the right of manifesting public opinion; but there will be exceedingly little of the *liberty itself*, which, in fact, would by such means be speedily extinguished. We call upon our brother editors and publishers to lift up their voices *still* against quackery of all sorts, in defiance of whips and frowns and foxes' heads. We call upon them to *cure* quacks of their presumption, and to put an end to these domiciliary visits, by administering the wholesome "rubbings" of the press. The Giant with a hundred hands, now known by the name of "PUBLIC OPINION," has, we apprehend, as formidable a whip and as fearless a heart as the Rubber of Harley Street himself; and we are much mistaken if he does not succeed quite as frequently in effectually curing his patients. Some of the weapons, wielded by this same potent Giant are, we should think, after the Rubber's own heart. There are, for instance—the mace of the *Times*, the lash of the *Chronicle*, the rod of the *Herald*, the blister of the *Bull*, the lancet *of* the *Lancet*, the oaken towel of the *Examiner*, the scalping knife of the *Spectator*, the *Standard* with its skene, the *Globe* with its iron vice, the tomahawk of *Blackwood*, and the knock-me-down hammer of *Cobbett!*—By which of these does our Rubber wish to be cured of the indignation and discontent that he feels towards the public press of England? It is scarcely worth while to trouble the reader any further. Yet there is one thing which appears to hurt Mr. Saint John Long's feelings so much, that we cannot resist this opportunity of making him amends. He is "hurt," he says, "and injured," by our calling him a sign-post painter. Perhaps we ought to have said merely that he was *fit* to be a painter of signs. We beg him to accept this explanation. The following advertisement has, we are told, appeared before in some contemporary publication. We are not sure of this in our own knowledge; and therefore, (and because we think it will justify us in respect of the charge about Saint John Long's painting,) we copy it for the benefit of the curious. The reader may be *assured* that it is faithfully transcribed from a Limerick paper, bearing date the 10th of February, 1821.

"MR. JOHN SAINT JOHN LONG,

"*Historical and Portrait Painter, the only Pupil of Daniel Richardson, Esq. late of Dublin,*

"Proposes during his stay in Limerick, to take Portraits from Ittalian Head to whole length—and Parson desirous of getting their's done, in Historical, Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, or any other character, or their Family grouped

in one or two Paintings, from Life Size to Miniature, so as to make an Historical subject chosing one from History.

"The costume of the period from whence it would be taken will be particularly attended to, and the character of each preserved.

"He would take Views in the Country. Terms per Agreement. Specimens to be seen at his Residence, No 116, George St opposite the Club-house, and at Mr James Dodds, Paper Staining Ware House, Georges St

"Mr Long is advised by his several friends to give Instructions in the Art of Painting in Oils, Opeak, Chalk and Water Colours, &c to a limited number of Pupils of Respectability two days in each week at stated hours.

"Gentlemen are not to Attend at the same hour the Ladies Attend at. He will supply them in Colours, &c"

Is this "only pupil of Daniel Richardson Esq" our Saint John Long, or not?—If not, let us have proof, otherwise we shall still think that he might study "signs" with advantage however indignant he may be He would at all events learn to amend his spelling. Think of this, O Long! O Saint John!

> "And he, our Saint John, he who all men in things
> Told what ambition and the pride of kings,—"

and shew us that with *you* painting is an art and not a 'TRADE'—shew us that you are learning to doctor his Majesty's subject—shew us, that you know a little of medicine and a little of surgery, and *then* however we may qualify our opinion on the subject of what you are actually *practising* amongst us, we will at least put our brazen trumpet in order, so that we may celebrate your deeds with some formidable blasts if you ever grow up to be worthy of permanent renown. And now for our article on "Quackery."

ON QUACKERY, TWADDLE, AND OTHER OFFENCES.

WE are tired to death of being too agreeable. Our stock of fine words is exhausted—our good nature is oozing away—our conscience twinges us, and—in short—we think that we may relieve ourselves from some uncomfortable symptoms, and do a little good to our cotemporaries by a few pages of plain dealing. We are moved solely by these disinterested considerations to enter upon the present subject. Besides,—to tell "the *truth*, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is beyond question one of the finest things underneath the moon. We happen to know all the infallible remedies in existence (from the sincere language of the advertisements), and we are of opinion that there is not one, after all, like the downright Truth. It is not indeed a new remedy. To administer what Irish physicians term "the *rough* side of the tongue," is any thing but a novel experiment. It is as old as Xantippe,—older. But it has been out of use for some time past (except with one or two practitioners), and we think that we cannot do better than revive it. There is no knowing how many millions of evil humours this sort of "rubbing" might remove, if applied regularly, conscientiously, and without remorse. Saint John Long's infallible lotion "warranted to cure without confinement" would be nothing to it. His warm water machines (at which middle-aged gentlemen sit in rows, "*piping* as if they would never grow old,") would fall into disuse. The noble blood of the ———s would run its natural race. The simpleton would be cured of the simples, and—the age of brass would be no more.

To achieve all this, and by the means of truth, would surely be no trifling matter. We have been told, indeed, by a friend (poor fellow! he draws a long bow at times), that there is a Gascon saying, that "Truth should *not* be spoken at *all* times." But—to say nothing of the *exceptio probat*—this is only a mutilation of an older proverb, which directs us quaintly, "*Disez el vertaz en seizes jourès,*" ("Tell truth during *six days*"), leaving the seventh open to the unbiassed choice of the moralist. It was to the mutilation or perversion of this valuable proverb, in fact, that we were indebted for the interminable stories of the old gentlemen of Gascony. Peace to those defunct antiques! May their pigtails never want tying! May their shirts, like

the robe of Hymen (saffron-tinted) be washed without charge in Hades? May their snuff-boxes never want filling!—Their days are over. 'Time, the great detector—the great *Reformer*—who sees spots in the sun and in the moon—who rubs off the gilt and silver coats, in which our Ikey Solomonses and William Soameses dress up their little naked nameless pieces of copper (too modest for the mint)—and, who in fact determines the qualities of all things—old Time has put the little Gascon sophism into his huge crucible, and freed it from its dross. We may now speak truth every day in the week, with a safe conscience;—unless perhaps, when it happens to be too agreeable.'

Our apprehensions on that score, at present, are not violent. Nevertheless, we feel some difficulty in proceeding with our subject, seeing that it is not only of the quack, &c. that we have to speak, but of their *patients* and victims also. The shark would speedily become harmless, were he not supplied with prey. Without his rations of deer and buffaloes, the tiger would be weaker than grimalkin. The boa could not crack the bones of a rabbit unless he had occasionally rabbits to crack!—So the vapid scribbler must sleep over his own nonsense unless he has readers to do so. So the self-constituted doctor must swallow his physic himself, unless he has patients to take it. It is quite clear that we must say a word or two about these readers and patients.

. . . . . Mankind comprehends an infinite variety. Its grand divisions of men, women, and children, are not sufficient to explain its component parts. The individuals that swell the bulk of each division are sifted and set apart, one from the other, and classed in a more scientific way by philosophers. They are then known by the names of politicians, orators, infidels, poets, prosers, rakes, coquettes, dandies, philosophers, critics, classics, quacks, adventurers, &c. &c. and so forth. But the *great* body of bipeds, —the corpus of the multitude, may still be put into one large fold, like sheep ruddled with a large F, and distinguished by the name of

FOOLS!

Fools—"those easy cushions on which the wits of the world repose and fatten,"—Fools are the grand aristocratic class to which all, (even kings,) must yield. They are the great staple commodity,—the herrings of the land, on which our jacks, and sharks, and sword-fish fatten. It is said by some author, that if one poor couple of herrings were allowed to generate and live with their progeny in quiet for twenty years, the united family would form a mass *greater than earth itself!* We suppose that it is by some such wise providence that the fool (like the herring) is made the prey and victim of his species. If there were no knaves, no quacks, we take it for granted we should be gibbeted at at the corner of every street: our throats would be cut in the merest innocence; our houses would be set on fire to warm the fingers of simpletons; our libraries and pictures demolished; our pre-eminence and importance (which we are eternally vapouring about) put an end to; and we should jog on afterwards on a humbler level, in company with the long-armed gentlemen at present exiled from our society, and colonizing the swamps and forests of Borneo.

Even the class of the fool, (*Genus Stultus*) is not without its subdivisions and distinctions. There is the fool positive (the "King Log" of his kind)—the mad fool—the expensive fool—the illiterate fool—the solemn fool—the cunning fool—and the fool without any discretion. There are the same differences as there are amongst the Simiæ; where the long-eared, and the long-tongued, and the long-tailed, and the no-tailed follow each other in pleasing and almost endless variety. Amongst mankind, men are sometimes fools, (more especially when very old or very young): children are fools; they are "chartered fools,"—fools by inexperience; and—shall we say it? *can* we say it? WOMAN—lovely, youthful, innocent, false, fair, painted, pretty pretty Woman is sometimes a—fool also! We may

"Cast our sceptres at the injurious gods,"

for ordering this; but so it is, so it ever has been, and so it will and must be to the end of time!

Is it not almost a pity that the

quack, and the swindler, and the pickpocket should prey on such creatures—like the earwig on the peach? like the fly on the rose? Would men be *too* wise, would women be *too* fascinating, *too* often fatal, unless they were each clipped of their attractions? We leave the question to philosophers:—and whilst they are examining it with due deliberation, we will turn from the victim to the *tyrant*. Whatever may be their decision, we take it for granted that we can do no harm, in any sense, by inquiring into *its* moral or intellectual pretensions.

But how shall we do this? It is difficult to speak of the long-tongued, brass-faced animal, called "The Quack," in adequate terms. No common scales or measures will suit him—neither wine nor beer—neither Troy nor avoirdupois. The apothecary's table comes nearest; but it fails in one point. The dram, the ounce, the pound might do; but the quack does not recognise the "scruple." He has no scruples. "*He is born, he eats, quacks, and dies!*" The stone-cutter needs no other directions for his epitaph. He may begin and chisel out a hundred, and go to sleep secure of a sale. If the quack should not (as is most likely) order it himself, his widow—a sort of reflection of the quack (she has her dower—a third of his pretensions)—or his son, the quack apparent, will stand up in defence of the family name, and insist upon transmitting it to posterity. Idle apprehensions! Needless care! The quack, like the conqueror, liveth in his deeds, and need not be afraid of oblivion.

It is a singular thing, in his history, that neither thought nor study, neither apprenticeship nor preparation of any sort, is necessary to accomplish the perfect quack. He springs out at once from obscurity and ignorance,—complete, consummate. Like Pallas, when she jumped all armed from the brains of Jove, so is the quack. He is cased all over in native brass, from top to toe—armed in scale, like the serpent, and like him he is not wanting in fangs. Other pursuits require patience, time, reading, and long practice, before the professor is allowed to act. The lawyer studies five years—the surgeon, the physician, and the apothecary, the painter, and the sculptor, as many: the shoemaker, the tailor, the carpenter, the joiner—each has his long period of probation. But the quack has NONE! He is utterly ignorant of simples. The natures of the commonest herbs, of the foxglove, the dandelion, and the rest, are unknown to him. He does not know a vein from an artery, a nerve from a sinew. The articulations, the bones, the uses of the liver, the powers of the stomach, and all the processes of digestion and nutrition are as completely shut out from him, as the untranslated wisdom of Confucius, or Ferdousi, or the hieroglyphics of Mexico or Egypt. *Yet he thrives!* He runs laughing through (*and at*) the world—

(Ridet, æternumque ridebit)

and multiplies as rapidly as the rat or the rabbit. The world is sometimes in want of other things—of phœnixes, (with wings and without,) of great men, and wise men, and honest men, and modest men; but of the quack—so bountiful, so careful is nature!—there is never any want. From Cornelius Agrippa to Cagliostro—from Cagliostro to Van Butchell and Solomon—from Solomon to Saint John Long, there is an uninterrupted series. And then their fame!—There are many persons who wear out long lives in London without having heard of Baillie or Brodie, of Armstrong or Darling; but who knows not immortal Eady? You meet his messengers (his walking advertisements) at every corner of every street. You see a solemn fellow walking to and fro, with a mighty badge of pasteboard on his back. You pass him—he has another on his breast! and you begin forthwith to imagine that he must belong at least to the knave of clubs. But, patience! you read and learn that——"Dr. Eady may be consulted, from 10 till 4, at his house in Church Street, where, &c. &c. &c.—and the utmost secrecy, &c. &c."—in short, you start off at a right angle, and by the time that you have sworn yourself out of breath, you are inclined to moralize on the audacity of human nature, and to wonder at human fatuity! The late *soidisant* Dr. —— was once visited by an old acquaintance from the country. (They had been parish boys together, had

tossed dumps into a hole together, and cheated each other at marbles.) "*I'm glad to see thee'st go on so vinely, Zam,*" said the rustic; "*but how is't, man? Thee know'st thee never had no more brains nor a pumpkin.*" He was proceeding in this agreeable manner, when Dr. —— took him to the window, and bade him count the passers by. After the lapse of a minute or two, he inquired how many had passed. The tiller of land answered, "*Noinety—or mayhap, a hundred.*" "And how many wise men do you suppose were amongst this hundred?" said the other. "*Why, mayhap,* ONE," was the reply. "Well," returned the Doctor, "*all the rest are* —MINE."

The story is perhaps somewhat musty; but it is a good story, nevertheless, and comprehends a moral. When we declaim against the iniquity of quacks, we should at the same time laugh to death the folly of those who seek them. *They* are the cause of quackery. *They* are as much answerable for the spreading of the vice, as the mother is who feeds her favourite fool with stolen sweets, and wails over his misdeeds at the gallows. If the gaping blockhead and vapouring coxcomb did not loiter and swagger about the streets of London, with pockets crying to be picked, the picker would turn his hand to an useful trade. He would never require either the pump or treadmill. The followers of quacks are the *cause* of quackery. They are the cause of all the atrocious homicides that have been committed. One simpleton bears testimony to Mr. Quackall's virtues; another to his manners; a third attests his wonderful cures. Nothing was ever so sudden, so certain, or so marvellous! His 'vonderful vonders,' as Mr. Matthews justly calls them, are the theme of the tea-table, the gossip of the nursery. The witnesses are not to be withstood. One blows his penny trumpet, another winds his horn (*perhaps his own!*) a third cackles, a fourth brays, and the end is,—what? Why, that another victim is added to the list, and the fame of the brute-deity extended! The proselytes of an idiot of this sort are his basest flatterers; but it must be owned, they are also efficient friends. They stick at nothing for his sake. Having themselves taken his merits upon trust, they insist on propagating them after the same fashion. They assure their friends that "*The Universal Antimorbous drops,*" have cured twenty thousand people in one year, all of them given over by regular physicians. They are sceptics of the faculty; but idolaters of *any* empiric. They would faint with shame, were they forced to walk from Temple-bar to Tyburn with fools' caps on their heads. Yet they swallow the most monstrous absurdities without fear or shame. They are the jest of their companions, and the contempt of all the world besides; but for the sake of some brazen apostle, they submit and humble themselves to the dust. "Ay, tread on me! Spit on me! Despise me!" are the words of the illustrious Maw-worm; "*I likes it!*" and so say they; "*They likes it!*" Nevertheless such liking or disliking is not the only thing to be heeded. It is no answer to the motherless child (who asks, "*Where is my mother?*") to say, "We delivered her over to old Martin Van Butchell* (now deceased)! We considered that he, having painted his poney, was fully qualified to doctor *her;* but—poor woman!—she died somehow, under his infallible method!" This would scarcely be deemed a satisfactory answer to the child, or perhaps even before "God and our country."

So much for the folly of proselytes!—Before, however, we quit this subject altogether, we must observe that, although the cause of quackery lies mainly with the people themselves, yet it is by no means creditable to any government to *authorize* the misdeeds of such pretenders. Our laws prohibit the lawyer from practising, the parson from preaching, the tradesman (in many cases) from reaping certain advantages, until—*he has studied* the profession or trade that he designs to exercise. Why is the compounder

* We use Van Butchell's name, merely for argument. Although we have seen him in our (or rather in *his*) time; we know nothing of him (of his merits or demerits), except that he used to *paint his poney,* we believe—a singular and perhaps a suspicious advertisement.

of cinnamon and soapsuds chartered to vend his potions as valuable drugs? Why is the rogue, who mingles the most formidable ingredients together, (quite at a hazard) *countenanced* by a government, which rejects the unfounded pretensions of other quacks? We have no quack lawyers—no quack sailors, &c. because they must *learn* before they teach. We *cannot* have quack artisans or mechanics, inasmuch as *they* must necessarily upon every occasion, exhibit some knowledge and expertness in their calling; but it is *not* necessary for the proprietor and vendor of "Patent Medicines" to have knowledge of any one thing under the sun. And it is *because* of this, among other reasons, (namely, that his ignorance *cannot be detected*) that we call upon the government to protect the simple portion of his Majesty's subjects (the King is 'the guardian of idiots,') from the effects of their own simplicity, and from the sordid knavery of impudent men. We sincerely believe, that, with the exception of James's powders, there is not another box or bottle of "patent medicine," that might not be sunk (with a shot at its tail) in the Bay of Biscay, to the infinite benefit of the physic-taking community!

But enough of quacks! There may be too much even of honey, and we have still another subject for our pen—

"Another, gentler theme allures our song."

It is not every pretender who has the mischief or malice of the quack. There is the *Twaddler*, who bears the same relation to the quack, as the drone does to the wasp. He hums, and buzzes about, and bothers you almost to death; but he wants a sting. His weapon is not a lancet, nor a bottle of lotion, but a goose-quill. His pen is without point, his ink is without gall; yet he goes on, quire after quire, under the delusion that he is at once entertaining and formidable, and never knoweth, not even at the last, that he hath been talking only to the sleeper!—A twaddler is a sort of quack in his dotage. If he has not the viciousness of his prototype, he makes amends by having ten times his folly. He is *duller* than a lord! He is full of senility, imbecility, and indocility.

His head is as soft as a medlar. He takes up a stale, unprofitable sentence, an exploded opinion, or an obsolete joke, (abandoned for its want of point) and with these treasures he sets up the trade of authorship. Or he has a few vapid anecdotes of some obscure cotemporaries (he himself being a nuisance of sixty, seventy, or eighty years standing) and these he is perpetually threatening to print, although he has tired half the world by repeating them twenty times over already. Or, he abandons jests and anecdotes, sentences and opinions, and gives himself up to "style." We have known a dozen of these old Squaretoes who (without an idea in their heads) entertain the most royal contempt for modern writings. They have lived with Colman, and Cumberland, and Jephson, and Murphy, and—a dozen others now lodging quietly with Oblivion, and cannot accommodate themselves ("accommodate" is a "good word" according to Shakspeare,) to the humours, the grotesque tastes, the *bizarrerie* of the present age. We have still twaddlers in existence.—There are Boaden, Frognall Dibdin, Mrs. Opie, (that Christian Quakeress!) the Reverend Messrs. ——— and ——— (an infinite list) and a due proportion of the gratuitous friends and contributors of "our ancient" Sylvanus Urban. These are twaddlers of the old school. Of the new school, or "the Academy of rising twaddlers," we are fearful of being allured into an enumeration. The Academy is decidedly more numerous than all the public schools of England united,—and Thomas Haynes Bayley is at the head. But that we intend to devote some papers to a consideration of the *Fillagree School*, of which this gentleman is so conspicuous an ornament, we should touch upon his slender merits, even in our present number. The bees and the butterflies, and the other *mauseries*, which cut such a formidable figure through the optics of his mind, must be dissected and tested in our best manner. But—*basta!*—we shall have time for that hereafter. Let us turn to a more venerable specimen—the dramatist and historian, Boaden.

Boaden is rich in "twaddle." We know nothing of the old gentleman, save from his books; but these the most humane reader must admit to be

of the uncontaminated sleepy stamp. His *Lives* of Mr Kemble and Mrs. Siddons have but little merit (we do not *recollect* any)—and his *Life of Mrs Jordan*—obtruded upon the public at a *most* unseasonable time—is as flimsy and trumpery as a critic could well desire who wanted half-an-hour's vent for his spleen If it be objected that our author is an old man,—why so be it We will avoid his superannuated productions and take him at his best Let us see what he did when he was young and aspiring—when he was flourishing (to use the wit of Sir James Macintosh) —"in the full vigour of his incapacity" In 1795 Boaden enriched the Drama with one or two Plays His quill was even then evidently of the goose origin we should think indeed that it must have been plucked from the tail,—but our readers shall judge. As we hate to be scandalous or partial, we will admit our friends the public to sit on the judgment seat beside us

The *Secret Tribunal* is—if we may believe the title page—"a play in five acts by James Boaden author of *Fontainville Forest* and was "performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden" The proprietors and managers of Covent Garden have always been courteous to a proverb They are so even at the present time—at least they were so a few seasons ago, when they accepted a Tragedy of ours called "The Devil's Drummer, or The Fatal Pipkin and would have acted it (no doubt to "overflowing and delighted audiences,") had not our inveterate diffidence stood in the way, and transferred the manuscript to the cheesemonger That they were courteous to a fault in the year 1795, when they enacted the *Secret Tribunal* we think the "Tribunal" itself will afford sufficient evidence Perhaps the drama succeeded—we take it for granted that it did—but our opinion of its merits must remain the same.—*Attendez, Messieurs!*

Holstein "an old soldier," with his wife Ellen, and his daughter Ida, are residents in Wirtemburg, and Herman is nephew of the reigning Duke. The play opens with a scene in the house of the valiant Holstein, wherein that hero sounds a loyal flourish upon his trumpet, in which we think the echo of the *brass* is evident to the experienced ear Two pages of domestic dialogue between Mr and Mrs Holstein bring the drama to the proper period for the appearance of "the gentle" Herman, and it is here that we request the reader's attention. If he can point out to us, in ancient or modern tragedy an instance in which the "vigour" alluded to by Sir James Macintosh exists in a more unquestionable state than in Boaden's play, we will confess that his knowledge surpasses ours To our mind it "flogs Europe" The reader has probably not forgotten Pipes, Bowling, and such like heroes he may also have read some of our clever military and naval stories lately published. If so, he will not fail to recognise the simple language of "the private" in the following speeches of Holstein In reply to a question from his wife, who asks if they could well have refused their daughter's society to the duchess, the foot soldier answers in these natural and martial terms —

"*Holst* No, I mean not that
But still my fondness aches for her return
And when the healing power shall deign to bless,
[illegible] former health my royal mistress, then
I will entreat her to restore our darling
To those whom quiet shuns when she is absent

Ellen But see, the nephew of the Duke of Wirtemburg,
The gentle Herman, comes in haste from Court—

Enter HERMAN

Herman Health and the lengthen'd happiness of life
Attend my much rever'd and valued friends

Holst *We feel this honour sensibly, my lord*
May we indulge a hope your aunt recovers?

Herman. We flatter still ourselves with the belief,
And what we pant for credulously coin,
But the physicians fear her—all the aids

> Of science, and *the many breathed prayer*
> *From holy lips*, yet keep her from the skies.
> The lovely Ida—
>
> *Ellen.* Is my daughter well?
>
> *Herman.* *She suffers but in sympathizing woe.*
> *Her fondest greeting, to each honour'd parent,*
> *Salutes you by my tongue. She longs to see you.*
>
> *Ellen.* We've taught ourselves to bear a tedious absence,
> From which the slightest good results to one,
> To whom we most owe duty and affection.
>
> *Herman.* My valiant friend, if now your leisure serves,
> I could desire some private speech with you;
> If not, I'll wait a fitter season.
>
> *Holst.* *Sir,*
> *I am entirely yours. My dear, your leave.*
>
> *Ellen.* *Adieu, my lord.* [*Exit.*]
>
> *Herman.* I will not waste a moment
> In idle preparation of my suit.
> Thus speaking with the frankness of a soldier,
> I lay my heart plainly at once before you.
> The gracious Ida, your most beauteous daughter,
> Has here inspired the most unbounded love.
>
> *Holst.* (*aside*) Unwelcome tidings! O, my fears presag'd this!
>
> *Herman.* I could not reconcile to manly conduct
> *A close clandestine furtherance* of my passion;
> To her most honour'd parent, I address me,
> Court his indulgence, bow to his decision."

To this animated burst of passion (which, as the reader will have perceived, leaves Romeo cold and insignificant) Holstein, the old soldier, replies with a reproach, stating that "*sickness menaces the throne itself;*" upon which Herman justifies himself in the following spirited manner:—

> "Spare this reproach, *for even there*, my friend,
> *Passion collected fuel to the flame,*
> *And Love illumin'd his torch at Pity's shrine.*
> I saw my Ida, like some angel, *tend*
> *The pillow* of disease, *whose* pallid *brow*
> Flushed at the comfort which her care bestowed;
> While she, unwearied, all relief declin'd,
> And seemed the embodied soul of consolation!"

We could go on for a twelvemonth delighting ourselves and our readers with passages equally valuable from our friend Boaden's works; but justice—stern justice whispers us to pause, and tells us that we ought to "waste our sweetness" on other pages. There are others equally worthy with Boaden, and we must therefore now dismiss him, promising, however, to return and consider his *Life of Mrs. Jordan* (not forgetting *his dates*) at a more convenient opportunity. At present, indeed, our space is pretty well exhausted, and we must omit even the mention of a hundred and fifty other eminent twaddlers who court our remarks. There are, for instance——but it is better, on second thoughts, not to forestall our opinions. Our good things will not spoil by keeping. If, however, we should entertain any doubts on that subject, we will give them an additional sprinkling of pepper, and all will be safe.

We had read thus far to a friend, when we were met by an objection that had never occurred to us. We think that it may be easily answered. "What is the use of abusing a stupid book?" inquired he, "Why not reserve your indignation for those that are vicious, and let the others die the natural death of dulness?"—If stupidity were unaccompanied by quackery or pretension, and if also the *sale* of a stupid book did not too frequently prevent the circulation of a good one, there might be something in this objection; although even then, the effect of this printed nonsense upon the intellects of the rising generation must be exceedingly pernicious. But, the fact is, there is only a certain quantity of money devoted to the purchase of

books; and if half of this be wasted on such trash as the *Secret Tribunal*, and the *Life of Mrs. Jordan*, works of value and utility must remain unbought, and be unknown to many persons to whom they might be of infinite benefit. This argument is, in itself, sufficient to justify the extinction of such printed absurdities. If Boaden, indeed, would send forth ripe Stilton, wrapped up in his "Tribunals," or put carefully up in his *Life of Mrs. Jordan*, delicious rolls of Epping butter, we should be the last persons to complain. We should cry, "Well done, our ancient! *Macte virtute!* More Stilton! More Epping! Let us have more—even if thou afflictest us, at the same time, with double the portion of thy paper!"

There is, moreover, almost invariably mixed up with folly of this sort (it seems indeed to be its natural concomitant) a huge quantity of false sentiment, and not a few unsound opinions. There are also egotism, affectation, effeminacy, and other sins and defects, which can scarcely be necessary to the welfare of letters. Why there is even our dear Lady Morgan—(spare us, gentle shade! we had forgotten—*Mrs.* Morgan)—she is never tired of talking about herself, her books, her bust, her banishments (from Austria and Italy,) her wide-spread fame,—France is at her feet—Ireland is her humble servant—the sculptors are dying to model her, the painters to paint her—compliments are showered on her like sugar-plums—French verses are addressed to her, which she answers in French—*her own French!*—and in a word, this wonderful little woman is eternally babbling of "Morgan, Morgan!" and we are never tired listening to her. Yet we question if all this, so amiable in itself, so modest and so agreeable, can be held to be *absolutely* beneficial to letters—at least in the strict sense of the utilitarians. We have our doubts as to the extreme theory of our converted friend, Mrs. Opie, on lying; and we doubt prodigiously some of Mr. Moore's positions in his late *Life of Lord Byron*. We pass by his details of the adventures at Venice, which might have been omitted with credit both to Lord Byron and himself; and refer the reader to one or two passages at the outset of his second volume. He asserts that much (or most) of my Lord's power and merit arose from his painful sensations, but that *when he was not really uncomfortable, he used to imagine himself so*, &c. Now if we ever saw an opinion knocked down in effect by its author, it is in this case. He asserts that a power arose out of certain natural sensations, and then tells us that they were half the time artificial. And this last statement is, beyond doubt, the truth. There cannot be a question but that Lord Byron was as full of affectation as a lady's maid, and as melancholy as "Master Matthew," who was Melancholy himself at "divers times;" and then, said he, "I do no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting."

We shall resume this subject in one of our early numbers.

PIPER.

LIVES OF THE STATESMEN OF FRANCE.

No. I.

THE DUC DE SULLY.

Maximilian de Bethune, Duke of Sully, was born at Rosny, on the 13th of December, 1560. He was the second of four sons; and, having early rendered himself remarkable by the gravity and excellence of his disposition, as also by great vigour of mind and body, he was selected by his father for the service of the young Prince of Navarre. After his presentation to the prince, he was placed under the care of a tutor at Paris, where, in his twelfth year, he narrowly escaped the horrors of the St. Bartholomew massacre. A breviary, which he placed under his arm, and his student's robe, gave him a sufficiently Catholic appearance to secure his safe conduct as far as the college De Bourgogne, where he remained concealed during three days; and when the young King of Navarre effected his escape from court, De Rosny followed him, both making open profession of the reformed faith, which they had been forced to abjure during the sanguinary period of religious persecution.

Henry of Navarre, who was seven years older than De Rosny, possessed, in an eminent degree, all the qualities calculated to win the affections of the chivalrous youth by whom he was surrounded. Frank, brave, and generous, gentle in demeanour, and fervent in his attachments; he united in his own person whatever is noblest in the princely and warlike characters. But De Rosny had another and peculiar inducement to attach himself to the service of the royal leader; his tutor, La Brosse, an astrologer, having repeatedly declared to him, that the King of Navarre, after having verged on destruction, would fill the throne of France, and liberally reward his services. The pupil never forgot his tutor's prophecy; and often quoted it to encourage the king in the trying struggles which preceded its final accomplishment.

After distinguishing himself by various exploits under the King of Navarre, he accompanied the Duke of Anjou in his expedition to the Low Countries, in the hope of regaining possession of the family estates, of which his father had been disinherited by the Vicomte de Gard, because of his professing the Protestant faith. During this expedition, De Rosny's gallantry was put to a severe trial by the following circumstance:—After the taking of Château en Cambresis by the duke's army, a proclamation was made, prohibiting violence to the women and maidens, under pain of death—a measure no less of precaution than of humanity, since the plague was raging in almost every house. As De Rosny was proceeding through the town, followed by those who had joined him in the assault, a beautiful girl threw herself into his arms, exclaiming distractedly, "Alas, sir, save my honour and my life; for your soldiers yonder are pursuing me, threatening me with violation or death!"

"Fear not," he replied; "I will prevent their doing you any wrong, and will conduct you to the nearest church in safety."

To this the girl rejoined, still holding De Rosny in her arms, "Ah, sir, I would willingly have taken refuge there; but admission was refused me, because they know that I have the plague."

"How!—Good God!" exclaimed he, thrusting her from him, "have you the plague? By heaven! you are a worthless woman, and must seek shelter elsewhere than in my arms. Why, was it not a sufficient defence for your honour to tell the soldiers you were infected?" And, without awaiting her reply, he left her; nor could any thing, during four following days, remove his apprehension, that this circumstance had entailed on him the malady he most dreaded.

Shortly after, becoming disgusted with the perfidious character of the Duke of Anjou, De Rosny resolved on returning to the service of Henry; but, before his departure, he paid a visit to his aunt, Madame De Mastin, who had also disinherited him on account of his religion. His conversa-

tion with this lady deserves to be recorded, as evidence of the *honest* influence exercised by the friars and father confessors of those—and, no doubt, of these—days, for the maintaining their ghostly domination.—When the aunt and nephew were standing before the tombs of their ancestors in the abbey-church, the former burst forth into the following lament:

"Alas! my nephew, how would my father, your grandsire, and my sister, if they were alive, now weep and feel vexation as I do, on seeing one of their children who believes not in God, nor in his Holy Mother; but who addresses his prayers solely to the hellish foe, who makes you the enemy of all good deeds, as I am told by our worthy father confessors."

And to the explanation which this pathetic sentence called forth, the old lady rejoined, "But how can this be as you say, since the good Father Sylvester has assured me, not eight days since, that the Huguenots are worse than the Jews, and that they pray neither to God nor his Holy Mother."

To convince her, De Rosny repeated the Lutheran creed; and, at the conclusion, Madame De Mastin embraced him, and said, "This being so, I love you as my good nephew. Oh, how I regret that your godfather and myself should have disinherited you; but I swear by the Holy Virgin, that all this shall be altered."—A promise which the good Father Sylvester doubtless authorized her ladyship to break, for De Rosny was not restored to his inheritance.

On his return to France, he was received with joy by the king of Navarre, who sent him to Paris to watch the movements of the court, where Solomon and Philippe de Béthune, nephews of De Rosny, were then in high favour, having abjured the reformed religion. It was during his stay in Paris that he became enamoured of Anne de Courtenay, a rich heiress, whom he married in 1584. From the period of his marriage, the Baron De Rosny became remarkable for the good order of his establishment, no less than for the splendour of his train, consisting of numerous gentlemen distinguished by birth and martial accomplishments. It was the theme of general wonder that a private nobleman, without largesses from the crown, should be enabled to support so heavy an expenditure; none knowing the sources whence his wealth was derived. One, and the principal of these, was the sale of horses which he purchased in Germany, and disposed of in Gascony at enormous prices. Never, amidst the dissipations of youth or dangers of war, was he insensible to the care of enriching himself; and for this end frequently took advantage of means and circumstances which modern delicacy might deem unworthy of his regard. But the King of Navarre, who thus found a well-filled purse constantly at his service, had no reason to regret the absence of fastidiousness in his friend's efforts for procuring the "sinews of war;" and it is more than probable that his early obligations to De Rosny in this respect, materially influenced Henry in appointing him at a subsequent period to that financial control which he exercised so salutarily for the interests and dignity of France.

After some fruitless negociation by the queen mother, Catharine de Medici, on the behalf of her son and the Catholic party, hostilities were recommenced, and De Rosny had the direction of the artillery at the famous battle of Coutras. Before the engagement, Henry thus addressed him:—"My friend Rosny, it is now that you must evince your spirit and diligence, for on the management of the artillery must depend, in great measure, the gaining of the battle, which I expect from God, for his glory is here concerned, and we fight for the preservation of the kingdom, which it is the wish of these (the League) to dismember, and my design to restore." To the princes he made the following Laconic appeal:—I shall only say to you, that you are of the house of Bourbon—and, God's life! I will shew you that I am your elder." The success of the Huguenots was complete; and De Rosny, seeing that victory had declared for them, hastened to congratulate Henry. This prince, on seeing him approach, exclaimed—"Well, my friend, to God alone be the glory of this victory! for the enemy were twice our strength—and if we owe any praise to human aid,

believe me, De Clermont, yourself and Bois du Lys should have a large share, for your cannon did wonders —and I therefore promise you that never will I forget the service you have this day done me." This great victory was gained on the 20th October, 1587, but was not succeeded by any important consequences for the Huguenots, owing to the dissensions which arose between Henry and some of the princes who had shared in the glories of the day.

The two following years, 1588 and 89, De Rosny passed for the greater part, in attendance on the King of Navarre, sharing all dangers, and omitting no occasion of confirming his already established character for undaunted valour and devotion to the cause in which he was embarked. On the eve of the famous battle of Ivry, he received the following note from the king, commanding him to leave Passy, and repair to the royal camp:—"My friend, I never had better expectation of giving battle, than to-day, but all has past in slight skirmishes. I am convinced you would have regretted all your life the not having been there; wherefore I apprize you that it will take place to-morrow; for we are so close upon each other, that we cannot possibly decline it. I conjure you therefore, to come and to bring with you what force you can, above all your own company, and the two companies of arquebusiers, which I left with you, for I know them, and wish to employ them. Adieu." Immediately on receiving this note, De Rosny set out and marched with such diligence, that he joined the king an hour and a half before the engagement, both armies being drawn up in order of battle. It may be worthy of mention, as shewing the superstitious tendency of his mind, that on the night before the battle, when keeping watch on the scarp at Passy, expecting an attack from the vanguard of the enemy, he declared that he saw distinctly in the heavens two armies in furious contest, and in his memoirs, the battle of Ivry is affirmed to have been the exact counterpart of this visionary conflict. On the approach of De Rosny, the king advanced to welcome him, and ordered his company to the right wing, in the body of the royal squadron, whom he thus addressed:—"Companions, if you this day share my fortunes, I also share yours. I will conquer or die with you. Keep well your ranks I pray you, and should you lose your colours, pecurants, or standards, lose not sight of my white plume: you will always find it on the road to honour and victory." In this engagement, two horses were killed under De Rosny, and he himself was severely wounded in the leg, thigh, and head. The last wound bore him to the earth, and on recovering, he found himself alone, without his helmet, when one of the enemy came upon him sword in hand, from whom however he escaped, by taking refuge under a pear-tree, the branches of which were so low and thick, as to serve for an intrenchment, till his opponent, tired with running round it, cursed him heartily, and went in quest of easier prey. De Rosny then came forth from his pear-tree, and meeting one of his own party leading a steed, which he had just taken, he purchased it for fifty crowns, and proceeded to reconnoitre the state of the field. As he thus rode, in sufficiently ill-plight, seven of the enemy advanced towards him, with the banner of the Duc Du Mayne; chief of the Leaguers, and addressing him by name, exclaimed:—"We all know you well—will you shew us courtesy and save our lives?" "How," cried De Rosny, "you speak like men who have lost the battle." To which they rejoined in the affirmative, and surrendered their persons, and the banner into his hands; with which easy capture he proceeded to his quarters. Here he spent a day in dressing his wounds. On the following morning, a litter was hastily constructed of branches, in which he proceeded to his chateau of Rosny, which was at no great distance from the field of battle. On approaching the castle, he was met by the king, who had been partaking of a collation there, after the chase. The following was the order in which the wounded warrior was returning home.—First marched two grooms, leading two war steeds; next two pages, mounted on two horses, the first of which had been severely wounded in the engagement. The page who rode this horse, wore his master's cuirass, and carried the

white banner of the enemy; the second bore the brassets and the helmet, fixed on the end of a broken lance; after these pages, came the Sieur De Maignan, esquire to De Rosny, his head bound, and one arm in a sling, who was followed by one of the attendants, wearing his master's cloak, and carrying several fragments of his sword, his pistols, and the remnants of the plume, which had been collected. Next to these was De Rosny in his litter, covered only by a sheet, excepting that his followers had spread over it the four cloaks of his noble prisoners, which were of black velvet, interwoven with numberless crosses of Lorraine in silver embroidery, and surmounted by the four helmets of those prisoners, with their lofty plumes of black and white; while round the sides of the litter were hung their swords and pistols. Then came the prisoners, followed by the servants of De Rosny; and lastly, the Sieur De Vassant, carrying his banner and followed by the company of soldiers, and the two companies of arquebussiers, whom he had brought to the royal squadron before the battle. The king delighted with this ovation, advanced to the litter, and embracing De Rosny, exclaimed—"Brave soldier and valourous knight, in my opinion the most glorious titles which can be given to a man of honour, following the profession of arms. I have ever had a high opinion of your courage, and conceived great hopes of your virtue. Now let me embrace you before these princes, captains, and great knights, who are around me, and in their presence declare you to be a true and frank cavalier, assuring you, as I do them, that never shall I have good fortune in which you will not participate." So saying, the king departed, and De Rosny pursued his way to the castle, where he continued for some time after his recovery, highly indignant at Henry's refusing him the governorship of Mantes, as that prince was reluctantly compelled to do, fearing that the great Catholic lords might take umbrage at seeing the place in the hands of a Huguenot. However, he joined the king after the raising of the blockade of Paris, which had been undertaken in 1590. He shared in various dangers, and at length was mainly instrumental in the taking of Gisors; the government of which he solicited, but was again refused for the same reason as before. De Rosny then broke out into passionate reproaches against the king, reminding him of his having supported his cause during eighteen years at his private charge, of the wounds and fatigues he had suffered, and the blood he had shed. To all which upbraidings, Henry only answered:—"I see well that you are now in anger—we will discuss the matter another time;" and when De Rosny had retired, he turned to his attendants and said, "we must let him talk, for he is of a quick and sudden temper, and, to say the truth, has some sort of cause here; but he will never do any thing wrong or shameful, for he is an honest man and loves honour." To cool his vexation, De Rosny went on a journey to the vale of Aillan, to visit his estates, leaving the charge of his company to his lieutenant. On returning from this tour, he heard that the king was besieging Chartres, whither he proceeded, and acquitted himself so bravely, that Henry eulogized him in public, and made him strong promises of future advancement. About this time he, in a skirmish, received a pistol shot in the upper lip, the ball passing through the back of the neck, a wound which occasioned him much suffering during the remainder of his life.

The success of Henry's arms daily increasing, at length emboldened him to undertake the siege of Rouen. While the necessary preparations were making, the young king performed a diversion to Compiegne, where the fair Gabrielle d'Estrees awaited him. De Rosny took advantage of the same occasion, becoming enamoured of Rachel de Cochefilet, widow of the Seigneur De Chateaupers, whom he selected to replace Madame De Rosny, then recently dead. This lady left the Catholic for the Reformed religion, in order to gratify her lord, with whom she spent a long life in conjugal happiness. During the king's stay at Compiegne, De Rosny made a capture under circumstances too ludicrous to be past over. The king had expressly forbidden the forwarding of provisions, or any kind of

commodities, to Paris or Rouen; notwithstanding which prohibition, the governors of towns, and especially of those situated on the rivers, combining together for their personal advantage, gave daily passports for furnishing the two blockaded cities with an exchange of merchandize and articles of consumption. De Rosny's company at Mantes had frequently intercepted various articles of this kind on their way to Paris, and he was on one occasion apprised of a well stored boat having proceeded to the capital, where its contents were to be disposed of for fifty thousand crowns; the safe conduct of which had been guaranteed by passports from the governors of towns along the line of the river. In consequence of this information, an armed boat was stationed between Meulan and Mantes, which duly captured the returning vessel, and towed her to Mantes. On unrolling the bales from the boat, De Rosny found, to his infinite disappointment, that no money was concealed there; and on questioning Fourges, the agent in the transaction, he was told that the bales were part payment in kind, and that the remainder of the sum was in bills of exchange, which were accordingly produced. This account by no means satisfied our experienced soldier, and he therefore proceeded to employ menaces, when the poor agent unwittingly revealed the whole affair. As De Rosny and himself were parading the apartment, hotly debating the question, a train of crowns fell on the floor from the ill-secured seams of M. De Fourges' 'small-clothes, who immediately evinced a disposition to take a chair. But De Rosny seized him by the arm, at the same time addressing him with great gravity as follows: "Come, come, Monsieur de Fourges, I see there will be much more pleasure and profit in making you walk than sit for the present;" and accordingly he made him continue the conversation, and traverse the apartment till seven thousand golden crowns had left their hiding place. This proceeding greatly exasperated the governors who had granted passports, but they were fain to hold their peace on the subject, as the king expressed himself highly delighted on hearing of it.

The siege of Rouen was raised in 1592, in consequence of the appearance of a force under the Prince of Parma for the support of the League, and de Rosny again retired to his castle, for the cure of his wounds, as was generally believed, but in reality to hide his indignation at a fresh refusal, similar to the former, to which the king was constrained to subject his faithful servant in the fear of offending the Catholic nobles, already but too generally disaffected, in consequence of his own delay in embracing their religion. There were not wanting many who endeavoured to turn the absence of De Rosny to his disadvantage, but Henry silenced them by saying, that he well knew what was the complaint under which his friend was labouring: "He is angry with me, and perhaps with some reason, and wishes to play the philosopher; but when we meet, I shall be able to arrange all this, for I know him well." This being reported to the "philosopher," he relented, and resolved to join the king.

On his way to Compiegne, where his majesty was then staying, he fell in with some messengers bearing dispatches for the Duke Du Mayne, and having seized their papers, found among them an important document—the copy of the treaty then on foot between the League and the King of Spain, in virtue of which the interests and dignity of France were to be utterly sacrificed, under pretence of securing the perpetuity and exclusive support of the Catholic faith. This treaty he placed in the king's hands on his arrival, saying in reply to a question from his majesty as to the cause of his early arrival, when his wounds were as yet imperfectly healed, "Sire, I come to bring you three pages of my philosophy." Henry, on receiving these dispatches, loaded his friend with encomiums, and insisted on his returning to the chateau De Rosny, there to remain till his wounds were perfectly cured. With this injunction he complied, receiving from the king the most flattering testimonies of regard on his departure.

The position of Henry now became daily more embarrassing. The sole and undisputed claimant to the crown of France, (for the farce of investing the Cardinal De Bourbon

with the kingly dignity was despised even by those who, for the purposes of party, had advanced him to that ridiculous distinction,) adored by his soldiery, and by such of his people as had experienced the benignity of a monarch whom the vexations and toils of war could not harden against his refractory subjects; still, by the great body of the nation, he was unknown and hated as the supposed enemy of a religion, whose ministers have at no time shrunk from promulgating calumny and misrepresentation, however gross, which might uphold their dark dominion. The horrors which the population of Paris had patiently endured during the blockade, rather than submit to the monster conjured up by monkish arts "to fright the land from its propriety"—a king whom they were made to regard as the sworn foe of God and his altars—those horrors were not forgotten by Henry, and he revolved with anguish the scenes of similar calamity, which his opposition to the wishes of the many might entail. So long as he remained Protestant, the Catholic league had a plausible appeal to the passions of Catholic France, though he himself well knew that views of personal aggrandizement alone influenced the leaders of that infatuated junction. Then those powerful nobles, who had joined his standard, from attachment to the hereditary succession, and a dread of the dissensions to be apprehended from the ambitious designs of members of their own body, now became urgent with him to take that step which alone could give peace to the country, and which, he had led them to hope, he would take when they swore fealty to him on the death of Henry III. If these considerations powerfully appealed to him within his kingdom, there were others no less imperative from without. The all-engrossing power of Austria was arrayed against him, backed by the fulminations of Papal vengeance, at that period possessing a power of which we now can form but a faint conception. Nor was he insensible to the desire and prospect of turning the tables on the power of Spain, could the energies of France be once so far restored as to enable her to embrace an effective alliance with the Protestant states, all eager for the blow which should bring the despot from his pride of place. On the other hand, how was he to forsake that Protestant party, which had supported him from his early youth, been faithful to him in all trials, as the delegated guardian of their spiritual privileges and political rights? The charge of ingratitude to which he must thus expose himself was, to his generous spirit, a counterpoise to the many evils to be apprehended from the protracted struggle for his rightful dominion. In this conflict of opinions the monarch summoned De Rosny, and demanded his counsel on a question thus vitally affecting the happiness of himself and his people. The zealous Protestant recapitulated the various considerations arising out of the subject, and concluded by advising his master to embrace Catholicism, as the only measure by which faction could be destroyed, and France placed in a situation to further his benevolent designs for her internal prosperity and external aggrandizement. In compliance with this advice the king assembled the principal among the Protestant nobles, and opened to them his intention on the subject. They listened with gloomy silence, but acquiesced in the prudence of taking some proceeding by which peace might be restored. After going through the form of listening to a polemical disquisition between the Protestant and Catholic divines, from which he gained all the instruction usually consequent on such displays, Henry subscribed a profession of faith declaring his belief in all the dogmas of popery, which profession concluded in these terms:

"In this Catholic faith, *out of which no one can be saved*, and of which I now make profession, I promise, with the grace of God, to persist wholly and inviolably to the latest breath of my existence."

Now it does appear by the passage in italics, that his majesty disposed somewhat unkindly of his Protestant friends, whom he himself had repeatedly declared to have been his most faithful subjects. It is worthy of remark that the gentle-hearted clergy of the period had prepared a very different profession from that which the king signed;—and that the

latter was tardily approved of by them, because of his firm refusal to sign the uncharitable, bigotted, and blasphemous document at first submitted to him by the Apostolics.

This great measure thus taken, a general truce was proclaimed, and sundry negociations set on foot with Spain and the Duke Du Mayne. Rheims being in the power of the League, Henry was crowned at Chartres on the 27th of February, 1594. To assist at this ceremony, De Rosny left Rouen, where he was engaged in negociating with Villars, the governor, for the surrender of the place into the power of the king. After the coronation he wished to return and resume the affair at Rouen, but Henry insisted on his prolonging his stay in Chartres, to thwart the passion of the Comte De Soissons and the Princess Catherine, sister to the king. This office De Rosny would gladly have declined. He urged the importance of securing the surrender of Rouen, while Villars was favourably disposed; and the danger of leaving that governor open to the machinations of the Spanish emissaries, and of those from the Duke of Mayne. The king, however, was inflexible, and he reluctantly undertook a charge which was executed so successfully, that the lovers both conceived a lasting hatred against him. They had interchanged written promises of marriage: these De Rosny persuaded them to deliver into his hands, assuring them that the king only required this mark of confidence on their part, to make him voluntarily accede to their fondest wishes. This matter, thus settled to the king's satisfaction, and the lovers utterly duped, De Rosny was at liberty to proceed with his negociation at Rouen, which, after many severe obstacles, he happily concluded, and was enabled to announce to the king the peaceable surrender of all Normandy. In reply to this communication, Henry wrote him a letter full of the most fervent acknowledgements, and concluded thus: "Come and join me on the 20th of this month at Senlis, or on the 21st at St. Denis, in order that you may assist in crying *Vive le Roi!* in Paris; and then we will go and do as much at Rouen. Shew this letter to the new servant, (Villars) whom you have acquired for me, that he may see I commend myself to him—may know that I love him well, and that I know how to prize and cherish brave men like himself. Adieu, my friend.—Henry Senlis. March 14, 1594."

The latter part of this extract produced, as it was no doubt intended to do, a most powerful effect on the generous Villars; such indirect eulogy being, as Henry well knew, one of the surest means for reaching a noble heart. When De Rosny had read to him the passage, De Villars exclaimed:—"By heaven, this prince is too kind and courteous in thus remembering me, and speaking of me in such good terms. And so deeply do I feel myself obliged to him that, when waiting on his majesty, I shall tender my acknowledgements for this. As to the treaty between us, ask for no surety beyond my honour, which I have given you, and fear not its changing in your absence." Having thus fortunately concluded this important negociation, De Rosny set out to join the king in his triumphant entry into Paris.

Henry was received with transport by the Parisians, who had the orthodox satisfaction of seeing him proceed to the church of Nôtre Dame to return thanks. But, though thus successful in the capital, his kingdom was by no means subjected to his sway. The Duke Du Mayne still held out, supported by several nobles, who wished for a subdivision of the French territory into petty principalities, which they had already marked out to their own satisfaction. Fortunately for France, however, her monarch had been long accustomed to combat and conquer difficulties even greater than those which now opposed his peaceable possession of his ancestral throne. He was not a man to abate one jot of dignity, or to sheath the sword while a single rebel remained in arms against him. Thus, even while negociations were on foot, he continued his steady career of conquest, subduing the more stubborn by the terror of his warlike energy, and the better disposed by the mildness and urbanity of his personal character. Still there was one embarrassment, which had well nigh paralyzed even his own untiring perseverance, namely, the deplorable confusion of the financial affairs of

the kingdom. De Rosny had already detailed to him what he conceived to be the destruction of the national resources, and the remedies likely to check the further progress of so alarming an evil. But however great might have been the king's desire to place this important department of the public service under the control of a servant, whose tried fidelity and unquestioned skill sufficiently guaranteed the honest and successful discharge of its duties, still the considerations, which had so often stood in the way of De Rosny's advancement, were as yet too powerful to admit of his sudden elevation to a post of such paramount influence. Hence it was that on the death of Monsieur d'O., who had held the unlimited disposal of the financial resources during a period of disturbance and misrule, which rendered him an irresponsible agent, De Rosny was past over, and De Sancy was selected for the vacant office. This minister had served the king and his royal predecessor with great zeal and success in divers negotiations in Germany and Switzerland: he was of a lively and enterprizing spirit, and had frequently given information of the numerous cases of mal-administration continually occurring, owing to the connivance or indolence of Monsieur d'O., at the same time suggesting plans of improvement, from which he anticipated the most flourishing results. To him, therefore, the king wished to give the appointment, confident that at least a partial cleansing of the Augean stable would be effected preparatory to the thorough purification which De Rosny and himself proposed. This design was frustrated by the fair Gabrielle, now Madame De Liencourt, who having conceived a strong aversion to De Sancy, resolved that he should not control the public purse, to which she proposed to apply as frequently as possible. Her determination, once formed, was soon acquiesced in by the king, who loved her passionately, and who, at no period of his life, was proof against the female force of smiles and tears. If the former failed, the latter were sure to succeed; and the fair favourite of the time being had only one person in France to fear—this was Sully. At the period of which we are now speaking, however, this great minister had not developed all the resources of his richly endowed character. Gabrielle had no opponent—and instead of the appointment of one active minister, the king at her suggestion named a committee of finance, with Monsieur De Nevers at its head, who was assisted by eight members, among whom was De Sancy. To this number Henry wished De Rosny to be added; but the committee, aware of the sleepless vigilance and unwearied activity of his character, formally opposed the proposition. Nor was he himself at all desirous of joining a body, from whose operations he expected an increase, if possible, of the confusion and labyrinthine intricacy of the public accounts. This committee was appointed in 1595, and in April, 1596, we find the king writing from Amiens to De Rosny in terms of the bitterest complaint. The following extract from the royal epistle will shew the deplorable state to which he was reduced. After complaining of the finance committee for neglecting to furnish him with the necessary funds for his military operations, and urging De Rosny to give him the benefit of his services by joining that body, he goes on to say: " It now remains for you to resolve on following my intentions; and to induce you to do this with more reason, and consequently with sincere affection, I will tell you freely the condition to which I find myself reduced :—which is such, that, being here very nigh to the enemy, I have neither a horse whereon I can go to battle, nor a complete suit of armour to wear; my linen is torn, my doublet out at elbows; and, since these two days past, I dine and sup with one or the other of my suite—my purveyors assuring me, that they have no longer the means of supplying my table, as they have received no money for more than six months. Judge, then, whether I deserve to be thus treated; whether I ought any longer to suffer financiers and treasurers to starve me, while their tables are well and delicately served; whether my household should be full of wants and theirs of wealth and opulence; and whether you are not obliged to come to my assistance loyally, as I now entreat you to do."

In obedience to this letter, De Rosny repaired to the king, who received him with every demonstration of attachment, and entrusted him with a mission to his sister and to the Duke De Montpensier, in order to procure their union if possible. The princess was at Fontainebleau, when mindful of the return made by De Rosny at Chartres, for the confidence she with the Count De Soissons had placed in him, she received him coldly, and after much fruitless and some angry discussion, they separated. On the return of De Rosny from this unsuccessful mission, he was solicited anew by the king to join the finance committee. As soon as this intention became known to the members, all the engines of intrigue were set at work to prevent its accomplishment, and it is a lamentable fact, that the ultimate triumph of the upright counsellor was owing not so much to the firmness of Henry as to the importunities of Madame De Liancourt, who had no higher motive for her zeal than the hope of procuring larger supplies of money, under an improved administration of the finances. At length, the king gave orders that his commission should be made out; and while the necessary measures were being taken for this purpose, he took De Rosny with him to Monceaux, where the Duke Du Mayne arrived two days after to make submission. This chief of the League found the king walking in the park, and his majesty having received his homage, addressed to him some flattering sentences, and, taking him by the hand, began walking at a furious rate, discoursing with animation on the beauty and advantages of the place. The good duke, troubled as he was with a grievous sciatica, found it almost impossible to keep pace with the king, yet dragged his lingering length along as he best might. Henry at last relented, whispering to De Rosny, who was on the other side of him—" If I trot this huge body of his much farther, I shall be easily avenged for all the evil he has done us, for he will be a dead man." Then, stopping short, he said to the exhausted pedestrian —" I think, cousin, I walk rather fast for you, and have worked you too hard." " By my faith, sire," answered the duke, striking his sides, " you say truly, and I swear to you that I am so tired and out of breath, that I can no more; and that if you had continued walking me so fast, the honour and kindness shewn me preventing my saying ' it is enough,' and still more my leaving you, I verily believe your majesty would have killed me without thinking of it." " Well, well, give me your hand, cousin," returned the king, " this is all the evil or vexation you will ever experience from me; of which I heartily give you my word and faith, which I have never violated, nor ever shall." " By Heaven!" exclaimed Du Mayne, " I believe this, sire, and all the other generous things which may be hoped from the bravest prince of our century; and I swear to your majesty by the living God, on my honour and salvation, that I will be to you a loyal subject and faithful servant while I live." " I believe you," said the king, " and that you may long love and serve me, go rest and refresh yourself at the castle, and I will send you a couple bottles of Vin d'Arbois, which I know is not hateful to you. De Rosny here will do the honours. He is one of my most ancient servants, and one of those who will experience most joy in seeing that you mean to love and serve me in sincerity of heart." The duke accordingly retired with De Rosny, deeply impressed by the royal condescension and urbanity, and declaring that, in the knightly and princely virtues, Henry rivalled the noblest monarchs of history.

Shortly after the important reconciliation just related, De Rosny entered on his functions as a member of the finance committee. His first measure was to proceed in person throughout the provinces, and inspect the mode in which taxes were levied and disposed of. All possible obstacles and vexations were prepared for him with the connivance of his colleagues, who clearly foresaw their " occupation," would be " gone," if his active spirit were suffered to proceed unchecked. Notwithstanding all obstructions he contrived to return, accompanied by seventy cart-loads of money, which he took to the king, who was then at Rouen. Neither jealousy, deri-

sion, nor intrigue could blind Henry to this palpable evidence of the resources of his kingdom and the rectitude of his minister. Anxious to provide for the permanent prosperity of his people now that the most dangerous of his enemies had been gradually subdued, he, in October, 1596, assembled the *Notables* at Rouen, and opened the deliberations in person. His speech on the occasion is well worthy of being quoted.—" If," said the generous monarch, " I placed my glory in passing for an excellent orator, I should have brought here more fine words than good-will : but my ambition aims at something higher than talking well ; I aspire to the glorious titles of liberator and regenerator of France. I have not summoned you, as my predecessors were wont to do, for the purpose of requiring a blind approval of my will. I have assembled you to receive your counsels, to believe them, to follow them, in a word, to place myself under guardianship in your hands. This is a wish which seldom actuates kings, grey-beards,* and conquerors like myself: but the love which I bear for my subjects, and the extreme desire I feel to preserve my kingdom, renders every thing easy and honourable to me."

The chief expedients proposed by the *Notables* were the establishment of a " council of reason," the members of which were to be chosen by the assembly ; and the division of the revenues of the kingdom into two equal portions ; one of which amounting, as they calculated, to five millions of crowns, should be appropriated to the payment of officers' salaries, fiefs, endowments, &c., the expenses of public works, as also the arrears of public debt ; the whole to be directed by the above mentioned council of reason, without any interference whatever on the part of the king, his council, or the royal courts : leaving the second portion, amounting also to five millions, for the king and those of his council of finance, to employ in meeting the expenditure of the royal persons' household, army, artillery, fortifications, garrisons, embassies, rewards, presents, benefactions, buildings, and *menus plaisirs.* These proposals met with unanimous opposition in the royal council, though De Rosny's seemed to be rather an acquiescent than active disapproval. Observing this, the king sent for him in private, and became convinced by his arguments, that the proposal of the assembly should be accepted, for two very sufficient reasons ; firstly, because a refusal would be calculated to excite discontent and discussion at a time when both were so much to be deprecated : and secondly, because, as De Rosny clearly showed, and as the event proved, the very originators of the measure would be the first to clamour for its repeal, as soon as its utter impracticability became manifest—which he contended it would within two months of actual experience. The division of the revenues was accordingly made under the direction of De Rosny, who was careful to assign to the Notables that portion which had been extravagantly valued, and the collection of which was attended with the greatest difficulty. A very short period had elapsed, when the *Notables* approached the throne with an humble request that his majesty would deign to resume the exclusive direction of the finances. Thus the king and his minister obtained the entire confidence of the people, which was strongly confirmed by the remission of twenty millions of arrears of taxes, and the gradual diminution of imposts by five millions. Royal domains, which had been neglected or abandoned, were reclaimed and rendered a fruitful source to the revenue. Nor was De Rosny content with the implicit confidence reposed in him by the king, in consequence of the wonderful system of order and happiness, which he had formed out of the chaos of protracted malver-

* Though Henry was but forty-three years old at this time, yet his hair and beard were already whitened. He would often say, " 'Tis the blast of my adversity has been there."

At the breaking up of the first sitting of this assembly, Madame de Monceaux (Gabrielle) reproached the king with having placed himself under guardianship, " Agreed on," said he, " but I beg it to be understood that I do so with my sword at my side."

sation. He went further and simplified his whole system of finance into tables, in which Henry saw, at a glance, the amount of his income and expenditure. The revenue was collected, and the government conducted at the least possible charge, but every functionary was punctually paid, and remained contented with the conviction that the same rigid justice was dealt to high as low—to the relatives of the king as to the collectors of his revenue. This unflinching rectitude could not fail of causing him many powerful enemies among those whose conduct had never before been scrutinized. But the king, who never murmured at a rebuke from his minister, however severe, when feeling it to be merited, was immovable by the complaints and intrigues of men, whose hatred of De Rosny, he well knew, was attributable solely to the rigid integrity of his character. The Count De Soissons himself was made to feel this, when having obtained the royal permission for the establishment of a fresh impost, the intrepid minister refused to comply, and by his representation induced the recall of the grant. Having at the same time expressed his sense of the difficult position in which he stood, thus personally opposing a prince of the blood, Henry replied:—"Give yourself no trouble on that head, for I will support you against them all while you serve me well, as you have ever done, and for which, I confess, I have good reason to congratulate myself." Thus encouraged, the minister remained inflexible even to the reproaches of Madame De Verneuil, who, in reply to his remonstrance on the same occasion, exclaimed:—"Really one would be well employed in listening to you, and displeasing so many persons of quality to gratify your phantasies! For whom should the king provide, if not for his cousins, relatives, and mistresses?" "Madam," returned De Rosny, "what you say would be well, if his majesty took the money from his own pocket; but to raise it from the merchants, artisans, labourers, and yeomen is unjustifiable, they being the support of the king and of us all, —"ally contented with one master fast fo.having so many cousins, retoo haand mistresses to maintain."

The firmness of Henry in matters of expenditure was never more strikingly evinced than on the occasion of the baptism of his son, Alexander, by Gabrielle d'Estrees, then Duchess of Beaufort. The friends of the duchess applied to De Rosny for the expenses of the ceremony, and, on receiving a smaller sum than they had hoped for, remonstrated, saying, "Sir, the sum to be furnished to those assisting at the baptism of the children of France, has been long since regulated."—"Go, gentlemen," replied the minister, "there are no children of France." This was immediately reported to the duchess, with such additions as necessarily attend the carriage of a complaint; and her ladyship laid her own statement of the affair before the king. De Rosny was sent for, and his explanation proving satisfactory, he was commanded to repair to the offended lady and effect a reconciliation. This, however, proved impracticable, and Henry requested his minister to accompany him to St. Germain, then the residence of Madame De Beaufort. On arriving, the king having retired with De Rosny and the duchess to a private chamber, upbraided the latter with her folly in pursuing the counsel of those who wished her to assume the rights of royalty, and to oppose his favourite minister. Hereupon the lady, with sighs and tears and sobs, and all the seeming suits of woe, burst forth into a passionate lamentation over her wayward destiny for having forced her to doat upon a prince who loaded her with threats and reproaches, to please one of his valets who had often outraged her to extremity, and had even blamed the honours shewn to their child, and refused the usual remuneration given to the assistants at a royal baptism. She then renewed her weeping, and declared that death itself would be preferable to living in such disgrace as she seemed doomed to undergo. "By G—, madam," cried Henry, "this is too much! and I see clearly you have been set on to all this foolery with a view to procure the discharge of a servant with whom I cannot dispense, as I have no fear in confessing before him, and who has long loyally served me. But I swear to you that this shall never be; and, in

order that you may set your heart at rest on the subject, and no longer obstinately oppose my will and the welfare of my state, I declare to you, that, were I reduced to the necessity of losing either, I could better dispense with ten mistresses like yourself, than with one minister such as he, whom you have called a valet in my presence and his own to insult him; a thing of which I strongly disapprove, he being of an extraction widely different, and those of my family not having disdained an alliance with his." This lecture brought the lady to her propriety. She fell on her knees, implored forgiveness, and finally became reconciled to the man whom she could not ruin.

About this time the king became exceedingly desirous of dissolving the marriage between himself and Marguerite de Valois, an union which had originated in the political expediency so diligently and unsuccessfully practised by Catharine de Medici. So little precaution had been taken by Marguerite herself to conceal her numerous gallantries before marriage, that Henry, naturally enough, declined cohabiting with her, both parties contriving to console themselves for the separation. Now, however, that the king had established himself securely on the throne, he was anxious to transmit the succession to his lineal descendants. From his present union no issue could be expected, and the queen herself shewing no disinclination to a divorce, it was determined to make application to the court of Rome. De Rosny was employed to obtain the formal consent of Marguerite. Strange as it may appear, this voluptuous tenant of the chateau d'Usson, resolutely refused her assent, till satisfied that the immoral intercourse between his majesty and the Duchess De Beaufort should not terminate in a matrimonial union. "Born a daughter of France," said the queen, "being the daughter, sister, and wife of kings, and all that remains of the royal race of Valois, breathing the air of life, I love my country so dearly, so truly regard the person and gratification of the king, and desire so ardently to see him possessed of a legitimate offspring, who may inherit his crown without dispute, that, not being in a condition to afford him that happiness in my own person, I desire and hope to witness it in another, who may be worthy of him. In which view I am resolved to contribute by all the means in my power, to facilitate and accelerate the dissolution of our marriage. But should this be desired for the purpose of placing in my stead a woman of so base an extraction, and who has led a life so foul and scandalous, as that of her just mentioned, by common report, I am resolved on pursuing a contrary course, and on yielding no portion of my right that he may be so unsuitably connected."

This stipulation was precisely what the monarch was anxious to avoid, it being his dearest wish to raise the duchess to the dignity of a royal consort. From a step so derogatory to his personal dignity, and to the national interests, De Rosny earnestly endeavoured to dissuade him, making good use of the queen's resolute reply, which Henry well knew to be final. Wavering between passion and the sense of his regal dignity, the king continued to hesitate, till the question was set at rest for ever by the sudden demise of the duchess, who died of apoplexy at Saint Germain, in 1599. Henry was inconsolable for this loss. There can be no doubt that, among the numerous attachments of this amorous prince, there was none so deeply rooted as that for the lovely Gabrielle, whose beauty was equalled only by the sweetness of her temper and disposition; even on the dangerous eminence to which the royal favour had raised her, she was viewed without dislike, till the ambition of others rather than her own, induced her to strive for the sovereign dignity. D'Aubigné, speaking of her, says: "We have rarely seen mistresses of our kings who have escaped the animosity of the great; they have either opposed the desires of some, or procured the disgrace of others by whom they were unsupported, or espoused the interests, mercenary or vindictive, of their own relatives. Thus it is wonderful that this woman, whose extreme beauty was entirely free from lasciviousness, contrived to live in the court of Henry with so few enemies." But poignant as must have been the grief of Henry, at finding himself thus suddenly de-

prived of one so dear to him, yet he himself soon saw that this event, however deplored, was the only one which could have given probability to his hope of a legitimate offspring. So long as Gabrielle lived, the queen would have remained inflexible, and the court little less so, while the violence of a passion, increasing, if possible, with duration rendered any expectation of an union elsewhere, hopeless By the unexpected removal of the obstacle, De Rosny found himself at liberty to resume his negociations with the queen The people began to shew an anxiety equalling that of their sovereign, concerning the succession, and the parliament, by the mouth of the procureur general, implored his majesty to secure to them the peaceable continuance of the blessings of his paternal sway, by placing the inheritance of the crown beyond dispute In a letter to De Rosny, Marguerite de Valois expressed her readiness to meet the national wishes, now that no danger remained of seeing her place occupied by one whom she judged unworthy of possessing it, she even wrote to the pope, with her own hand, requesting him to accede to the wishes of her lord Accordingly, the holy see declared the marriage to be null and void, and De Rosny had the satisfaction of beholding his efforts in this important matter tending to a favourable issue But a new obstacle arose, in the person of a new favourite, Mademoiselle D'Entragues whose restless, intriguing and malignant spirit rendered her a formidable opponent The king soon became madly attached to her, and went so far as to give her a written promise of marriage, as, however, he now took no step, whether grave or unimportant, without consulting De Rosny, he fortunately requested his advice on this occasion Having sent for him, he placed a paper in his hands, saying "Read that, and then tell me your opinion" This was the promise of marriage, and the indignant minister carefully re-folded it, and presented it to his majesty, declaring, that he had not sufficiently reflected on so important a subject to justify him in delivering any opinion respecting it. "Come, come," said the king, 'speak freely, and do not be so excessively cautious —your silence offends me more than your most reproachful words could do I promise you to hear calmly whatever you may say: therefore, tell me your mind freely, for I wish, and absolutely command it" "You promise then, sire," replied De Rosny, "not to be offended with anything I may do or say?" "Yes, yes, I promise you all you wish," was the reply, whereupon, instead of returning the promise into the king's hands, he tore it asunder, saying "This, sire since you wish to know it is what I think of such a promise" "How, *morbleu*!" cried the king, "what mean you? I think you are mad" "It is true, sire,' said he, "I am a madman and a fool, and could wish I were so much so as to be the only one in France" "Well, well" returned Henry, "I understand you, and shall say no more, but return me the paper" This was done accordingly and the conference shortly after terminated, the king being fully sensible of the preposterous nature of any such promise as that which had been extorted from him He finally gave his consent to marrying Mary de Medici, daughter of Francis Grand Duke of Florence The preliminaries were entrusted to the care of the Grand Constable, the Chancellor, Messrs De Villeroy and De Rosny, and were speedily settled. "Whence come you" asked the king of De Rosny, as the commissioners one morning waited on him, concerning other matters of state. "Sire, we have just married you," was the answer On this, the king fell into a reverie for some quarter of an hour, then suddenly exclaimed, clapping his hands—"Well! Heaven's will be done, there is no help for it—since, for the good of my kingdom, you say that I must be married, I must be so But it is a state that I much fear, always remembering the mischiefs that resulted from my first entering on it and further, I much apprehend meeting with some stubborn head, who will reduce me to the common contentions and disputes of domestic life, which, as you well know, are more terrible to my humour than politics or battles, of how great consequence soever these latter may be."

At this period De Rosny was appointed Grand Master of the Artillery, and took up his residence at the arsenal, where the king became an almost daily visiter. In this new sphere of activity, he worked a reform in no degree inferior to that which had so rapidly changed the financial prospects of the country. Arms and ammunition of every sort were at hand whenever required, and the grand master, not confining his care to the furnishing of the necessaries for carrying on warfare, seized eagerly every occasion of signalizing himself in the career which had been the joy and glory of his youth; indeed, so heedlessly did he expose himself when besieging the fortresses of Charbonniere and Montmelian, in Savoy, that the king wrote to him as follows:—"If you are useful to me in the management of the artillery, I have yet more need of you in that of the finances. My friend, whom I love well, continue to serve me zealously, but not in playing the madman, or the common soldier." The fortresses of the kingdom fell under his charge, as grand master of artillery, and he took advantage of the peace for strengthening them, and erecting new ones, Wherever he was employed, affairs assumed a new aspect, to the wonder of envy itself, whose reluctant voice joined in the general admiration.

On the 2nd of December, 1600, the queen, Mary of Medici, arrived at Lyons; on hearing which, the king, who was then with De Rosny, besieging Fort St. Catherine, took advantage of the interval of a capitulation for joining his new consort. She had awaited his arrival till nine at night, when she retired to her chamber. Shortly after, the king was announced; he entered, clothed in armour, and on her falling at his feet, he raised her, apologizing for his late arrival: "I expect," said he, embracing her, "that you will lend me half of your couch, for I have not been able to bring my own." This accomplishment of the marriage was the theme of general joy, and to none more than to De Rosny, who feared the weaknesses of Henry's character might be practised on so as to frustrate an object dear to the nation, and one which had cost himself much anxious care.

Agreeably to a promise given to the Genoese, the fort St. Catherine was a few days after utterly destroyed by De Rosny, to the great vexation of the papal legate, who had arrived for the purpose of securing a peace between the king and the duke of Savoy. "M. De Rosny alone," said his eminence, "has dealt openly with me—for he has always assured me of his determination to ruin the fortresses, and this in particular; would that others had been equally candid." The confidence reposed in the word of De Rosny by all the Catholic nobles, was frequently testified in the most striking manner; "He is a Huguenot, *but* a man of honour," was their bigotted tribute of admiration. On the occasion just mentioned, the trust reposed in his personal character by the legate, was the main cause of the conclusion of the treaty, which the destruction of St. Catherine had for a few days interrupted. De Rosny, intrusted with full powers by the king, drew up the terms, in conjunction with the papal emissary, and advantageously terminated hostilities.

The king immediately proceeded to Paris, to prepare for the reception of his queen, and De Rosny also sat out some days before her majesty to superintend the arrangements for her public entry into the capital. This ceremony went off with great magnificence, and on the following day, De Rosny entertained their majesties and the court at a banquet, in honour of their nuptials.

In the following year the king, having received intelligence of a siege preparing by the Spaniards before Ostend, proceeded to Calais, to watch the progress of affairs. While here he heard that Elizabeth of England, for whom he entertained a high esteem, was at Dover; and shortly after her arrival, an ambassador was dispatched from her majesty to the French king, bearing autograph letters, expressive of her sense of his martial and princely qualities, and her great desire of a personal interview. Elizabeth also hinted at a communication which she was anxious to make, but which

could not safely be committed to writing, or to the discretion of her ambassador. This excited the curiosity of the King, and he directed De Rosny to repair immediately to Dover, as a private nobleman, and with the apparent design of proceeding on to London, for the purpose of examining the peculiarities of the kingdom, and its inhabitants; at the same time contriving to meet some nobleman of the court, and thus indirectly apprise the queen of his arrival. In compliance with these instructions he embarked, and on landing at Dover, was instantly recognized by Lord Sidney, who was walking on the shore. They were soon joined by other nobles of the English court, all eagerly enquiring whether De Rosny was come on the part of the king his master. To these queries the cautious minister replied, that the king was not even aware of his having left Calais, and entreating that they would not mention his coming to her majesty, lest she might be offended at his having brought with him no letter or message from King Henry; he then took leave of them, with the expressed intention of quitting Dover as soon as he should have dined; but, as he expected, his repast was interrupted by a captain of the queen's guards, who sportively assured him that he was arrested by order of Elizabeth; to this De Rosny replied that he felt honoured by such captivity, and immediately waited on her majesty. As he entered the presence, she exclaimed:—"How now M. De Rosny, is it thus you enter our territory, without coming to visit us? At which we are the more surprised, since you have expressed your atttachment to our person, nor are we sensible of giving you cause to change your good will." After interchanging some phrases of appropriate adulation and compliment, they proceeded to the subject which both had nearest at heart—the political aspect of Europe.

[*To be concluded in our next Number.*]

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now yarely and soft, my boys,
Come step we, and cast; for Time's o'wing;
And would'st thou partake of Harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in Spring.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Old Earth has put on, you see,
Her sunshiny coat of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be,
As years that are past have been.
Fall gently, &c.

Old Mother, receive this corn,
The son of six thousand golden sires;
All these on thy kindly breast were born,
One more thy poor child requires.
Fall gently, &c.

Now lightly and soft again,
And measure of stroke and step let's keep;
Thus [illegible] and thus down we cast our grain,
Sow well and you gladly reap.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

TO PETRUS-MAXIMUS, ON THE EJECTMENT OF JEFFREY.

A MONOLOGUE.

Patrick Robertson—the jug stands with you, and I am about to give a high bumper. All filled?—

Here, then, is "Fair weather after Frank Jeffrey, the sham M. P."

Honoured as it ought to be! A pleasant parliamentary career has Jeff's been! Getting into Parliament in the very teeth of the decision of the Court of Session, by means the least honourable that can well be conceived, and by a series of electioneering tricks and stratagems, broken promises, dishonest shufflings, and shabby shiftings, sufficient to excite the envy of an Old Bailey practitioner; he sate in it long enough to prove his total incapacity for debate. If he have time enough allowed, it is possible that he may be able to hash up some of the old *crambe recocta* of the forgotten numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, and to deal forth that delicious compost.—I fear, delicacy prohibits me from giving it the just and appropriate name bestowed upon it by Ramsay John Macculloch—for which the pages of that prating journal have always been famed, in a dialect and accent curiously combining all the Cockneyisms of London and Edinburgh. His first speech upon the general question—I do not mean your general question, Peter—on the general question of reform, was listened to, for a while, out of the courtesy, which always ensures a hearing to a maiden speaker; but as snip-snap sentence was gabbled forth after snip-snap sentence, as one idle and vague generality followed another idle and vague generality, so dropped off the hearers. There was nothing in what he said—words—words—words—as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, remarks—and it was impossible to stand it. I remember old Forsyth, of Edinburgh, used to say, that Jamfrey, as he always called him, spoke till he came to a pain in his leg—that he had no other limit to the thin and petty gurgling of his oratory than incapacity to stand any longer; and his first show in the House of Commons fully confirmed the saying of the ancient barrister.

It was very proper that he should have been answered by Croker. The flowers of Auld Reekie and the Poddle are fit antagonists for one another. Hack *Quarterly versus* hack *Edinburgh* are a fairly matched pair of gladiators, and they battled it out according to their vocation. The first was all feelosofy—he dealt in abstrak preenciples; the Irishman, who never pretended to any acquaintance with principles, bothered about blots in the detail. His business is, indeed, picking, wherever he shows himself. Wonderfully critical, in early life, upon the manners and costume of a provincial company, which he sadly plagued, he obtained *kudos* immense for his familiar epistles—when he came to try his hand on something beyond tearing a poor actress's ruff, and debauched by the example of Scott, to try the fatal facility of the octosyllabic metre, he ventured to turn the Gazette account of the battle of Talavera into rumbling rhyme—he was no better than five hundred eminent authors gone to Erebus. In his *Review*, nobody made a prettier gallimawfry of all the blunders in orthography, syntax, &c. of *Miladi* Morgan—his minuteness in holding up a mis-spelling to the indignation of an outraged public, was quite irreproachable—when, however, he pronounced *Guy Mannering* unreadable, and predicted that the vein of the author of *Waverley* was exhausted, he was not quite so distinguished. So, here, in his answer to Jeffrey—answer, by the way, it was none, except in a few sentences—Croker shunned, as an owl does daylight, all consideration of principle, any expanded or extended view of the question, and addressed the House upon the enormity of Malton having only five inhabitants above 4,000, being allowed to put in two members. A great argument! The most cabbage-headed knight of the shire could have told him that if limits are fixed by number, a single unit excludes or admits. Suppose, for instance, if Croker had retired from office, as it was said he intended, on the day after he had, by completing his twentieth year in the public service, entitled himself to a large pension, somebody had said, "What? Croker, my dear fel-

low, you can never think of touching their coppers, you have only served twenty years and a day. Is it not preposterous to say that if you had served nineteen years and three hundred and sixty-five days, you could not have made this claim, and that a day more gives it to you? What, 2,500*l.* a-year for one day! Oh, happy day! No, Croker, you are a man of too acute a mind not to see the absurdity of such a regulation, and too honourable to retain 2,500*l.* a year got for one day's work. Do, like a good fellow and an honest man, and a clever argumenter, drop the dirty pension—do the decent thing—touch not the shiners—there's a good fellow—you have no notion how it would oblige all the Navy."

Now what would Croker have said to this adviser with his fine arithmetical ratiocination? why nothing, but placing the nail of his left thumb on the tip of his nose, and the nail of his right thumb on the tip of his left little finger, and then hastily expanding his hands to the figure of an eagle's wing, he would have exclaimed, after lapping out a yard and a half of his tongue, "I am much obliged to you for the loan of your civility, and the brightness of your parts. Soft is your horn, honey, as my countryman said, when he mistook a jackass for a bull. Devil a copper I'll give up for all your blarney, I scorn the notion." Croker, pay you a handful of tenpennies, would have seen the absurdity, at once, when reduced to the *argumentum ad crumenam.* However, as I said before, Jeffrey and he were a pretty pair of dunghills to pitch against one another. I assure you, Patrick, that the attack and answer put me in mind of the pleading in Rabelais, between the Lord of Humevesne and his savory-named antagonist, in which the speech of the one was nothing to the purpose, and the answer of the other still less. The days of Pantagruel have gone by, or he would have broken the head of both the champions. And, yet, sometimes, when I look over the speeches in Parliament, I am tempted to think, that the race which the worthy son of Gargantua brought into the world in so peculiar a manner, continues in full vigour, and musters in great force, with every mark of their especial origin on both sides of both Houses.

The jug is out, so ring for another. Make it to your own taste, for I'm always agreeable. Take care, however, that, like Lord John Russell's bill, it may be a strong and decisive measure. And, indeed, Lord John is the man to bring in a strong and decisive measure—he looks like it. What a shame is it for Sir Walter Scott, the other day, at the Roxburghshire meeting, to call Johnny, that great statesman, and most important character—a child. Aye, indeed, but that was the very word he applied to the great Historian of Europe. "I can only compare," says the uncivil baronet, "the present measure to a watch placed in the hands of an unskilful person, who, by turning the regulator backwards and forwards, without a knowledge of its machinery, broke it in pieces: and now we have got a repeater in the hands of *children*, and God knows what is to become of it."

There, Patrick, listen to that. A repeater in the hands of *children.* Johnny ought to call him out. A gentleman who writes quartos, knocks down constitutions, makes grand speeches, publishes them afterwards in sixpenny books, with his own face prefixed to them, for nothing at all—the tragedian of Don Carlos—whose motion is a purge, and whose writing an emetic—he to be called *a child* by a man who has only written *Marmion* and *Waverley*, and other rubbish of the same description—is really too bad. No wonder, as that illustrious paper, the *Times*, says, that Scott will "do wisely to know the limits of his proper field, and to act within it. He has made history, whenever he touches it, a romance. His politics are already a chimera." That is really very well said of the *Times*. Sir Walter Scott has no right to interfere in a field which is occupied by the superior genius of my friend, Jack Russell. Nobody can accuse him—I mean John—of making his history as readable as a romance. He is above such kind of writing. And, as to *his* being a chimera,—why, I recollect, that the old fable used to tell us of the *ignea vis* of that tremendous creature. Homer, if I do not mistake, talks about its πυρος μενος αιθομενοιο. I almost forget my Greek, but that is something like it—and whatever people may say of Sir Walter Scott, they'll think for some time before they attribute the breathing of

"words that burn" to my friend Johnny—so that upon the whole, it is a most judicious comparison on the part of the *Times*.

Be that as it may, Jeffrey's second speech was heard merely because he was the organ of ministers in bringing forward their plan of Scotch reform, just as any other ministerial mouth-piece would be heard in such a case. We used to listen to Goulburn himself, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, on subjects connected with the office he so worthily and efficiently filled—after all, Althorp does not do it much better, the one having been as glorious in taking off, as the other in putting on taxes—and, on the same principle, people listened to Jeffrey. Besides, there was a moral fitness that a man, sitting for a seat obtained as Jeffrey's was, should come forward *in propriâ personâ* to bear witness to the rascally and indefensible manner in which elections are managed across the border. But when he spoke a third time, it was evident, that the third time was not the charm but the bore. The question was upon the blessed affairs of my blessed country, now fairly set adrift from England; and up got Jeff to prattle to a house as thin as his own style of eloquence, and as sleepy as an unhappy sufferer who has got to the length of the sixteenth page of Tom Macauley. Not a word did he say of Ireland, not as much as would cover a potatoe. He tried it on again with his first speech, and the repeated dose was too much for human endurance.

Yes, Patrick, this tipple is by no means to be despised—I know the goodness and kindness of your truly feeling heart suggests that Jeff was groggy—and indeed old Bob Inglis told me, that the little man was obliged to be much jogged and pulled in divers parts of his speech to keep him awake—but even after that deduction, which you are so good as to offer in his favour, it will not do. I repeat it, I know nothing of the man's abilities at the bar—they may be great or small—but he was a failure in the House, and he has been a poor pretender all his life in literature. Some body, I think it was Tom Duncombe, or some other great literary character, told us that the *Edinburgh Review* had advanced the genius of the age, or some other nonsense of the same kind. The contrary is the fact. The business of the *Edinburgh Review*, from its beginning to the present day, was to depress, by sneer and ridicule, every man of true genius who has rendered our time illustrious, and to set up a spirit of heartless persiflage as the god of our criticism. Read the *Edinburgh Review*, and you will find that Byron was told to try some other line, as he had no genius for poetry—that Scott was reviewed as if he were something inferior to Herbert, or other small beer—that Wordsworth was made a butt—that Coleridge was slandered—Montgomery (James, I mean) mocked—Southey insulted—Lamb laughed at—Bowles belied—Moore, properly enough perhaps, declared a poet only fit for a brothel—that Wilson was almost, Lockhart wholly, passed over in silence—that mean injury was meditated against Hogg—that it never gave a helping hand to Allan Cunningham, or lifted any of the thousand and one meritorious poor devils fighting up into fame, with a kindly finger.

As for my part, Patrick—here, waiter, another cigar—I never wrote anything worth a rap myself, and *I* don't care; but if this paltry yelper—is to be put up as the prime animal of our day—it is a dirty day, and that's all about it. He never said a good word for honest man or true fellow yet.

However, he is out—to sneak in again for some other place, by course, as they say in the North of Ireland. I am no lawyer, Patrick; therein resembling fourteen and a half judges of the Court of Session—to say nothing of the Lord Advocate, Solicitor General, and the rest—but here's a question: If Jeffrey knew that he was in upon a sham seat, where is his honesty in blethering about reform? By all that's great in nature, he ought to have trotted the moment the word was uttered, that people honestly returned might sit. Instead of that, he made a hurrecow of speeching, ordering close borough members to walk, as proud as a peacock, as if he was a prime sort of trump, a quint major in himself, or as we'd say at home—the ace of hearts at five-and-forty. If he knew he was in upon a sham seat, where was his honesty? If he did not, where was his law? There is a dilemma that will

puzzle James Gibson Craig. A pretty son of a sea-calf he is to be Lord Advocate!

No matter particularly.—Just think of Shiel coming in as an *English* member for an *English* borough, and set up to answer Vyvyan of Trelowana, the mover of the amendment, an old Cornish baronet, member for Cornubia, a Tory of the Tories, and out of sight the best speaker on his side. Why, my dear Patrick, the thing was base, Vyvyan ought to have kicked him if he had no objection to the fouling of his boots. Or consider Horace Twiss looking down upon the lower orders, he being—whew!—in the lowest deep himself—or Sir Charles Forbes :—

Well! Allah kerim, Patrick, you and I will be members of Parliament by and by, and then it will be seen how we vote. Why are you not member for Edinburgh? Ask Blackwood—the Ebonian—himself, if it is not a shame to put old Dundas, jackass as he is of the most magnificent ear, into the House. Ebony will say —"Ma gracious, or dog on't," but he must confess the fact that the thing is disgraceful to any civilized or Christian society.

But then, —— it is getting late, and we'll be by no means the worse for the seventh jug. A seventh son is the doctor—let this be the doctor.

The end is that Scarlett is turned out—Scarlett, the abhorred—Scarlett, the ex-Attorney General. Let *him* at least depart in a shower of mud. He!—He!—Well, Shakspeare is seldom wrong—had that wretched fellow not prepared the poisoned chalice, it would not have come back to his own lips. If he had not been such a shameless, such an open apostate against his own principles, such a parody upon Jefferies (who was however a gentleman in his manners) he would have been Chief Justice.

Snuff the candles, Patrick, and sing us a song :—

A Whig Dirge.

There's no good luck about the hoos,
There's no good luck ava'——
There's no good luck about the hoos,
Since Jeffrey is awa'.——

Variation.

And so they fell a drinking,
And so they fell a drinking.
The only rule,
In all the school,
That's worth a moment's thinking.

[*Another jug ordered.*

Gunnell and Shearman, 13, Salisbury Square, London.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

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PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—BY OLIVER YORKE.

No. I.

Dr. Johnson's quaint animadversion on a matutinal repast in the *Ultima Thulé* of the Hebrides, of which "the negative catalogue was the most comprehensive," seems but too applicable to the intellectual character of the House of Commons. That an assembly so constituted should exhibit such a mere modicum of that exalted talent which we conventionally associate with the very *eidolon* of Parliament, is nevertheless hardly susceptible of adequate explanation. Assuredly, if the higher energies of the human mind are to be quickened by incentive, or elicited by opportunity, no sphere whatever is so well adapted for their development. The strangers' gallery has been happily designated "the sensorium of the world," its recipients are wafted upon "eagle-wings," to the utmost limits of society, and the results, whether for good or for evil, are of proportionate importance.—The scene itself is redolent of glorious recollections that might well inspire dulness with enthusiasm, and create under the cold ribs of indolence a spirit of emulation. Here those Anakim of mind, the term of whose existence is now numbered "with the years beyond the flood," became incorporated with the history of nations; here Chatham, strong in the youthful energies of genius, first raised his voice,—and that a mighty one,—in commune with his country; and here also the hereditary intellect of Pitt, and the fervid eloquence of his rival, so often reciprocated coruscations in their collision. Here Burke—the Behemoth of politics, the ἀναξ ἀνδρων of his day—clothed wisdom and philosophy in the gorgeous language of an oriental imagination;* and the classic graces of Windham, the nervous judgment of Whitbread, and the scholastic brilliancy of Canning, resplendent in the panoply of wit, held divided empire with the sorcery of the myriad-minded Sheridan, and the declining grandeur of the Ciceronian Grattan. But these glories of the senate have expired, "star by star," and the *dii majores* have ceased to hallow the temple of the constitution. The men-

* The elegance of the subjoined simile, of which this extraordinary man is the subject, has hardly been exceeded by any passage in the whole compass of English poetry:—

> "As in far realms when eastern kings are laid
> In pomp of death beneath the cypress shade,
> The perfumed lamp, with unextinguish'd light,
> Flames through the vault, and cheers the gloom of night;
> So, mighty Burke, in thy sepulchral urn,
> To Fancy's view the lamp of Truth shall burn,
> Thither late times shall turn their rev'rent eyes,
> Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise!"—*New Morality.*

tal Pactolus of him who "called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old," is dried up for ever; but the smooth-flowing streamlet of Sir Robert Peel's declamation still pursues its dead-level course in all the imperturbable sublimity of common-place. The apposite sarcasm of Tierney, and the energetic invective of Plunkett, have given way to the malapert sneer of Mr. John Wilson Croker, and the Sir-Boyle-Roche buffoonery of the "voice from St. Helena."* We have exchanged the *mens divinior* of the statesman of Beaconsfield for the tare-and-tret vulgarity of the member for Middlesex, and the monotonous Vandalism of a manufacturer of blacking. A moiety of Charles Fox is distributed amongst half a dozen sciolists in the ranks of nobility by courtesy; and the space in the public eye that was once filled by such men as Sir Philip Francis is *now* engrossed (powers of parody!) by that impersonation of the frog in the fable—that sparrow on the house-top—that self-exaggerated *homunculus*—Mr. Thomas Rice! This gentleman, it would appear, has yet to learn, that a minnow, live to what age it will, can never grow to be a Leviathan.

Sir James Macintosh is a speaker who should be mentioned with respect, for it requires no very inordinate effort of civility to concede the possession of considerable powers to the advocate of Peltier and the rival-controversialist of Burke. The Miltonic compliment with which he once wound up a tearful eulogy on the patriarchal Wilberforce, applies equally to himself:

> "Nor are thy lips ungraceful, friend of men,
> Nor tongue ineloquent!"

Indeed the dulcet tones of panegyric are always so happily pitched by the right honourable gentleman, (whose amenity in this respect is pretty generally appreciated,) that a pilgrimage to a certain shrine, sufficiently famous amongst our neighbours for gifts of a congenial nature, in his case would be but adding "fresh perfume to the violet." He is better adapted to declaim with Pericles in honour of the illustrious dead, than to fulminate, "from Macedon to Artaxerxes' throne," the denunciations of a Philippic. His great abilities are acknowledged, but the human constitution is not to be guaranteed, like Burgess's sauces, "to keep good in any climate," and an Indian sojourn, superadded to a life of toil, is accordingly no very propitious preparative to a green old age. We doubt, therefore, if there yet remain to this once powerful orator the requisite stamina for any thing beyond what might have been uttered by men of much inferior *calibre*.

For a sonorous voice, graceful deportment, and classic elegance of language, characteristic alike of the scholar and the gentleman, Sir Francis Burdett was deservedly eminent in days of old; but, alas! what rhetorical cosmetic can restore those fugacious beauties of which the ruthless spoiler Time has deprived him! The honourable baronet not long ago good-humouredly alluded to the paucity of his locks, and we can assure him he has good and sufficient reason likewise to bewail the loss of certain indispensable adjuncts to a clear enunciation. Setting aside the other merits of this hierarch of democrats, (Latin and Shakspearean quotations inclusive,) it may be whispered, *sotto voce*, that he is vehemently suspected of making his podagral ailments fulfil the office of charity, and cover a multitude of sins. Be the fact how it may, there is at least some ground for believing, that he occasionally contrives to dispose of his duties with the minutest possible degree of trouble to himself.

Of their contemporaries, not more than one or two possess even the humblest claim to shining talents or statesmanlike attainments. Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald, albeit a gentleman of a good understanding and considerable information on subjects within his reach, is not to be named amongst men to whose eminence the gift of speaking has in any degree contributed; and Sir Henry Parnell's ac-

* Such is the *sobriquet* of a certain gallant admiral, whose utterance reminds his hearers of the celebrated lexicographer's definition of *Fe, Fa, Fum*—"Gigantic intonations."

knowledged abilities as a financier are equally beside the question before us. On the whole, perhaps there is no antecedent period in the history of modern times when so few of the same standing could have reposed beneath laurels acquired in the *certamina* of their youth.

Conspicuous talents have heretofore usually appertained to the leading members of the Irish bar: yet, which of its present representatives can be said to have gained distinction as a member of the House of Commons? Of the member for Milborne Port it would be premature to pronounce an opinion, particularly as the only speech which he has yet uttered is by no means equal to many of his turbulent harangues at the Corn Exchange. North was extolled by his countrymen as the very Coryphæus of Nisi Prius, who could wield at will every weapon in the somewhat heterogeneous arsenal of Irish eloquence—who, as he listed, could draw "iron tears down Pluto's leathern cheek;"

> "Whose tongue dropt manna, and could
> make the worse appear
> The better reason;"

who was, in brief, quite a master-manufacturer of rhetorical artifice; but, truth to tell, not a few of his oratorical bladders burst in the troubled waters of politics, and, from the hour of his *début*, his reputation shrank within comparatively moderate dimensions.

In noticing the Dublin professional members, it is meet that we should adopt the poet's brevity touching the gallant Gyas, and the no less gallant Cloanthus. Mr. Moore has not even attempted to make a figure, and therein he gives a proof of his good sense: *ex nihilo nihil fit.* The signal failure of Queen Whim's officers, who endeavoured, by shearing asses, to get long fleece wool (see Rabelais,) affords no uninstructive moral. At the same time it is but fair to observe parenthetically, that the honourable and learned member is equally remarkable for consistency of principle and gentlemanly demeanour. The bleat of a moribund calf, all but metamorphosed into veal, were a faithful echo of the lachrymose monotones which issue from the Recorder, redolent of the odour of sanctity though he be. Judging from external indications, we should have imagined that Mr. Shaw had but just emerged from the cave of Trophonius; as, however, the chaplaincy of St. Stephen's unluckily happens to be pre-occupied, his most judicious course would be to return, with his "syllables of dolour," to the congenial atmosphere of the Rotunda.

As for poor Bobadil O'Connell,—to use a figure sufficiently germane to the subject,—what is he now but the reversionary frame of an exploded fire-work? In the House of Commons he has long since sunk fully a hundred per cent., and his preposterous anti-union crusade can only be considered the expiring effort of a malignant spirit. He is evidently *hors de combat;* the Humane Society itself must consign him to his fate, and his political obsequies even already are in process of performance.

With an instinctive presentiment of what could no longer be averted, he has raved more than once about the terms of his epitaph; we accordingly (*multum gementes*) present his friends with the following, for the hatchment of Derrinane Abbey, premising that it is pilfered from the tomb of a French marshal; but that would have been no insurmountable objection with the defunct—"*Hic quiescit qui nunquam quievit.*"

Before, however, we take leave of the ex-agitator, it would be unpardonable to omit a superb specimen of bathos which his exertions to cause a run on the Waterford bank, happened last session to elicit from the venerable member for Dover. The subject having been incidentally mentioned in debate, it appeared from the statement of the Irish Solicitor-General that this mischievous attempt had produced the most pernicious consequences in that city, immediately creating a frightful reduction in the price of butter and other articles of popular consumption. On which hint spake Mr. Trant, who rose apparently in travail with somewhat of portentous importance. All besides were hushed in the silence of expectation—a "fine phrenzy" pervaded every lineament of his countenance, from the *os frontis* downwards:

——"His look
Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or summer noontide air."

Whereupon, in such an attitude as Cruikshank would have rejoiced in, and with a warmth which no Fahrenheit that we wot of could estimate, he turned round, and thus eloquently apostrophized the incorrigible O'Connell:—"Would to God that the honourable and learned gentleman, even now at the eleventh hour, would hearken to my feeble voice, when I conjure him to pause in this his dangerous career, and desist from courses only calculated to inflict upon his country calamities innumerable,—to convulse the entire system of society with anarchy and revolution,—to shake the very pillars of civil government itself,—and cause —*a fall in the price of butter in Waterford!*" [*Cheers, long, loud, and universal.*] This is worthy of the landed interest, or King Cophetua himself; but the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, of whose head-piece the technical phrase in stationery, "extra thick," is tolerably descriptive, is no less happy in the application of the same beautiful figure of speech, as the following extract from his exposition of a budget will peradventure suffice to shew:—"I am not ignorant that there are who take a gloomier view of our resources; but let it be remembered, that the wings of Commerce are triumphantly wafting the produce of British industry to the furthest confines of the globe, and that—there is a material increase in the consumption of soap and candles!" The effect of this appeal was far from being diminished by the pompous delivery of the speaker, who at the moment (not to say it profanely) vouchsafed to copy the action of Paul, when exhorting the Athenians, as represented in the cartoon.

But we have digressed from our subject.

Of Mr. John Wilson Croker, who also had "a call," there is little to be told, if we except his professed claim to the ownership of the "finest forehead in the lower house" since the death of George Canning. To this it is very possible craniologists may demur; but were Bacchanalian fluids made emblematic of mind, according to the hint suggested in the answer to Goldsmith's *Retaliation*, we should characterize his oratory by no beverage more generous than "small acid tiff."

So much for the intellectual dimensions of the Irish forensic members.

The representatives of the sister kingdom generally are at least noun substantives, and most of them, we apprehend, can be accounted but little more. Eloquence does not resemble the everlasting trees in the Mahometan paradise, which stoop their branches ponderous with fragrant fruit, to solicit the appetite of the faithful; but must be attained with store of toil and elaborate cultivation. Irishmen habitually have little native predisposition for mental discipline, or constitutional aptitude for systematic application; and thus it is that the success of those amongst them who have risen to literary or political eminence is attributable rather to the force of strong natural endowments, than to the laborious process of scholastic acquirements. It is singular enough, considering the laughter-loving vivacity which constitutes so prominent a feature of the national character, that there is not now an Irish gentleman in the house who could claim the paternity of a witticism properly so called. The English Sir Charles Wetherell is worth the "tottle of the whole." Perhaps indeed we ought to except that softened image of Milesian royalty, the august "O'Connor Don,"* before whose illustrious presence it behoves the Russells and the Howards to "hide their diminished heads." The assumption of his title (as great a phenomenon in heraldry as that of his serene highness O'Gorman Mahon) is doubtless prodigiously pleasant in its way; but as for this Aboriginal Bashaw's senatorial compatriots, not one amongst them, to borrow a phrase from Marmontel, can achieve any thing better than what might be designated "a sneezing of wit." The respectable office of Jester in ordinary, nevertheless, although obsolete at court, can never fall into

* This gentleman's head, it has been facetiously suggested, is precisely that of the French Punch, on a somewhat larger scale than the original.

desuetude in parliament, whilst the golden bowl of life remains unbroken to the salt-water Momus,

"Baptized a *Joseph*, and by birth a *Yorke*."

That gallant admiral's facetiousness, however, it must be admitted, occasionally explodes without telling upon the mark, as guns of every *bore* will at times hang fire, or peradventure only flash in the pan. Those, however, who can enjoy a tolerable sense of the ludicrous, are not wholly dependent for amusement on the stray jokes which season the ordinary dulness of parliamentary debates. Witness the ear-piercing accents of the late Secretary at War, (a man of talents, undeniably) who never rises to move the House without producing in our minds the incongruous, and, as it may appear to some, the irreverent association of an invalid hen in the act of elaborating that delightful Cambrian melody, *Hydynos* from a superannuated flageolet. Mr. Wynn certainly is well calculated to excite a lively recollection of that interesting phenomenon alluded to by some of the witches in Macbeth,

"Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined!"

The Chancellor of the Exchequer also must be considered one of those whose "parts of speech" are by no means his principal recommendation. Indeed, his utterance would lead one to conclude that a confirmed quinsey had got possession of his windpipe. Never was merit more miserably deformed by concomitant disadvantages. In such a case, rude features, and a clumsy person, are only secondary considerations, but the Noble Lord's huskiness of voice might induce the suspicion that he had contracted some pulmonary inflammation, and as for style, manner, and delivery, Joseph Hume must be esteemed an accomplished rhetorician, Alderman Waithman, a civic cast of the Apollo Belvidere, and Vansittart's self, a perspicuous and lucid orator in comparison.

The sonorous Powlett Thompson, too, as a neophyte in political economy, sobs forth all the theoretical dogmas of his *clique* in a voice (*horrescimus referentes!*) assimilating so little to "the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders," that the devotional lyrics of those *Arcades ambo*, Messrs. Sternhold and Hopkins, aided by the grinding accompaniment of an atrocious hurdy-gurdy, would seem a concord of sweet sounds after enduring the *Drimindhu* chaunt of his interminable "brief statements." This young man has done more harm to the present administration, than Mr. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay ever did to their predecessors, and that is saying a good deal. If such friends as these be "the medicine of life," Heaven preserve all future Cabinets from a repetition of the dose!

There are many others of strong judgment, extensive experience, and considerable knowledge, of whose general merits, nevertheless, their being tolerated at all is the most conclusive demonstration.

Mr. Alexander Baring, who is looked upon as a species of commercial Goliah, being the accredited organ of the wealthiest of England's "merchant princes," never yet premeditated a three-column concatenation of "remarks" without specially premising, by way of exordium, that he did not rise to prolong the debate. He then proceeds to address his would-be auditors in a circumlocutory sibillating whisper, through the medium of which, by a faculty fortunately peculiar to himself, he insinuates his sentiments in such mystified language that, when all is over, 'twill be an even wager whether any present can conjecture on which side he will eventually vote;—and this is what the member for Callington has the hardihood to call *public* speaking! 'Tis much. The right honourable gentleman, who so ably embodies the official dignity of the House, alone emulates this "palpable obscure" with any degree of success; but he is equally remarkable for the power of his voice, and correspondent excellence of enunciation. His speeches, explanatory of a point of order, clear and perspicuous at the commencement, never assume the appearance of intricacy or confusion, until he becomes professedly more explicit, "fearing that he has not made himself sufficiently understood:" then, indeed, are we reminded of *lucus à non lucendo*, and "find no end in wandering mazes lost," then indeed do we experience the usual effects of an "excess of light."

To mystify *secundum artem*, however, is the cardinal accomplishment of the magniloquent Horace Twiss; whose talent for "speaking against time," when every sentence uttered is but ancillary to the one object, in the estimation of the delighted whipper-in, surpasses all the wit that Rabelais ever scattered. But, alas! *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*—the beauties of the Cromwellian style of oratory are indifferently appreciated by "his Majesty's opposition;" for the re-duplications of parenthesis, the tortuous sinuosities of casuistry, the Alexandrines of prose, the periphrasis of expression, and the *da capo* of special pleading, are valuable only in connexion with the exigencies of office.

Looking to the abstract merits of Mr. Sadler entirely divested of political considerations, he must be acknowledged a brilliant speaker, even were his powerful display on the Catholic question to stand alone, which, by the way, we are sorry to add, it nearly does. That able effort certainly did exhibit all the component parts of genuine eloquence, and has been applauded in the full proportion of its deserts; but it unquestionably originated expectations which we are yet to learn, that the member for Newark has hitherto fulfilled. A contemporary poet, who started into celebrity unusually sudden, was described by Waller as having broke out like the Irish rebellion, 40,000 strong, almost before any one was aware of his existence; and the remark to a certain extent applies to Mr. Sadler, for the eloquent composition alluded to took the public, as it were, by surprise, and raised him at once to a parliamentary reputation, since then very inadequately sustained. But our observation being intended rather as a stimulant than a rebuke, it is but fair to qualify it by the admission that the honourable gentleman's labours of authorship may contribute to account for his taciturnity in parliament.

Sir James Graham, yet young in public life, has already attained to considerable eminence; but it would be easy to prove that extraordinary intellectual powers,—to which, indeed, he does not pretend,—have had no share whatever in conducing to his distinction. An independent country gentleman determined to prostrate the untenable barriers of prescriptive corruption, and bare its unhallowed *penetralia* to the searching gaze of an outraged and indignant people, had a task before him, to the accomplishment of which no such exalted qualifications were necessary. His withering exposure of the 620,000*l*. per annum, enjoyed by 113 privy counsellors, together with the rest of the startling abuses in that appalling catalogue of ruinous enormities—that aggregate of infamy, the intolerable civil list, which, like an internal cancer, has been corroding the vitals, and draining the arterial blood of the country for ages, created a greater public sensation than it would have been possible for any mere speech, however admirable, ever to have effected. With higher grasp of mind than Hume, and a more agreeable manner than Maberley, the right honourable baronet took more elevated ground than either, and boldly attacked ministerial extravagance in the mass, whilst those cavillers, by nibbling pertinaciously at items in detail, only wearied the patience of the House, without obtaining any concession of proportionate importance for the public. If such a subject might be illustrated by an allusion to strategic, we should say that the one system of opposition was in principle superior to the other in an equal ratio with Napoleon's improvement on the ancient plan of military operations. A well-toned voice, matter-of-fact argument, fluency of expression, methodical arrangement, and precision of language, are the prominent characteristics of Sir James Graham's style of speaking; but of all the loftier attributes of eloquence he is utterly guiltless. He aims not at ornament,* and seems altogether to eschew every *ad captandum* prettiness

* One of the few metaphors to be found in his speeches, typified placemen and sinecurists, under the epithet of "great birds of prey," which that ultra-quadruped, Goulburn, actually took to himself! We certainly should not much respect the baronet's skill

of composition in request elsewhere; but his statements are terse, vigorous, and energetic, neither feeble through redundancy, insipid from languor, or neutralized by ungracefulness.*

Were every man of name in the House of Commons to be distinguished by a single word expressive of some quality in which they respectively excel, we should, without hesitation, designate Sir Charles Wetherell as pre-eminent in a walk now-a-days little trodden; namely, originality. Be the topic of discussion what it may, let the "moribund member for Boroughbridge" take it in hand, and he will be sure to utter much which his hearers are at once intuitively convinced could have occurred to no one present but himself. He is a sort of senatorial *Rigdum Funnidos*, and may be considered as much a *lusus naturæ*, in his way, as those "brethren of the mystic tie," the Siamese Youths. His appearance is perfectly in keeping with his character, for his gait and garments are as peculiar to himself as his oratory. He moves, or rather shuffles along, as if under the influence of an incipient St. Vitus; his snuff-coloured surtout seems at cross-purposes with every proportion of his person, his femoral apparel possesses an unaccountable adhesive power, apparently unsustained by any contrivance appertaining to the usual economy of the toilette, and the rest of his habiliments are fashioned after a former generation. Indeed the whole exterior of the man indicates those eccentricities which go to the composition of what "tittering youth" would denominate a regular old quizz. Fontenelle is said to have declared that had he a hand full of truths, he would open only a finger at a time; but the member for Boroughbridge acts upon a totally different principle, for he never sits down until he has evidently had his talk out, and desists, from a literal inability to add another syllable to his desultory observations. His habit of amplification is at times, perhaps, rather wearisome, and he disdains to relinquish a favourite idea until he has fairly hunted it out of breath, from an irregular conjugation to a noun-substantive indeclinable. His language consists of a tessellated patchwork of pedantry, employed with a felicity which it would be worse than folly for any one else to attempt: the praise of being a "well of English undefiled," therefore, applies not to him, nor would he probably consider its application in the light of a compliment. Such grotesque gesticulation, such whimsicalities of manner, such far-fetched phraseology, and such comical drollery of illustration, persuade you that the opinions which he expresses, however judicious or profound, are, after all, but the opinions of a humourist, and so far detract from the impression he might have otherwise produced. There is, at the same time, invariably, an under-current of original, fresh, racy humour in the learned knight's declamation which renders his speeches entertaining, at least, if not always convincing; but for delicate irony or playful badinage his temperament unfits him, as the attack upon Mr. Littleton for a supposed inculpation of his official character, even if it stood alone, would abundantly serve to shew.

in ornithology, could he think of classing him higher than a common owl, or half-bred kestril.

* The First Lord of the Admiralty, we frankly confess, made but a sorry display of prowess in that affair with a certain individual, whom, by the way, the Hounhymms might well have mistaken for a cross between a tiger and a donkey. Most people had expected that the right honourable baronet would at least have evinced as much spirit as "the lady fair and free" who so signally resented the perfidy of Mr. Billy Taylor:—

> "Straight she call'd for swords and pistols:
> Brought they was at her command." &c.

She, we are told, was "werry much applauded for what she had done:" in Sir James's case, however, one topic of consolation happily suggests itself, and we accordingly congratulate him of Netherby on his escape from—

> The fury of a foot
> Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd
> Upon the hinder quarters of a man!—*Chaucer.*

Nevertheless, when Sir Charles Wetherell has ceased speaking, one is more than half persuaded that he has been all the while laughing with him rather than at either his arguments or himself. Of his political integrity, whatever may be his prejudices, we apprehend there can be but one opinion.

If, according to the sententious aphorism of Malvolio, some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them, the last class of persons, as compared with the second, was never more numerous than in these our days, and the hebetating influence of preferment more than ever conduces to its apparent verification. This assertion, it is true, may be predicated of many, but peculiarly applies to the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose notable pericranium appears to possess the properties of a mental non-conductor, impervious to wit or wisdom, and proof against every scintillation of intellect or genius. So ludicrous a travestie of official dignity put the risibility of beholders to no common trial, and produced an effect no less ridiculous than if Grimalkin on the sign-board were suddenly to become vocal with heroic minstrelsy to the accompaniment of her bagpipes. The whole outward man furnishes evidence to his prejudice: the ill-knit and ungainly person, the crane-like superfluity of neck, the ocular obliquity which so much conduced to his unpopularity in Ireland,* the awkward encumbrance of two such arms, apparently elongated and distorted by the unfinished process of the rack, all told against him, before the wretched man could give utterance to a syllable. Then, the characteristics of his style were a poverty of language, only equalled by a corresponding paucity of ideas, which often failed to supply the *lacunæ* in the most common-place sentence of his water-gruel declamation, a drivelling puerility of reasoning that resembled argument as a soap-bubble resembles a parachute, and an elaborate solemnity of carriage, which only rendered his imbecility the more obnoxious to derision. In fine, the monster in Frankenstein might spout Collins's Ode on the Passions with less of burlesque than this Grildrig of Finance has exhibited in his attempt to enact the character of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

From Goulburn the Great we descend a step lower (!) in the political *Dunciad*, and contemplate another of "the giant brood" in the person of the illustrious Herries, whose exertions have so well verified the scriptural declaration, that no man, "by taking thought, can add a cubit unto his stature." So long as this brilliant constellation waxed refulgent in pride of place amidst the ministerial system, the minds of men were too much dazzled by such unaccustomed brightness to ascertain the dimensions, or analyse the glories of so transcendent a luminary; but now that it is shorn of its beams and comparatively opake, it proves, alas! only a mooncalf after all! But to speak less metaphorically of this sapient man of figures, we may merely affirm, without fear of contradiction, that a public officer more destitute of every pretension to any kind of talent available in parliament has not for years been obtruded upon the Treasury Bench. His incapacity, developed in proportion to his opportunities for its display, became so conspicuous after Huskisson's removal, that Mr. Peel was continually obliged to follow him in debate, for the sole purpose of obviating the mischief of his damnatory advocacy, for an answer from Mr. Herries was at last actually a bye-word to those who sat in the seat of the scornful, and at its conclusion many doubted whether his colleagues were not involved in greater perplexity by the imbecile defence than by the original inculpation. If the recondite accomplishments incidental to a knowledge of common arithmetic and the mysteries of clerkship are to be considered the requisites for office, this dot-and-carry-one school of statesmen could be abundantly supplied with disciples of equal merit from the desks of Bishopsgate and the counters of Birchin Lane.

* The lower Irish in general believe a person who "looks crooked" to be naturally capable of perpetrating any given enormity. For this reason it would have been impossible for Wilkes to have succeeded as a demagogue amongst the Patlanders.

Such qualifications, so far as they go, are by no means to be disparaged; but let them not be estimated above their intrinsic value. As mere contingent attainments, they are certainly, *pro tanto*, advantageous, but when they form, as in the case of Mr. Herries, the chief, if not the only recommendation to an important post in the government of the country, we disallow the validity of the claim, and the experience of his official career is in truth little calculated to sustain it. The absolute incompetency of this right honourable *homo* was evident to all men but himself; yet, as if to aggravate his demerits, the arrogance of the stilted placeman rose apace in an inverse ratio with his talents.

In this respect, the Master of the Mint was much less endurable than the Vice President of the Board of Trade, who was just as vain, but withal more humble,—whose understanding, as Sir Charles Wetherell would have said, "was equipollent with his own," although he bore his faculties more meekly, and exhibited all the gentleness united, peradventure, with not a little of the simplicity of a pastoral "sucking dove." Mr. Courtenay, amongst the varying lights and diverse influences of party, endeavoured as much as possible to acquire the property of the cameleon, and assimilate himself discretionally to all with whom it was his fortune to come in contact. He was, indeed, a poor man, of a singularly accommodating temperament, and possessed, according to his own most felicitous illustration, "a mind like a sheet of blank paper," devoid of prejudice, because impliedly ignorant of every thing which it imported him to know. Then, when solicited to explain the policy of government respecting some important commercial question, how candidly the right honourable gentleman continually acknowledged that, up to that moment, he knew no more than a child unborn about the matter, promising therewithal to give his best attention to its future consideration! What gratifying intelligence to those whose dearest interests were involved in the decision! Sometimes, however, with infinite *naïveté*, he referred the enquirer to Mr. Ridgway, who would supply him with a pamphlet, which he, the said T. P. Courtenay, had written for the edification of the world in general, wherein his sentiments on such and such subjects were to be found, at the moderate charge of two-and-sixpence, in consideration of the same. O, thou man of many gifts! what gratitude do we not owe to those, who, by releasing thee from the cares and responsibilities of office, left such an ultra-Machiavel at leisure to embody his enormous powers in eighteenpenny, and even two-and-sixpenny lucubrations for the benefit of ourselves, and our children's children,

> "Till the cold populace of buried nations
> Stalk to the general doom."

Amongst the members of the late administration, however, there was not one less likely to make a favourable impression on a stranger than Sir James Scarlett, and the assertion, we can assure the learned gentleman, is "no less sincere than civil." We discuss not here his political character, or professional reputation, but recognize him only as a speaker in parliament, and of his merits, in that capacity, we believe there has never been a second opinion. His person is an apparent incarnation of the seven fat kine, his features puffy and apoplectic, expressive of little to interest and less to please; his delivery frigid and unimpassioned; and his voice one continuous irritating undertone, so pitched as to render it impossible to hear him, except by an unremitting and almost painful effort of wearisome attention. There is, moreover, something in his air and demeanour, indescribable in itself, but singularly self-opiniated and assuming; every sentence is curt and crusty, and the slipshod, discourteous manner in which they are thrown off, would imply that the learned knight was in his dressing-gown and slippers, and, withal, somewhat atrabiliarious from ill-humour or indigestion. The few speeches, on subjects not professional, which the ex-Attorney-General has attempted, for the reasons above alluded to, show to greatest advantage in the newspaper reports, and we will give him credit for no common ingenuity who shall be able to discover in any one of them a striking thought, an eloquent passage, or a cogent train of

reasoning. He was much applauded, at the time, for his bitter gibe at Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, on the subject of the authority exercised by the Inns of Court, and yet the object of his sarcasm is immeasurably his superior in debate, and has always been more formidable as an opponent, and more efficient as an ally. As to the moral influence which either gentleman could bring to any cause, it is entirely a question of degree, and a very proper one to be submitted to to those who profess to estimate the power of "public opinion."

To be unduly appreciated by both friend and foe, has been, at times, the fate of many, but the fallibility of the popular judgment in this respect, we apprehend, is seldom so whimsically exemplified as in the case of the noble viscount recently promoted to the office of Foreign Secretary. Lord Palmerston, for a long series of years, has been what is termed a public character, holding a prominent post in successive administrations, and necessarily conspicuous in debates on subjects connected with his department. The noble lord's opportunities for the development of his mental resources were, therefore, neither infrequent nor unfavourable; and the result established his reputation unequivocally as a man of sufficient cleverness to perform all that the ordinary routine of his duties usually exacted, with a tolerable aptitude for business, and attainments apparently commensurate with his capacity. But as for brilliant talents, or powers at all adequate to anything like display, it is only very lately indeed that they were ever laid to his account, nor was it until his ejection from office, that his lordship was magnified into a downright Boanerges, destined to shed new lustre on the distinguished name of Temple. In former days, his ambition went no farther than a project to perpetuate his memory as the founder of a modern Palmyra in the desert of Mulloghmore, fast by the classic mountain of Benbulben, we believe, under the imposing title of *Palmerstonopolis,* and doubtless intended (O, proclaim it not in the streets of Askalon!) to swallow up that celebrated seat of arts and literature, and all the polite elegancies of civilization,—the adjacent flourishing and illustrious city of Sligo! In the language of Napoleon, the corporation of the far-famed "hare and oyster" must have "ceased to exist," and geography, alas! would have been so much out of pocket! Last session, however, entering on a more arduous course, he began to gird up his loins for achievements that seemed thitherto scarcely to have been dreamed of in his philosophy, and then it was that his party, for the first time, whispered,—

> decus, I nostrum; melioribus utere fatis!"

The *Edinburgh Review* had trumpeted his praises a few brief months before, but not until the session of 1830, did the noble lord's faculties expand to such dimensions as to render the usual parliamentary working days so insufficient for their exercise, that Wednesday was set apart in order that he might be afforded additional opportunity to "gild his noble name." Whether it will be his lordship's fortune to retain his seat in the foreign office, "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved," is hereafter to be decided; but we need no further proof of the indigence of contemporary talent, than the simple fact that any one who has heard him twice should put forward a person of such mediocre pretensions as deserving of a fractional part of his factitious reputation. He seems to have sedulously, and, to do him justice, pretty successfully, cultivated that pleasing mode of enunciation, in schoolmaster's phrase known by the name of "humming-and-hawing;" his manner is cold, conceited, and artificial, and, when disposed to be particularly emphatic, he grasps tenaciously, in either hand the lapels of his coat, and gracefully sways himself to and fro after the fashion of our unamiable summer visitant, a cuckoo in the brooding season. For the rest, his lordship's merits, we strongly suspect, will be for the most part, "interred with his bones," and escape the perception of posterity as completely as they are hitherto unknown to a large proportion of the existing generation.

To that double labourer in the vineyards of politics and piety, who takes equal pains to make his calling and election sure in the world of spirits and the shire of Inverness—the ghost-

ly Charles Grant—superior meed may be deservedly awarded. Without pretending here to enter on such debateable ground as the merits or demerits of his opinions on this theory or the other, we shall content ourselves with observing, that he is a powerful, elegant, and energetic speaker; capable of lofty and well-sustained flights of eloquence, with an engaging manner, an impressive delivery, and considerable fluency of happily-selected language. His cadaverous physiognomy, however, might almost justify his official predecessors in expressing astonishment, similar to that of Macbeth at the banquet, that so sepulchral-looking a personage should be capable of "pushing them from their stools."*

The dreamy repose of his contemplative and rather saturnine countenance seems alike inaccessible to the turbulence of party warfare from without, and the excitements of passion from within. He looks at the same time as if he was in the predicament of Pliable in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, whom Bunyan has not permitted to get farther than "the Slough of Despond;" and his face, when we last saw it, was as far as ever from being anointed with the oil of gladness, albeit he basks once more beneath the genial influence of the sunshine from the Treasury.

His brother has the good taste to eschew the example of such persons as Spring Rice, and speak rarely, although when he does so, unlike them, he has also the talent to speak well.

Of the military members, Sir Robert Wilson, if not the ablest, is at present undeniably the most prominent and conspicuous; although Colonel Sibthorp, it must be acknowledged, is rapidly acquiring that station in the public regards to which his singular powers, his extraordinary attainments, and his unobtrusive modesty, so justly entitle him.† We cannot, nevertheless, compliment the gallant general on his frequent exhibitions in parliament: his manner is too petulant and *brusque;* his utterance, just what might be expected from a crossbreed between a daw and a parrot, chattering, voluble, and indistinct; while his arguments are often either irrelevant or inconsequential, and his statements loose, disjointed, and unsatisfactory. Neither do we altogether admire his taste in buttoning that wearisome blue coat up to his very windpipe even in the heat of summer: it savours somewhat of coxcombry, and, were he less well-favoured in features, we should say that he rather resembled a hog in armour, than a Christian gentleman; but we must adopt the spirit of the forensic apophthegm—"*de minimis non curat lex.*" On the whole, looking to the oratorical pretensions of the member for Southwark, we own that his merits have been heretofore invisible to us; and probably for the same reason that prevented Tilburina, the heroine in the *Critic*, from discovering the Armada, when, according to the sagacious governor, it was "not yet in sight." He served in the Russian campaign, it is true, and has written, moreover, strategic reminiscences, but he must not have the fatuity to believe himself a Segur.

Another garrulous personage, more remarkable for fecundity of speech than for opulence of talent, is Michael Angelo Taylor, of knife-and-fork celebrity, who would certainly require an elongation by Procrustean process to the stature of Fysche Palmer, were he to be corporeally assimilated in length to his harangues. An eternal recurrence of the one subject, Reform in Chancery, has become in his hands latterly a regular sessional bore—*toujours perdrix;* and the like assertion no less applied to Mr. Wilmot Horton and Emigration, although the latter gentleman was a more agreeable speaker, and the topic on which he disserted was more generally interesting, if not equally important. Mr. Taylor, like most men at his time of life, occasionally talks "an infinite deal of nothing;"‡ and yet the uninitiated have remark-

* When Secretary in Ireland, they say, he was familiarly known by the appellation of "the Castle Spectre." Would he were fatter!

† This intellectual Samson, we doubt not, will succeed ere long in establishing that enviable species of reputation which the Romans denoted by the epithet—"*famosus.*"

‡ Βρεκεκεκὲξ, Κοὰξ, Κοὰξ! quoth the frog, for a live-long summer night; and her loquacity is sometimes equally edifying to the hearers.

ed that his speeches are more plentifully bespangled with *cheers* than those of individuals who hold a higher reputation. So much then for the delicacies of calipash and calipee,—the dainties of Gunter,—the delightful associations of tankard and turnspit; so much for the power of symposiac and gastronomic sympathies, and the influential recollections of gulosity and wassail! Commensality, in the opinion of the great lexicographer, promotes good will; and if so, how generous must be the vegetation of the affections when nutritiously manured by that cardinal household virtue—hospitality! We are rather disposed to quarrel with the very name of Michael Angelo Taylor, as apparently embodying a new species of practical bathos, but wish him no worse fate than that his inoffensive spirit, at some future day, may be exhaled after the manner of Anacreon, or Shakspeare's Clarence, and that sugar-plums in handfuls may be showered upon his grave!

The English, nationally considered, can in no wise be deemed deficient in any individual branch of belles lettres, whether appertaining to taste, genius, or intellectual cultivation, and perhaps, were every civilized people constrained to retreat upon their respective original resources, exclusive and independent of all that was radically exotic, our literature would lose less by the requisite excisions than that of any other country whatsoever. Still we cannot help thinking that the style of public speaking at present most in request amongst us is highly susceptible of improvement, from a partial infusion of that peculiar kind of colloquial energy which contradistinguishes French eloquence from ours. In animated apostrophes, vigorous bursts of feeling, picturesque forms of expression, and delicate management of appeals to the passions, they pre-eminently excel, and English oratory, it is likely, might derive advantage from an ingraftment by our lively and intelligent neighbours, in the same proportion that a similar imitation would deteriorate our drama. Nevertheless, the difference of national character, we are aware, induces a probability that both matter and manner which would be at once appropriate and effective with a Parisian audience, might prove farcical and extravagant at home: the suggestion, therefore, must only be understood with considerable limitations. Similar means do not necessarily produce similar results, and we should not forget the *dictum* of Quintilian—a voice potential on these subjects: "*Nihil habet ista res medium, sed aut lachrymas meretur, aut risum.*"

A word at parting to those honourable gentlemen who set such store by long speeches, and estimate their reputation by a geometrical standard. Has it ever occurred to them that some of their nightly prolixities are incomparably longer than many of the most splendid efforts of that "old man eloquent," whose fame is fresh and fragrant as ever, amid forgotten dynasties and fractured realms, while their harangues are exactly coexistent with the newspapers that record them? Do they not resemble the grass of the field, which, to use the language of Holy Writ, "in the morning is green and groweth up, and at evening is cut down and withered and cast into the oven?" The ex-member for Malton, when observing upon the ephemeral character of editorial labours, might with great propriety have added, that the oratory of himself and his parliamentary brethren was embarked in the same bottom, and partook of the same fate. It is pretty obvious, then, that eloquence is a commodity marketable according to quality alone, and has no reference to the dial-plate of a horologe, or the numerical amount of columns from a printing house.* Neither is it wholly superfluous to press this truism upon

* We insist on this the more strenuously, in consequence of Mr. George Dawson's recent attack on the parliamentary reporters, for an alleged curtailment of certain speeches on the Reform question. In nine cases out of ten, compression, if judiciously applied, may, to a certain extent, be adopted with advantage, as well to the merits of the argument as to the interests of the newspaper. It is true, a *Brougham* would often lose, but still oftener would a *Dawson* gain by such a process; and it is needless to suggest which of these individuals belongs to the more numerous fraternity.

their attention, at a period when the unrestrained indulgence of such an old womanish propensity has materially retarded public business, and elicited general complaint, as well from the intelligent "out of doors" as from the members of government whom it embarrasses "within." Indeed, we are somewhat surprised that the subject of *prosing* should have been hitherto ostensibly overlooked in the petitionary parchments which have embodied such a spirit of hostility to many abuses of a less incorrigible character. The public probably have abstained from direct interference rather through apprehension of the consequences of "a breach of privilege" than from any insensibility to so formidable a grievance. It is time, however, if we may be allowed a phrase from a suburban shilling gallery, to "speak out," and we humbly opine that some confessedly intellectual body—suppose the Court of Common Council—should immediately call for a select committee to enquire into the nature and extent of its encroachments in debate, with power to examine Mr. SPEAKER, Messrs. Lea and Rickman, and certain gentlemen of the press, as to the probable causes thereof, and impartially report thereupon to the House.

But a popular poet has not hesitated to call "partial evil universal good," and wherefore might not his apophthegm be made applicable to prosing? Would it not be possible by the introduction of a moderate duty, (but by no means an *ad valorem*,) to turn it to account as an affair of revenue, and so render the article available to the excise, the proportion payable to be estimated in a ratio with the somnolency of the audience? The suggestion, it is true, would encounter considerable opposition, for the agricultural interest contend that they are already too heavily visited by taxation, and many "learned Pundits" might doubtless denounce it as an unconstitutional encroachment on the liberty of the subject. Such a hint is, nevertheless, well worthy of attention, seeing that it would facilitate the indulgence of the *cacoethes loquendi* consistently with the interests of the state, and the Exchequer would thenceforward profit by the *amour propre* of the orator, whose voice to the ear of the true patriot would sound "musical as is Apollo's lute," and rise beneath the nostrils of the Treasury "steaming like distilled perfumes."

This, in our perhaps too self-complacent opinion, would be one of those golden results of political Alchemy which could only originate with a very *Midas* of statesmanship, but should our proposition be rejected in "high places," then do we give in our cordial adhesion to the policy of Harrington, the most judicious provision of whose *Oceana* was assuredly his intended corrective of incontinence of speech. We therefore hereby conjure the offenders in the premises to obviate the necessity of some such prohibitive enactment.

ON THE LIBRARIES OF CELEBRATED LITERARY MEN.

Who does not know the Robertson of our times? The elegant, the eloquent, the profound M——h. Who, that has ever heard him in the senate, can cease to remember the chastened vigour of his style, and the arrangement of his argumentative forces, with ardent admiration? But every general feeling is concentrated into affectionate approbation when this polished orator is viewed at his own hospitable board, or in the recesses of his withdrawing room, whither the best and the most select society in London, and only such, has admittance. There, whilst conscious of the inspiring presence of him who has been termed a moving library, rival wits, each full of himself, forget, in the arts of display, those of conversation; whilst ———'s brilliant and piercing eyes illuminate a countenance, over which the storms of sixty-two northern winters have played; whilst H——m, cased in a breastplate of conceit, the fit representative of his own dull volumes, bothers plain-minded people with learned dissertations, and obstructs a lady's boudoir table with antiquarian vellum; whilst the travelled C——t, the fair she of that name, and the gloomy, but expressive physiognomy of L——t, divide the attention of those who have time to think of ought but themselves—the calm, but not inanimate presiding genius of the assembly, benignant without flattery, fluent without volubility, and conversant without loquaciousness, sheds over the scene that dignity, which superior cultivation alone can impart to the congregated mass of human individuals.

Conscious of this beloved presence, inferior wits are moderated, if not tranquillized, whilst characters of a stronger stamp are incited to temporary exertions. It was after an assemblage of this nature, that I was conducted by a loitering friend, to view the classic apartment in which the historical, philosophical, legal, and political resources of the host were gleaned from the deepest sources. I passed through a suite of small, but neatly furnished drawing-rooms, inclosed in a drapery of crimson cloth, which partly concealed a door, and entered a spacious apartment, the walls of which were completely occupied with book-shelves. I will not say that the *leafy* tenants of these compartments had been undisturbed in the arrangement to which they had originally been subjected:—they were much in the same order as a set of nine-pins after an attack by a skilful urchin. They were, however, of the learned livery; dingy calf-skin, and plain Russia, formed the chief exterior of the ponderous folios; but even the little books looked learned, and the whole prospect was condemnatory to any hope of an easy lounge over volumes too profound for skimming, each separate one representing to the beholder as much condensed learning and hard matter as would make a modern reader run mad. One plain, easy chair, sedulously placed apart from the seat of study, a large substantial table, laden with selections from the various shelves, an useful, massive, well-furnished inkstand, and a large fire-screen, were the principal objects in the secluded apartment.

It was evident that the room was appropriated to one individual, and to one purpose. Retirement was here the obvious accompaniment of literature. No needless ornaments were thrown around to remind the stranger of the haunts of genius; no lures to entrap the recollections of the visitant into the thought of him who governed these precincts. The room was evidently for *himself*, and not for the display of his pursuits to the curious, but vulgar eye.

I passed, a few days afterwards, into the library of a certain fashionable novelist, and would-be poet;—a writer, who might rest his fame upon one well-known production, but who disperses it to the winds by successive failures. He is, or wishes to be, of the supreme *bon-ton;* in his habits, bating the licentiousness of Charles's favourite, he is the Buckingham of his day: witty, refined, and susceptible of good impressions, his understanding hath yet somewhat of the Slender in it;—and is, comparing it to that of the

first mentioned person, as Moselle to Hock. His fame, like that of the Rochester, Roscommon, and Villiers school, is ephemeral, and, indeed, more certainly so than theirs, because the rank of those men, the time in which they lived, and their connexion with royalty, have redeemed them from oblivion, from which their talents merely would not have rescued them. I will rather compare him with the Charles Johnstone of modern times, the unblushing author of *Chrysal*;—a shameless production, but yet, perhaps, less likely to sap the root of every noble sentiment than works of less grossness, but displaying a more total indifference to elevated notions of virtue. Indifference, did I say? Nay, sarcasm is, in our days, the meed of honest enthusiasm, and raillery its constant assailant. But to return from my digression. I soon found that I was realizing my youthful, fairy dreams of elegance, combined with literature. The living spirit of Pelham seemed to pervade the apartment. A taste, critical almost to frivolity, seemed to pervade the whole; it would have been exquisite, had it been the costly *sanctum* of a *bas bleu*. I have rarely seen anything more ingeniously beautiful than the carved oak table, massive, yet, with exquisite and minute decorations, framed after the taste of our ancestors, but with an expense, probably, that would have made a commoner of former days expire. The book-shelves are also of carved oak, each division wreathed with a pattern of *or molu*, and containing works, no doubt, of value, within, and of prodigious finery without, being each and severally, in their accoutrements, dandies of the first order. The room was ranged with bronze busts of the first quality, whilst, in illustration of the sentiment which reigned over this literary Elysium, Voltaire played a conspicuous part among the mighty dead. I almost fancied in the speaking resemblance of him, a more than usual sneer, as if he wondered to find himself in company with Literature in her full dress, and surrounded with an exuberance of tasteful display, which had made Ferney appear as a desert in comparison. Much would this gifted personification of Milton's Sin have wondered, could he have been alive to analyse the contents of even one richly laden table in that apartment;—the little wafer-bowl—I am not conversant with technical terms—of Sevre china —*parsémé*, as the French would say, with flowers, of tints scarcely inferior to the matchless hues of nature; —the curiously wrought inkstand—even the carved paper-cutter, and the various devices to shorten labour and display ingenuity, would have impressed the witty Frenchman with a notion that those dames, the *Belles Lettres*, here repose on beds of roses, and confer their favours only when they are met with all "appliances and means to boot."

I may be wrong in my calculations—but it seems to me that what is affectedly called inspiration, that is to say, ardour in literary pursuits, guided by good taste, is not to be found in hotbeds of luxury, where the mind must necessarily be distracted by diverting objects, from its great purpose. True, will the advocate of refinement say, but it is a fact that Haydn never composed but in full dress, and with a certain diamond ring on his finger, and may not the same peculiarity attach to other mortals? But I contend, that an undue estimation of externals, although excused by the example of many eminent men, either proves a weak mind, or renders it so. Go to the humble bench at Shottery, where Shakspeare wooed his Anne Hathaway, and, in the chastening simplicity of that scene, wonder not that brighter muses than that village maid shed light and glory over his path. Reflect on the simplicity which characterizes all *truly* great minds, and which in them, even in the highest stations, and in the most voluptuous courts, triumphs over the seductions of luxury. Decoration and display are the propensities of vulgar minds, and whether they be found in the brass-garnished villa of a Birmingham manufacturer, in the cottage *ornée* of a London citizen, "redolent of joy" and heat from Cheapside, or, in the Macadamized region of May-Fair, among the admired of all beholders, are at once equally obnoxious to real refinement, and allied to that grossest of all worldly spirits, ostentation.

"THE GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS."

No. XII.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

In our village we have an authoress too, and her name is Mary Mitford. Now, let nobody suppose that Mary, on account of the pretty alliteration of her name, is one of the fine and romantic young ladies who grace pastorals in prose or verse. On the contrary, our Mary is a good-humoured spinster of a certain age, considerably inclined, we do not know whether with her own consent or not, to *embonpoint,* and the very reverse of the picturesque. There are, however, few girls in our village, or twenty villages beyond it, that can dress up so pretty a basket of good-looking and sweet-smelling natural flowers, all of the true English soil, not foreign and flaunting like the flaring dahlias that one class of bouquet gatherers thrust under our noses with so much pretence, nor smelling of turf and whiskey like the strong scented bog-lilies which are offered to us by the basket-women of the provinces; nor yet at all resembling the faded imitation roses picked up in second-hand saloons, and vended as genuine posies of quality by draggle-tailed damsels, who endeavour to pass themselves off as ladies' maids, generally without character. And Mary's basket is arranged in so neat, so nice, so trim, so comely, or to say all in one word, so very English a manner, that it is a perfect pleasure to see her hopping with it to market. We say nothing as to the way in which she applies the profits of her business, though if we did, it would redound to her praise and honour, because in these sketches we have always looked at the subject before us only as it is before the public.

We are afraid, however, that if we attempt to write any longer in this strain, our prattle will be voted tedious: our imitation must partake of the vice of the original; and the only defect in Miss Mitford's own style of writing is its mannerism. We do not know any sketch manufacturer whose manner is so decided. Read only a single chapter, a character, a description, and you feel that you are introduced to one of a large family, the members of which have a likeness to one another, *qualem decet esse sororum.* It is hard to say how you get such a feeling from a single specimen, but so it is. Dropping all metaphor, then, we have only to remark, that it is impossible that any thing can be cleverer and racier than Miss Mitford's sketches, and if she has not made so much noise in the literary world as other ladies far more slenderly qualified, why, the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift; and, moreover, a lady who does not write politics or double entendre, or make herself a lioness, or enlist into the honourable corps of the puffmongers, throws away a great many chances of renown, which are eagerly caught at by less scrupulous adventuresses.

From the good humoured and sonsy physiognomy opposite, it may well be conjectured that she is not exactly the muse of tragedy; and yet her plays have always been popular for the season; which is as much as can well be expected. In her pieces we find good situations, fine verses, honourable sentiments, and sounding passages, which obtain, as they deserve, considerable applause. Male critics, however, are so ungallant as to say, that superior as ladies are to gentlemen in all other particulars, there are a few things out of their power —they can never be distinguished generals, scientific cooks, first-rate tragedians, high class-epics, or piquant epigrammatists; and in spite of Joan of Arc, Mrs. Rundell, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, and Louisa Sheridan, we are pretty much of that opinion.

Miss Mitford, in the plate, is attended, not by Eros, but rather Anteros,—not by love's god, but a printer's devil, to whom she is delivering copy, as they perversely call our original MS. for some of the thousand Annuals, perhaps, which she ornaments. As one of the same diabolic breed is at our own elbow, we must finish our page by a wish, that,

> Still may her picture, when she's pleased to sit for't,
> Show her the same good-humoured Mary Mitford.



Very truly yours
M. R. Mitford.

SINGULAR PASSAGE IN MY OWN LIFE.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THE following narrative contains so much of my own history and private feelings, that I almost shrink from giving it publicity. Up till the present time, when the idea occurred to me of writing it I had not mentioned even the most trivial of its circumstances to a single individual, considering that they were of too strictly private a nature to be communicated to others; and experiencing, besides, a delicacy in making any one a confidant in matters so purely connected with my own personal emotions. Even now, when a number of years have elapsed, and when I can look back on the events more coolly than I could have done at one time, I am not quite certain whether I am following the dictates of strict propriety in publishing them. If I am in the wrong, I beg the reader's indulgence, assuring him that I have not done so unadvisedly, or without much cogitation. I have, indeed, a hope—a faint one I admit—that the publication of this, in so extensively circulated a work as Fraser's Magazine, may possibly be of advantage, in so far as it may meet the eyes of some one who had a knowledge of the two principal characters who figure in the narrative, and may thus be the means of clearing up a mystery, which to me has hitherto been inscrutable. Should it lead to such a result, I shall deeply regret not having sooner put the public in possession of the facts. Should it not, I must content myself with having done my best to elucidate this dark point, and possibly to enable the reader to while away an idle hour with some degree of satisfaction.

I begin then with confessing, that while pursuing my medical studies at the University of Edinburgh, I frequently had occasion to meet a young lady who interested me in a very extraordinary degree. She was tall, rather slightly made, and of a pale complexion; but withal, singularly beautiful. I shall never forget the expression of her dark, melancholy eyes. They were, I think, the finest I ever beheld—large, lustrous, and melting, like two pellucid fountains; or rather like two solitary stars gemming with sad and paly lustre the brow of midnight. I know not how it was, but from the very moment I first beheld this lovely girl, I felt singularly interested in her; and this feeling was increased by the fact of my total inability to ascertain either her name, residence, or quality. The circumstance which struck me so forcibly was, in the first instance, I have no doubt, the extraordinary share of personal attraction which belonged to her; but it was, unquestionably, the melancholy that blended itself amidst her beauty, which rendered these first impressions permanent, and made her an object of enduring interest. So much did these feelings occupy my mind, that I followed her from place to place whenever she appeared in the streets, frequented those quarters which she was most in the habit of visiting, and seized every opportunity of gazing upon her charms. The oftener I saw her, the greater did my fascination become; and, from more to less, I found my heart enthralled in the chains of the most ardent love for this beautiful, yet unknown creature. I dare say the reader will be surprised at such an effect having been produced upon me. I am surprised at it myself; and at this moment can give no rational cause for the violence of my sensations. There is certainly nothing wonderful in a man falling in love with a beautiful girl, even at the first glance; but for such affection as I experienced to be formed towards one to whom I never spoke, and whom I only casually saw walking the public streets, is certainly very extraordinary. My feelings were so strong, that every thing else was forgotten in their intensity, and had a thousand of the most beautiful women stood before me, and honoured me with their smiles, they would all have been passed by—all forgotten, as things of little worth, compared with the dark-eyed girl who from time to time appeared before me, like a spirit of love, in the streets of Edinburgh. I could think of nothing but her. I thought of her by day, and dreamed

of her by night. She seemed, in my imagination, to walk in tender light, made by her own beauty, and in her presence all other forms, however lovely, were hidden in the shade, and utterly forgotten.

I have said that I was ignorant of her name or history. This, in a great measure, added to the romance with which, somehow, I invested her character. There was another circumstance which operated romantically upon my mind, and rendered her an object of still greater interest. She was dressed in deep mourning, as if for the death of some dear friend, perhaps her sister, her brother, or her parents; and was thus, perchance, thrown helpless upon the world, without a protector or a friend of any kind. This I conceived to be the main source of her sorrow, although I did not doubt she was by nature one of those sad yet gentle spirits on whom the mantle of pensive sadness sits more gracefully than that of mirth. But there was still something else which operated yet more strongly on my mind, and that was an appearance of incipient ill health, which I fancied I could see pourtrayed on her countenance. Perhaps in all this there might be a good deal of imagination, but it occurred strongly to me at the time; and, coupled with the other circumstances, rendered her, in my eyes, an object of the deepest curiosity and interest. One thing connected with her puzzled me exceedingly. By no means could I find out her name or residence. No body could tell me any thing about her. I pointed her out one day to my landlady, who knew almost every body, and was a gossip of the first class, but she was unable to enlighten me on the subject; I shewed her to many of my fellow students, and various other friends, but they were all in the dark; none had ever heard about her or knew where she lived; and, strange to say, not one to whom I pointed her out had ever remarked her till that very moment. Stranger still! none of those persons ever shewed any curiosity about her, or spoke to me concerning her, afterwards; she seemed to them a matter of perfect indifference. The thing puzzled me, but ought not to have done so; they were not in love, at least with her, and I was. They saw things coolly and without passion, I through the coloured atmosphere of feeling and imagination.

My efforts to find out her home and designation were unceasing but perfectly bootless. When she appeared in the streets I followed her from place to place, but never could I do this so completely as to trace her out to any particular residence. Somehow or other, let me do as I liked, I always lost her. At one time she would disappear from my eyes in a crowd, and I did not see her again for that day. At another she would get into the curvatures of some narrow, crooked street, and thus elude my observation. The distance I was obliged to keep from her, to prevent her from supposing that she was followed, may perhaps account for this in some measure; but, certain it is, I never could keep my eyes upon her for half an hour together. She invariably evaded me, and yet seemed to go no where, for I never, on any occasion, could track her to any particular house. I could neither ascertain where she came from, where she went to, nor what she did. To add to the mystery, she was always alone; nobody knew her, and she seemed to know nobody. One day I came rather unexpectedly upon her, and looked at her with intentness. Hitherto she had taken no notice of my attentions, but on this occasion she turned her large, dark, expressive eyes upon me in a way which went to my very soul. There was such a deep melancholy, and, as I fondly, though probably foolishly, imagined, affection in her gaze, that I stood transfixed to the spot in a sort of delirium, while the beautiful enchantress passed slowly on, leaving me overpowered with the vehemence of my sensations. For a minute or two I was uncertain how to proceed; and, like Mahomet's coffin, stood poised between the influence of two equally opposing powers, the one urging me to follow her and beg her name and address, no very courteous undertaking; and the other to trace her at once to whatever place she went, and thus ascertain her residence, or at any rate the house to which, on the present occasion, she betook herself. I at last resolved to adopt the

latter resolution, but before I could make up my mind upon the subject, she had proceeded about fifty yards from me, and was in the act of entering a large court, which went off from the same side of the street, and opened into a public thoroughfare or lane at its other extremity. On seeing her take this route, I instantly walked smartly after her, for I conceived that she might, unseen, enter one of the houses which opened into the court, or be lost from my search by getting into the opposite thoroughfare, in which it was possible her place of residence might be. In this, as in all other cases of the kind, my usual bad fortune attended me. I entered the court, but she was no where to be seen within it. I then proceeded to the lane, and met with no better success. The very thing I dreaded must have taken place: it was plain that she must have entered some house or other, either in the court or thoroughfare, but which house it was impossible to say. Conceiving that she resided hereabouts, I made a habit of frequenting the spot, yet I never fell in with her; nor, indeed, did I ever again see her in the streets of Edinburgh.

The state of feeling produced by these events, had a pernicious effect upon my spirits. I became absent, heedless, and dejected; forgot my studies, lost relish for every amusement, and went listlessly about like a person who is the victim of some severe mental affliction. From morning till night I did nothing but perambulate the streets in search of the object of my affections. I sought her every where; and made her the subject, for six weeks, of the most patient and persevering investigation. My industry was unavailing. By no chance did I ever set my eyes upon her; and I could only conclude that she was confined by sickness, or had left the city altogether.

I now abandoned all hope of ever seeing her; and to get rid, if possible, of the melancholy which overclouded me so darkly, I formed the resolution of going the length of Paris, and prosecuting the remainder of my studies there. I concluded, that absence from home, and the gaieties of that splendid metropolis, combined with the hard study to which I proposed subjecting myself, would go far to dissipate my lowness of spirits, and make me a new man. Such a step, indeed, I found to be absolutely necessary; for, so long as I remained in Edinburgh, I not only wasted my time in apathy, and thus neglected my professional *curriculum*, but I felt persuaded that such a mental depression continuing, would not only produce a lasting effect upon my spirits, but actually throw me into bad health—more especially as I was by no means naturally of a strong constitution, and possessed a susceptibility of mind which, when vehemently excited, never failed to act painfully upon my corporeal system. Such being the case, I packed up my portmanteau, took along with me 100 sovereigns, secured a passage from Leith to London in the James Watt steam-packet, and on the forenoon of the 20th day of July, 1824, found myself in the heart of London. I did not know a single human being in the British capital. Letters of introduction to several influential gentlemen, were offered to me when I left Scotland, but I positively declined them, resolved to push my way as I best could, without bringing myself under obligations to others. No person, except under very peculiar circumstances, should ever give or accept such letters. The bearer of them is looked upon as a bore by those to whom they are addressed, and the writer, instead of being thanked, is heartily cursed for his pains. The *introducer* and *introducee* are thus placed on nearly the same footing, and both are very heartily wished at the devil.

I remained about a fortnight in London, to see a few of the principal lions of the modern Babylon. I was amazed at the enormous bulk of the city, but disappointed, upon the whole, with its appearance. The brick houses struck me as singularly unprepossessing after the stone palaces of Edinburgh; nor did the streets, narrow and gloomy, appear to much advantage after those of the new parts of Edina—straight as an arrow—broad as a firth—regular as geometry itself. But, altogether, I liked London. There was a continual bustle about it which stirred up the languid current of my ideas;

and I became so drowned in its vastness, that I, in a great measure, lost the sense of personal identity, and felt as if I were a mere atom in the general mass—an unit whose passions and interests were so perfectly insignificant as to be unworthy of consideration even to myself.

In this mood I perambulated the crowded streets, better pleased with myself than I had been for a good while, and began to think less and less of that which had affected me so painfully. My mind was drawn off from this one theme, and directed to a thousand others widely different; the consequence of which was, that I became a new man, with better health and higher spirits than I had lately enjoyed. In visiting the different places of amusement, I proceeded upon no regular principle, and probably exhibited little taste: they all came alike to me. It was in the summer season, and the large theatres were closed; but for this I made amends by paying my devotions to the minor ones. I went alternately through the Surrey, the Cobourg, the Haymarket, and Sadler's Wells. One day I wondered at the vastness of St. Paul's, and the beauty of its marble monuments; the next, I was lost in astonishment at the architectural richness of Westminster Abbey and Henry the Seventh's Chapel. In the forenoon, I would pass my time among the swells, boxers, and blacklegs of the Fives Court; in the evening, at Vauxhall—that temple of mirth, music, and folly. One day I was in Oxford Street, the next at Wapping. Now, I might be seen strutting alongside the bucks and Corinthians of Bond Street; now, elbowing my way among the dustmen of St. Giles's. Nothing came amiss. I saw every thing that money and a pair of good eyes made visible: mounted to the dome of St. Paul's; ascended the monument; stared at tigers, monkeys, and parrots in the Tower; visited Exeter Change, and paid my addresses to the elephant Chuny (since defunct) and his fellows in captivity. At last, after walking about as busy as a letter carrier, seeing every thing and doing nothing, I bethought me of the object of my travels, and stepping into a hackney-coach, drove to the house of the French ambassador, (the unhappy Polignac's,) in Portland Place, and left my name for a passport. This I obtained next day, being the 7th of August.

Having procured this *sine quâ non* for a continental visit, I went on board the Lord Melville steam packet, at the Tower-stairs, and in eleven hours was safely landed on the quay of Calais, having encountered nothing but a severe sea-sickness while in the middle of the channel. I only stopped a single night at Calais, and set off for Paris next morning. There is no occasion for me to enter into any detail of my journey between the two places, as it did not contain a single incident worth remarking. For the purpose of getting a view of the country, I took a berth on the top of the diligence, alongside the *conducteur*, whom I found to be a civil, talkative, good-humoured fellow, as these men generally are. He had been an old soldier under Buonaparte, and amused me a good deal with his adventures on flood and field. He spoke highly of the British troops generally, and alluding, incidentally, to the Scotch, I informed him that I was a Scotchman, upon which he shook me heartily by the hand, expressing, at the same time, his surprise that I was not habited *en jupes*, according to the fashion of my country. The journey occupied thirty-two hours, although the distance was only one hundred and seventy-three miles; for the French, however much they may claim a superiority over us in some things, are certainly behind in the matter of travelling, their public *voitures* moving heavily along, at the rate of less than six miles an hour. At last, we reached Paris, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and descended from the diligence, in the large court of the *Messageries Royales*. Hitherto, all had gone on well. My spirits were tolerably good, and the leading idea which had influenced them so much, ceased to operate with anything like its original force, although it still asserted its empire more or less, and was, at times, remembered with a certain degree of uneasiness. But, upon the whole, it was certainly much deadened, and I believe, would have ceased to act upon me with pain, had things proceeded as they were doing, and no

fresh fuel been thrown upon the fast decaying fire of my singular emotion. But it was not my good luck to continue long under the influence of this fortunate change, for, strange to say, I had scarcely descended from my station on the top of the diligence, when the door of that vehicle having been opened, who should step out but the young lady whose beauty had in so remarkable a manner exercised a spell upon my faculties! Language cannot describe the singular variety of emotions which pervaded me at this moment. Joy, astonishment, grief—all rushed by turns over my spirit. It was, indeed, she—the very same; there was no mistaking her; the same tall, pale, melancholy creature—the same sable tresses, clustering richly over her forehead of snow—the same deep, serene, expressive eyes, full of pathos and tenderness. It was she—she whom I had followed as an angel of love in the streets of Edinburgh—she, whose influence obliged me to quit my native land in search of that peace of mind, of which passion for her alone had robbed my bosom. An apparition of the dead could not have amazed me more; and I gazed upon her in a sort of phrenzied stupor, which fixed me, for some minutes, to the ground, and deprived me of the power of utterance.

I might have remained long enough in this state had I not been aroused from it by the motions of the young lady herself. She did not seem to notice me, but kept standing by the diligence for a short time, till the *conducteur* sought out her luggage, consisting of a *valise* and small portmanteau, which she desired a street porter to carry after her. I instantly felt that now or never was the time for unravelling the mystery, and, if possible, getting introduced to her. With these feelings, I hastily laid hold of my travelling bag, and followed after the fair traveller. This quarter of the city seemed to be perfectly familiar to her, for she took, of her own accord, and without asking any one, or seeming in the least perplexed, a very complicated route through upwards of half a dozen of streets and lanes, and entered, at last, the *Hôtel de Montesquieu*, an immense lodging-house, near the *Palais Royal*. Here the porter laid down her luggage, and went away, after receiving something for his trouble, while she herself, under the guidance of a *fille de chambre*, ascended the stairs, and disappeared.

I now thought that I had her fast, and that she who had so often unconsciously eluded my observation, must now be discovered. I did not doubt that the mystery was at an end, and that in a day or two, at most, I should get to the bottom of it. With this belief, I took up my residence at the hotel in question, and lost no opportunity of ascertaining what I so much wished to know. I ranged, so far as propriety would permit, the whole dwelling—perambulated its extensive corridors—ascended its immense staircase, from time to time—and dined regularly at the *table d'hôte;* all in the expectation of meeting with her. To make assurance doubly sure, on going out, I never walked above fifty yards from the threshold of the hotel, and when I did so, I kept an eye constantly upon the door, that I might see every one that went in or came out. In this scrutiny I was perfectly unsuccessful: I never once beheld the young lady; and when, at last, I inquired what had become of her, I learned, to my astonishment, that she had left the *Hôtel de Montesquieu* a week before, and had gone, no one knew whither; in fact, she only slept there a single night.

I was dreadfully disappointed; nay, more, I was irritated, not at her, for that was impossible, but at myself, on account of the stupid part I had played in the business; and vowed, secretly, that if on any other occasion my eyes were blessed with a sight of the object of my pursuit, I would act in a very different manner.

The purpose of my coming to Paris had now every appearance of being defeated, for I was quickly relapsing into my old state, and felt convinced that so long as I had reason to suppose her near me, all the gaieties of this extraordinary city would fail of bestowing the least beneficial effect upon my mind. Every circumstance had a tendency to make me unhappy with myself; and the more I reflected upon the events connected with this girl, I became miserable in a proportionate degree. Nothing vexed

me so much as the thought that she should have travelled one hundred and seventy-three miles with me in the same vehicle, without my being aware of it; and to add still more to my mortification, I began to suspect that she was also my fellow-passenger in the Lord Melville, from London to Calais; and, for any thing I knew, in the James Watt, from Leith to London. I had no evidence of either the one or the other, but, in my perturbed state of mind, nothing connected with her was too extravagant not to be imagined; and I looked upon her as one doomed to exercise some strange influence upon my fate —to haunt me like an attendant spirit wherever I went—yet destined ever to glide from my grasp—to defy pursuit—and baffle every investigation, however skilfully conducted.

Under the excitement produced by such ideas, I wandered over the whole of Paris, in the hope of meeting with her. I visited every theatre in the city, although I believe there are above twenty; and sauntered for hours at a time in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, or in the Jardin des Plantes, with the same expectation. Almost every day I frequented the gallery of the Louvre, with the idea that she might be there; then I would betake myself upon the same errand to the Luxembourg gallery; then to the gallery of Orleans. At one time I was on the Italian boulevards, at another on the Champs Elysées, at a third in Père la Chaise. No place of the least note escaped my search. The gardens of Tivoli, Beaujou, and La Chaumière, were all visited, together with the tapestry manufactory of the Gobelins, the Museum of Natural History, and all the churches. Even places, where she was not at all likely ever to be, underwent the same scrutiny, such as the Bibliothèque du Roi, Salpêtrière, Bicêtre, the Bourse, and the public hospitals.

A number of festivals and important political events took place at this time in Paris, but none of them could drive from my mind the idea of the fair unknown, or mitigate the ardours of my pursuit. I was present at the fête of Saint Louis on the twenty-fifth of August, when the whole metropolis discharged its giddy and rejoicing population into the public gardens and squares for the purpose of revelry. With thousands of others, I beheld the body of Louis the Eighteenth lying in state the day of his decease; and also his funeral—that splendid mockery of death—which extended in one unbroken line almost from Paris to Saint Denis, a distance of six miles, and at which fifteen thousand of the *élite* of the French army walked in procession. I was likewise a witness of the grand entry of Charles the Tenth into his (now no longer his) capital; and was present a few days after at the magnificent review, which took place before him in the Champ-de-Mars. These varied scenes, it may be thought, would have dispelled every melancholy feeling, but they were in this respect unavailing. It is true that I saw and visited them: it is true that I threw myself wherever multitudes were congregated together—wherever festivals were held; but it was with no hope—no wish to enjoy the gay scenes that were passing around; but to see if, in these diversified assemblages, my eyes might chance to alight upon her who was now every thing to me, and whom I felt to be essential to my happiness, and even to my very existence.

Only on one occasion, however, had I the good fortune to see her, and this was in the vast Louvre gallery; but the place was crowded to excess, and before I could make my way to the spot where she stood, she was gone—where I knew not, but certain it is that from this moment I never again saw her during my sojourn in the French capital.

About a fortnight after this event, viz. in the middle of September, and while my feelings were still labouring acutely under disappointment, I chanced to meet in the Palais Royal, one Peter Vanderclump, a Dutch shipmaster, whom I had known well in Scotland, and who generally traded between Leith and Amsterdam. He was a short, stout, square-built, ruddy-faced man, of about fifty; was rigged in a sailor's suit of blue—had on an amazingly broad-brimmed, low-crowned, glazed hat, and sported an enormously long queue. Like the rest of his countrymen, he smoked to excess; and, indeed, at the time of my meeting him, he had a short pipe in his mouth, from which he emitted

copious volumes of fragrance, to the no small amusement of the passers-by, who were a good deal diverted by his grotesque appearance. With all his oddity of aspect, I was much pleased at meeting him, for he was a good-hearted, obliging, and humourous fellow—very communicative, albeit a Dutchman—and, for his situation in life, remarkably well-informed. I learned from him, that he had come to Paris upon some business, having left his vessel at Havre-de-Grâce; and that as soon as he transacted what he had on hand, he would proceed with her direct to Naples. I invited him several times to my lodgings, and, from less to more, we got into such friendly terms, that he offered me a free passage to and from Naples; an offer which I at once accepted of, both because I had a great desire to see Italy, and because I considered that my health would be benefitted thereby, in consequence not only of the sea air, but of the change of scenery, which could not fail to produce a beneficial effect upon my spirits. We accordingly, in a few days, left Paris together on the top of the diligence, and after a pleasant journey, reached Havre, where we went on board, and almost immediately put to sea. The name of his vessel was the Hermanstadt, a fine, strongly-built brig, of two hundred and fifty tons, laden with glass, hardware, and cotton goods, for the Italian market. This vessel has now left the Leith station, but the seafaring people connected with that port must remember her well, from the peculiarity of her rigging, and the figure of an immense Bacchus riding upon a barrel, which adorned her bow. I am a bad hand at describing nautical affairs. I neither know the anatomy of a ship, if I may so express myself, nor that technical phraseology, without which it is impossible to give a lively and characteristic account of events strictly naval. On this account I shall say nothing concerning the particulars of the voyage, so far as the navigation of the vessel is concerned, but confine myself to such circumstances as I am capable of describing; and these were of such a nature that I am sure the reader will feel an interest in hearing them detailed, however imperfectly. I learned from the captain that there were two passengers besides myself, viz. a young gentleman, and a lady, still younger, apparently his sister, who came on board at Leith, and were on their way to Italy. Farther than this he knew nothing. Their passage had been duly paid for at the time their berths were taken; he had never seen the lady since he left Scotland, as she constantly kept her room, he supposed in consequence of sickness; and as for the gentleman, he did not see him either very frequently, as he was almost always under deck, either in his own apartment, or that of the lady. Thus far did the knowledge extend of Captain Peter Vanderclump. He mentioned, that the male passenger seemed to be a liberal, gentlemanly sort of a man, for on coming on board at Leith, as well as on their arrival at Havre, he had handed him a sum of money to distribute among the crew, and promised to give them more when the vessel reached her destination. This information interested me a good deal, and led me to form a favourable opinion of my fellow-passengers, which was still further increased by the fact of one of them being in bad health, an event which, especially when occurring to a female, never fails to attract the sympathies in her behalf.

When I first saw our fellow-passenger, of whom Vanderclump had spoken so favourably, I was much struck with his appearance. He was very tall, I think above six feet, somewhat dark-complexioned, thin and delicate, with a fine Spanish cast of countenance, indicating at once both feeling and extensive capacity. He was exceedingly quiet and retired; spoke little, and appeared to be labouring under bad health and low spirits, or rather the two combined. When he appeared upon deck, and at mess, I tried to draw him into conversation, but he evidently shunned it as much as possible, and seemed averse to communicate any thing of his situation, a circumstance which, while it whetted my curiosity, prevented me from pushing my inquiries as far as I could have wished. Altogether, I was very sorry on his account, for I saw that something pressed upon his mind, and yet dared not ask him what it was, or do any

thing in the way of offering relief. To this hour I cannot tell to what country he belonged. He was certainly not a native of Great Britain; for though he spoke English fluently, it was with a foreign accent. Neither did he strike me as being French or Italian. His appearance argued a Spanish origin, but his tone of thinking was evidently German; and it was plain he had resided in Germany, both from his familiarity with the tongue of that country, and his knowledge of its literature and customs. He spoke Dutch well, according to Vanderclump, and was familiar both with French and Italian, as I had occasion to notice when he addressed a Norman and Neapolitan seaman, each in his respective language.

No person on board had the privilege of entering the lady's cabin except himself. He waited almost incessantly upon her, took in her meals, and was seldom absent from her side, except when he retired at night to his own room. His whole thoughts seemed to be occupied on her account; and from the progressive lowness of spirits and mental anxiety which increased upon him from day to day, we conjectured that she was getting gradually worse. Nor were our surmises without foundation; for one day, after being closeted in her cabin for an unusual length of time, he made his appearance, and informed Vanderclump and me, who were seated together in the mess-room, that she was *no more!* This intelligence, though far from unexpected, distressed me much; and the captain, in spite of the roughness of his nature, was also deeply affected, and sympathized from the bottom of his heart with the unfortunate stranger.

But if this event shocked me, how much must my feelings have been lacerated when on entering the cabin of the deceased, and viewing the body, I found it to be that of her whom I had so long sought after in vain—her from whose dark and melancholy eyes I drank in the inspiration of love! Yes, it was, indeed she—the very same—the creature whom my fancy had pictured as the perfection of female loveliness—she whose living beauty glided away from my embrace—like an evanescent dream—now lay before me, mute, motionless, inanimate, in all the beauty of death. Vain would it be for me to describe my feelings at this deplorable scene. I was struck at once with astonishment, sorrow, and despair. Every circumstance connected with the deceased was a mystery which baffled my imagination to fathom. It seemed a horrible romance—a frightful dream;—and while I reflected upon it, I sometimes doubted whether I had my waking senses about me, or whether I was not a sojourner in the land of sleep.

There was no mistaking the aspect of her who lay before me in the embrace of death. I knew her at once, and thought her hardly less beautiful than when she appeared to me in her living hours. She lay, not in bed, but upon a couch placed in the centre of the room, in front of the principal window. She was habited in an undress of black, had on a rich cap of Brussels lace, and was simply covered with a large Turkish shawl, thrown loosely over her person, only leaving the face, neck, and arms exposed. The head was supported by a common sofa-pillow; and her hands, clasped loosely together, lay folded upon her bosom. Her eyes were closed, and her face somewhat thinner and paler than when I formerly saw her, but it had lost none of its beauty. The ringlets, dark, rich, and copious, still clustered over her marble brow and snowy temples with their wonted luxuriance, and her mouth wore a smile of placidness and content. At first sight she appeared as if merely enjoying a quiet sleep. Indeed, her departure seemed to have been undisturbed by pain of any kind; and she may be said to have slept into eternity with a tranquillity which could hardly be called death.

Distressed as I was by this most unhappy discovery, I found that the present was no time to give way to the violence of my feelings; and, difficult as the task was, I endeavoured to smother them, and perform with manliness the sad duty which it now became me to execute.

Hitherto our voyage had been exceedingly tedious, and though ten days had elapsed, we were scarcely four hundred miles on the passage. The wind for the most part continued steadily against us, and Vanderclump declared he had no hopes of reaching

Naples in less than three weeks. Such being the case, he communicated to me the necessity which existed of having the remains of the young lady committed within a reasonable time to the deep, and begged that I would mention it to her brother with as much delicacy as I could. This I took an early opportunity of doing, and he expressed his ready consent to the painful proceeding, being satisfied that, under present circumstances, it was impossible to act in any other way. The only favour he requested was, that I would superintend the funeral proceedings, and see that every kind of respect and decency were paid to the remains of his beloved sister.

It was a sad duty this, but I undertook it willingly, both for the sake of him who requested it, and still more of her who, whether in life or death, had appeared to me in such a singular manner. Circumstances—one of which was the illness of the carpenter, who had broken his fore-arm about a week before, from falling accidentally down the hatchway, prevented us from having a coffin made for the reception of the body, an event which we all greatly regretted, but for which, situated as we were, there was no remedy. To obviate this want, as far as possible, a plan was devised by Vanderclump, and carried into effect by me, with the assistance of the mate, who was a neat-handed fellow, and very well calculated to assist in such an emergency. I procured a couple of those small mattresses used in ships. On one of them—having previously cut off a ringlet of her beautiful tresses, as a token of remembrance—I caused the corpse of the deceased to be laid. The other was placed above her, and the two firmly sewed together on every side. The whole was then wrapped in several duplicatures of the thickest canvas which could be procured, and strongly tied round with ropes; and to insure its sinking at once, several heavy weights were affixed to it.

It is not necessary to enter into any minute detail of the interment, which took place next day, being the third after the young lady breathed her last. Her brother acted as chief mourner, and I read the funeral service of the Church of England, not by any desire of his, but simply at my own suggestion, for I conceived, whatever his religion might be, whether Lutheran or Catholic—and I somehow, without knowing any thing about the matter, set him down as one or the other—that this ceremony could not but prove agreeable to his feelings. It was therefore duly performed, and the body slowly lowered over the side of the vessel by the captain, the mate, and two of the crew, and committed to the bosom of the deep. It sank instantly, and, I supposed, for ever, but, in about half a minute after, it suddenly bounded up to the surface, and there floated for a short time. It seemed that the portion of air contained within the two mattresses gave it sufficient buoyancy to keep it afloat, notwithstanding the ponderous weights attached to promote its immediate descent. As soon, however, as the water penetrated them, the buoyancy was destroyed, and it sank to the bottom. This incident, trivial as it was, vexed me a good deal, but fortunately it was not perceived by the brother of the deceased, whose eyes were all the while intently fixed upon the deck, and who retired to his cabin the instant the ceremony was over, without once lifting them up.

It is impossible for me even to surmise what effect this most distressing event might have produced upon me, if I had not been prevented from brooding too deeply upon my own sufferings by the state of the lady's brother. That sympathy which I would have expended upon myself, was turned towards him; and in looking at *his* bitter loss, and consoling him under it, I forgot in a great measure *my own*. After the death of his sister, his spirits faded utterly, and along with them his health. He lost his appetite, became wan, sickly, and hectic, and degenerated into a mere shadow of what he had been, even when I first saw him. He was formerly thin, now he was emaciated; his brow becoming glazed and streaked with transparent veins, his eyes sunk, his cheeks hollow and wrinkled. This remarkable change took place during the short interval which elapsed between his sister's death and our arrival at Naples, a period of only se-

venteen days; and, by the end of that time, he was incurably sunk in the depths of consumption.

During the voyage I did every thing in my power to console him; and in these attempts the captain joined most assiduously, leaving nothing unsaid or undone which he supposed might contribute to his comfort. Sometimes, indeed, in a calm day, while I had him upon deck, beneath the pure sky of that beautiful south into which we were entering, and while his cheeks were fanned by the genial breeze from the sea, he would assume even an air of cheerfulness—sympathize with the glories of the magnificent element which surrounded him, and give vent to his feelings in impassioned language. It was easy to perceive that he was a person of a very superior mind; he possessed, at once, much both of poetry and philosophy in his temperament, and seemed well acquainted with almost every subject. But, notwithstanding all my efforts, there was a mystery about him which I could not unravel. He studiously shunned all conversation which alluded to his own country, to his profession, to his object in going to the south of Italy, or, in short, to any thing in the least degree connected with himself. His very name was unknown to us. It is true that neither the captain nor I asked it, but it is equally true that he never allowed any expression to escape by which it could be ascertained.

The approach to Naples from the sea, is perhaps the fairest upon the face of the earth. Language and painting may feebly attempt to give an outline of its beauty, but it must be seen to be appreciated. As we entered the bay, a vision of fairy-land seemed to have burst upon us. To our lee lay the Island of Capri; to the right towered Vesuvius, blackening the atmosphere around it with volumes of smoke, emitted from its hideous crater—while in front of us arose the city like a spacious amphitheatre from the extremity of the bay. It is overlooked by rising grounds, which rise up behind it; on the highest of which stands the fortress of St. Elmo, like a giant seamed with scars, frowning grimly over the city basking at its feet. The panorama was imposing in the highest degree, and struck not me only, but the dying stranger with sensations of astonishment and delight. Though it was the 19th of October, the weather was delightfully warm and serene, and most unlike our own cloudy clime at this season of the year.

I had him brought on shore, and endeavoured to procure suitable lodgings for him in the city; but this I found a much more difficult task than I anticipated; for the inhabitants have a mortal terror of consumption, which they regard as highly infectious, and shun with as much dread as the plague itself. From every lodging-house keeper to whom application was made, the answer was the same:—"Any thing, signior, but the plague or consumption!" So universally diffused was this stupid prejudice, that I sincerely believe it would have been utterly impracticable to procure lodgings for my unfortunate friend, had it not been for the generous hospitality of Mr. Samuel Snelson, an English merchant, and a partner of one of the most eminent mercantile houses in London. This gentleman, with whom our captain was fortunately acquainted, agreed in the kindest manner to receive the invalid into his house, and saw him watched over with as much care as if he had been his own son. I can never sufficiently admire Mr. Snelson for his generous conduct on this trying occasion; and should this paper ever meet his eyes, I hope he will not feel offended by my introducing his name into it, seeing it is done in a way which redounds to his honour for humanity—although, had he himself been consulted, I doubt not that his modesty would have shrunk at the idea of having his name thus publicly blazoned before the world. Acts of this nature, however, are so scarce that it becomes a duty to relate them, when they do occur; not only for the honour of the individual who performs them, but for the credit of human nature itself. Alas! how few "good Samaritans" has the earth to boast of.

Had it not been for the unfortunate state of my dying friend, I should have derived great pleasure from this trip to Naples. As it was, I visited every thing worth seeing in

the vicinity. I went through the king's palace, inspected the citadel of St. Elmo, and ranged the pleasure grounds of the Carthusian convent. I was also more than once at the principal theatre, said to be the finest in Europe; and which may be so for any thing that I can allege to the contrary, for in point of extent, splendour, and design, it surpasses any thing of the kind either in London or Paris. I also visited the palace of the archbishop, the university, the cathedral—in which the priests pretend to shew the head and *some of the blood* of St. Januarius—and, latterly, Vesuvius. I ascended to the summit of this remarkable mountain, looked into its crater, and afterwards explored the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, overwhelmed by one of its eruptions, and now in some measure exposed to the light of day, after being for many centuries hid under a cloud of ashes and lava. Every thing connected with Naples, is apt to strike a stranger with surprise. The multitudes of lazzaroni and priests who frequent the streets, the odd mixture of meanness and splendour in the equipages and housekeeping of the noblesse, and the lugubrious trappings of the soldiery, are at once novel and imposing. The situation of the city is unrivalled for picturesqueness—the atmosphere as clear as crystal, and the heat of the summer and autumn months finely softened by breezes from the sea. Indeed were it not for the severe spring blasts, which come off the Appennines, and the sirocco, or north-east wind, occurring about May, Naples would be equal to Rome or Pisa for salubrity, as it is superior to them both in beauty of situation. All these things, however, were in a great measure lost upon me. While the unhappy stranger continued in his helpless state, it was impossible to possess any real enjoyment; and the splendid scenery around, with all its novelty and richness, failed to exhilarate my spirits.

Three weeks had now elapsed since our arrival, and the invalid who, up to this time, had been able to move about a little, became so exhausted by his complaint, as to be confined constantly to bed. The signet of death was stamped upon him, and it was certain that, at the utmost, he had only a few days to live. Nothing was left undone by his humane landlord to alleviate his sufferings—the best medical assistance, which the city afforded, being called in, and every plan adopted, which promised in the slightest degree, to lessen his bodily sufferings, and support his spirits. Still all was mystery, deep and inscrutable. I knew no more of him—of his country, profession, religion, or circumstances, than I did at first; even his name was still a riddle, and as he continued to shun inquiry of every sort, none was made either by Mr. Snelson or myself. At last he died, and with himself died the history of this most singular young man.

Shortly after his death, his luggage, and that of his sister, were carefully searched, with the expectation that some clue would be afforded to the enigma, but in this hope we were disappointed. The names and designations of neither were upon their trunks, nor did these repositories contain bills, letters, or documents of any kind, to enlighten us. His own linens had simply the letters H. W. upon them, which we supposed to be his initials; those of the lady had no mark whatever. Some portions of her dress seemed of French, some of English, and others of Italian manufacture, and the same remark applied to her brother's. The wearing apparel of both was mostly new, very fine in its texture, and made in the first style of fashion; from this, we inferred that they were persons who moved in a high circle; indeed, their appearance indicated as much—to say nothing of other evidence in favour of the same supposition. What became of their dresses I do not, at this time, recollect, nor is it of much consequence; but with regard to the distribution of the remainder of the gentleman's property, I can speak more explicitly. The day before he expired, he made me a present of a valuable diamond ring, which he begged me to keep for his sake; and to Mr. Snelson he bequeathed an exquisitely wrought opal brooch, set round with rubies and amethysts, as a mark of the deep sense entertained by him of his kindness. The money which he had with him, amounting

to ten British sovereigns, twenty gold ducats, and fifty-five louis-d'or, he ordered to be distributed among the crew of the Hermanstadt and Mr. Snelson's servants. I forget, at this moment, in what proportions they were bestowed on all the respective individuals, but I remember that the sovereigns and ducats fell to the share of Vanderclump, and that ten of the louis-d'or were given to his mate. No money was found among the effects of the young lady.

On the eighteenth of November, just a week after the stranger's decease, the Hermanstadt weighed anchor, and left the harbour of Naples; she was freighted by Mr. Snelson, on account of his house in London, with a valuable cargo, consisting chiefly of olives, manna, saffron, wines, dried fruits, and Florentine oil, with which she was ordered to proceed direct to the Thames. There were several passengers on board, mostly English; with one of them, Mr. John Haddow, head clerk to Mr. Snelson, and, on this occasion, officiating as supercargo, I formed an intimate friendship, which, I am happy to say, still subsists. I may mention that Mr. Haddow resided in London till lately, in the service of the company, and having been taken into partnership, he left this country about six months ago, to take the management of a branch of their business, which has long been established at Buenos Ayres. Favoured by prevailing east winds, we had a brisk run through the Mediterranean, stopping only once in our way, viz. at Minorca; and in a few days we cleared the straits of Gibraltar, and got once more into the Atlantic. Nothing particular occurred during the rest of our passage, which, upon the whole, was rapid and satisfactory, with the exception of two smart hurricanes, one of which overtook us off Lisbon, and threatened to oblige us to put into that port, but we stood it out gaily, and the wind shifting about to the southward, and moderating considerably, we held on at the rate of eight knots an hour, till we got off Cape Ortegal, when we encountered the other, which held us aback for twelve hours; this, also, gave way, without doing any damage, beyond retarding us for a little on the route. We crossed the Bay of Biscay in fine style, and got our due share of the heaving and tossing which every body must expect to encounter in that unruly puddle. With these slight drawbacks, however, the passage was a good one, at least so far as Havre, where I was landed on the twenty-eighth of the month, ten days exactly after quitting Naples. How the brig fared on her way from Havre to London I never heard, but I suppose she reached the Thames cleverly, and in good trim, for I saw her advertised about a month afterwards, in an English paper, as ready to sail immediately for Amsterdam.

To conclude this singular, and, I fear, somewhat tiresome narrative, I set off immediately for Paris, which I reached safely, having been absent from it nearly ten weeks. It would wear out the reader's patience, were I to dwell upon the state of my spirits, which continued in a depressed condition for a very considerable period: even yet, when I think upon the strange events, it is with feelings of sorrow; but time, which is the grand reliever of all painful emotions, has come to my assistance, and taken away from my feelings much of their former acuteness. More than six years have now elapsed, and no circumstance has yet occurred to throw light upon the fair unfortunate stranger and her brother; still all is mystery; at this hour I am as much in the dark as ever, and have not even "a peg whereon to hang a conjecture."

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING AND HIS ADVERSARIES.

It is now nine or ten years since the Reverend Edward Irving, first attracted that extraordinary attention in this country, as a pulpit orator, which has since fixed the eyes equally of admirers and opponents, upon him and his doings as a public character, and as public acts. Some opinions of his have, for the last four years, excited as keen a controversy as ever agitated the Christian church. Even so great a writer as Mr. Coleridge has, at sundry times, and in divers manners, taken up the pen in the cause.* One of the passages (occurring in a note to a late publication of his) relative to this subject, may serve our purpose.

"And now, as the conclusion of this long note, let me be permitted to add a word or two of Edward Irving himself. That he possesses my unqualified esteem as a man, is only saying, that I know him, and am neither blinded by envy nor bigotry. But my name has been brought into connexion with his, on points that regard his public ministry; and he himself has publicly distinguished me as his friend, on public grounds. and in proof of my confidence in his regard, I have not the least apprehension of forfeiting it by a frank declaration of what I think. Well then! I have no faith in his prophesyings, small sympathy with his fulminations; and in certain peculiarities of his *theological* system, as distinct from his religious principles, I cannot see my way. But I hold withal, and not the less firmly for these discrepancies in our moods and judgments, that Edward Irving possesses more of the spirit and purposes of the first Reformers, that he has more of the head and heart, the life, the unction, and the genial power of Martin Luther, than any man now alive; yea, than any man of this and the last century. I see in Edward Irving, a minister of Christ, after the order of Paul; and if the points, in which I think him either erroneous, or excessive *dan out of bounds*, have been at any time a subject of serious regret with me, this regret has arisen principally or altogether from the apprehension of their narrowing the sphere of his influence, from the too great probability that they may furnish occasion or pretext for withholding or withdrawing many from those momentous truths, which the age especially needs, and for the enforcement of which he hath been so highly and especially gifted. Finally, my friend's intellect is too instinct with life, too *potential* to remain stationary; and assuming, as every satisfied believer must be supposed to do, the truth of my own views, I look forward with confident hope to a time, when his soul shall have perfected her victory over the dead letter of the senses, and its apparitions in the sensuous understanding; when the halcyon IDEAS shall have alit on the surging sea of his conceptions;—

"Which then shall quite forget to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."

Such being the high terms in which so good a judge of intellectual greatness sees fit to speak of Mr. Irving, surely the reader will not grudge that we bestow a page or two upon a subject in which that clergyman is concerned. Mr. Heraud, in his lit-

* A Philosophical Estimate of the Controversy respecting the Divine Humanity. By John Abraham Heraud. London: James Fraser, 1831.

A brief Statement of the Proceedings of the London Presbytery, in communion with the Established Church of Scotland, in the case of the Rev. Edward Irving and of a Book, written by him, and entitled "The Orthodox and Catholic Doctrine of our Lord's Human Nature." Published by Authority of the Presbytery. London: Basil Steuart, &c. 1831.

The Doctrine held by the Church of Scotland concerning the Human Nature of our Lord, as stated in her Standards. Edinburgh: John Lindsay and Co. 1830.

The Opinions circulating concerning Our Lord's Human Nature, tried by the Westminster Confession of Faith. By a Minister of the Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: John Lindsay and Co. 1830.

The Orthodox and Catholic Doctrine of Our Lord's Human Nature, set forth in four Parts. By the Rev. Edward Irving, A. M. London: Baldwin and Cradock, 1830.

A Letter to the Rev. Edward Irving, &c. &c. By the Rev. Henry Cole. London: J. Eedes, 1827.

The True Signification of the English Adjective, Mortal, &c. &c. &c. By the Rev. Henry Cole. J. Eedes, 1827.

The Immortal Sacrifice, &c. By John Eedes, 1827.

A Refutation of the Erroneous Doctrine of the Mortality of the Body of Christ. By C. Goulding. J. Eedes, 1827.—&c. &c. &c. &c.

tle tract, on the controversy to which we allude, also says of Mr. Irving, that he "is a man of *genius*, (a rare thing in the pulpit, which is fertile enough of talent as contradistinguished therefrom), and therefore proceeds in his inquiries with a *creative* spirit, and often discovers as new, what is afterwards found only to be obsolete—(for genius ever works like nature, and the newest of its discoveries are as old as the creation;)—obsolete, not through its own defect, but from the general decadence of theological knowledge, and is well capable of being defended by the standard of all *churches*."—*The Divine Humanity*, p. 8—9.

This author, who has been for some time a close observer of the religious *world*, as it is profanely called, writes in the following terms of the present state of theological knowledge:—

"The reality of the moral law, thus exemplified," (by the death of Christ,) "is now no longer doubted, and the world is called by the name of him whom it once despised. The world, as the world, however, is yet composed of the sensual and ignorant, who are as inclined to persecution as ever, but that the principle against it is now an established thing, and restrains the wrath of men. The ministers of religion and law, as of old, are also many of them the unconscious agents of superstition, having rushed into the service of the sanctuary, uncalled by those qualities of mind and heart which it requires, for the love of recompence or of reputation, rather than from the love of truth. Misunderstanding the symbols of that religion which they pretend to teach, and not at all inquiring into their meaning, they continually resist the exercise of reason in matters of faith, and, extinguishing their own, present to their trembling worshippers the sign instead of the thing signified, which is of the essence of idolatry, and prepare them for a superstition worse even than that from which we were emancipated by Wickliffe and by Luther. Hence they give such views of the atonement as are to be found nowhere in the Bible, except in the misunderstood 'letter that killeth.' But, meantime, in other quarters, the philosophy of religion is gradually preparing a great change, and a mighty reformation. At present, it is but as 'a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth; but when it is sown it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.'"—*The Divine Humanity*, pp. 39, 40.

These remarks were of course made with reference to the conduct of the religious world in reference to all controversy now raging among the classes with respect to the opinions of Mr. Irving, who holds with Bishop Horsley, and many of the most eminent divines of all churches, that "the general scheme and project of redemption required that the Divine Word should take our nature upon him, and fulfil the entire condition of humanity in every period and stage of existence, from the commencement of life in the mother's womb, to the extinction and renovation of it." In pursuance of this notion he holds that the substance of the Virgin, whence the body of the Saviour was derived, was as sinful as all other flesh is—(as how could it be otherwise?) but that by the miraculous conception it was made holy, and ever afterwards remained so. This is the head and front of his offending, about which the minds of extensive classes of men have been agitated; and to allay this agitation, so unnecessarily and unreasonably excited, Mr. Heraud, in his closely reasoned and logical pamphlet on *The Divine Humanity*, has undertaken, as he states, "to drive the ploughshare of philosophy through the whole argument."

Needful it was that a moderator like this should appear in the cause. No one can conceive the "envy, hatred, and uncharitableness" which the question has produced, who is unacquainted with the religious periodicals of the day; and, among the rest, the *World* and *Record* newspapers. But that animosity should have risen to such a height, as that the Scotch presbytery in London should make it the ground of public animadversion and censure, was scarcely to be expected in these enlightened days. It is, perhaps, not generally known, that the Presbytery is the second ecclesiastical judicatory of the Scotch Church, and consists of all the pastors within a certain district, and one ruling elder from each parish, commissioned by his brethren to represent, in conjunction with the minister, the session of that parish. The presbytery treats of such matters as

concern the particular churches within its limits; as the examination, administration, ordination, and censuring of ministers; the licensing of probationers, rebuking of gross or contumacious sinners; the directing the sentence of excommunication, the deciding upon references and appeals from Kirk-sessions, resolving cases of conscience, explaining difficulties in doctrine or discipline, and censuring, according to the word of God, any heresy or erroneous doctrine which hath either been publicly or privately maintained within the bounds of its jurisdiction. Some of them have frankly acknowledged, that they cannot altogether approve of that part of her constitution which gives an equal vote, in questions of heresy, to an at best irregularly educated mechanic and his enlightened pastor. We are persuaded (say they) that it has been the source of much trouble to many a pious clergyman, who, from the laudable desire of explaining the Scriptures, and declaring to his flock all the counsel of God, has employed a variety of expressions, of the same import, to illustrate those articles of faith which may be obscurely expressed in the established standards. A source of much mental trouble, in the person of Mr. Irving, it is now to a man of transcendant genius and eloquence. Well acted he, and only proper spirit manifested, when, with a court thus constituted, he refused to argue the matter; knowing, as he well knew, that his judges were Prejudice and Ignorance, if not Envy and Jealousy, Malice, Avarice, and Pride. His course of procedure had been previously and nobly determined.

"I appeal from you," (he writes) "to the Church of Scotland; and if the General Assembly should also give it against me, I appeal to the next one, and the next one; and if it should continue, I appeal to a general council of the Protestant Churches; and if they give it against me, I appeal to the Great Head of the Church, and, meanwhile, will preach his despised and rejected truth, and abide the issue in the Day of Judgment, when the wrong shall be righted."—*The Opinions, &c.* p. 32.

Before these men, however, proceeded to these extremities, to pluck the mote out of their brother's eye, it would have been as well had they considered, a little, the beam that was in their own. Mr. Coleridge has, and as we think justly, given it as his opinion, that Mr. Irving's mind has yet to attain a higher state of elevation than that which it now occupies—but how immeasurably below the height which he holds is the sphere in which these men are content to remain for ever and for ever and for ever—so humble is their ambition. The same great writer has pointed out the defect, which is, in fact, the root of the evil that they have committed on this occasion. As the understanding symbols in a literal, *i. e. phænomenal,* sense, notwithstanding the most earnest warnings against it, the most express declarations of the folly and danger of interpreting *sensually* what was delivered of objects *super*sensual, was the rank wilding, on which "the prince of this world," the lust of power and worldly aggrandisement, was enabled to graft, one by one, the whole branchery of papal superstition and imposture;—so the mistaking of symbols and analogies for metaphors, has been a main occasion and support of the worst errors in Protestantism. These errors are now regnant and rampant in the church. Let Mr. Irving's adversaries consider carefully what we have just written, and *contrive* to understand it —then?—why, then, they will understand their Bibles better—that is all.

We are inclined, after all, to deal gently with the London presbytery, as it is evident that they "know not what they do," and may therefore be fit objects for compassion and pardon. The committee state, that Mr. Irving acquiesced with them in the following brief statement, in which they summed up their opinion:—"That the Son of God took Human Nature of the substance of his Mother, which [Human Nature] was wholly and perfectly sanctified by the power of the Holy Ghost in the act of conception, and was upheld in the same state by the same power of the Holy Ghost, and underwent no process or progress of sanctification, as it needed none." From this opinion they afterwards charge him with departing. Now this opinion is the precise and only opinion that Mr. Irving ever held—the only opinion that he has ever expressed in any of his works—and all his publications on

the subject have been devoted to the full explanation and enforcement of this sole opinion. But this fact these men, from some lamentable confusion of mind, are incapable of perceiving. It is, however, sufficient for us to state the fact.

There is another class of adversaries for whom we feel less respect—the sectarians. The *Evangelical Magazine* remarks, that if, by the assertion that Christ was regenerated in the conception, Mr. Irving intends, that, "out of the sinful substance of the Virgin, the Holy Ghost formed the immaculate body of our Lord," then they "are at one with him. But if he means to say, that the Holy Ghost first formed a sinful substance in the womb of the Virgin, and then regenerated it by means of that perfect faith which Christ was enabled to give as a divine person, then," &c. &c.

The opinion which they declare themselves at one with is that of Mr. Irving. This fact evidently, in the course of controversy, had begun to dawn upon them. Why, then, continue the discussion? For this reason—Because Mr. Irving is, and justly feels himself to be, a clergyman of a national church, to which he is an ornament, and in which he will be remembered for many generations as, whatever some may think who may know little of his writings, an orthodox divine, though not *enslaved* even by the peculiar dogmas of his own church, at the same time that he pays all due and full deference to its authority, and daring sometimes to think himself wiser than Calvin. As a clergyman of a national church, and one who is proud of being so considered, he is a fair mark for the envenomed shafts of dissenting hatred. He is an advocate for the union of church and state; they are for the division—that by thus getting possession of the former, they may ultimately acquire that of the latter. Well do they know—better than some of our legislators—that the one follows upon the other. They have already begun their work—the UNCHRISTIAN work of robbery they have already begun. *Already have they committed the rebellious and revolutionary crime in their hearts.* The proof lies before us. Let the statesmen of England look to it, and take timely warning! Take the following extract from the *Evangelical Magazine* for March, 1831:—

"*Congregational Library and Public Rooms.*

"We rejoice to find, by a brief outline of the plan of this institution just put into our hands, that it is in a state of great forwardness. . . . We congratulate the public on this noble plan, and we entreat, on its behalf, the co-operation of the whole body of independent dissenters. We find that Thomas Wilson, Esq. has subscribed 500*l.* to the object, and that his son Joshua Wilson, Esq. has made a present of an immense collection of books, to lay the foundation of a public library. Many, we perceive, have subscribed 100 guineas, and many 50; but the sum wanted to make the institution worthy of the denomination will be large, and we beseech our readers not to hold back on an occasion when the honour and usefulness of the body are so directly concerned."

Now, what is this "noble plan," to and for which they thus largely subscribe, and solicit aid? Nothing more or less, gentle reader, than a grave proposal to supersede all civil government and law in favour of a system of their own.

"The exigencies of the age in which we live," says the outline referred to, and which is stitched up with the magazine, "do call for such a sweeping reform in the administration of the affairs of nations, that *nothing short of a complete* DISSOLUTION *and reorganization of the old systems of government* can satisfy these exigencies. The time is now fast arriving, when men will neither require, nor will they wear, those trammels and restraints which the presumption of power has so long imposed upon them, to little or no purpose but the degradation of their moral and intellectual dignity. The time is fast approaching, when *neither civil nor ecclesiastical usurpation* shall any longer trample upon the privileges and prerogatives of Christians."

Again,

"Men are not kept together by law and government, so much as by their mutual interests, or a sense of expediency. A sense of decency, of propriety, of honour, controls their interests. The higher tone of religion regulates that sense of decency, of propriety, and of honour. Law and government require more often to be checked by the subjects, for whom their provisions are intended, than the subjects require to be checked by them. The customs, too, and habits of society, are always more powerful than the laws, and will hold men together when the laws will not; for the laws are generally made against the cus-

toms and habits of society to supply their deficiencies. A dissolution of the government, therefore, need never be a dissolution of society. Were all the governments of Christendom abolished at a stroke to-morrow, such an excision might be nothing more than an abolition of so much taxes and so much useless expenditure. There would be no occasion for the creation of any fresh forms of government, when, as men are now organized in Christendom, there are already sufficient materials in the local authorities of its parishes, or in the separate congregations of its parishes, for all the purposes of government. THE KINGDOM OF THE PARISHES, or the KINGDOM OF THE CONGREGATIONS, without either army or navy, and with its local tribunals of the parish churches for their parliaments, would be a much more economical and efficient kingdom than any kingdom in existence. And what have law and government done? Perplexed society, both in its internal and foreign relations—plunged the world in war and bloodshed—sat like an incubus upon its resources—meddled in matters which would have 'worked' best when left alone to themselves—very often justified iniquity and oppression—perverted justice—and divided states by the intestine jealousies which they have created. It is the natural dependence of man on man, increasing with the descent of the scale in the successive grades of society, which binds them together more efficaciously than laws or governments. Those who compose the lowest grade of society are most interested in preserving its peace, as any little derangement of its mechanism may throw them out of a participation of its resources, through the precarious tenure by which they hang on to the system. It is the impression which they receive from their more independent superiors, which more often drives them to rebellion than any agitating cause of their own creation. It is the rulers of the earth, who have been more prone to 'destroy the earth,' than that collection of men, whom their oppression or restless ambition *have* roused into existence, which are generally designated by the *Mob*."*

Our readers will perceive that before this precious plan can be carried into execution, its promoters, as in the time of Oliver Cromwell, must again get possession of the parish church. This is what these Independents, now called the congregational churches, are aiming at, and driving at, and subscribing for. Mr. Canning, advocate as he was for Catholic emancipation, did well in this, that he opposed the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. A member lately said in the House of Commons, that he knew not on what principle emancipation could be granted to the Catholics, and the claims of the Dissenters resisted. Why, upon this!—the principle on which the Catholic measure itself was passed—the principle of expediency! The principle of expediency despises consistency—despises every thing but itself, such a principle as it is. These men, however, are wiser in their generation than those same expediency-mongers were. They propose to build up a state by means of a church establishment—a *new* church establishment erected on the ruins of the old, and composed of "that collection of men, which are generally designated by the *Mob!*" The church of the mob, the prime motto of which is to be—

"All power proceeds from the people."

We thank them for this information, though we knew before, that what is called evangelical religion had especial reference to the mob, and boasted of its popularity. Popular preaching—vulgar declamation—these have been its chief means to procure success. To render this the more easy, they have invented too a popular Theology, for which we shall look in vain in the Bible, and which no reasonable man can accept. Oh! what infidels have their fanatical ravings made in the world! Like the superstition of the Church of Rome, what numbers of honest and enquiring minds, has their nonsense driven into infidelity! This must ever be the effect of superstition.

The system which they have invented as the easiest to extemporize about, and to be received by a low mind, we cannot enter into at full—suffice it to say, it is a sort of pantheistical theology, only a little short of idolatry. It was not for this, that our forefathers reformed the church,—but it was to emancipate it from this very corruption, that they ventured on so dangerous a project as a reformation. The Roman church,

* Pp. 6-7 of "Outlines of a Plan for the Formation of a New State of Society, on the Doctrines and Principles of Christ's Kingdom, as laid down by our Divine Master in the Word of God. London, printed by J. Robins and Sons, 57, Tooley-street. 1831."

however, was less corrupt in its ways, than these Evangelical sects. It had always, in each successive generation, men who were free, and used their freedom, to testify against those impostures and innovations, which it has been well observed, were in a state of uncertainty, of permission, or of custom only, until "the council of Trent *ossified* all those ulcers and blotches which had deformed the church, and stamped the hitherto much doubted and controverted prerogative of the Pope, with the highest authority recognized in the church." But now there is no man among these schismatics, who dares or will declare the truth, as it is written in *the Book*, or as it ought to be "graven on the fleshly tablets of their hearts." No—but as *after* the Reformation had taken firm root, and God had provided a purer church, the council of Trent corroborated and decreed the corruptions of ages into unalterable laws and constitutions of the church—so do these Schismatics, now that a greater Reformation has commenced, seek to embody their false—or, at best, imperfect and one-sided systems, and perpetuate the same, by means, forsooth, of a national establishment. But we fear them not, holding as we do, that their cause is even weaker than that of the papacy was. For with Mr. Irving, we are "free to confess and avow, that we believe the soil of the Catholic church, when Luther arose, was of a stronger mould, fitted to bear forest trees and cedars of God, than the soil of the Protestant church in the times of Whitfield and Wesley, which hath brought forth only stunted undergrowths, and creeping brushwood." Deeply however have we to lament with the same writer, "that the faith of the Protestant church, in Great Britain, had come to a lower ebb, and that it is even now at a lower ebb, than was the faith of the Papal church, when the spirit of the Lord was able to quicken in it, and draw forth of it such men as Luther and Melancthon, and Bullenger, Calvin, Bucer, and Latimer, and Ridley, and a score others whom I might name."

Over this viper horde of pantheists and schismatics, we wish Mr. Irving a speedy and triumphant victory.

CUPID TO THE DAMES OF BARCELONA.

FROM BOSCAN'S COURT OF VENUS.

Ah, beauteous dames! be wise! nor still believe
Youth's morn will last, and fickle Fortune smile;
Full soon Time will the enchantment undeceive—
Time, whose fleet course doth every hour beguile:
Then will you mourn decaying charms, and grieve,
And vainly seek your phantasy to wile:
Nought serves the magic arts of Paphian climes,
Nor flattering mirrors viewed a thousand times.—

Guard, ere the season of delight shall fade.
Let not the vernal spring unheeded fly:
Go forth, enjoy each flowery field and glade,
Ere the whole year in wintry paleness die:
Come, and repose beneath this verdant shade,
While balmy Zephyrs through the foliage sigh;
Thus, may Senyoras reign, with royal powers,
Over Time's circling course, and the revolving Hours.

SCOTTISH MELODIES.*

We have often thought that, had we been (as by great good fortune we were not) living and active functionaries, when Robert Burns blazed forth in that bleak region, whereto the adventurous northern travellers who have penetrated so far, give the several names of Caledonia, Scotia, Scotland, with others which we cannot, or will not stop to enumerate; the consequences would have been highly beneficial to the said Robert Burns, to the world at large, and to the Dumfries and Galloway Club in particular. However, there's no remedy now; Burns is departed, and it behoves us, instead of lamenting the neglect of the Scottish Muse in the last generation, to guard against any such neglect in the present. We, therefore, beg the attention of our readers generally, and in an especial degree of the members of the just-mentioned Dumfries and Galloway Club, (who are all hearty cocks and truly Christian-like adorers of the mountain dew—Long life to them!) while we point out the beauties of a small volume published in Scotland last year; and only one copy of which is visible in England—namely, the copy on our editorial table. By a reference to the eighth number of *Regina*, it will be seen that we announced the departure of certain dearly beloved friends of ours, for the land of mountain and of flood, —and a worse announcement—

> "Could not, we're bold to bet a guinea,
> Have reached the 'feathered' or the 'finny'."

One of our said dearly beloved was progressing through Perth, when he saw an elderly man standing on his head and soliloquizing. On inquiry, he learnt that this was no other than Shain, the Perth poet, in the act of perpetration, which act was always performed by him in the posture most favourable (as he thought) for the purpose of scanning his feet. So singular a piece of information naturally led to further inquiry, the result of which was, that our friend purchased a copy of Shain's poems, and forwarded them to us, with an earnest request that, if they should be thought worthy of notice, we would introduce them to the English public. Now, whether they are worthy or not, we shall enable our readers to decide, by placing extracts before their eyes.

We perceive by the title-page, that these poems are printed *for the Author*, which is generally understood to convey that there is nothing to be hoped for by the public. One peculiarity, however, the volume before us must be admitted to possess—it shows the march of English in Scotland since the time of Burns; though whether the march be progressive or retrograde, we are verily unable to determine. Burns was an honest fellow —he wrote Scotch, and he told us so, adding, that it was far more expressive than English, and referring us to his glossary if we did not comprehend his verse. By frequently consulting the said glossary, we have become tolerably *au fait* in the Scotch of Burns—but what the better are we for this as regards Mr. Shain, the Teacher? Not the draining of a dram. Mr. Shain's language is not Scotch, if that of Burns be so: just as little is it English—yet we have a glimmering of his significance—something like that which enlighteneth a British student through the labyrinth of a German sentence. We are however furnished with a pleasing illustration of the truth, that for the acquirement of a just pronunciation in a foreign language, the poets should be your favourite reading, inasmuch as the measure and rhyme force you to prosodaical propriety. Now, for some instances of this: the first is from a piece called *Woman's Smile*, and we'll be sworn our fair country-women, (with whom, thank Cupid, we of *Regina* are the greatest favourites in the universal literary world) will all smile—nay, laugh heartily at this stupendous lyric.

> "As the sun, when show'rs are over,
> As repose is after to[illegible]
> To the warm, exulting [illegible]r
> So is lovely Woman's [illegible]mile! [smoil]

* Scottish Melodies, Odes, &c. By J. Shain, Teacher, Perth. Printed for the Author. 1829.

Burning fevers, love-sick heartaches,
Throbbing pulse and heaving sigh,
Feeling which of madness *partakes*,
Jealousy's distorted eye;
Dreams of sorrow, thoughts of anguish,
Disappointments, lovers' bile,
Manly strength reduced to languish,*
All are cured by Woman's smile!

When the smile proceeds from Beauty,
Accomplishments, and virtue's wile
Around the heart it forms a *true tie (!)*
Oh for such a Woman's smile!

* * * *

Woman! I confess I love thee,
Thou art all my solace here;
All my wish is to improve thee,
Man to virtue thou may'st rear.
Thou a help to man wast given;
Heaven's purpose never foil;
Woman's virtue makes a heaven
When adorn'd with Woman's smile!" [smoil]

We really believe the author's assertion in the line printed in italics. Nearly every piece in his book relates to the 'dear creatures, we can't do without 'em.' 'Woman's Eye,' 'Woman's tresses,' 'Woman's frown,' 'Woman's love,' 'Woman's scorn,' &c. &c., are all written with a manifest and laudable intention of improving the pretty dears, whom we, on this side the Tweed, have, from our cradles, believed to be perfection itself. But we must give another specimen of modern Scotch pronunciation: it occurs in a piece called *Poor Tom*, who lost the intellectual peculiarity distinguishing man from the beasts, in consequence of Susan's perfidy.

" Poor Tom was once in martial pride
His country's guardian, clean and *tide, (?)*
A soldier bold and brave;
Till love for Susan drove poor Tom
From care, from reason, and from home,
A lunatic to rave.

Tho' absent in his country's cause,
He still attending to love's laws,
Sent many a billet doux.
And, well belov'd, permission gain'd
To see his friends, and thus attain'd,
To prove his love was true.

When, lo! the bliss of man how short!
A villain, *not from love but sport*,
Had married Sue by fraud;
He frantic heard the mournful tale,
His reason fled! nought could avail!
And now poor Tom is mad!" [*maud*]

To a friend who had just submitted to the nuptial ceremony, the poet puts the following question:—

" Say, did you think that Woman's smile
Could e'er endear the dawn of day?
To wish that night would draw its veil, [vile]
To see her blooming features play?

Whene'er the priest said, 'I declare
You two are one'—your hearts beat *Yis!*
Say, could you ever be aware
Of love like this? 'Tis earthly bliss!"

To that sweet girl, Miss Mary—with whom we have not the pleasure of being acquainted, Mr. Shain rhymeth as follows:—

> " Farewell then, dear Mary! May heaven protect you
> From every attempt that would sully your fame;
> For never such beauty remains in its duty,
> If it be not assisted by some power supreme. [*suprame*]
> May some happy lover your goodness discover!
> And then may the virtues of both have their due
> By those happy pledges which heaven engages [*ingegges*]
> To give to such daughters, dear Mary, as you!"

To all which we say—Amen!

We will now proceed to follow the bard in his loftier flights, having first very properly made our readers acquainted with his arbitrary power in rhymes 'which' we all know—

> " 'The rudders are of verses'
> By which like ships they steer their courses."

Of Woman's eye, Mr. Shain avers that,

> " It softly beams on lovely themes,
> And languishes with *cast* so mild;
> It glistens at affection's schemes
> With all the *naiveté* of a child!
> And when bedimm'd with sorrow's tear,
> Its plaintive powers as lightning fly,
> The vivid spark the heart will sear,
> Th' electric spark of Woman's eye!"

The compliment to visual obliquity, in the first part of this stanza, is delicately turned. We recommend Mr. Shain to the notice of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. The 'plaintive power' flying like lightning is perfectly original in idea. The bard then goes on to say—

> " The powers of Philosophy
> Can light on Metaphysics bring;
> Can touch on Selenography,
> And causes trace unto their spring.
>
> But there's a little sparkling orb
> Which makes Philosophy to sigh—
> It would the power of man absorb
> T' explain the glance of Woman's eye."

In consequence whereof, Mr. S. exclaims,

> " O Woman! thou art still design'd
> To mitigate man's earthly doom;
> To soothe the troubles of his mind,
> *And ease his passage to the tomb.*"

We hope—nay, we believe—that Shain is not wag enough to allude, in this last line, to the great proportion of widows above widowers. His admiration for the sex forbids such a construction to be put on his harmless verse. How delicate is not the amatory tenderness breathed through his poetical creation called the *Bee!*

> " The sun was declining, *to set in the west,*
> The windows seem'd burnish'd with gold,
> The songsters of nature retired to their rest,
> And we heard the lambs bleat from the fold."

* * * * *

Frequent and just complaints are made against writers for supposing a knowledge in the reader which he may not possess. Against this our author wisely sets his face. He tells us, " the sun was declining to set *in the west,*" and not *in the east,* as some uneducated people might suppose. Yet even here, with all the poet's care, a slight ambiguity occurs; it being possible that the sun, tired, as he well might be, of setting in the west every day, was *declining* to do so any longer. This, however, is mere conjecture. Well, on the evening in question, Eliza and Richard, two lovers, were situated in the following manner:

"In an arbour they sat, constructed with taste,
With roses and ivy entwined;
A bee from the cup of a rose flew in haste,
And straight in her bosom reclined.
Young Richard with sorrow his rival survey'd,
His eyes spoke, but mute was his tongue;
He view'd it, as over her beauties it stray'd,
And he fear'd that his love might be stung.

Natural enough!

"It loiter'd on charms that had never been touch'd, [*tick'd?*]
And appear'd with her beauties to toy;
For in apian pride it did stalk as bewitch'd,
And the buzz, when it went, was of joy.
'Happy bee!' he exclaim'd, when the danger was past,
'On such beauty to revel and trip;
On the altar of beauty to make a repast,
And extract the sweet juice of that lip!'"

So said He—now for She:

"'As the bee, be industrious in honour's field,
To virtuous actions inclin'd;
And those charms you approve, which nature does yield,
Shall in time to yourself be assign'd.'
She blushingly said—'Blessed maid!' he exclaim'd,
'Thou my cynosure surely shalt be;
And the effort that every act may be famed,
To reverberate honour to thee!'"

We are told that the MS. has—

"Hey diddle, diddle di dee!"

Of all men in this world commend us to Mr. Shain for paying a compliment prettily!—From his Hippocrene we give

"The Draught.

"'Tis water, pure water!' my Anna exclaim'd,
For, when I had tasted, I sigh'd:
'It really, my Anna, may water be named,
But whence is this odour?' I cried.
'Its rich balmy taste is to nectar allied,
Its odour does fragrance emit,
You really must take it, and lay it aside—
For I it to quaff am unfit.'—

She told me, that she to the fountain had gone,
And there she the goblet had fill'd,
That it had no particular taste she'd depone,
For she,——but I saw her heart thrill'd.
'You tasted the cup, then?' She, blushing, said, 'Yis.'
'Then let me of that philter sip,
For the draught has been hallow'd, inspir'd by your kiss,
And the cup has been blest by your lip.'"

Our next extract shall be the singular *morçeau*, addressed to another Miss ———, of whom we have the happiness of knowing nothing more than of the former.

"'God bless you, and your Melodies!'
Was such a kindly orison,
That 'May you be,' my heart replies,
'Blest quite beyond comporison.'
And so you are—for rank and birth,
For beauty, wit, accomplishment!—
Did mankind know but half your worth,
They'd view you with *astonishment!*

'May that benignant eye above
 Throughout your tour watch over you!'
Was such a wish of Christian love,
 I easily did discover you.
For you were taught in early youth
 By one, who *actuated* you,
To sound the depths of love and truth,
 And know Him who created you.

Should I forget your well-loved name,
 I'd be the most ungrateful one
That ever favour sued from Fame—
 Indeed, I'd be a hateful one!
For I have oft your kindness shared,
 When, with familiarity,
I came to see you; and have dared
 To speak in jocularity."

Oh fie, Shain!—we begin to suspect you.

" The course of time, in every clime,
 Presents peculiarities:
Here friendship grows, and does disclose
 Affection's choicest rarities.
In sister shires there oft appears
 The greatest inhumanity;
And there men mourn dear woman's scorn,
 Which worldlings call vanity.

But absence, when good will exists,
 True friendship never finishes;
Each pace of time its strength assists,
 Nor death its power diminishes.
My prayer shall be, my heart assures,
 'Be maid, or in maternity,
Earth's purest joys through time be yours,
 And Heaven through eternity.' "

To another young lady, the Poet appeals as follows:

" And can you easily acquiesce
 With any other man to dwell?
An old man's withered arms to bless—
 And suffer me to say, 'Farewell!' "

Speaking of woman's love, he takes occasion to express his approval of the fashioning of this terraqueous globe; " but," he adds,

" But though the world was form'd with taste,
 And through it man, as lord, did rove;
He found it all a dreary waste,
 Unconscious still of woman's love.

But what God gives, he gives in sleep;
 So he to man did woman give:
Who with surprise did almost weep,
 When he awoke and found an Eve!
Adorn'd with nature's richest gifts,
 Whose breast with finest passions *hove*,
Whose sympathetic feeling lifts
 Man's happy thoughts to woman's love."

In a Bacchanalian song, beginning, " Come, fill me a bumper," the Poet expresses our sentiments on friendship so truly, that we cannot refrain from quoting him:

" Here's to the soul who, with honest intent,
 Will halve the last mite with the friend he esteems;
Who'll tell him his faults, and who still will be bent
 To share the last mite with the friend he esteems.

But away with those formal friends who'll say, 'Do,'
When they know that to do's quite out of your power;
Who'll willingly give you advice, and smiles too;
But ask for their help—they'll immediately lower."

He then gets on his favourite topic, the women—

" But woman, sweet woman! thou still art the same;
No changes of fortune can alter thy love;
Thy friendship is pure, and thy delicate frame,
* *Like those found at Winsberg*, can danger remove.
With thee, and a friend whom my heart would admire,
Let life's storms assail me I'd still happy be;
Resignedly I'd die, and my only desire
Would be, that I'd meet, too, hereafter with thee."

Amen, Mr. Shain!—All this devotedness to the sex could not go unrewarded. No. In compliment to the Scottish muse, Miss ——— sent the poet a purse; and, for the honour of the poetic character, there was nothing in it. These verses accompanied the gift—

" On presenting this purse to a true-hearted man,
From wishing I cannot refrain—
That abundance he always may have at comman'
Of what it was made to contain."

How could Mr. Shain help feeling what he did feel on this occasion? He felt his bosom

" Rise with unexampled swell!"

and he wrote as follows:—

" In receiving a gift from a lady like you,
I cannot my pleasure reveal;
For it is by the giver the gift I must view,
And it is by the motive I feel."

Who can be insensible to this delicate way of expressing the proverb, " never look a gift horse in the mouth?" He continues,

' For your very kind wishes my best thanks receive,
But fortune can never me *worse*:
Should she smile—I'll be happy, and others relieve;
Should she frown—*I'll shew her your purse!*"

Bravo, Mr. Shain! Faith, there's no fear of you! Of the author's ballads, we can only notice two—both of equal merit. The first is *Edward and Mary*; the second, *Louisa and Henry*. Neddy and Polly marry at the express request of the lady, who says,

" I have wealth and plenty too,
So if you now incline
To share with me my *revenue*,
My hand and heart are thine."

He accepts the offer, and Mr. Shain says,

" The sequel I need not relate,
With joy her hand he seized;
They, entering on the marriage state,
Are by God's blessing pleased."

Lissy and Harry are more unlucky:—

" Their nuptial bow'r by Heav'n was blest,
With gratitude and joy;
For they in course of time possest
A GIRL AND A BOY.

Two lovely cherubs, void of fear,
Their parents' names they bore;
And when *they* view'd their children dear,
They lov'd each other more!

One day the sun shone clear,
And Heaven seem'd to smile,
While nature's chorus rang to cheer
Those hearts that knew no guile.

But still tho' nature did not frown,
Tho' ev'ry scene look'd gay,
An upland flood came rushing down,
And swept the babes away!"

Reviewing this sort of poetry is a solemn employment—we will conclude our labours by extracting one of the author's most solemn pieces—an epitaph on Miss Morison, of Parkhead.

" Stranger, forbear! tread not this dust;
The soul that it inhabited,
Sees from the mansions of the just,
The spot where 'tis deposited.

In virtue ripe, tho' cropt in bloom,
With Heav'n-directed piety,
She bow'd to Heaven's unerring doom,
Nor had for earth anxiety.

Her father's joy, her mother's aid,
All who her knew approv'd her merit;
On earth she was a lovely maid,
In Heaven she's now a sainted spirit.

Stranger, pass on; whilst thou hast breath,
Be this thy constant orison,
The spotless life, the happy death,
Thou may'st have as Miss Morison!"

Now nothing remains for us to do beyond the simple and pleasing duty of taking a long farewell of the author, which we perform with right good will.

Good bye, Mister Dominie Shain,
And ne'er let us meet you again!

As we were taking our toddy last night, and laughing immoderately to ourselves, which we do from time to time, for our own amusement, we received from a friend a volume, entitled *Cheltenham Lyrics*, by Hal Hardynge. This small volume commemorates the beauty and accomplishments of several young ladies, the initials of whose names are given; and is thus a publication of no small interest to the water-drinkers of 1830. The author seems to prefer this incense-offering to sweet ladies, whom he informs, very lamentingly, that they must grow old—an opinion in which we concur, always providing that they do not die young. From the stanzas called *Autumnal Leaves*, and also from one or two sonnets, we should be inclined to say, that there is more in this writer than belongs to albuming, and all that sort of thing. Let him give himself more to gravities, and we shall be happy of an opportunity of saying to him, as regards poetry,

" 'Tis thy vocation, Hal!"

By the way, we must mention that his *Cheltenham Lyrics* are dedicated to the Princess Esterhazy. Her Serene Highness would have just cause to complain of us, were we to neglect this opportunity of saying that we agree in every word of the dedication. Cheltenham owes her as much as she owes to nature; and with this elegant compliment, we assure her Serene Highness of our continued devoted and fervent admiration. Would that—but wishing is idle!

A YEAR IN SPAIN.*

These two volumes of travels, though put forth anonymously, are the production of a young American, by name Alexander Slidell, and a lieutenant in the naval service of the United States. Their contents are, as Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer, or any other fashionable novel writer, would wittily say, "quite refreshing." The country of which they treat is so absolutely a "terra incognita" to the reading population of this island, that the young American's pages open an entirely new scene for the inspection of the curious. The work moreover is got up, as to manner and composition, in a way of which Messrs. Colburn and Bentley would doubtless not approve, but expressly for which reason every intelligent man would highly commend the author. Books of travels manufactured in Burlington Street, are for the purpose of gratifying the vanity of the high and aristocratic circles who seldom or never buy works, but subscribe largely to circulating libraries, for the purpose of intellectual recreation. If therefore the ingenuous reader will condescend to peruse any one of the numerous tomes manipulated by those high priests to the demirep goddess of Fashion, who holdeth her altar behind the mahogany counter in New Burlington Street, like the ancient Aphrodite in her own lovely Paphos,† he will find, amid a vast variety of slipshod matter, as many names of high and mighty families of the aborigines of foreign parts, or as many of the English travellers of fortune, folly, or figure, as can possibly be embedded in their typographical furrows, where they may blossom for the peculiar satisfaction of themselves and their kith and kindred, and very little to the satisfaction of the intellectual portion of the community. Although the pages of those wonderful books of travel may loudly proclaim to the world that Dr. Man-midwife has honestly made a two-months' journey to St. Petersburg; that Lord this, or the Honourable Mr. the other, have lately trod the banks of the Bosphorus—have actually scaled the altitudes of the Balkan—have veritably visited the south of Russia—and received a medal from his exalted Godship Nicholas, the scourge of Poland; and that in the course of their wanderings they have cracked a bottle of Cyprus with Lord Thomas Numskull, *attaché* to the embassy at Constantinople, and eaten a dinner with Sir Gregory Addlepate at his Neapolitan Palazzo, or shaken hands with the cunning Capo d'Istrias, or whispered soft nothings to the youthful, beautiful, and immaculate Russian Princess Wowskirustibowskifustoi—what benefit, let us ask, do these Colburnian travellers shew they have imported for the benefit of their countrymen? Mr. Lloyd, the bear-hunter of Norway, may be the exception to the rule, and not the rule itself; but scarcely does the memory hold as valuable the name of one other of the herd of fashionable travellers.‡ And here lies the difference between the books of travels presented in the place of thural offerings by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley at the altar they worship, and those other works which the judicious publisher of *A Year in Spain* addresses to the healthy and manly sense of scholars and English gentlemen. The Tourists of the Silver Fork School are so many chattering magpies, anxious, in their self-conceitedness, to show off the glossy texture of their manners and dress; while the latter, as Mathews and Forsyth, and their co-labourers, are men of educa-

* A Year in Spain. By a Young American. 2 vols. Murray. London, 1831.

† "Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit," &c.—Virg. lib. i. v. 419.

Where Colburn, Fashion's serving-man, with looks
Vacant of sense as his own balaam books,
Struts like a conscious bantam 'fore his crew
Of coinless dandy and of rippish blue.

‡ Three books must be saved from our worthy friend's censure—though their mention is perhaps hardly necessary, as their authors have nothing in common with the poor herd of skimmers over sea and land whom our friend so justly denounces in the text. The three names are Burckhardt, (one of whose volumes Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have published,) Lander, and James Webster. O. Y.

tion, activity, intelligence, enterprising in quest of intellectual improvement, which, when obtained, is readily and in modest shape given forth to work as it may for the mental amelioration of their countrymen.

Two of the best volumes which Mr. Murray has ever published, are the work of our worthy American Lieutenant. We have scarcely seen so many pages written with such well sustained candour, with such felicity of style, with such an apt and playful imagination, with such graphic effect, and such captivating colouring. There is the gaiety of the young man, the plain dealing of the modest man, the good sense of the intelligent man. He conceals his name from a retiring sense of his own inefficiency; this shows the amiable quality of the author; but he need have entertained no apprehension as to the ultimate success of the volumes. The novelty of the matter would have surely saved them from condemnation. He candidly confesses his want of funds, and the necessity he lay under to economize—he avoids titled people and men of rank, estimating his time at a more precious standard, than to be frittered away among, generally speaking, such unintellectual company. The fact that little or no novelty is afforded by a scrutiny of the higher orders of society is notorious. Refinement in manners leads to an uniform goal. If we wish for national characteristics we must turn our attention to the middle and lower classes. Of this our fashionable tourists seem to be in total ignorance—but the young American author was aware of the circumstance, and profited by the knowledge. The result is a most interesting work. National prejudices are treated with deference—national faults with commiseration—the virtues of the people he acknowledges in manful terms of commendation—he takes nothing for granted, but examines into every matter himself, and, what is not general with tourists, has a reason for every conclusion.

It will be impossible for us to do full justice to these volumes: our object being to deal with the serious portions only. This, we confess, is taking the author at disadvantage. The serious parts are the least meritorious. His descriptions of the country, his sketches of the manners, habits, and economy of the people, are excellent. Every line of composition glows with freshness of feeling, with delicacy of taste and goodness of heart. His pen is unhackneyed, his mind is unimpaired by the extravagant indulgence of an headstrong youth—and every thought seems to flow from the most precious of all fountains—common sense.

We will, however, give an extract or two to show that our panegyric is by no means extravagant. Witness the following gay description of the Puerta del Sol in Madrid, of which, the hyperbolical Spaniards say, "Donde esta Madrid calle el Mundo," in our vernacular Saxon, "Where Madrid is, let the world be silent."

"Leaving this row of vehicles behind, we came to the Puerta del Sol. This is an open place in the heart of Madrid, where eight of the principal streets come together, and where the city may be said to have its focus. In the centre is a fountain, from which the neighbourhood receives its supply of water. One of the forks is formed by the parish church of Buen Suceso, and the others by the post-office and a variety of shops and dwellings. In former times it was the eastern gate of the city; hence its name of Gate of the Sun; but when the court came to Madrid, the nobility who followed in its train constructed their palaces in the open place to the east, so that the Puerta del Sol, from being the extremity, became the centre of Madrid. From hence are streets leading directly to almost any place of which you may be in search; and, put yourself into any street in the extremities of the city, it is sure to discharge you here. In this way all Madrid passes daily through this centre of circulation; so that a stranger may station himself here, and see the population of the whole capital passing, as it were, in review before him.

"Here the exchange is each day held, and the trader comes to talk of his affairs; the politician, rolled in his cloak, signifies, by a shrug, a significant look, or a whisper, the news which with us would be told with the hands in the breeches' pockets, the legs striding apart, and the voice lifted up in loud declamation. Hither the *élégante* is mechanically drawn to show off the last Parisian mode; or the idle thief, enveloped in his dingy cloak, to talk to a comrade of old achievements, or to plan future crimes and depredations. Here are constantly passing flocks of sheep and droves of swine, going to the shambles; mules and asses laden with straw or charcoal, or dead kids hooked by the

legs; and always on the very end of the last beast of each row, a rough clad fellow, singing out, with a grave accent on the last syllable, '*Paja! paja! carbon! cabrito!*' 'Straw! straw! coals! kids!' There are, moreover, old women with oranges or pomegranates, pushing their way through the crowd, and scolding those who run against their baskets; also *aguadores* with jars of water, who deafen you with cries of '*Quien quiere agua?*' 'Who wants water?' Nor do beggars fail to frequent this resort; especially the blind, who vociferate some ballad which they have for sale, or demand alms in a peremptory tone, and in the name of Maria Santissima.

"Here, too, may be seen all the costumes of Spain: the long red cap of the Catalan; the Valencian with his blanket and airy bragas, though in the midst of winter; the montera cap of the Manchego; the leathern cuirass of the Old Castilian; the trunk hose of the Leones; the coarse garb and hob-nailed shoes of the Gallego; and the rounded hat and embroidered finery of Andalusia. Nor does the Puerta del Sol fail to witness prouder sights than these. At one moment it is a regiment of the royal guard going to review, in the next, a trumpet sounds, and the drums of the neighbouring piquets are heard beating the call. The coaches and six approach, guarded by a splendid accompaniment. The cry of '*Los Reyes!*' passes from mouth to mouth; and the Spaniards, unrolling their cloaks and doffing their hats, give place for the absolute king. Presently a bell rings, and every voice is hushed. A long procession of men, with each a burning taper, is seen preceding a priest, who is carrying the reconciling sacrament to smooth the way for some dying sinner. Does it meet a carriage, though containing the first *grande* of Spain, the owner descends, throws himself upon his knees in the middle of the street, and offers his carriage for the conveyance of the host. '*Su Majestad!*' 'His Majesty!' to indicate the presence of the Saviour sacramentized, passes in a tremulous whisper from lip to lip. The faithful are all uncovered and kneeling; they smite their breasts with contrition, and hold down their heads, as if unworthy to look upon the lamb.

"We were yet standing in the midst of this buoyant scene of bustle and confusion, when a sturdy wretch brushed past us, frowning fiercely on Don Diego. He was rolled in the tatters of a blanket, and had on a pair of boots so run down at heel that he trod rather upon the legs than the feet of them. An old cocked hat, drawn closely over the eyes, scarcely allowed a glimpse of features further hidden under a squalid covering of beard and filth. Though I had already seen many strange people in Spain, this fellow attracted my attention in an unusual degree. Not so with Don Diego. The fellow's frown seemed to forbid recognition, and he said not a word until he had been long out of sight. He at length told me that the man had once been his acquaintance, and was, like himself, a native of Cordova. He had been a captain of horse under the Constitution, and, having been a violent man, had lain long in the common prison after the return of despotism. When he at length escaped from it, Don Diego took compassion upon him, as one of his own province, and a companion in misfortune. He allowed him to sleep in the outer room of his apartment, and even shared with him the contents of his own scanty purse. Very soon after, his lodgings were robbed of every thing they contained, and his friend came no more to share his hospitality. In a short time some darker crime forced the miscreant from Madrid, and Don Diego had not seen him for more than two years. I inquired why he did not send the police after him. He answered that the police would give him more trouble than the robber, and ended by saying, 'Is it not enough that he has plundered me? would you have him take my life?'"

The next specimen of the author's power in description is a robber scene. The thing is so common, that in Spain it is thought nothing of. Though this lawless condition of the people is the result, and not the cause, of bad government, yet it is sufficient to keep travellers on this side of the Pyrenees—to stop almost all internal traffic—and to make every right-minded man disgusted with his kind. Thieves, be it observed, are everlastingly at work, and attempt to plunder passengers and houses in the most frequented quarters of every city, and in open face of day. Scarcely a man is to be found, or a house that has not suffered from robbers. Whole villages live by it; and the officers of justice are associates of their gangs. The consequence is, that travellers are forbidden to carry valuables, or more money than is absolutely necessary for their bare wants. Trade, therefore, is at a stand, and the most fruitful country in the world lies fallow, and is of no more use than the moving sands of Arabia. And thus it will lie, till a patriotic king shall have mounted the throne—shall have unchained the gyves that bind public opinion to the ground—until talents

and industry, and energy and enterprise, are fostered into action—until a court of the most virtuous grandees are established round the person of the monarch—until the armies are regenerated, the church despoiled of its ample possessions in mortmain, monkish establishments destroyed, and shameful dependance on a foreign ecclesiastical potentate abrogated.—Then, and then only, will there be some chance of a happy existence for miserable Spain.

" Leaving Madrilejos, we travelled on, through a solitary country, until we came to the venta of Puerto Lapiche, the very house in which Don Quixote watched over his armour and was dubbed knight errant in the beginning of his adventurous career. The conductor had taken his seat beside me in the rotunda, and we were yet talking over the exploits of that renowned hero, when our conversation was suddenly and unceremoniously interrupted by the discharge of muskets, the loud shouting of eager, angry voices, and the clattering of many hoofs. Here, indeed, is an adventure, thought I.—O for Don Quixote to protect us!—In the next moment the diligence stopped, and on looking out at the window, the cause of this interruption became manifest.

" Our four wild partisans were seen flying at a fearful rate, closely pursued by eight still more desperate-looking fellows, dressed in sheepskin jackets and breeches, with leathern leggings, and montera caps or cotton handkerchiefs on their heads. Each had four pistols at his saddle-bow, a steel sabre at his side, a long knife thrust through the belt of his cartouch-box, and a carabine, in this moment of preparation, held across his horse's neck in front of him. It was an animated scene this, such as I had frequently before seen on canvas, in Wouvermans' spirited little pictures of robber broils and battle scenes, but which I had never before been so highly favoured as to witness in reality.

" Whilst this was going on in the road behind us, we were made to get down by one of the party, who had been left to take care of us, and who now shouted in rapid succession the words—' *Ajo! a tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!*' As this is the robber formula throughout Spain, its translation may not be unacceptable to the reader. Let him learn, then, that ajo means garlic, and the remainder of the salutation—' To the ground! mouths in the dust, robbers!' Though this formula uttered with great volubility, the r[illegible] was doubtless the first attempt of [illegible] son from whom it proceeded; [illegible] scarce turned of twenty, and [illegible] novice—a mere Gil Blas—at [illegible] beside

We did not, however, obey him the less quickly, and took our seats as ordered, upon the ground, in front of the mules and horses, so that they could only advance by passing over us; for he was so much agitated, that his musket shook like the spout of a fire-engine, and we knew full well that in such situations a frightened is not less to be dreaded than a furious man. Our conductor, to whom this scene offered no novelty, and who was anxious to oblige our visitors, placed himself upon his hands and knees, like a frog when he is about to jump, and asked if that was the right way. He took care, however, to turn his unpleasant situation to account, putting a huge watch into the rut of the road, and covering it carefully with sand. Some of the party imitated this grasshopper attitude, and Fray Antonio availed himself of the occasion and the devotional posture to bring up the arrears of his Paters and Aves.

" We had not been long thus before the captain of the band returned, leaving five of his party to take care of the guards, three of whom stood their ground and behaved well. Indeed, their chief was no other than the celebrated Poli[illegible]rio, long the terror of La Mancha, until he had been brought over to guard the diligence, and had turned royalist volunteer. We could distinctly hear them cursing and abusing the robbers, and daring them to come *tantos por tantos*—man for man. [illegible] honour, however, was not the object [illegible] these sturdy cavaliers, they cont[illegible] themselves with keeping the [illegible] check, whilst their comrades [illegible] their part at the diligence. [illegible] the captain did, when he [illegible] was to call to the conduc[illegible] after which he bade him [illegible] diligence, and throw d[illegible] there. He caution[illegible] time to look aroun[illegible] was coming—ad[illegible] as he half-lift[illegible] care'—' Y[illegible] quietly ob[illegible] told us [illegible] no harm [illegible] our w[illegible] tor's [illegible] pose, [illegible] a colle[illegible] to [illegible] his [illegible] thr[illegible] to ev[illegible] prie[illegible] d[illegible]

[illegible] an [illegible]per. [illegible] the Spain, [illegible] division more flou[illegible] [illegible]mble members [illegible] ver, the most [illegible]d have the [illegible] which dis[illegible]. They are an unshaken [illegible] parts of the [illegible] done upon a [illegible] which the American

[illegible]en as lay [illegible] any [illegible]bserved, [illegible] any form of [illegible] errors, [illegible] to the Re[illegible] nearly inarti[illegible] [illegible] a certain [illegible]fused her ab[illegible] approach

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consequential air at the time, which it marked within six hours, I placed it carefully in the hat of the conductor. The collection over, the captain emptied purses, watches, and loose money all together into a large leathern pocket which hung from his girdle, and then let the hat drop under his horse's hoofs.

" '*Cuñado!*'—'Brother-in-law!' said the captain to one of the worthies, his companions, 'take a look into those trunks and boxes, and see if there be any thing in them that will suit us.'—'*Las llaves, señores!*'—'The keys, gentlemen!' 'And do you, zagal, cast me loose those two horses on the lead; a fine fellow is that near horse with the saddle.' The two persons thus summoned set about obeying with a very different grace. Our cunado dismounted at once, and hitched his horse to the friar's trunk. He then took from the crupper of his saddle a little bundle, which being unrolled expanded into a prodigious long sack, with a yawning mouth in the middle. This he threw over his arm, with the mouth uppermost, and with a certain professional air. He was a queer, systematic little fellow this, with a meek and Joseph cast of countenance, that in a market-place would have inspired the most profound confidence. Having called for the owner of the nearest trunk, the good friar made his appearance, and he accosted
b him with great composure. 'Open it
Ta ourself, padre; you know the lock better
to han I do.' The padre complied with be-
their ing resignation, and the worthy trunk-
place loor proceeded to take out an odd col-
a bell rings, loose breeches that were secured
long processic, button, robes of white flan nel,
ing taper, is se hiefs filled with snuff. He
is carrying the the bottom without finding
smooth the way ld be useful to any but a
Does it meet a can there were none such in
ing the first *grande* n, as a last hope, he
descends, throws himse r something square
in the middle of the stree box of diamonds,
carriage for the conveyanc y a breviary fas-
'*Su Majestad!*' 'His Maje nk of the Bis
dicate the presence of the Sa longed to a
mentized, passes in a tremulou ed much
from lip to lip. The faithful are came to
covered and kneeling; they smite it, until
breasts with contrition, amenuld t in the
their heads, as if unworthy to ke
cast hurry
the lamb.
at this

"We were yet standing in the m n the
this buoyant scene of bustle and co harit-
sion, when a sturdy wretch brushed p ado
us, frowning fiercely on Don Diego. I nts
was rolled in the tatters of a blanket, and had on a pair of boots so run down at heel that he trod rather upon the legs than the feet of them. An old cocked hat, drawn closely over the eyes, scarcely allowed a glimpse of features further hidden under a squalid covering of beard and filth. Though I had already seen many strange portmanteau of the disconsolate Cardenio in the neighbouring Sierra Morena, he went down upon one knee, and fell to his task most inquisitively. Though the sack was already filled out to a very bloated size, yet there remained room for nearly all my linen and summer clothing, which was doubtless preferred in consideration of the approaching heats. My gold watch and seal went in search of its silver companion; for Señor Cuñado slipped it slily into his side pocket, and, though there be no secrets among relations, I have my doubts whether to this day he has ever spoke of it to his brother-in-law.

"Meantime, our female companion had made acquaintance with the captain of the band, who for a robber was quite a conscientious and conversable person. He was a stout athletic man, about forty years old, with a weather beaten face, and long whiskers, which grew chiefly under his chin, in the modern fashion, and like the beard of a goat. It chanced that, among the other contents of the trunk, was a brass weight, neatly done up and sealed, which our minister had procured from the Spanish Mint, and was sending with some despatches to the United States. This shone well, and had a golden look, so that our cunado would have put it in his pocket, but I showed him that it was only brass; and when he had smelled and tasted it, and convinced himself that there was neither meat nor drink in it, he told me I I might ask the captain, who graciously relinquished it to me. He also gave orders not to open the trunk of the lady, and then went on to apologize for the trouble he was giving us, and had well nigh convinced us that he was doing a very praiseworthy act He said that if the proprietors of the diligence would procure his pardon, and employ him as escort, he would serve them three months for nothing—'*Tres meses de valde. Soy Felipe Cano, y, por mal nombre, el Cacaruco*'—said he—'I am Philip Cano, nicknamed the Cacaruco. No ratcatcher am I; but a regular robber. I have no other profession or means of bringing up a large family with any decency.'*"

This is not the only deed of the kind narrated in the American's pages. In his progress to Madrid, and between Amposta and Viñaroz, a scene of atrocious, cold blooded murder is superadded to that of pillage.

" By the light of a lantern that blazed

Sa
lie, llow the profession habitually, but only
moul dista who has been plundered and dis-
chained on some unhappy traveller, and a
opinion to self in ambush at the road-side, are

from the top of the diligence. I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive trees, and that the mules, having come in contact with some obstacle to their progress, had been thrown into confusion, and stood huddled together, as if afraid to move, gazing upon each other, with pricked ears and frightened aspect. A single glance to the right hand gave a clue to the mystery. Just beside the fore wheel of the diligence stood a man dressed in that wild garb of Valencia, which I had seen for the first time in Amposta. His red cap, which flaunted far down his back, was, in front, drawn closely over his forehead, and his striped manta, instead of being rolled round him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder. Whilst his left leg was thrown forward in preparation, a musket was levelled in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared fiercely upon the visage of the conductor. On the other side, the scene was somewhat different. Pepe being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature. He had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth! that he should not have accomplished his purpose! He was met by the muzzle of a musket when he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the very trees towards which he was flying, he was effectually taken and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself upon his face as had already been done with the conductor.

"I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers—for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the mayoral as to the number of passengers; if any were armed; whether there was any money in the diligence; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding *La Bolsa!* in a more angry tone. The poor fellow meekly obeyed. He raised himself high en[illegible] to draw a large leathern purse from a[illegible] ner pocket, and, stretching his hand upward to deliver it, said, '*Toma usted caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!*' 'Take it, cavalier, but do not take away my life!' The robber, however, was pitiless. Bringing a stone from a large heap collected for the repair of the road, he fell to beating the mayoral upon the head with it. The unhappy man sent forth the most piteous cries for *misericordia* and *piedad.* He might as well have asked pity of the stone that smote him, as of the wretch who wielded it. In his agony he invoked ***Jesu Christo, Santiago Apostol y Martir, La Virgin del Pilar,*** and all those sacred names held in awful reverence by the people, and most likely to arrest the rag[illegible] of his assassin. All in vain: the murde[illegible] redoubled his blows, until growing furi[illegible] in the task, he laid his musket beside [illegible] and worked with both hands upon his victim. The cries for pity which blows had first excited, blows at length quelled. They had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks, then declined into low and inarticulate moans, until a deep-drawn and agonized gasp for breath and an occasional convulsion alone remained to shew that the vital principle had not yet departed.

"It fared even worse with Pepe, though, instead of the cries for pity, which had availed the mayoral so little, he uttered nothing but low moans that died away in the dust beneath him. One might have thought that the extreme youth of the lad would have insured him compassion: but no such thing. The robbers were doubtless of Amposta, and, being known to him, dreaded discovery. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause, and a consultation in a low tone between the ruffians; who then proceeded to execute their plans. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and, having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel, as an additional security against escape, opened the door of the interior, and mounted on the steps, I could hear him distinctly utter a terrible threat in Spanish, and demand an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian shopkeeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses, some pieces dropping on the fl[illegible] in the hurry and agitation of the mom[illegible] Having remained a short time at the [illegible] of the interior, he did not come to [illegible] briolet, but passed at once to th[illegible] Here he used greater caution [illegible] from having seen the eveni[illegible] Amposta, that it contained [illegible] six young students, w[illegible] fellows. They were [illegible] by one, from [illegible] their money and [illegible] upon their fac[illegible]

"M[illegible] consules [illegible] the year [illegible] from [illegible] him [illegible] sash [illegible] his [illegible] Pu[illegible] bent [illegible] in ev[illegible] pric[illegible] d[illegible]

[illegible] I [illegible] an [illegible] per. [illegible] the [illegible] Spain, [illegible] subdivision [illegible] more flou- [illegible] mble mem- [illegible] ver, the most [illegible] have the [illegible] which dis- [illegible]. They are [illegible] an unshaken [illegible] her parts of the [illegible] is done upon a [illegible] which the American

[illegible] even as lay inh[illegible] at any [illegible] observed, [illegible] ary form of [illegible] errors, [illegible] le to the Re- [illegible] nearly inarti- [illegible] ced a certain [illegible] fused her ab- [illegible] approach

each stroke of the murderer's knife, as it entered its victim. It was not a blunt sound as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance, but a hissing noise, as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery. This moment was the unhappiest of my life; and it struck me at the time, that if any situation could be more worthy of pity than to die the dog's death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate, without the power to aid him.

"Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded murderer came to the door of the cabriolet, and endeavoured to open it. He shook it violently, calling to us to assist him, but it had chanced hitherto that we had always got out on the other side, and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought, from the circumstance, that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visitors, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore from my waistcoat pocket, and slipped it into my boot; but when they fell to beating in the heads of our guides, I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary. The third ruffian, who had continued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket

t. in his hand, paused a moment in the road
plac head of us, and having placed his head to
a bell ground as if to listen, presently came
long pr spoke in an undertone to his compa-
ing taper They stood for a moment over the
is carrying and struck his head with the buts
smooth the muskets, whilst the fellow who had
Does it meet the knife returned to make a
ing the first gro thrusts, and in another mo-
descends, throws h disappeared from around
in the middle of the
carriage for the convey.
'Su Majestad!' 'His M ng few remarks
dicate the presence of the r of the worse
mentized, passes in a tremulo of Spanish
from lip to lip. The faithful ar
covered and kneeling; they smite can
breasts with contrition, and uld it, yet the
their heads, as if unworthy to ins into
the lamb. hued to

"We were yet standing in the m rned,
this buoyant scene of bustle and c body
sion, when a sturdy wretch brushed har ion
us, frowning fiercely on Don Diego. ess, or
was rolled in the tatters of a blanket, a d it is
had on a pair of boots so run down iarc's,
heel that he trod rather upon the legs void
than the feet of them. An old cocked hat, drawn closely over the eyes, scarcely allowed a glimpse of features further hidden under a squalid covering of beard and filth. Though I had already seen many strange

now, as in the time of Gil Blas, the word *Justicia*, which should inspire the honest with confidence, is never pronounced without a shudder."

We wish our space allowed us an opportunity of gratifying our reading public with the admirable description of a bull-fight witnessed at Madrid. But this is out of our power; for were we to play truant to the commands of that autocrat, worse than an Emperor Nicholas, Oliver Yorke, and exceed the quantity he has in his mighty pleasure set down for our observance, farewell to all favours hereafter. We should never again have the slightest chance of writing for the pleasure, or the improvement of a discerning public.

Every one must admire the gay, happy, easy fluency, and natural tone in which the American describes his landlord, Don Valentin, and the sprightly and enchanting daughter of the landlord, Doña Florencia.

"Meantime, we had reached the landing-place of the third story, and pulled the bell-cord which hung in the corner. Before the sound was out of the bell, we were challenged by a voice from within, crying in a sharp tone, '*Quien?*'—'Who is it?' '*Gente de paz!*'—'Peaceful people!' was the answer of Don Diego. Our professions of amity were not, however, sufficient, and we were reconnoitred for half a minute through a small wicket, which opened from within, and was provided with a mimic grating like the window of a convent. The man who reconnoitred us from the security of his strong-hold had no occasion to close one eye whilst he peeped with the other; for he was one-eyed, or, as the Spaniards, who have a word for every thing, express it, *tuerto*. When he had sufficiently assured himself of our looks and intentions, several bolts and latches were removed, the door was opened, and Don Valentin stood before us. He was tall, gaunt, and bony, dressed in a square-tailed coat and narrow pantaloons of brown, with a striped vest of red and yellow. The collar and ruffles of his shirt, as well as the edges of a cravat of white cambric, were elaborately embroidered, and made a singular contrast with the coarseness of his cloth. Beside him were an immense pair of stiff-backed boots with tassels, ready to supersede the slippers which he wore. Don Valentin's face was thin, wrinkled, and sallow, and was set off by black and bristly hair, which seemed to grow in all directions from sheer inveteracy.

"These observations were made whilst punctilious politeness, which distin-

guishes the Old Castilian, and to which the Andaluz is no stranger, was expending itself in kind inquiries after the health of each other and family. '*Como esta usted?*' 'How fares your grace?' '*Sin novedad para servir á usted y usted?*'—'As usual at your grace's service; and yourself?' Then followed a long list of inquiries for *Doña* Concha on one part, and *La* Florencia on the other; with the replies of, '*Tan buena—tan guapa—para servir á usted;*' 'Equally well—famously—at your grace's service.' By this time Don Valentin had discovered me in the obscurity of the doorway: so directing his eye at me, and inclining his ungainly figure, he said, with an attempt at unction, '*Servidor de usted caballero,*' and bid us pass onward into a small saloon, of which he opened the door. When he had drawn on his boots, he followed, and, after a few more compliments, Don Dieg opened the subject of our visit. Don V r a becoming pause, re-
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an acknowledgement, and upon

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 it, placed one of
 side of his victim.
 ket of the youth, he
 ealt him repeated blows
 the body. The young
 anion, shrunk back shud-
 is corner, and hid his face
 embling fingers; but my own
 ed spell-bound, for I could not
 them from the cruel spectacle,
 ears were more sensible than ever.
 gh the windows at the front and sides
 still closed, I could distinctly hear

auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty. She had on a mantilla of lace, pinned to her hair and falling gracefully about her shoulders, and a *basquiña* of black silk, trimmed with cords and tassels, and loaded at the bottom with lead, to make it fit closely, and show a shape which was really a fine one. Though high in the neck, it did not descend so low as to hide a well-turned ankle, covered with a white stocking and a small black shoe, bound over the instep by a riband of the same colour.

"As I said before, I was met full in the face by this damsel of La Rioja, to whose cheek the ascent of three pairs of stairs had given a colour not common in Madrid, and to herself not habitual. Her whole manner showed that satisfaction which people w feel well and virtuously always experie on reaching the domestic thresh She was opening and shutting her h vivacity, and stepped short in th a little song, a great favourite a, which begins,

'Q o casarme!
Qu mejor ser soltera!'

 ot to marry!
 er live single!'

 ment to a stand in
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* In the *Diccionario Geogr*

A more independent, or more deserving set of individuals, we have rarely seen; of course there are exceptions, but these are few in comparison to the number of the well-deserving. Here the *hidalgo* has been forced to turn teacher of languages, and the high-souled and the proud to condescend to the discharge of menial services: but amidst all their distresses one great consolation sweetens the bread they earn—that they have done all they could to vindicate Castilian honour—that in having preferred a meritorious exile to base servility at home, they have set a noble example to every Spaniard. As a contrast to the suffering of this spirited band, only see a description of how the lofty Ferdinand has rewarded those who clung to his fortunes in his hour of adversity:

"On my return homeward I remembered that there was a convent of Carthusians on the bank of the river above Triana, (near Seville,) and turned aside to seek admittance. After much knocking at the postern, a surly old porter came to reconnoitre me through a little wicket, but refused to let me enter, or even to go himself to ask permission of the prior. The season was one of solemnity, and the devotion of these sons of Saint Bruno could not suffer interruption. I turned away in disappointment, and walked quickly along a narrow path which skirted the bank of the river. The rapidity of my pace soon brought me up with an officer, who was ; tapering at a slower rate in the same direc- carrying s the path chanced to grow ooth th here, he politely stood aside es it me. ss him. He was dressed in an ; the first cocked-hat, with a red cockade scends, thr the whole side of it, which wa the middle tly concealed under two broad riage for ta rnished gold lace. His coat *u Majestad!'* h a strap on either shoulder, ate the presence ich were bent to the sad- ntized, passes in the height and heavines m lip to lip. The ed a captain of ca- ered and kneeling; of a sabre, he asts with contrition, a walking-cane; ir heads, as if unworth es, and mustaches lamb. y were quite as hol- ' We were yet standing st-fallen a those of buoyant scene of bu as evidently a poor 1, when a sturdy wretch fficer. Poor as he frowning fiercely on Don he courtesy with rolled in the tatters of a hung out his cane on a pair of boots so ru into the Guadal- l that he trod rather upon hand he waved n the feet of them. An old entitled to drawn closely over the eyes, so was in turn wed a glimpse of features further hid ler a squalid covering of beard and fil ough I had already seen many strang

a fair introduction to the discourse which followed.

"He soon learned that I was a stranger—an American, and had been disappointed in seeing the convent. He too had failed to gain admittance; but his errand had related to something else beside mere curiosity. It appeared that he was an indefinido; and, when I asked him if he had made himself obnoxious during the Constitutional system, he said no—he had ever been true to his king, perchance to the prejudice of his country. He had long since been regularly purified, and was now ready to go whithersoever the king his master might be pleased to send him. But no orders came for him to go upon active service, nor had he and many others in Seville received any half-pay for near a year. What could he do? It was too late in life for him to begin the world anew. He could not work—and he glanced at the soiled embroidery of his uniform. He had to struggle along with his wife and two children the best way he could. A relation who had a place in the Cathedral had done something for them, and the Prior of Cartuxa had been very charitable. His necessities, however, had outgrown these scanty supplies, and he had gone again today to the convent to seek relief from pressing want, but he had not seen the prior. Meantime his wife was at the term of her pregnancy, and he did not know where he was to find bread for her and for the children, much less the comforts and assistance called for by her peculiar condition. The threadbare dress of the veteran, his meager countenance, the contending sense of pride and poverty there expressed, and the tearful eye that proclaimed the triumph of the last, were so many pledges of the faithfulness of his tale. Doubtless he had not overcome his shame, and made me privy to his poverty, for the sake of being pitied. I did what I could for him, though it was rather in accordance with my means than with my own will or his necessity. The old man was grateful. He begged me to stay a day or two in Seville, and promised to procure me the sight of the Cartuxa, and of whatever else was still worthy of being seen. He now walked quicker than before, and seemed as anxious to reach his home as he had lately appeared unwilling to go there."

Spain, which once, and at so early a period as the ninth century, numbered forty millions of active and thriving inhabitants, now scarcely contains, according to the census of 1786, ten millions and a half of abject and starving beggars.* The little kingdom of Granada alone, had three millions

* Don Miñano, the population of Spain is estimated in

of industrious and happy souls; and this division is less than the twentieth portion of all Spain. The country south of the *Sierra Morena* formerly contained more inhabitants than are now to be found in all the Peninsula. Manufactures of silk and linen were extensively established there; now the whole body of the nation, from the grandee to the peasant, is in tatters. Paper was first invented there; now scarcely a single new work is published in the year, and that from one extremity of the country to the other. The only newspapers are two miserable productions, under the lynx eye of the censorship, by name the *Diario* and *Gaceta*. All the arts and conveniences of life were once abundantly promoted throughout every part and parcel of the land, now the whole population is in a sorrowful state of bankrupt decrepitude. The social and intellectual condition of Spain, too, was the most celebrated in the world. Chemistry, medicine, surgery, mathematics, astronomy, music, and every other curious and useful science was prosecuted in its universities and cities with renown and profit. The Spaniards were the first translators of Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius Pergæus, Eutochius, Diocles, Diophantes, Hippocrates, and Ptolemy, and many others, particularly mathematicians. The Spanish commentaries on these authors were admirable. In fact, it is impossible to read over the catalogue made by Casiri, of the Arabian MSS. in the Escurial library, without being lost at the assiduity and vast attainments of the scholars of Spain. Now, the Peninsula is the Cimmerian abode of ignorance. It was once the first maritime power in the world; and even at the close of the last century, it could have sent no less than eighty well-equipped ships of the line to sea. The sole remnant of such greatness, and so mighty an armament, is one solitary vessel; and this, as the American informs us, "lay abandoned, without anchor or cable, with a single mast standing, and careened against a sand bank, a mournful emblem of national decline." Even the paltry coasting trade is carried on by Italians, and under the Italian flag, on account of the adventurous boldness of the South American pirates.

The following is an account of the Spanish bankers:—

"In the evening I went in search of the banker, named in my circular of credit. I found a respectable looking old gentleman seated among his family, and just about to qualify his fast with a cup of chocolate, which he hastened to offer me. When he found that I had just come in the diligence from Madrid, he inquired the particulars of the robbery, which he had already heard of in a general way. I had heard the story many times, but had not told it once. In consideration, however, of the audience, I made the attempt, and being occasionally assisted by two or three pretty Andaluzas, when at a loss for a word, I was able to finish the sad narration. The old man every now and then exclaimed—'*Caramba!*'—and his daughters stamped their little feet, and tried to frown, and called the robbers *demonios* and *tunantes*. They seemed indignant that a stranger should have met with such treatment in España; but were somewhat consoled in learning that it had happened among the rough Manchegos, and not in Andalusia. The old man hastened to place his house and purse at my disposition. I thanked him for the first, and agreed to take from the latter as much money as would carry me to Seville. He took me over the way to his *tienda*, where he sold almost everything, and made his young man tell me out the required sum, for which he would not receive any per centage. I afterwards found that the Spanish bankers are not in the habit of charging for small sums, advanced as an accommodation to travellers. The one in question, like most others I had business with, was at the same time an importing merchant and a shopkeeper. This circumstance sufficiently shows the fallen condition of commerce [illegible] Spain, where we see nothing of [illegible] ubdivision of its pursuits which is fo[illegible] more flourishing countries. The[illegible] [illegible]ble members of the *comercio* are [illegible], the most liberal people in Sp[illegible] have the clearest perception o[illegible] which distress their unhapp[illegible] They are likewise distingui[illegible] an unshaken probity, not univ[illegible] [illegible]er parts of the world, where [illegible] done upon a larger scale.

The cont[illegible] [illegible]ich the American

1826, to have been 13,732,000: of these, 13,490,031 [illegible] as lay inh[illegible] at any 127,345, clergy; 100,732, soldiers; 14,061, sailors. [illegible] served [illegible] ary form of Miñano is suspicious authority. His work is full of [illegible] errors, [illegible] to the Remiserable creature of the court.

draws between the former and present condition of Segovia and Toledo are applicable to every other place in the Peninsula. As regards Segovia it is pitiable; but Toledo and the other cities in the south of Spain, the favourite abodes of her Moorish princes, afford a heart-sickening difference. We give the two following as the last extracts, not having space for any thing more from the amusing pages of our very clever American Traveller:—

"Towards three in the afternoon we entered that famous old city of Segovia, of which the curious may find mention, under the very same name, in the Natural History of Pliny. Nor has Segovia failed to make a distinguished figure in modern times; for it was a long while the principal manufacturing city of the whole Peninsula. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, we learn from Townshend, that there were in Segovia thirty-four thousand persons employed exclusively in the manufacture of cloth, but now the whole population of the city does not exceed ten thousand. As a compensation for this decline, the number of convents has increased to twenty-one, and there are now twenty-six churches. Industry has fled—the clergy remain and multiply. In the open country between Madrid and Segovia, for one inhabited house that we came to, there were certainly two in ruins; indeed, it seemed as though we were passing through a depopulated territory. Many of these houses, we were told, had been destroyed in the war of independence; but it is likely, that in more instances, the insecurity of living isolated has led to their abandonment. As the villages in this part of Spain are separated by very long intervals, it generally follows that he who abandons his house to seek security in the society of his fellow men, must likewise give up the cultivation of his field. Hence result a diminished production and declining population; and hence, too, the painful sight of wasted lands and ruined habitations."

Now for unfortunate Toledo:—

"Toledo, indeed, furnishes a striking epitome of the national decay. Here you may see the monuments of past magnificence crumbling to pieces, and ready to crush the squalid habitations of modern times. If you go forth into those streets, which were once thronged with busy artisans and bustling soldiers, you are met by surly priests in unwieldy hats and sable [illegible], or filthy friars, with shaven [illegible] robes of dirty flannel, their well filled and sensual faces giving a flat denial to the humility of their attire. These, with the realistas and hordes of able-bodied beggars, who receive their regular meals at the convent doors and bring up families without labour, compose no inconsiderable part of the population of Toledo. Instead of the noise of the loom and the shuttle, and the voice of cheerful labour, which announced the presence of an industrious and happy people, you may now hear the tinkling bell of the host, or the louder tolling of some convent clock, calling the lazy inmates to the daily duties of the refectory. The stirring sounds of martial music are exchanged for the nasal monotony of perpetual masses. But though there is much religion in Toledo, there is very little morality. There is, on the contrary, a vast deal of libertinism in this same sainted city. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when so large a number of robust and high fed men are interdicted from the open enjoyment of domestic and family endearments, and, at the same time, provided with money to purchase the gratification of every desire? Many of the clergy, doubtless, observe their vow of celibacy, many have domestic establishments and families, many lead a roving life, and prey upon the community. Hence the privilege of legitimating three hundred misbegotten children, conceded in the thirteenth century by the papal see, to that great prelate, Don Roderic, though inadequate to the wants of Toledo, must, if it still exist, be very useful.* The offspring of this clerical intercourse furnish monks and nuns for the convents of Toledo; just as the mendicants rear their hopeful offspring, to nourish and keep alive the beggarly fraternity."

Spain, however, has the germs of more prosperous circumstances in her bosom. Her inhabitants, "like the charmed teeth of the Cadmean dragon, are waiting the moving influence of a higher power, when they will burst forth in all the panoply of war, and enact deeds worthy the great renown of their chivalrous progenitors. She has, also, amid the surrounding darkness of mind, a few men of philosophical attainments and intellectual energy. Two very and truly celebrated among their countrymen are now no more, but they have left behind them worthy disciples ready to follow with energy in the footsteps of their masters. These two are Campomanes and Jovellanos; of the latter some information has been recently given to our readers; of the

* "Mariana."

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former little if any thing is known to Englishmen, and we think we shall be doing a service if we present some short notice of his beneficial career. This shall be done in our next Number. A few observations, however, upon the Spanish Clergy, will not be deemed an inappropriate conclusion to this paper.

The Spanish clergy may be divided into two distinct orders—the higher and lower. The former class is composed of members of the episcopal body, dignitaries and canons of cathedrals, rectors or *curés* of large towns, professors of the universities, and endowed monks, such as the Benedictines, Hyeronomites, Bernardines, Carthusians, &c. This class, too, comprises the better instructed portion of the ecclesiastics, most of whom, previously to the revolution, began to adopt modern philosophical ideas on the subject of political government.

The lower order of the Spanish clergy is composed of the choir of ecclesiastics belonging to cathedral chapters, vicars of inferior rank, monks of every denomination, and a nameless crowd of priests, attached to the different churches in quality of occasional curates. Some of the latter are provided with trifling church preferments, known by the name of *capellanias*, and mostly in the gift of noble families, by whose ancestors they have been founded.

Religion, in Spain, is wholly a matter of exterior form. The most fervent devotion amounts merely to a conviction, that salvation depends on the rigorous accomplishment of the letter of the divine precept expressly revealed to man, in order that a strict compliance with religious ceremony may efface the sins which human nature is prone to commit. For this reason a Spanish devotee rarely aspires to perfection. Such of our readers as have visited the land of Saint Theresa, or gazed with admiration on a Castilian beauty,

"Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies,"

will doubtless be surprised, that religion which, even in less favoured regions, boasts its modern saints and martyrs, should be treated with cold indifference in a climate whose genial influence might be supposed to vivify and exalt every sentiment of the heart. Spain undoubtedly abounds with piety—piety in the literal acceptation of the term; but how seldom do we there meet with those ardent spirits, with whom the love of Heaven is a feeling, not a duty, and by whom "Holy Mother Church" is considered an indulgent parent rather than an unsparing task-mistress? It is even rare to discover among the Spanish fair the slightest tendency to that glowing and disinterested devotion, of which there are frequent examples in France. It would be difficult to assign the exact cause of this coldness to the spirit, whilst the letter of religious duty is observed with scrupulous attention. Were we to hazard an opinion on the subject, we would most reverentially ascribe the circumstance to the operation of the Holy Inquisition; whose racks and scourges, though ill adapted to "set the affections on heavenly things," are admirably calculated to teach the Spanish christian, or rather catholic, the precise point at which damnation begins.

Spain is remarkable for a class of female devotees called *Beatas*, who are distinguished from the rest of their sex by a more rigid attention to the exercises of religion. Their piety, however, is of a very material cast, and few of them belong to the higher classes of society. The truth of this observation will be fully confirmed by the following anecdote, related by an eye-witness of the circumstance to which it alludes:—

"I passed the year 1806," says the narrator, "in a little town of Old Castile, where I lived on intimate terms with the Provisor or Grand Vicar of the Diocesan Bishop,—a man of superior understanding and agreeable manners. His conversation was not only amusing but instructive, as he was thoroughly acquainted with the usages and institutions of his country. On one occasion I dined at his house, when a female of *not* equivocal reputation, absolutely forced his door at an hour which, in Spain, is generally devoted to domestic privacy. The lady, whose physiognomy bore evident indications of wrath, and of sundry 'potations pottle deep,' unceremoniously entered the apartment where we were seated at table, and without any exordium, or even the customary form of salutation, told her angry tale to the Reverend Father. In a voice nearly inarticulate with rage she denounced a certain Augustine Monk, who had refused her absolution, and forbidden her to approach

the communion table on the following day, which happened to be the festival of Saint Anne, her patron Saint. The infuriated dame appeared horrified at the idea of omitting the pious ceremony by which, since her attainment to years of discretion, she had annually been wont to wash away her little amorous peccadilloes. The worthy Provisor attempted to soothe the amazon who seemed so resolutely bent on contrition, or at least confession; but she was not to be soothed. He recommended her to address herself to some more accommodating priest, but in vain: the female Titan was determined to take Heaven by storm. A vigorous stamp on the ground, accompanied by an imperative *shall*, soon convinced the would-be peacemaker that his exhortations were lost. 'The Jew of a friar *shall* absolve me from my sins, since I am ready to confess them,' cried the devout complainant. Adopting the impartial motto of '*Audi alteram partem*,' the Grand Vicar summoned to his presence the refractory priest; when it turned out that the latter had decided upon withholding the rite of absolution, under the hope that his refusal would awaken his 'fair *im*-penitent' to a sense of her transgressions, and induce her to forego the pleasure of sinning, if, for no other reason, said he, that she might be spared the trouble of so frequently repenting. The Monk's defence, however, was far from satisfactory to the Grand Vicar, at which, when the court was cleared both of plaintiff and defendant, I could not avoid testifying my surprise. 'You seem not to be aware,' said my ghostly friend, 'of the manner in which we settle such points on this side of the Pyrenees. But recollect the old Spanish saying,—love and robbery, when commanded by necessity, are not crimes.'"

If the reader had ever been at Valencia, or Madrid, during the celebration of *La Fiesta di Muerti*, or Festival of the Dead, he would have enjoyed an opportunity of observing Spanish fanaticism and superstition in a remarkable point of view. On the occasion of this singular festival, which takes place early in the month of November, every good Catholic feels bound to display his piety and zeal, by devoting a sum of money for the purpose of redeeming the souls of his friends or relations from purgatory. It would be the height of impiety to imagine that they could otherwise be saved from a short sojourn of some hundred years in that agreeable half-way house, or that even a long life of virtue and abstinence could produce the beneficial effects which are insured to orthodox believers by the venal paternosters of a "priest all shaven and shorn."

Of all the tenets professed by the Catholic church, there is perhaps none on which the Spanish clergy insist with more pertinacity than on the doctrine of purgatory. The motive is easily divined: they consider it a most productive article of faith—an inexhaustible mine of wealth,—and one that can be worked without either fatigue or danger.

On the occasion of the Festival of the Dead, all the churches in Spain are hung with black, and illuminated with an immense number of wax candles. The priests repeat masses in almost all the chapels,—or, to speak correctly, they gallop through three at a time upon each altar, and even this post-haste piety is scarcely sufficient to satisfy the demands of the customers. Each mass is consecrated to the deliverance of a soul, and costs ten francs to the person who may be kind enough to interest himself in the welfare of the said poor soul. Whilst some of the priests are occupied in serving out their triple cannonade, others busy themselves in chanting *requiems* in favour of the souls whose surviving relatives are too poor to pay the stipulated price for each mass. The requiems cost only four or five sols each. Can any modern improvement in travelling be superior to this "cheap, safe, and expeditious conveyance" to Heaven! We are not, however, prepared to assert that the requiems possess *exactly* the same virtue as the masses, because in well-regulated society it is always understood that the article which costs the highest price must unquestionably be the best. In religion, as well as in love, government, and other matters, the stuff must be charged according to its quality, or its capacity of standing wear and tear: it is but just that the "sinner of high station" and heavy purse, should be suitably equipped at all points; while your beggarly knave must be content to ride through purgatory upon a requiem which, to our poor thinking, is a hack that answers well enough for ordinary work. After these pious requiems come the processions, chaplets, rosaries, and a number of other appendages to devotion, all destined to the same laudable object, and

all paid for in ready money: so that in the city of Valencia alone, the average amount of Monkish industry, during the continuation of the Festival of the Dead forms a total each year of three millions of reals.

The prayers for the dead are directed at Valencia by religious fraternities that are often in possession of considerable property. Such as wish to be fried after death as short a time as possible in the flames of purgatory, have only to inscribe themselves on the books of these fraternities, and pay certain stated contributions. They thus acquire a right to all the prayers and vows to which the revenues of the society are (supposed to be) dedicated.

The day of the Festival of the Dead is usually announced by means of large placards posted in all the churches; and the machine on which the placards are fixed is ingeniously constructed so as to inflame the imagination of the people to enthusiasm, and induce them to open their purse-strings to the clergy; for that is the grand object.—"*hic labor hic opus*." On the occasion of this fête, the ocular faculties of the populace are usually regaled with the view of skulls, bones, and other picturesque mementos. Silver plates are left in various directions for the purpose of receiving the offerings of the pious. Every church that can muster a bell, ushers in the eventful holiday with a din almost sufficient to root up the pavement. Priests may be seen issuing in swarms from the sacristy, like bees from a hive. Each holy father carries the implements of his trade; that is to say, the utensils necessary for the celebration of his productive masses, and, with a solemn tone and cracked voice, croaks his *Ave Marias* and dismal descriptions of purgatory, on the same principle that induces a good-natured street-sweeper to caution the foot passengers against dirty crossings. Women cry, children squall, men thump their stomachs, pickpockets attend to their vocation, and wax-chandlers have a busy time of it.

The influence of the clergy in Spain is in a great measure attributable to the laxity which is tacitly encouraged by the priests with regard to the performance of religious duties. Other causes, which mainly tend to produce the same effect, consist in the system of indulgences, and in the familiar and daily intercourse of the lower orders of the clergy with the people; for it is solely upon that class that the Spanish clergy can be said to exercise considerable influence. The higher ranks of society entertain for the whole body of the priesthood a degree of aversion which in many cases amounts to a rooted antipathy The father confessor has long ceased to be a welcome guest in the houses of the wealthy. Even the better educated ecclesiastics have little or no intercourse with their humbler brethren, and had it not been for the revolution of 1820, in all probability the monastic orders would have been totally suppressed, or at least reduced to a very small number of convents.

Since the commencement* of the present century, the power of the inquisition has gradually dwindled away. The last Grand Inquisitor, Don Ramon de Arce, was an enlightened prelate, and, paradoxical as the assertion may appear when stated of the chief of the Holy Office, his toleration and liberality were extreme. He resides at present in France, whither he retired a short time previous to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814.

It is a fact we believe not generally known, that the higher orders of the Spanish clergy were greatly averse to the re-establishment of the Inquisition, and to the present day their sentiments on that point are unchanged. In the last war between France and Spain, many of the most distinguished Spanish prelates secretly solicited the interference of France for the prevention of an evil which they seemed justly to consider the most disastrous that could befall their country. This statement, however it may contradict the prevailing notions on this subject, yet rests upon indisputable authority; it may, therefore, contribute to moderate the unfavourable sentiments hitherto formed of the Spanish priesthood, many of whom deserve to be exempted from the sweeping imputations of ignorance, fanaticism, and irregularity, which stain the character of the mass of that body.

PRESENTATION OF THE MAGAZINE TO THEIR MAJESTIES;

ABBREVIATED FROM THE COURT CIRCULAR.

The fourteenth day of April being that appointed by their Most Gracious Majesties for receiving the presentation copy of *Fraser's Magazine*, Oliver Yorke, attended by the whole body of the Contributors, dressed in Oxford gowns and Cambridge caps, waited on their Majesties, and were by the Lord in Waiting ushered into the Royal Presence. His Majesty was enthroned ready to receive them, contrary to his usual custom, and no sooner had they made their respectful obeisances to our beloved Monarch, than he, with his usual good humour, addressed Oliver as follows: "Go it, Noll! spin us your yarn, and have done with it." Oliver bowed gracefully, and began:

"May it please your Majesty,—We, the Editor and Contributors connected with the only Magazine worth naming in your Majesty's dominions, cannot allow the first year of your Majesty's reign to elapse without laying at the foot of your Majesty's throne the first year of our incomparable Magazine. In so doing two subjects naturally suggest themselves to our minds—these are, your Majesty's great merit, and our own. We crave permission to begin with the first. Called to assume the reins of government in this glorious and happy country, at a moment big with the destinies of after-ages, your Majesty, fully comprehending and going along with the spirit of the time, presents to the eye of Europe the noble spectacle of a king, the constitutional head of a free people—deserving and enjoying their enthusiastic love, and strengthening his throne by an entrenchment stronger and more durable than stone or brass—an entrenchment of loyal and incorruptible British hearts. The principles of economy, retrenchment, and reform, which guided your Majesty in early and matured manhood, are not abandoned by your Majesty now—but animate those wise councils, whence we confidently look for salutary measures, at once the security of the rulers and the ruled, of the sovereign and his faithful subjects.

"Nor have the blessings and beneficial effects of your Majesty's accession been visible only in public life and political concerns. In the discharge of those domestic duties,

> "'Which sanctify the cottage fire
> With service meet,'"

your Majesty has shewn that in England they lend no less a charm to the palace and to the princely splendours of a kingly life. The pure spectacle of conjugal love and faith presented by your Majesty and the illustrious partner of your throne, tends to the extension of an empire no less dear to your Majesty than these imperial isles—we mean the empire of virtue, of gentle feelings, chaste affections, and all that dignifies our human kind. Though sensible as we are that the adoration of these household gods has in itself its own reward, still we cannot refrain from reminding your Majesty of the inexpressible joy, of the tearful rapture with which your Majesty and our gracious Queen are welcomed, whenever the British people are honoured by your Majesty's presence among them in their diversions. That your Majesty may long maintain this truly enviable sway over the affections of a brave, unconquerable nation, is the fervent prayer of the Editor and Contributors, engaged in the conducting of *Fraser's Magazine*.

"On the subject of our own merits, we will not detain your Majesty long. Our greatest boast is, that they should in some degree, however faint, resemble those of your Majesty. Our accession to the literary throne and government was nearly contemporaneous with the accession of your Majesty. We, like your Majesty, comprehended the wants of the period, and perceived that an economy in the payment, a retrenchment in the use, of dulness, together with a thorough reform of the literary legislature, were imperatively demanded. To reply to this demand has been, and is our unceasing care; and we have the heartfelt satisfaction of assuring your Majesty that the reform in literature, by our strong efforts and forcible advocacy, keeps pace with that in politics; and we

have the fullest confidence that the novelists and the noodles, the Burlington—and borough—mongers, will fall together.

"In private life, such of us as are married imitate your Majesty, and those who are wedded to a single state conduct themselves in a manner so truly exemplary, that the sooner they marry the better. We have, in conclusion, the satisfaction of saying, that in popularity well earned and richly merited, we are second only to your Majesty—and promising to heighten, if possible, the enjoyment now experienced by your Majesty in reading our monthly lucubrations, we lay at the foot of your Majesty's throne the intellectual harvest of a year."

Oliver here advanced gracefully to the King's footstool, and having kissed his Majesty's hand, delivered a copy of the first twelve months of *Fraser's Magazine*, splendidly bound by the publisher for the occasion. His Majesty then rose, and delivered the following reply:

"Mr. Yorke and Gentlemen,—When I abruptly requested the reading of your address, it was under the impression that it would consist of the same sort of palaver with which the universities, the Scotch clergy, and other persons of that calibre, have thought fit to somnolize us. I am happy to say I was deceived.—Yours is the very best address I ever heard. It shall always be my endeavour to deserve, my pride to possess the affections of my people. As to your own labours, be assured they afford me much and cheerful relaxation from the arduous duties of state, and I trust that you will continue in the career you have so honourably and successfully begun. On the present occasion I shall not confer the honour of knighthood on Mr. Yorke, because I intend to confer that of baronetcy on him very shortly. Gentlemen, I shall now intimate to the Queen that you are here. I hope you'll address her as well as you have addressed me."

His Majesty then retired, and almost immediately after the Queen entered, and took her station on the throne. Oliver again stood forward, and delivered the following address:

"'May it please your Majesty,—We, the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, and the Contributors thereto, have the honour of approaching the throne with our heartfelt congratulations on your Majesty's accession. This event has already given to arts, manufactures, and trade, an impetus unknown for long years in this kingdom—and many an humble family is now happy and contented, which but recently pined under the weight of want, neglect, and misery. Your Majesty's presence is hailed with heartfelt gladness wherever it is beheld, and your Majesty may be truly said to

"'Read your history in a nation's eyes.'"

—eyes flashing with enthusiasm, or suffused with emotion at your Majesty's virtues, and anxious solicitude for your people's welfare.

"We have the high honour of presenting to your Majesty a copy of our Magazine, which has already been graciously distinguished by your Majesty's approval of one of its departments—the literary Portraits. Your Majesty has been graciously pleased to laugh rather heartily at the representation of Mr. Samuel Rogers, a banker, who is not wholly innocent of versification. The portrait of Mr. Thomas Moore equally excited your Majesty's risible muscles, while that of Mrs. Caroline Norton, in the March number, has convinced your Majesty that there is only one person in England worthy of taking your Majesty's portrait—namely, the artist of *Fraser's Magazine*.

"Our deep and loyal attachment to your Majesty has been testified by the name which, in venerating compliment to your Majesty, we have selected for our Magazine. It is called Regina—and it shall be our care to render it, as far as possible, worthy of that title, by an union of merits and accomplishments, humbly emulative of those by which the Queen of England is distinguished.

"That your Majesty may enjoy a long career of prosperity, health, and inclination to further the interests of *Fraser's Magazine*, is our hearty and constant prayer."

The Queen was graciously pleased to return the following answer:

"Gentlemen,—If any considera-

tion were wanting to convince me of the important and humanizing effect of letters on a country, it would surely have been supplied by the elevated sentiments and elegant expressions which have been just addressed to me. In the high station to which Providence has been pleased to raise me, the assurance of the affection of the people of these kingdoms is my greatest delight, and will always be most welcome to me.

"You have not overrated my anxiety for the advancement of the interests of your Magazine. Its title is flattering to me. The talent displayed in it has occasioned me many hours of sincere gratification, and I am most anxious that the ladies of England should understand that in nothing could they please me more than in patronizing, as I assuredly shall do, the ornament of the literature of this great country. Gentlemen, I again thank you."

Oliver Yorke had then the honour of presenting the Magazine, of kissing her Majesty's hand, and of introducing to her Majesty the Contributors severally. Her Majesty was much pleased with their decent and jovial appearance, so different from that of the leaden and lackadaisical lubbers who commonly pass for literary men. The Queen then withdrew, and Oliver, accompanied by

> The whole deputation,
> On this occasion,
> Took a collation
> Of whiskey punch.

THE UNITED STATES.

FROM GÖTHE.

> AMERICA, thou hast it better
> Than our ancient hemisphere;
> Thou hast no falling castles,
> Nor basalt, as here.
> Thy children, they know not
> Their youthful prime to mar,
> Vain retrospection
> Of ineffective war.
> Fortune wait on thy glorious spring!
> And, when in time thy poets sing,
> May some good genius guard them all,
> From Baron, Robber, Knight, and Ghost traditional.

LIVES OF THE STATESMEN OF FRANCE.

No. I.

THE DUC DE SULLY.

[Concluded from p. 390.]

"I DOUBT not," said the queen, "that you have seen the last letter, sent by us to the king our brother, for I learn from Stafford and others that he conceals none of his secrets from you." De Rosny replying in the affirmative, her majesty expressed her readiness to explain to him what she had referred to in the concluding part of that letter. She then went on to discuss the probable designs of the House of Austria, and observed, that as the king's affairs were now in a very different condition from that by which he had been embarrassed in 1598, he would perhaps be prepared to enter in good earnest on the course which had been then proposed. To this De Rosny replied, that though the war with Savoy and various internal disturbances had since that time drawn largely on the royal coffers, still the revenues were so well managed, that the artillery ammunition, and all other necessaries for war could be abundantly supplied. Notwithstanding these favourable circumstances, however, the king would be ill-advised in commencing an open war with the House of Austria, which was too powerful to be attacked by half-measures. And he further submitted, that a combination of France, England, and the States, would be insufficient for so great an enterprize, which would require the confederated strength of all the kings, princes, potentates, and republics, who stood in dread of the tyranny, or had to gain by the diminution of that gigantic power. In this view her majesty concurred, with a condition which she deemed indispensable—namely, that the desires of each confederate should be regulated, so that no ground of apprehension might be given to the rest; as must infallibly be the case, were the more powerful to insist on the chief part in the distribution of conquests; and above all, that neither the king of France, nor the king of Scotland, who must doubtless be her successor, nor those of Denmark or Sweden, who might be very powerful by land and sea, nor, of course, herself, should advance any claim to the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries, nor to any province adjoining them. 'For,' continued the queen, 'not to conceal any thing from you, if the king your master should wish to render himself proprietor or even feudal lord of these provinces, it might excite my displeasure and jealousy; as for my own part I should not be surprised at his entertaining a similar sentiment with regard to myself; and so of the other estates and dignities of which the too ambitious House of Austria may be deprived." De Rosny on the part of the king, declared these to be the views by which his majesty was actuated. And after some further conversation he took his leave, deeply impressed with the wisdom and penetration of Elizabeth. On returning to Calais, he was warmly welcomed by the king, who declared his readiness to meet the wishes of his "sister of England," and fully approved of the manner in which the interview had terminated.

Before leaving the coast, Henry received intelligence of the continued discontent and machinations of Marshal de Biron, to put an end to which he, by the advice of De Rosny, appointed the refractory lord ambassador extraordinary to the English court. Elizabeth was no stranger to the vain, boastful, arrogant, and mutinous character of the marshal, who, though a brave soldier, was a most impracticable subject. She is said to have given him a piece of advice which, if attended to, would have saved him from the restless life, and ignominious death he afterwards experienced. Alluding to the head of Essex, then exposed on the Tower of London, the queen thus addressed De Biron—"You may there see the head of the Earl of Essex. I had raised him to the highest dignities, and he possessed the unlimited favour of his queen. But, abusing my goodness, he had the

mad audacity to believe that I could never dispense with him. His too great fortune, and his ambition, rendered him perfidious and proud, and all the more criminal for his seeming virtue. He has suffered a just punishment, and if my brother the king would believe me, he would pursue at Paris the conduct which I have done in London. He would do well to sacrifice all traitors and rebels to his own safety. I pray heaven that his clemency prove not fatal to him." On the return of the marshal from his English mission, he was sent as ambassador extraordinary to Switzerland, and all possible means were employed by the king to reclaim him, for which purpose De Rosny frequently exerted himself by written and verbal expostulations; with what success, will be seen hereafter.

On the 27th of September, 1601, the Queen of France gave birth to a son, an event which was hailed with transport by the whole nation. The joy of Henry experienced some diminution, by the report of La Rivière, his principal physician, whom he had commanded to take the nativity of his first child, should it prove to be a son. La Rivière remaining silent on the subject after some days had elapsed, the king sent for him, and said—"Apropos, M. De la Rivière, you tell me nothing concerning my son, the dauphin. What have you to say of his nativity?" "Sire," replied the physician, "I began to take it, but did not proceed, as I have in part forgotten the science, and further have always found it greatly deceptive." This answer by no means contented the king. He insisted on knowing the worst; whereupon De la Rivière, finding himself hard pressed, gave the following statement, in a very angry tone:—"Sire, your son will live the usual age of man, and will reign longer than yourself, but you and he will be totally different in temper and inclination: he will be fond of his own opinions and notions, and sometimes of those of others: thinking more than is said will be the fashion: calamities threaten your ancient allies: your arrangements will be disarranged. He will execute great things, will be very fortunate in his designs, and will make himself much talked of in Christendom: there will be a continual interchange of peace and war: issue he will have; and after him, things will grow worse; which is all you will know of me, and more than I had determined to tell you." "You allude to the Huguenots, I see clearly, and you say so, because you belong to them," said Henry. "Sire," returned the physician, "I allude to whatever you please, but you will know nothing more from me." And so saying he retired in great displeasure. This prediction was delivered in the presence of De Rosny, with whom the king continued in long and earnest discussion, as to its probable import. Both these truly great men—brave and undaunted in war, prudent and sagacious in peace—were equally prone to a blind belief in the foreseeing powers of persons, whom, in the most ordinary matters, they would not have deigned to consult.

In this year a conspiracy was discovered, deeply implicating the Marshal De Biron, having for its object the dismemberment of France into provinces, each to be governed by a petty sovereign, under the protection of Spain. The Duke of Savoy was to take possession of the Lyonnois, Dauphiné, and La Provence. Biron, as Duke of Burgundy, would have espoused a Spanish princess, or a daughter of the house of Savoy, with Franche Comté for her dowry. This plan was betrayed by La Fin, one of the conspirators, to whom De Biron had given offence by his preference of the Baron De Lux. The king, by the advice of De Rosny, refrained from any overt measures, confining himself to watching with care the movements of the chief conspirators, Count D'Auvergne, and the Marshals De Biron and De Bouillon.

At the beginning of 1602, the appointment of governor of the Bastille was given to De Rosny, and but a short period elapsed before the Marshal De Biron and the Count D'Auvergne were his prisoners. Previously to the arrest of these infatuated nobles, the former had been treated with the utmost forbearance by the king, who only required from him an admission of his fault, and a renunciation of his seditious projects. For this purpose, De Rosny repeatedly sounded him, offering to represent to the king any grievance of

which he might have to complain, or any project, the fulfilment of which would not interfere with the public good. The Marshal, however, observed a dogged silence, declaring that he had never alluded to any grievance, and that he had no project to divulge—till the king, dreading the danger of further delay, and the spread of disaffection, ordered the arrest of De Biron, whose guilt was fully established by documentary and other evidence. On his first examination at the Bastille, he frequently contradicted himself; but before the Parliament his defence was ably made. Mezeray tells us, that in his speech he gave so lively a representation of his exploits, and appealed so powerfully to the compassion of the auditory, that some among the judges shed tears, and would probably have pronounced a merciful sentence, had the decision been made on the spot. But there not being sufficient time to count the votes, the business was adjourned till the following Monday, when he received sentence of death. Before proceeding to the place of execution, he inquired whether any one belonging to M. De Rosny was present, and on being shown one of his secretaries, he thus addressed him: "I beg you, sir, to present my regards to M. De Rosny, and tell him, that he this day loses one of his most affectionate friends and servants: I have ever highly esteemed his merits and his friendship." Then raising his voice, and covering his eyes with his handkerchief, he continued: "Ah! if I had believed him, I should not now be here! How truly good and faithful a servant to the king and to the state is De Rosny! His majesty does wisely to employ him; for so long as he does so, the affairs of France must prosper, as mine would have done had I believed his counsel!" He walked composedly to the scaffold, and notwithstanding the enormity of his fault, and the unquestionable evidence on which he was convicted, his fate was deeply commiserated by the crowd, who knew his bravery, and beheld his fall. Nor could it fail to provoke unfavourable remark, that the Count D'Auvergne, brother by the mother's side to the king's mistress, the Marchioness De Verneuil, was spared, for considerations which may be easily imagined. The populace were at no pains to conceal their sentiments on the occasion: "Never," says a French historian, "was a tomb more devoutly visited:" while the more impartial and reasonable could not but regret that Henry, in the midst of brilliant prosperity, should have been unable to secure the safety of his person and throne unless by the sacrifice of so renowned a soldier. This act of rigorous justice was followed by one of an opposite character—a general pardon being proclaimed for all the accomplices in the conspiracy for which De Biron suffered.

The next important occasion which called for the interference of De Rosny, was the accession of James the First to the crown of England, consequent on the demise of Elizabeth—an event which occurred on the 4th of April, 1603. The French monarch was anxious to learn how far the new sovereign concurred in the sentiments of the late queen with reference to the House of Austria. To any effective measures, the cooperation of England was almost indispensable. In every case the necessity of ascertaining the intention of this power became imperative, and therefore Henry fixed on De Rosny, who had so ably fulfilled his task in the interview with Elizabeth, to be the bearer of his congratulation on the accession of James the First. At the English court, the ambassador was received with all the distinction to which his official and personal character entitled him. On his presentation to James, that monarch descended from his throne to meet him, and, in answer to a remonstrance from one of his nobles, said:—"If I honour this ambassador beyond the ordinary custom, it will be no precedent for any other case; for I especially esteem and honour him, because I am convinced of his affection to, and of his firmness in our religion, of his loyalty to his master, of the signal services he has rendered his country, and of his many other virtues." De Rosny rapidly advanced in favour with this king, who took much delight in his conversation, and listened with eagerness to his development of political views, without, however, deciding on any particular line of conduct. The

truth was—and the envoy was not slow in discovering it—that James was of a character so vacillating and pusillanimous, that the bare mention of entering on the execution of a project was sufficient to set his invention at work for the purpose of pointing out probable obstacles and insurmountable objections fatal to the design, of which at first he had admiringly approved. However, he entered into a treaty of alliance with France, and expressed himself so decidedly favourable to the design of repressing the ambition of the House of Austria, that Henry regarded the result of the embassy as strongly encouraging to the object he had most at heart. Of his impatience for the return of his faithful minister, we may judge from the following note which De Rosny found awaiting him at Boulogne :—"My friend, I have heard of your embarkation, and therefore send you these three lines, by which I say to you again—come, come, come—and the sooner you can do so, the more agreeable will it be to me, for I am expecting you with impatience." No time was lost in complying with this request. Travelling all night, the ambassador arrived at Villiers-Coterêst at eight on the following morning, where he found the king walking in the park. His welcome was proportionate to the eagerness wherewith he had been hoped for by Henry, who had begun to feel the absence of his most able and valued public servant and private friend. The system of order and regularity was of too recent establishment, not to require the presiding care of him who had created it; and various complaints coming to the ears of the king, convinced him, that a longer absence of De Rosny must have proved detrimental to the different departments of the domestic service. These considerations, added to his restless desire of learning more of the personal character and views of the English monarch than could with prudence have been given in the official dispatches, may sufficiently account for his great joy on the present occasion. After having repeatedly embraced De Rosny, he required of him a detailed account of his reception and stay at the court of James. He next desired that the treaty entered into with that sovereign should be read to him—and finding that it confirmed all the conventions between himself and Elizabeth, and further stipulated that he of the two kings who might survive the other, should defend the kingdom and children of the deceased against all enemies, he warmly expressed his approbation.* Then turning to the Count De Soissons, he said, "Well, cousin, what think you of all this? Give me your opinion freely." "Since such is your pleasure, sire," replied the count, "I must say, that as the Marquis De Rosny seems to have such great credit with the king of England, and to be on a wonderfully good footing with the English, he ought to have procured more advantageous conditions, and a treaty better drawn up than that which has just been presented, which is, in fact, nothing but a string of hopes and fine words, without assurance that execution is likely to follow." "All this," returned the king, "is mighty fine, and there is nothing so easy as to blame the actions of another. Knowing the nature of the affair, you should confess, with me, that what he has done and negociated would have been impossible to any but himself, of whom they did not even demand the authority by which he acted. My only regret is, that he had not an absolute power delegated to him, in which case he would have finally concluded every thing, without leaving us exposed to the doubts and difficulties of delay. However, should his presence be again necessary abroad, I know that he will be always ready to return and to serve with the same dexterity. This example has convinced me of the certain truth of a Latin proverb, which I have heard a thousand times, *mitte sapientem, et nihil dicas:* and I may say with truth, that I have ever found him the same, and equally zealous in

* "This treaty," says Hume, "one of the wisest and most equitable which James concluded throughout the course of his life, was more the work of this prince than of any of his ministers." And we may add, that it was more the work of Sully than of James, whose long discussions with the French ambassador evidently formed the basis of the treaty.

my service towards Catholics and Huguenots, which I fear not to say in his presence, because, to a good heart, as I have always proved his to be, these praises will encourage him to do better, rather than render him haughty and indifferent."

In the same year De Rosny was appointed governor of Poitou, "Why do I give you this appointment?" asked the king; "I believe," replied De Rosny, "that the principal cause must be found in the kindness of your majesty and in my loyalty; for of other merits I have but few." "Well," said the king, "what you have mentioned may have been in part the cause, but the principal is that you are a Huguenot, and that governing in these provinces, and above all with Huguenots, prudently and conformably to the instructions I shall give you, making you the medium of all my benefactions, you will gain the credit, which the Bouillons and others of the disaffected will gradually lose. Thus it is that I think it more advisable, for the good of my affairs, to entrust Poitou to your care, than to that of my sons or of any one else." Agreeably to this declaration, the provisions necessary for his entering on the government, were made out, and presented to De Rosny, on the 16th of December, 1603.

The principal event which marked the commencement of the following year was the restoration of the Jesuits, a measure which De Rosny opposed in a private conference with the king, enumerating the dangers to be apprehended from the machinations of that designing body. To all which the king replied, that he was constrained to adopt one of the two expedients:—either to restore the Jesuits fully and simply, and to put their promises and oaths to the test; or to reject them more decidedly than ever, and to visit them with all possible rigour and hardships, to prevent their approaching his person or dominions. "In this latter case," continued he, "there can be no doubt of our driving them to despair, and thereby to designs against my life, which would render it so miserable and languid to me, keeping me in constant fear of being poisoned or assassinated, (for these persons have intelligence and correspondence in every quarter, and great skill in directing minds according to their will) that I had better be dead at once, thinking, as I do with Cæsar, that the sweetest death is that which is least expected." "You conjectured rightly, sire," returned De Rosny, "that to this last reason, or rather inconvenience, I should have no reply. For rather than see you live in the torture of such apprehensions and disquiet, I would consent to the restoration, not of the Jesuits alone, but of every other sect. Therefore, without discussing the matter any further, since I see such opinions actuating your majesty's mind, I am resolved to become even an advocate for the re-establishment of the Jesuits, as I hope the very first council held on the subject, will convince your majesty." The king was deeply sensible of this concession on the part of one generally so stern in maintaining what he deemed the right, and to confirm this favourable disposition, his majesty gave him the following pledge:—"I give you my faith and my word—which you well knew I would rather die than violate, esteeming them essential parts of royalty, without which consequently every king is unworthy of his crown—that never a Jesuit, nor any one else, not the Pope himself, shall have power to urge me to make war against the Protestants, unless you yourself were to solicit it; nor to remove or disfavour those of that persuasion, on that account. For they have served, and serve me usefully and loyally, and above all yourself, of whom I cheerfully say what Darius said of his Zopirus, and whom I will oblige all those of the society to love and reverence, as you shall know before many days have passed." With these mutual assurances they separated, and a few days afterwards, the Jesuits were restored, and the pyramid of infamy, which had been raised on the site of Chastel's* house, at the time of their banishment, was destroyed.

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* This wretch, instigated by the Jesuits, attempted the assassination of King Henry, in the Louvre, and actually cut him across the upper lip with a knife. He was drawn, quartered, burnt, and his ashes were dispersed in the air. His house was razed, and a pyramid, to perpetuate his infamy, erected on the site.

The gratification Henry experienced by being thus relieved from importunity on the part of the Jesuits, and from the fear of their secretly practising against his life, was soon disturbed by the discovery of a plot implicating a family at whose hands he had reason to expect a widely different return. The Count D'Auvergne, untaught by the perilous situation in which his previous conduct had placed him, entered into fresh relations with the Duke De Bouillon, La Tremouille, and others, including the D'Entragues, parents of Madame De Verneuil, as also that lady herself. The primary object of all the disaffected was undoubtedly the same—the dethronement of Henry—but beyond this, his mistress and her family had nothing in common with the noblemen above mentioned. It is thought that Madame De Verneuil, who, by her caprice and violence had at length wearied the king, and induced him to direct his attention to her younger sister, wished to profit by this circumstance for the advancement of her ambition. The Count D'Entragues, her father, with the same view, affected a great anxiety and watchfulness with regard to the king's new favourite. He employed her to allure the royal lover to unfrequented spots, suitable to the design of carrying him off or assassinating him. On different occasions Henry, almost unattended, went to visit the fair one at Malesherbes and at Verneuil—near which latter town he was once assailed by several armed men, and was indebted to personal valour for his escape. The project of Madame De Verneuil and her family was to destroy him, to seize the persons of the queen and the dauphin, and to place one of that lady's own sons on the throne, in virtue of the promise of marriage which Henry had given her.* The king, being duly apprised of the designs and practices of the confederated nobles, gave instructions for the arrest of the Count D'Auvergne, which was effected at a review, and he was replaced under the care of De Rosny in the Bastille. A few days after his arrest he transmitted to the king an account of all the plots existing against him within and without the French dominions, together with a document which placed the guilt of the Duke De Bouillon beyond doubt. This was the promise sworn to by that dissembling prince, of co-operating in all the designs of the Duke De Biron and of the count himself. In consequence of this discovery, De Bouillon fled the country. About the same time, M. De la Tremouille died, and the remainder of the conspirators either surrendered themselves and received pardon, or sought refuge out of the kingdom.

With regard to the family D'Entragues, after numerous efforts on the part of De Rosny to obtain from Mad. De Verneuil a confession of her crime, he finally declared to the king, that he could discover nothing from her beyond her extreme vexation at his recovery of the promise of marriage. She was kept prisoner at her residence, and her father was consigned to the Bastille, till the decision of the Parliament, on the 1st of February, 1605. This assembly pronounced them guilty, and sentenced the two Counts to death. Madame De Verneuil was condemned to be immured in a convent for the remainder of her life. Neither during the trial, nor at its conclusion, did she betray any embarrassment. She said that she rather desired than feared to die: but that, if the king should permit this, people would say that he had killed his wife, and that she had been queen before the other. She only required three things of his majesty: a pardon for her father, a rope for her brother, and justice for herself. Among her papers a number of letters and billets-doux were discovered, which sufficiently proved her many infidelities towards the king—yet such was her power over this prince that she was never required to proceed to the monastery, but, according to Mezeray, *il commença de lui faire grâce pour l'obtenir d'elle.* By letters patent of the 23d March, 1605, she was left at liberty to retire to Verneuil. She regained her wonted influence over Henry, between whom and the queen fresh disputes arose, as De Rosny had foretold, and he was required to mediate between them. Her majesty had

* This promise was restored to the king on the 2nd of July, 1604, by the Count D'Entragues.

a deep and lively sense of her conjugal rights and regal dignity, both which were, it must be confessed, sadly outraged by the continual intrigues of her wayward husband. The king, for his part, declared his perfect readiness to discontinue all promiscuous gallantry, if his consort would replace her mien of coldness and offended dignity, by that playful and affectionate demeanour which to him was irresistible. In this lay the secret of the spell by which the capricious and passionate Verneuil contrived to maintain her influence—though detected in political and personal intrigues. By exerting her conversational powers and the thousand arts of pleasing, which the sex have ever at command, she made her lover more fully sensible of the queen's deficiency in these respects. All this De Rosny, at the express request of the king, delicately and respectfully represented to her majesty. She did not deny the justice of the representation, but insisted that, before she could adopt a different demeanour towards the king, he must discontinue a connexion painful to her and disgraceful to himself. Thus the matter rested: both were anxious for domestic comfort, but neither would take the first step towards obtaining it. "Let her majesty amend her temper, and I will amend my habits," said the king. "Let his majesty amend his habits, and I will amend my temper," said the queen: while De Rosny, distracted between his desire and hopelessness of effecting a reconciliation, experienced more vexation than war, finance, or political perplexities could have caused him.

Scarcely had he abandoned this task, when he had to contend with the intrigues of a powerful party at court, who, by gross and unceasing misrepresentations, were endeavouring, and with some success, to shake the confidence so long reposed in him by the king. The charges of inability and inadequacy for the fulfilment of the varied duties he had undertaken, were soon found to be ineffective. The prosperous issue of all his endeavours and designs was a sufficient answer to calumnies of this description. His enemies, therefore, attacked him in another quarter. They represented to the king, that the power of De Rosny was silently attaining a consistency and influence, formidable to the interests of the crown and imperatively demanding the vigilant attention of his majesty. In what quarters soever the strength and resources of the country were most readily available, there also was the preponderance of the minister manifest and unresisted. His unlimited control over the departments of war and finance enabled, nay, required him to maintain an active correspondence with the several persons to whom the provincial direction was delegated. Thus he was the virtual ruler of the kingdom, and was it in the nature of things to suppose that he who had silently secured to himself such unbounded and variously working influence, had no ultimate design of self-aggrandisement? Was he not the idol of the Huguenots, who had never concealed their displeasure at the king's change of religion—a change which royal and papal persuasion had alike failed in inducing De Rosny to follow? What interest could he have in common with a court or king from whom he differed on so vital a point as religion; and if he were not pursuing an object distinct from such interest, what could be his motive for submitting to the toil of administering so many departments of the public service, widely differing from each other, and entailing continual solicitude and care? The ability and strength displayed by him in the discharge of these duties, only served to make him more dangerous, and therefore his accusers submitted that his majesty was called on by a regard for his own safety, and that of the many who looked to him for protection, to neutralize the overweening influence of the minister by depriving him of many of his offices, which might be given to other nobles equally zealous and less formidable. These specious suggestions were not without effect on the royal mind. That the power and influence of De Rosny had not been overrated, the king now for the first time perceived. His undoubting faith in the integrity and firm attachment of which, under all circumstances, he had received such signal proofs, had rendered him regardless of that influence, feeling assured that it would never be ex-

erted but for his own glory and advantage. Now, however, that the possibility of other designs was suggested to him, he could not close his eyes to the fact that if De Rosny should fail in his allegiance, there were abundant means of treason at his disposal. This idea became constantly present to his reflection, and circumstances of the most trivial character, appeared to corroborate all that a sincere zeal for his service had been able to suggest. Nor was De Rosny long ignorant of this state of feeling, which he sought to remove by an explanatory epistle, addressed to the king, who was then at Chantilly. In reply, he received a note more cold and formal than usual, commencing by the common address, *Mon Cousin*, whereas it was customary with the king to style him *Mon Ami*. Still in this letter the royal confidence did not seem entirely withdrawn. "Let me advise you," said his majesty, "to adopt the counsel you give me, when I become exasperated with those who blame my actions—which is, to let the world talk and say, without tormenting yourself, and to continue doing better and better: for by this means you will display the force of your mind, make manifest your innocence, and preserve my good will, of which you may be as firmly assured as ever." Here, however, was enough for the quick penetration of a courtier. De Rosny saw that the king's prejudices were unremoved by the explanatory letter just mentioned; but he determined to take no further step for his justification, leaving it for his master to decide whether he would dispense with his services in silence, or give him an opportunity of dispelling for ever the groundless suspicions excited against him. These suspicions were carefully kept alive by his enemies, till, at length, the king openly expressed his distrust, and in reply to those who, under pretence of defending the calumniated minister, adverted to his great skill in the conduct of affairs, and the high consideration enjoyed by him both at home and abroad, his majesty impatiently observed, "the more I feel convinced of the truth of all this, which would render him dear to me, were he to remain loyal to my service as heretofore, the more do I apprehend him should ambition drive him to evil designs, wherein I doubt not many would be prepared to second him. For he is a man, who if once possessed by discontent and vanity, would do more mischief to the state than was ever done by Admiral Coligny himself." These, and many similar remarks, uttered in anger by the king, were immediately reported to De Rosny, by those who wished him to break out into reproaches against his majesty, and thus exasperate him further. All such intentions were, however, frustrated by the prudence and immovable placidity with which he listened to the news-bearers. He remained firm to the determination he had formed of deferring his defence till the king should demand it of him.

On the following day he went to take leave of his majesty, previously to setting out for Paris, where public business required his presence. Henry was in his cabinet, dressed for the chase. On seeing De Rosny enter he took off his hat, and saluted him only by the monosyllabic formality, "Sir;" a marked difference from the familiar "*Mon ami, Rosny*," by which he was in the habit of addressing him. The minister answered by a profound obeisance, and after a few moments reverie, the king commanded his gentleman in waiting to unboot him, saying, "the weather is not fine enough for hunting to-day." The gentleman could not forbear replying, that the weather was extremely fine; whereupon Henry made the following truly *absolute* retort—"No, sir, the weather is *not* fine, and I shall not ride: unboot me!" This being done, he commenced a general conversation with his attendants, and, after one or two of the ministers had received their instructions, De Rosny advanced and said—"Has your majesty any commands for me?" "And where are you going?" asked the king. "I go to Paris, sire," was the reply, "on the affairs of which you lately spoke to me." "Well—go," said Henry, somewhat abstractedly; "you do well; and I recommend my affairs to your constant care, and myself to your affection." De Rosny then bowed and retired, but had not proceeded far when he was recalled by a messenger, who informed him that

the king requested to speak with him. He immediately returned, and Henry inquired of him—"Apropos, De Rosny, have you nothing to say to me?" He answered, that, for the present, he had not. "Then," continued the king, "I have something to say to you," and led him to a secluded walk, ordering the guards to admit no one whatever to his presence. Nothing can surpass the nobleness and candour with which he then opened the conference, as follows: "My friend, the experience and knowledge of twenty-three years having sufficiently proved our mutual affection and sincerity, I can no longer support the coldness, reserve, and dissembling which we have both employed during the past month. For, to say the truth, if I have not told you all my thoughts, as usual, I believe that you also have concealed many of yours from me—a mode of proceeding which must prove as injurious to you as to myself; increasing, as it would, from day to day, (by the malice and artifice of those who envy my greatness, and as much as they do your favour with me,) were I not to provide a suitable remedy. Wherefore I have resolved to tell you all the accounts I have received concerning you, the arts which have been employed to set us at variance, and the impression thereby made upon my heart; begging that you will do the same, without fear that any liberty you may use will offend me, since it is what I wish, and absolutely command you to do. Fail not, then, to relate to me all the reports you have heard concerning my words and actions, in matters wherein you are interested; as also the opinions you have formed thereon: and, further, tell me truly your view of my conduct. For I wish that you and I should leave this place with hearts purified from all suspicion, and contented with each other: not doubting that, as among some truths which may have been told me, a thousand lies and falsities have been mingled, so also has it been on your part; and thus as I wish to open my heart to you, I beg you will conceal from me nothing which may be in your own." To this De Rosny having pledged himself, the king proceeded to mention the different complaints which had been made to him by the very persons whom the minister had suspected, and to many of whom he had done various good offices with his majesty. "And," continued Henry, "that you may not suspect me of having invented all this, as a pretext for alienating myself from you, I will shew the several advices and memorials that have fallen into my hands: some of which I have found on the floor beneath my table, and picked them up, (for though they caused me vexation, still I had a curiosity to see them,) others under the carpeting of my chamber, others under my pillow: while others again were placed in my hands by unknown persons, who presented them to me as though they had been petitions. Juvigny* gave me one which he said he had found on the floor of my chamber, and in this it would seem is comprised all that the others contain. I should wish you to read it before me, and that we may confer thereon for the purpose of discovering the author; for in my opinion, it contains matter beyond the capacity of him who gave it to me."

So saying, he placed the document in the hands of De Rosny, who read it through without betraying any emotion, or expressing any opinion upon it. "Well," said the king, "what think you of all these fine stories?" "May I ask," replied he, "what your majesty, who has read and re-read them, and kept them for so long a time, thinks concerning them? For my own part, I am not so much surprised at all these trifles, which are but the nonsense and folly of silly and malicious persons, as that a great king, full of sense, judgment, courage, and goodness, and who has known me through so many praiseworthy experiences, should have had the patience to read them, to retain them so long, to request me to read them throughout in his presence, and then to ask me my opinion of them! For what other opinion can I have, than that which prudence requires your majesty to entertain, and which I

* This Juvigny was the only one of the enemies of De Rosny, who was punished. He was prosecuted for high treason, and having escaped, was hanged in effigy.

believe your majesty does in fact entertain, convinced as I am that you must have done violence to your kind and gentle nature in listening to these calumnies and impostures without anger, and without instituting a strict inquiry after the authors, that they might receive an exemplary and most rigorous punishment. But, not to confine myself to a general contradiction and defence, I humbly beg that your majesty will approve of my taking each of these supposititious charges in detail, that you may examine them by the rules of prudence, reason, and possibility, and by the luminous judgment of your mind."

This he did, and confidently referred to his past and present conduct as the best refutation of the vague charges brought against him by anonymous assailants, whom he expressed his readiness to meet, offering to submit cheerfully to any punishment, however severe, could but one single crime be substantiated against him. With regard to the only accusation which bore a definite character, that his services, avowedly great, were all directed to some sinister design, fraught with danger to the king and to France, he thus expressed himself: "What possible design could I entertain, sire, save two: either to appropriate to myself the crown of France, or to transfer it to some one else? But, great God! can your majesty conceive me so senseless, besotted, nay, mad, as to believe myself (wanting as I am in extraction, authority, and skill,) capable of sustaining a crown and the weight of royalty, under which I have so often seen you, sire, who are supported by birth, right, and all the necessary qualities, on the point of sinking? Or is it credible that there should be in me such disloyalty, ingratitude, evil disposition, and base-mindedness as to wish to see the sceptre in any other hands than your majesty's, whose faithful servant I have ever been (as my ancestors were of yours,) from my infancy, without intermission, and from whom I have experienced so much kindness, familiarity, benefits, and honour? And believing as I do that you, sire, surpass in kingly qualities all others who possess or pretend to the regal crown, could I have a heart so base as to submit myself and render servile obedience to persons a thousand of the most esteemed among whom would not equal your majesty in heroic feats and qualities, nay to whom I myself in no degree would deign to yield? If, indeed, the slightest shade of such fancies were in my contemplation, should I daily seek to urge you on to enterprises full of glory? Should I have endeavoured to join in one design the king of England, and all the other princes and republics with whom I have been enabled to form alliances? And should I so often have attempted to diminish your annual expenditure on mistresses, bastards, buildings, sports, hounds, birds, and other pleasures, at the hazard of incurring your displeasure, in order to amass in your treasury those sums which, according to my calculation, amount at the least to twelve hundred thousand crowns, a sum more than sufficient to maintain fifteen thousand infantry? And, what is more, should I have collected for you the treasure, the arms, artillery, and ammunition which now render you formidable to the most potent monarchs?

"Of all which things I will at any time shew your majesty that you possess more than is believed: wherefore, sire, in the name of God, be yourself once more; remove from your mind all these chimeras of bad and barren heads; shut your ears to all such impostors, calumniators, and calumnies. Set your heart at rest, resume the confidence you were wont to have in me, my diligence, and honesty, and be assured that your royal person, glory, honour, satisfaction, and the advantage of your affairs, will always be to me as dear and precious as my own honour and life: as I now swear to you on my God, my soul, and my salvation; and in confirmation of my truth, permit me now to embrace your knee as to my well beloved liege, my sole lord and benefactor."

This the king prevented, saying—"No—do not so, for I would not that they who are watching us should believe that you had committed any fault requiring such submission; since this would be doing you wrong; believing you, as I do, to be an honest man and wholly innocent, nay even the most loyal and useful servant whom I could possibly possess. I

now feel ashamed for having so much as listened to the foolery placed in my hands, of which I give you my faith and word never to think again, but to love and cherish you more cordially than I have hitherto done."

He then embraced De Rosny, and promising to burn the papers which had been presented to him, took the minister by the hand, and led him to the spot where the courtiers were assembled, in eager curiosity to learn the end of so long a conference, which they doubted not had relation to the reports circulated against him. The king enquired the hour, and on being told that it was one, and that he had retired at nine, he replied—"I see well how it is: there are those who have found the time more tiresome than I; and, to comfort them, I tell you all, that I love De Rosny better than ever, and that between him and myself it is a friendship for life and death." Hereupon Henry again embraced him, and dismissed him with fresh assurances of regard.

Thus, the most dangerous plot which assailed De Rosny during his long and brilliant career, served only to confirm him in the friendship and unbounded confidence of his master. In the summer of this year he was entrusted with a mission of great delicacy and importance. This was to the assembly of Protestants at Chastellerault—an assembly from which the king apprehended much inconvenience. By the skill of De Rosny, however, supported by the confidence placed both in Henry and himself by the Protestants, the affair passed off to the satisfaction of all parties: the assembly declaring that, if the king were immortal, they required no better security for the continuance of their privileges than his royal word: but, as it was, they requested permission to retain their strongholds, which was granted to them for four years. Henry was loud in his praises of the dexterity and promptitude with which this matter was brought to a conclusion, and declared that any one else than De Rosny must have failed in the endeavour.

In the beginning of November a strong effort was made for the conversion of De Rosny to the Catholic faith—no less a personage than Pope Paul V. having fixed his mind on effecting this object. After sundry exhortations of considerable length, his holiness proceeds to give a few specimens of papal logic, of which the two following passages may afford an adequate idea. "Learn," says the pontiff, "what Saint Denis, Saint Hilary, Saint Martin, and Saint Bernard, who preached Christianity to France, believed, and then judge whether there be any difference between their doctrine and that of the holy Roman church: learn what Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, and, in fine, all the other kings of France, believed, and then you will acknowledge that they have always been joined in faith with the most holy pontiffs our predecessors: but, above all, ask our very beloved son in Christ, the king Henry, now reigning, and he himself will clearly tell you what is the belief of his very dear mother, the Romish church. Truly, in embracing it, you will perform an action highly agreeable to him, and therefore we exhort," &c. &c. "But our hope in your compliance is still further increased by learning that you deeply honour, as you ought, the holy memory of a Saint Alpin de Bethune, belonging to your race. For certes this blessed personage professed the Catholic and Apostolic faith of the Roman church: and thus you must now resolve either to follow his example in this, or to cease claiming any share in the glory of his life: since, if you praise his sanctity, and persist in your present religion, doubtless you will contradict yourself, for you cannot preserve your original faith, and, at the same time, judge adequately of his deeds and doctrine."

The reply of De Rosny to this epistle was filled with expressions of acknowledgement to his Holiness, with no small sprinkling of court eulogy; by which Paul was so highly pleased that he declared nothing but the praise of himself contained in it, prevented his pronouncing this letter one of the most beautiful he had ever beheld. Not a word did it contain, however, on the subject of religion or conversion: De Rosny wisely abstained from discussing a question on which both parties were immovably fixed.

On the 12th of February, 1606,

letters passed the great seal by which he was raised to the peerage by the title of Duke De Sully. Going to the palace, he was accompanied by the Count De Soissons, the princes of the blood, and all the most distinguished personages belonging to the court. After the ceremony, he requested sixty of the principal nobles to return and dine with him at the arsenal, where a magnificent festival was prepared. Here a new testimony of regard was shewn him by the king, who was awaiting his return, and, on seeing him, exclaimed—"Grand master, I am come to your festival uninvited: shall I fail of a good dinner?" "That may well be, sire," said De Rosny, "for I did not anticipate this distinguished honour." "Well, well," returned the king, "I am assured of the goodness of your fare, for, while waiting for you, I have visited the kitchen." Upon which favourable testimony the banquet was ordered to be served in, and this day of triumph for De Rosny was closed by a conviviality rare in his domestic annals.

The principal occurrence of this year was the armed progress of the king towards Sedan, with a view of finally subjugating the Duke De Bouillon, and taking possession of his vaunted strongholds. The first intelligence of this movement brought the boastful rebel on his knees, a suppliant for the royal forbearance. This would have readily been granted him, but that his past perfidy and the known faithlessness of his character, rendered such a proceeding no longer consistent with a due regard for the welfare of the nation at large, which had too often been disturbed by the machinations of this duke and his accomplices. His strong places, as they were pompously called, though not one of them was in a condition to stand a siege, were placed under governors appointed by the crown. Having thus effectually humbled De Bouillon, Henry shortly after relented, and by virtue of a commission issued on the last day of December, 1607, Sedan was restored to the ducal power, and the garrison withdrawn.

Another attempt was made by Pope Paul for the conversion of De Rosny, with no better success than the first, and in 160[illegible] his spiritual consistency was pu[illegible] severer trial by the importuni[illegible] his master and friend. Speaking to him concerning the marriage of his eldest son, Maximilian De Bethune, Henry said, "Well, my friend, you have appeared exceedingly impatient for the marriage of your son, though I really cannot see why; for neither the alliance, fortune, nor person of the lady appears highly advantageous for you. But, intending to avail myself of your services more than ever, and to raise you and yours to all the wealth, honour, and dignity in my power, it is necessary that I have your assistance for so doing. For, unless you cooperate, it will be difficult for me to accomplish what I desire, without prejudice to the good of my affairs, and incurring much censure, which I am assured you would not desire. What I wish then is, that you should be allied to myself, taking my daughter De Vendôme* for your son, with two hundred thousand crowns in money and a pension of ten thousand crowns; the government of Berry, to which I will join the Bourbonnois on the death of Madame D'Angoulême, and the domain which she therein holds. I will also give the charge of Grand Master in survivorship to you and your son; to your son-in-law, the government of Poitou, when I give you that of Normandy, as I intend to do; for I see that poor M. De Montpensier will not keep it long, any more than the constable, whose office I also destine for you, and will now give it you in reversion. But to facilitate all this, it will be necessary, as I have already intimated, that you and your son should be Catholics, and I pray you not to refuse me this, since it is for the good of my service, and for the perfect and sure establishment of your house." The reply of De Sully was truly noble. He assured the king that his majesty had done him far more honour than he had deserved, or even than he hoped or wished for; that with regard to his son's marriage, he left his majesty to command whatever might seem well to him; that the young man was of an age to choose for himself

* One of Henry's illegitimate chil[illegible]

in the matter of religion, and that no constraint would be used by him (De Sully) one way or the other; but that, as concerned himself, it was another affair; because, in the first place, he had no desire to augment his honours, wealth, or dignities, at the expense of his conscience; that if ever he should change his religion, it would be from conviction and a knowledge of the subject, and not from ambition, vanity, or avarice; and that if he were to act otherwise, the king himself would have most reason to place no further trust in him. "Why should I not trust you?" rejoined the king, "you would do nothing which I have not done, and which, when I proposed it, met with no opposition from you. Therefore, I pray you to gratify me in this. I give you a month to consider of it; and fear not but I will keep every promise I have made you." De Sully promised to give the subject his mature consideration, and the king knew enough of his friend, to infer that all efforts on this point must prove as ineffective as those of his holiness had done. However, at the expiration of the month, he sent the Cardinal De Perron to inquire the state of the minister's mind on the desired change. His eminence employed all his rhetoric to little purpose; Sully was immovably resolved. On hearing this, the king sent for him, and, after exp[illegible] regret at the firmness displayed by him on this subject, said that at least he might give up his son, and command him to turn Catholic. To this Sully answered, that he begged his majesty to do as he thought best with his son, that he would not dissuade him from changing his religion, neither would he command him to do so; but leave him at perfect liberty.—Henry, thus seeing that neither the father nor the son were likely to meet his wishes, resolved to give his daughter in marriage elsewhere.

The profound peace and growing prosperity of France now left Sully free to pursue his preparations for the design long contemplated by Henry and himself against Spain. These labours were, however, frequently interrupted by the domestic disagreements between the king, the queen, and the royal mistresses. In such affairs he never engaged but at the express command of the king; well aware, that all his delicacy and care must eventually fail of producing any good result, as the respective habits of their majesties were now confirmed into an irremediable cause of continual disagreements. On some occasions, Sully was at no pains to conceal his reprehension of follies and amours unworthy of the age and exalted rank of a great monarch such as Henry. If his remonstrances at times assumed a tone of extreme severity, none knew better than the king himself that this arose from a deep sympathy in all that concerned his honour, and by which he felt more flattered than by the formal homage and servile acquiescence of the courtly moralists, who deemed he could do no wrong. One day, however, the king cut short a lecture of this kind, and left the room, saying to his attendants: "That Sully is a man whom I can no longer endure. He does nothing but contradict me, and find fault with every thing I wish: but, by Heaven! I will not support it—nor will I see him for fifteen days." Notwithstanding this menace, the king was with him at seven o'clock on the following morning, and found him engaged in his cabinet. "How long have you been here?" inquired Henry. "Since three in the morning," was the answer. "Well," said the king, turning to one of his courtiers, "what would you take to lead a life like that?" "All your treasures, sire," answered he. Having dismissed his attendants, he then requested Sully's advice on some points of his private expenditure; whereon the minister coldly replied, "that it was for his majesty to command, and for him to obey." "O, ho!" cried the king, "you are playing the discreet, and are angry still for what happened yesterday. So am not I. Come, come, embrace me, and live with me on the same free footing as usual; for I know you well. Were you to do otherwise, it would be a sign that you no longer took an interest in my affairs; and though I sometimes become angry, you must endure it, for I love you not the less. On the contrary, from the hour you cease contradicting me in matters which I know to be opposed to your

inclination, I shall believe that you no longer love me." After some further conversation, Henry departed; and on leaving, said to his attendants :—"There are some foolish persons who believe that when I am angry with M. de Sully, it is in earnest, and for a length of time: but it is quite the contrary; for when I come to consider that all his remonstrances and contradictions are for the honour, greatness, and prosperity of my affairs, and never of his own, I love him the better, and am impatient till I have told him so."

In such traits as this, we are equally struck with admiration at the bold honesty of the minister and the magnanimous frankness of the monarch, respectively forming an instance of life—long friendship, and unbounded confidence, never, perhaps, equalled in the intercourse of a subject with his sovereign. Henry, at length, grew impatient of the interruption which different residences necessarily occasioned, and formed a design of annually taking up his residence at the arsenal for some time.

Sully is, by some, charged with having advised the king to confine the Prince De Condé, whose young wife inspired Henry with a passion as violent as any which had possessed him in youth. The uniform character of this great man, through a long life of honour, is his best shield against such a calumny. How can it be thought probable, that one who, on so many occasions, had unhesitatingly risked the royal favour by the stern freedom of his remonstrances, would have lent his sanction to such a measure—far less been base enough to suggest it. That the king, infatuated by passion, would have pursued any means, however censurable, for his gratification, is not more true than that Sully's expostulations were repeatedly urged upon Henry against a course of conduct so ill-suited to his station and now advancing years. The prince and princess at length effected their escape, to the great chagrin of the king. His own imprudence is said to have defeated a plan which he instantly formed for recovering possession of the fugitives. "On such a day, and at such an hour, you will see here the Princess of Condé," said he to the queen. Her majesty apprized the Spanish ambassador of his intention, who communicated the intelligence so promptly that the plot was defeated. The lady of whom his majesty was thus *éperdument amoureux*, encouraged him from pure vanity, without a spark of corresponding passion. A proof of this is found in the expression used by her some years later, when recounting the king's design of having her carried off from Brussels; she mentioned, that at the same time Spinola, the Spanish general, advanced in years, had also made love to her, adding, "*My star destined me to be loved only by old men.*"

Despite of his repugnance, Sully was obliged, by the express command of the king, to write a letter of remonstrance to the Prince of Condé on the enormity of his offence in withdrawing himself clandestinely from the royal court—the only fit residence for the princes of the blood. This epistle concluded with an earnest entreaty, that the prince would lose no time in returning to Paris; but the remonstrance and entreaty were thrown away, inasmuch as Condé refused even to receive the letter; and the king was left to the grave reflections consequent on blunted and baffled appetite.

Meanwhile the preparations for the great war, in which Henry and his minister anticipated such signal glory, were going on with unceasing vigour. Sully had even entered into a contract for the maintenance of an army of 29,000 men, but this was never ratified, owing to the suspicions which were excited in the royal mind by some enemies of De Sully. Of this vacillation the king soon repented, and requested Sully to undertake the furnishing of the troops with the necessary supplies, which, after some excuses, he agreed to do. But in the midst of the activity and excitement, arising out of this magnificent project, Henry's spirit was depressed by a dark foreboding of calamity, which was unhappily to be soon fulfilled. It is singular that the anticipation of evil which began to haunt him, was associated with the idea of the queen's coronation, a ceremony for which her majesty was deeply solicitous, wishing, it is said, to stifle by this public act all pretensions on the part of the children by Mad. De Verneuil, who still talk-

ed of the validity of his promise of marriage. The king could not think of the desired coronation without a vague and awful apprehension: "Ah, my friend!" he would often say to Sully, "how displeasing this projected ceremony is to me! I know not how it is, but my heart tells me that it will cause me some misfortune." Then, after some moments of abstraction, he would exclaim, "By Heaven! I shall die in this city, and never leave it: they will kill me, for I see well they have no remedy for their dangers but my death. Ah! curst coronation, thou wilt cause my fall." On such occasions Sully's advice to him was to refuse the coronation; and at length the king appeared resolved on doing so. "Yes," said he, "break up the preparations and let me hear no more of the ceremony; for, by this means, I shall set my mind at ease from divers suspicions which certain advices have caused me, and shall leave this city, no longer having any thing to fear. To conceal nothing from you, they have told me that I shall be killed at the first grand spectacle which I may give, and that I shall die in a carriage; and this it is what renders me so timorous." "You have never, sire," replied Sully, "told me this before, if I remember rightly. And I have often wondered on hearing you exclaim in a carriage as though you feared some trifling danger, having seen you so often among the discharge of cannon, musketry, thrustings of lances, swords, and pikes, yet without evincing fear of any kind. But since you entertain this idea, and that your spirit is thus troubled by it, I would, were I in your majesty's situation, set out to-morrow, leave the coronation to be celebrated without you, or defer it till another occasion, and for a long time neither enter Paris nor a carriage. And, if your majesty approves, I will this moment send to Nôtre Dame and to St. Denis, and give orders to stop every thing and dismiss the workmen." "I should gladly have it so, but what will the queen say, for this coronation runs strangely in her head?" "Let her say what she will," returned Sully, "but I cannot believe that when she learns the idea your majesty entertains in this matter—that it will cause such a calamity—she will be any longer obstinate on the point." In this, however, Sully was wrong, for so intent was the queen on the accomplishment of her favourite object, that she not only refused to comply with Henry's wish, but became furiously incensed against his minister for having spoken of postponement. After three days of violent contention the king yielded, and the workmen were commanded to resume their labours. But, though he had thus given way to the queen's importunity, his mind was more than ever impressed with the fear of his approaching assassination. His exclamation in private conference with Sully at the arsenal, was still the same expression of mournful foreboding: "Ah, my friend, I shall never go out of this city! they will kill me here. O, accurst coronation, thou wilt cause my death!" He notwithstanding persevered in his military projects; dispatching trusty officers to receive his levies of Swiss and other troops who had agreed to fight under his colours. His visits at the arsenal became more frequent, until Sully, exhausted by the numerous duties confided to him, and participating in the objectless fear which had taken possession of his master's thoughts, fell ill, and was commanded both by his physicians and the king, to abstain from public business as rigidly as possible. On the 13th of May, 1610, the king sent one of his courtiers to acquaint Sully that on the following morning he intended to visit him at the arsenal. This intention he, however, changed, and was proceeding to the arsenal after dinner, having in the carriage the Duke D'Epernon by his side. At the entry of the *rue de la Ferronnière*, a very narrow street, two vehicles obstructed the royal *cortège*. The pages and valets left the carriage, intending to rejoin it at the bottom of the street. Ravaillac, who had followed the carriage from the Louvre, now advanced, and made a blow at the king. By a natural movement, Henry threw up his left arm, and the assassin stabbed him to the heart. The murderer was instantly seized: while, to calm the general consternation, the Duke D'Epernon declared that the king was only wounded, and

requested some wine. All hastened to procure it in various quarters, and in this interval the carriage was closed, and reconducted to the Louvre.

The alarming intelligence now spread throughout the city, and Sully, on hearing it, exclaimed, " Here is what this unhappy prince always apprehended! Oh God, have pity and compassion on him, on us, and on the state, for all is ruined if he be dead; and heaven has permitted so wondrous an event, only to shew its wrath and pour out its vengeance over France, which is about to fall into strange hands. Let all my gentlemen prepare to accompany me." The number of his followers swelled as he proceeded towards the palace, all the special servants of the king and the several functionaries being anxious to witness the course chosen by his favourite minister on this trying occasion. Many of the persons whom he met in the streets dissuaded Sully from continuing his progress, and in the *rue de la Pourpointerie*, a horseman in riding past threw a note to him, which ran thus: " My Lord, whither go you? all is over—I have seen him dead; and if you enter the Louvre you will not escape any more than he." This advice was confirmed by De Vitry, captain of the king's guard, and also by several others, so that, after consulting some of his principal followers, Sully resolved on returning to the arsenal, whence he despatched a messenger to the queen, with an offer of his services. This conduct has been severely censured by many of the French historians. They contend that, in this terrible crisis, when so many eyes were fixed on him, he should have resolutely advanced to the scene where his murdered master lay. Others, however, are of opinion, that, supposing the interests of the country to be endangered, he took the most advisable course by returning to his post at the arsenal, and securing the Bastille. It should also be remembered that his actions had been misrepresented to the queen by those who, by this sudden calamity, became empowered to effect any purpose they might think fit. Nor was the message he received from her majesty at all calculated to allay his suspicions She sent several persons to him, requesting him to proceed to the Louvre, and to bring few attendants. He therefore determined not to go to the Louvre that day. On the following morning, he was visited at the Bastille, of which he was governor, by about three hundred horsemen, relatives, nobles, courtiers, and others; some speculating on the chances of his retaining office, others really attached to him, and all eager to know what he proposed to do. He thanked them all, and prayed them to excuse him from taking them to the Louvre, as her majesty had signified her wish that as few persons as possible should visit the palace under the present calamitous circumstances. He then, with a very small retinue, waited on the queen, by whom he was well received; but it was clear that his influence had been destroyed by the blow which deprived France of her king. The princes, lords, and councillors were profuse in their expressions of devoted attachment. This, Sully had never possessed, nor had he ever sought it, and he well knew that, at the moment of their seeming affection for his person, they were endeavouring to undermine the measures which it had been the labour of his life to enforce for the glory of his master and the prosperity of France. Public utility, indeed, demanded the continuance of those measures; but private advantage and princely peculation insinuated a very different course. Thus a powerful party were interested in the removal of Sully from the financial administration—while another party no less powerful, and assisted by an assiduity surpassing even that of courtiers, employed all their nameless influence of the closet and confessional, to destroy a minister, before whose strong sense and integrity their pious and political frauds were equally untenable. Notwithstanding these intriguers, who had, during the life of Henry, obtained dominion over the mind of the queen, her majesty was anxious to retain Sully in the administration till her son was crowned —partly from the confidence placed in him by the people, and partly from the disorder which any sudden change must occasion in the departments over which he had long held control. When, therefore, Sully,

disgusted with the duplicity and want of skill shewn by those highest in the royal esteem, tendered his resignation, her majesty refused to accept it. In compliance with this intimation of the queen's desire, he continued for some time longer in office; but the increasing disputes of men, all eager for the advancement of their individual interests, and wholly careless of the national concerns, at length determined him to abandon the toil of public life. Not wishing to repeat his tender of resignation, he requested permission to visit his estates during the stay of the court at Rheims. This request was acceded to; and he proceeded to Montroud, where he fell violently ill, and on his recovery employed himself in drawing a versified parallel between Cæsar and Henry the Fourth. He also wrote his "Adieu to the Court," containing much profound and philosophical reflection in indifferent rhyme. After the coronation, the queen-mother wrote to Sully, begging him to return to Paris as speedily as possible. He excused himself from complying with this command, but her majesty, having sent the Marquis De Rosny and the Duke De Rohan to urge her request, he finally acquiesced and repaired to Paris. He had not been long there, before he found it necessary to give fresh assurances to the queen of his inability to discharge the duties of office; and he did so with a firmness which left no alternative but the immediately relieving him from them. He retained, however, the grand mastership of the artillery, the post of superintendant general, the charge of the fortifications, and the government of Poitou. His retirement from public life was strongly deprecated by his family and relatives; but he plainly told them that their vanity and interest, and not his honour, was the secret of their opposition; and he persisted in abandoning the charges which he could no longer administer to his own satisfaction.

That, at the close of so many years of uninterrupted service and royal favour, Sully, with his known habits of economy, should have found himself possessed of great wealth, need not appear extraordinary. Yet this has been made the pretext for accusing him of malversation. Richelieu, when insinuating this charge, employs a phrase which is somewhat difficult of explanation. He says that Henry, shortly before his death, had thought of removing Sully from the management of the finances, "not that he suspected the fidelity of his heart, but the cleanness of his hands!" In another place, the Cardinal employs terms equally ambiguous in their slanderous import. "It may," says the Cardinal, "be with truth affirmed, that the first years of his administration were excellent: and, should any one add that the latter were less austere, it cannot be contended that they were useful to him without having been greatly so to the state." From hints and suggested inferences of this kind, no public servant can be exempt. Specific charges none could ever bring against Sully, or assuredly they would have been brought—and in the absence of these a fact, honourable to every man, namely—wealth, resulting from a careful and provident management of his private resources—is adduced for the purpose of invalidating his claim to the undivided admiration of his countrymen. Surely it was enough for Richelieu to have shared so largely in that plentiful harvest of honour and advantage, undoubtedly resulting from the labours of his great predecessor, without endeavouring to depreciate and defame a character which, in all respects, presented a model too exalted for the imitation of his eminence. However, the characters of both are now under the eye of the historical inquirer; and in the estimate of loyal and patriotic service, public integrity, and private virtue, the fame of Sully will find its lasting confirmation.

The family of the ex-minister followed him into retirement, reluctantly abandoning the pleasures and sunny prospects of court favour and intrigue. It consisted of three sons and two daughters. The eldest son by his first marriage displayed a character wholly at variance with his own—the Marquis De Rosny being as prodigal as the Duke De Sully was provident. His two other sons, Cæsar and Francis de Bethune, inherited in a greater degree the distinguishing qualities of their father.

Of his daughters, the elder had been married, in 1603, by Henry IV. to Henry Duke De Rohan, who, under Louis XIII., became the leader of the Protestants. The younger sister embraced an offer, less splendid, but more peaceful and happy, giving her hand to the Marquis De Mirepoix.

In 1611, the year following his retreat, it appears that the court prepared a severe test for the firmness of Sully. The queen regent, deceived by the Duke De Bouillon, who had resumed his restless and factious intrigues since the death of Henry IV., appointed that nobleman to represent the king at the approaching assembly of the Protestants at Châtelheraut. His secret instructions were to excite the members against Sully, and so to decry him amongst them, that a pretext might be afforded for stripping him of his charges. Sully had the more reason to complain of this proceeding from the fact that, whenever he had, in his management of Protestant affairs, opposed the pretensions and compromised the interests of that body, he had done so out of pure devotedness to the king and the state.

But the intrigues set on foot against him, were soon disconcerted when, accompanied by his son-in-law, the Duke De Rohan, he made his appearance at the assembly. Despite of the efforts of the Duke De Bouillon, the Protestants requested Sully to retain his charges, and promised him their support, should he be vexatiously pursued, concerning his administration of them. The regent seeing the plan of De Bouillon thus fail, and having given him secret instructions without openly declaring herself, now disavowed him, confirmed Sully in his charges, and neglected nothing which might induce the veteran to believe that she had no part in the attack directed against him. Pretending to place faith in these declarations, he returned into the peaceful life which he had chosen, always giving his counsel when required by the court, and evincing no regret for his departed grandeur. From the calm seclusion of his retreat he was for thirty years an undisturbed spectator of the changes which agitated the court, from the first revolt of the princes, which broke out in 1614, till the close of the administration of Cardinal Richelieu. But he could not prevent his son, the Marquis De Rosny, and the Duke De Rohan, his son-in-law, from embracing the party of the Protestants and figuring at their head. When, in 1616, the princes were on the point of joining with the Protestants, a junction which would have formed an irresistible force against the government, he apprized the queen of the danger which threatened her. After the assassination of the Maréchal D'Ancre, he was frequently summoned to court, where his advice was more needed than desired by the young and untried favourite then at the head of affairs. It was at one of these conferences that he addressed Louis XIII. in terms which all the historians have reported, and which give the best idea of his bold and inflexible character. The followers of the royal minion, sharing in his taste for luxury, had employed their inventive powers in remodelling the laws of dress. The costume affected by these silken statesmen, formed, like themselves, the most striking contrast to the time of Henry IV., while Sully had continued, in externals as otherwise, the man he had always been. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the small fry of a frivolous court, estimating God's image by the fashion of its drapery. should have found something exceedingly laughable in the appearance of one, not like themselves, of tailor-manufacture. Their merriment, unrestrained by the royal presence, was so indecorous that Sully could not forbear observing it, and that he himself was the subject of it. "Sire," said the venerable councillor, "when the late king, your father, of glorious memory, did me the honour to call me near his person, to commune with me on great and important affairs, he began by shewing the door to all buffoons."

In 1621, when war was declared against the Protestants, Sully's position became extremely painful, but he hesitated not on the course he should pursue; he remained faithful to the king. His intentions were, however, misrepresented by many, and especially by the Prince De Condé, who wishing to obtain posses-

sion of the Villebon estate, pretended that the presence of Sully there was dangerous, and almost forced him to sell this property, as well as several other estates in the neighbourhood. Nor was this all—the prince endeavoured to profit by the troubles of the time, for the purpose of eluding the payment of the purchase-money. A lawsuit was the consequence, and Sully obtained the restitution of his lands, which for the remainder of his days he enjoyed, without further molestation.

In 1634 he was created marshal of France, and in the same year the Marquis De Rosny died, leaving an only son, married to the daughter of the Chancellor Seguier. This young man, instigated by the relations of his wife, commenced a lawsuit against his grandfather, which was lost by the latter in 1641, and eight days after, on the 22nd of December, Sully breathed his last, at Villebon, aged eighty-two. His widow survived him eighteen years, and raised a statue and a magnificent tomb to his memory at Nogent-le-trou, one of the family estates. She died in 1659, at the advanced age of ninety-seven.

The Abbé de L'Ecluse, to whom the family of Sully had communicated several important documents, gives some singular notices on his manner of living, after retiring from public life. His principal residence was Villebon, where he spent the summer and winter; in the spring and autumn, he made frequent journeys to Rosny and to Sully. His domestic establishment was princely, yet administered with the greatest economy. Besides a great number of esquires, gentlemen, pages, and sundry ladies and maids of honour for the duchess, he had a guard, composed of Frenchmen and Swiss. His days were distributed with as much regularity as during his official life; he rose early, and was occupied all the forenoon; after having performed the duties connected with the charges he still held, he arranged his domestic affairs, and the disputes which arose among his numerous vassals; presided at the edition of his memoirs, which he had written by his secretaries. At the dinner hour, he passed into an immense hall, adorned with pictures, representing the great actions of Henry IV. At his table, there were only two chairs, one for himself, the other for his duchess; the guests, all of whom were advanced in years, had only stools. A second table, destined for the young people, was presided over by his captain of the guards. "You are too young," he would say to those who complained of being excluded from the principal table, "you are too young for us to dine together—we should only weary each other." After passing some minutes in the *Hall of the Illustrious*, in which were the portraits of the greatest men of the century, he went out walking, the signal for promenade being given by ringing a great bell, which was on the bridge; the greater part of the establishment lined the staircase which he descended, in the following state.—his esquires, gentlemen, and officers, marched foremost, headed by two Swiss soldiers, bearing halberds; by the side of Sully himself, were some members of his family or friends, with whom he conversed: then followed the officers of his guard and the Swiss guard, the march being closed by four Swiss soldiers. On returning from the promenade, supper was served with the same observances, and, on a signal given by the duke, every one retired from the apartment. He constantly wore round his neck a large golden medal, having the bust of Henry IV., which he frequently contemplated, and embraced with affectionate remembrance.

Sully has an undoubted claim to rank among the great men of France. Bred to the profession of arms, he distinguished himself among the brave companions of a chivalrous prince; and when the establishment of Henry's regal power left them to the leisure of peaceful life, he alone embraced the civil service, bringing to it the same habits of regularity and untiring toil which had been his recommendation in war. His financial measures were exclusively his own: before him all had been confusion, and no indication of a remedy appeared conceivable, when he established a system by which the royal coffers were filled, and the national resources improved to an extent unhoped for even by the king himself. In his private intercourse with Henry, he was actuated by the

same unflinching probity which dictated his conduct in public measures. Never did he hesitate to give utterance to the truth, however unpleasing to the royal ear, and the attachment of the two friends remains a noble and unparalleled example of fidelity, candour, and affection between a prince and subject. In the History of France, the name of Sully is inseparably joined to the glory of Henry IV. That he was proud, impetuous, eager of honours and emoluments, and impatient of contradiction in his designs, is only a proof that he was not free from the shades which generally accompany the bright parts of a character like his own—marked by high purpose, perseverance, ambition, and daring energy. These latter qualities were exercised for the benefit of his country, with an effect, of which the traces are still visible, while the consequences of the former—if they existed at all—has long ceased to be felt, and are only recorded in the querulous tones of disappointed courtiers and outwitted statesmen.

The *Economies Royales*, or the Memoirs of Sully, as called by him, comprise a faithful record of all the events in which he participated during the reign of Henry IV. [illegible] minuteness of detail [illegible] can stand a comparison with these memoirs. The form of recital is, however, in some degree ridiculous; the secretaries of Sully relate to their master the circumstances of his own life, and from time to time request him to supply the deficiencies which they are sensible must be discovered in the fruit of their lucubrations. It has been supposed that these secretaries are all fictitious personages, brought on the scene by Sully to get rid of the difficulty of recounting his own actions. This conjecture will hardly be adopted by any one who peruses the *Economies Royales*. The work bears internal evidence of having been written as it professes, and must have proved much more dangerous to the modesty of Sully in its present shape than if he had been his own historian. In 17[illegible] an attempt was made by the Abbé de l'Ecluse to modernize the [illegible] design in itself [illegible] the execution, [illegible] cannot be [illegible] introduced [illegible] it could [illegible] written life [illegible] in the [illegible]

FELIX BINOCULAR.

A [illegible] SKETCH.

By the Author of "[illegible]"

I HAVE always been of opinion that there are no two words in the English language so frequently mistaken for each other, as TRIFLING and IMPORTANT. This confusion arises chiefly, if not solely, from the disposition we all have to magnify the present at the expense of the future, to estimate events rather by what they are, than by what they may become. But it will generally be found, if a steady eye be kept upon the *trifles* of life, [illegible] the links by which they connect themselves with after-circumstances, carefully traced, that almost every important occurrence is *their* natural progeny. They are the seed, the [illegible] the harvest. In fact, there is [illegible] thing in the world as what [illegible] called accident, that is, good or bad fortune lying in a man's way, so that [illegible] it, he [illegible] trifles re[illegible] I could illustrate this doctrine [illegible] many pregnant proofs in my own case, and by many more, in the cases of others whom I have known, but I shall confine myself, at present, to shewing the effect of a concentration of *trifling* circumstances, in producing the singular duplex character of Felix W. Binocular, Esq., late of Gray's Inn.

It was a maxim with Sir Roger de Coverley, when any peculiarly knotty point was brought under his notice, that "much might be said on both sides." But Felix Binocular improved upon this theory, for, though he had two ways of looking at every question, and confessed, like Sir Roger, that *much* might be said on both sides, he was convinced the *most* could al-

ways be said on that side where his words had the quality of Midas' touch, and turned into gold as they fell. "I abhor a pun," he would sometimes observe, when he was in a jocose humour with himself, "and have no personal antipathies or predilections towards mankind in general; but, certainly, in what concerns my clients, I have a sort of preference for your *pairs*, gentlemen." His female clients of the same class, he used to call his *guinea* hens, by way of an appropriate [illegible]. He generally had, or professed to have, a double motive for whatever he did, and, in his pleadings, usually divided his subject into two heads, taking a two-fold view of it in all its bearings, whence he acquired the nick name of the "bi[illegible] lawyer," and his mode of reasoning, that of the "bifarious school of oratory." So inveterate was the habit in him, of looking at both sides, that one day when he had purchased a beautiful Claude, for seven hundred guineas, he was dissatisfied with what was only half complete, till he had turned it round, to see what was on the other side. "Humph!" said he, "it is the same in every thing, I find, the *best* side is always that which is paid for." But this propensity, strong as it was, had its limits. Felix Binocular was never known to care about the outside of a full pocket, or in the inside of an empty one.

Every circumstance of those tender years, when the plastic mind receives its earliest impressions, and every individual retrospect of advancing years, had a double quality in it. And it so chanced, that before he was one-and-twenty, having married against his father's will, he was turned adrift in the world, (being a second son, and his elder brother prone to the vice of longevity,) with scarcely any other inheritance, to provide for a fast increasing family, (his wife having twice presented him with twins, at regular intervals of two years each) than what he could obtain by his wits. The difficulties he consequently had to struggle with, made him, sometimes, almost beside himself, and, like the weird sisters, he often found it—

"*Double*, *double* toil and trouble,
To make 'the fire burn,' and 'the cauldron bubble.'"

Felix Binocular, however, was one of those men who work their way through the jostling crowd of life, and who deserve to do so, for he diligently prepared himself to take advantage of any opening. But it was long before he had an opportunity of putting to the test a maxim of Frederick the Great—that though a lucky accident may lift a man from the ground, it is only by the vigour of his own wings he can sustain his elevation. At length, after dangling about the courts of Westminster Hall for several terms, and bustling in and out with a blue bag, stuffed with every thing, *except* briefs, (on one occasion it actually contained a fine Norfolk turkey and a pair of his wife's stays, which had been ordered the day before and were forgotten to be sent home,) he was retained to lead in a cause which involved the alleged invasion of a right of patent. Were it not, that the fact is capable of proof, by reference to the last edition of "Manning and Ryland's Reports," it would appear almost like invention, to state that this, his first brief, had its double quality. For, what was the question to be tried? Neither more nor less than whether the plaintiff or respondent had the prior claim to the invention of "the patent double-bladed oyster knife," an instrument so constructed, that while one blade divided the shell, the other, running in a small groove, parallel to it, separated, at the same moment, and without mutilation, the oyster. Felix was retained for the defendant, and exerted himself *con amore*, for oysters were almost the only fish he ever ate, a predilection created, no doubt, by the circumstance of their being *bivalvular*. He not only gained the cause for his client, but exhibited, in the course of the trial, so much legal acuteness, so much dexterity in the cross-examination of the plaintiff's witnesses, and such a happy union of sound argument, with refined humour, in his address to the jury, that a second brief was put into his hands before he left the court.

From this moment his success, though slow, was certain. Every month extended his business, and multiplied his opportunities of developing those natural and acquired talents, which pre-eminently qualified him to attain distinction at the bar.

He was well grounded in the principles and precedents of the common, and well-read in the enactments of the statute-law. He had found leisure, too, to cultivate the higher branches of general literature; and possessing an easy, unpremeditated flow of elocution which sometimes warmed into eloquence, it gave him great power over a jury, whenever it was his object to debauch their reason by inflaming their passions. No man could better brow-beat an honest, tickle a simple, or wrench the truth out of, a reluctant witness, than Felix Binocular. No one could identify himself more completely, for the time, with his client. His brief was his oracle; and what he was instructed to believe, nothing could make him disbelieve—till scepticism had its price, and then he was ready to believe either side. It was this singular faculty, which is possessed in perfection only by lawyers—(a sort of legal fiction, or moral metempsychosis, by which a man sees and reasons with the eyes and head of another,) that enabled him, on all occasions, to fulfil the injunction of Hamlet to his mother—

"Assume a virtue, though he had it not."

There were two occasions, in the course of Felix Binocular's professional career, after he had risen to distinguished eminence, which so strikingly displayed the facility he possessed of looking at both sides of a question, that they deserve to be recorded. The one was, his being retained in two cases of *crim. con.*, both of which were heard the same day. In the first, he was of counsel for the plaintiff; in the second, for the defendant. They seemed to resemble each other, in all their leading facts; but Felix found a wonderful difference between them, when he consulted his briefs. In what this difference consisted, will be best understood, by giving the peroration of his speech to the jury, in both.

"And now, gentlemen," he exclaimed, addressing them as counsel for the PLAINTIFF, "in the discharge of a painful duty, I hav[illegible]d before you all the circumstances of [illegible] revolting case. I ask for no vin-[illegible] damages at your hands; but I *do* [illegible]d I feel assured I shall not ask in [illegible] for such a verdict, as will operate to [illegible] this growing evil among us. You [illegible]ot, gentlemen of the jury, give back to the heart-broken husband, and to his dishonoured children, (dishonoured in the crime of their guilty mother,) *his* happiness, or *their* pride: you cannot wash out the lecherous stain, or restore the forfeited character: you cannot raise the fallen matron from the depths of her iniquity; neither can you cleanse, from its pollution, the now tainted current of their mingled bloods: you cannot—would to God you could! give my client what he has lost for ever! Alas! gentlemen, it were as easy for you to revive the verdure of a scathed and withered tree, as to cast the freshness of virtue over the rottenness and corruption of vice. But what you *can* do, and what I read, in the kindling indignation of your countenances, you *will* do, is this—to strike down the insolent pride of the spoiler—to throw round the sanctuary of private life the strong defences of penal laws—and to teach the heartless libertine, that when he breaks through them in the hot chase of his libidinous desires, it is not alone to his conscience and his God, that he shall be answerable. Gentlemen of the jury, are you husbands? Are you fathers?—But why do I ask *these* questions? You are men—you are Englishmen—and you will know, therefore, how to visit an offence which, as men, it is in your nature to punish—as Englishmen, in your character to condemn. With this conviction I leave, in your hands, the case of my deeply-injured client."

The jury gave 3,000*l.* damages.

An hour afterwards, came on the second cause, in which it was the business of Felix Binocular to be "instructed," that the DEFENDANT was entitled to nearly all that justice and commiseration, which he had just before invoked for his plaintiff-client. By a subtle cross-examination of the witnesses, he had, indeed, elicited some circumstances which apparently warranted the tone he assumed. Having, as usual, divided his argument under two heads, and disposed of all he meant to urge, under the first, he thus proceeded:—

"You have, in evidence, gentlemen of the jury, facts, which, though they do not disprove the main allegation, take from the alleged injury nearly every circumstance that could lead you to visit my client with a heavy penalty. Remember who and what the plaintiff is; and then ask yourselves, is he a man, whose delicate feelings, or whose honourable character you are called upon to vindicate? I do not bid you forget the injury; but I do bid you steadily to bear in mind the conduct of the injured. Manly resentments we all respect; we lament when, by our own errors, we justify their existence; but if

we are compelled to feel only scorn and contempt for an individual whom we may have wronged, we then learn to estimate the amount of the alleged injury, by the capacity to be injured. We are, at least, spared that bitterness of self-reproach which is awakened by the consciousness of having wounded a noble nature, when we find that we have only trodden upon a reptile. The plaintiff and the defendant, gentlemen, were not only friends, (till the unhappy occurrence took place, which is the subject of the present action,) but they were most intimate friends; and they were not only most intimate friends, but the defendant had been the benefactor of the plaintiff. Gentlemen, I will not go through the nauseous and disgusting details of the plaintiff's proceedings, after he thought the time was come when it would be necessary for him to play the part of the injured husband. You have heard how this creature reconciled it to *his* notions of manly hostility to betray every secret that had ever been reposed in his bosom during years of unreserved confidence. Like a jew-pedlar hawking his wares, he scoured the metropolis to find listeners for his treachery; and, like a jew-pedlar, too, the greater part of his wares were counterfeit and false. Gentlemen, the whole sad experience of human life teaches us, that friendships partake of the instability of all worldly happiness; and hence the caution of the ancient moralist, to treat even your friend as a man who may one day become your enemy. But I would rather see a different maxim inculcated; and when two honourable friends are, by any just cause of quarrel, in enmity, let them, say I, exchange the keys of each other's secrets, as sacred deposits; of which no after-dissension can justify the violation.

"And now, gentlemen, a few words; and but a few words, upon another subject. I would earnestly implore of you, when you retire from that box, to consider of your verdict; to reflect upon the principle which is involved in cases like the present. And I shall rejoice, if you see cause to make your verdict, by the amount of damages, operate as a check upon this sordid traffic in tears and sighs—this coining of domestic affliction into substantial gold—this healing of broken hearts, by the ointment of pounds, shillings, and pence—this ledger-account of conjugal honour—this profit and loss balance sheet of female virtue. There *are* injuries, the amount of which *may* be computed by the money-value of the wrong done. But what an entry it is, in the cash-book of such men as the plaintiff. '*Item*—Received for the loss of my wife, 246*l.* 14*s.* 2¾*d.*, after all expenses paid!' I should like to watch the countenance of such a man, as he reckons up his gains, and puts into his pocket the Bank-notes which stamp *cuckold* upon his own brow, and *bastard*, it may be, upon the foreheads of his children. No, gentlemen! Let the guilty be punished, in God's name, but abolish the temptation for a sordid husband to enrich himself by the legal price of his wife's prostitution. Unfortunately, the law will will not permit you to *appropriate* the damages you may give; and, therefore, it is I would wish you to remember, that every shilling you take out of the defendant's pocket as punishment, goes into the plaintiff's—a polluted bribe, to keep him quiet—a rank compost, to manure the ground for a filthy harvest."

The jury gave ONE FARTHING damages.

On a subsequent occasion, Felix Binocular had a still more remarkable opportunity of exhibiting his aptitude for taking his "instructions" from his brief. Five persons were put on their trial, upon a charge of High Treason; and Felix was retained to assist in the prosecution of one, while he held a brief to defend another, of the five. The illustration shall be confined, as before, to his peroration; for he always thus reserved his strength, and endeavoured to make his last impressions subservient to the effect he wished to produce. Hear him, then, as prosecutor:—

"I stand not here," said he, "to press for a conviction of the accused, upon any grounds, from the explicit avowal of which I would shrink, either as a lawyer, or as a lover of the British constitution. But it is, because I *am* a lover of the British constitution, and because I *am* a lawyer:—because I know and venerate the one, and because a long life, spent in studying the jurisprudence of my country, has taught me to feel the importance of maintaining the authority of the laws, that I call upon you, gentlemen of the jury, to do your duty. If you are satisfied of the guilt imputed to the prisoner, you would yourselves be traitors to those admirable institutions which secure you in the full enjoyment of your liberties, civil and political, if you do not, by your verdict, record that conviction. Gentlemen, liberty is an excellent thing;—but the abuse of liberty, or the claim of every man to exercise his *own* liberty according to his *own* notion of his *own* rights—is anarchy! I need not go into any abstruse, or metaphysical disquisitions upon the very elements of social life, to make you feel the necessity of punishing criminal attempts like those which are alleged against the prisoner; for who among us would not exchange conditions

with the Arab of the desert, or the savage of the woods, rather than continue in a state of society, where the obligations that should bind all, are defied by all, and where the only certainty of to-day is the uncertainty of to-morrow? Allegiance to the government under which we are born, is cognate with our birth: fidelity and loyalty to the person of the sovereign, are co-existent with the rights we derive from being the subjects of a free state; and obedience to the laws is co-ordinate with the privileges they secure for us. There may be defects in all—for what is human cannot be perfect; but the constitution has provided legitimate means of amending what is defective; and sure I am, that no existing evil can be comparable to the tremendous mischiefs of allowing every rash hand to disturb the balance it can never adjust. I am not over-fond of *deliberate* change; I look with disquietude and alarm, upon innovation, with whatever caution and apparent wisdom it may be proposed: but such changes as are aimed at by the factious vulgar, by men whose purblind eyes can just perceive a decayed stone in one corner, and would pull down the stately edifice above them, whose magnificent proportions they cannot perceive, for the sake of getting at that one decayed stone, are experiments which only wickedness or folly can *desire* to make, and only madness can permit *to be* made. By your verdict this day, gentlemen, you will declare whether such experiments shall be tried upon the edifice of the Constitution. You have a great duty to perform: the eyes of all England are upon you; and according as you may decide, the principle will be established, whether the glorious inheritance we enjoy shall be sacred from the lawless touch of the destroyer, or scattered by him to the winds of heaven."

The jury found the prisoner guilty.

Now hear him, as counsel for the defence of another of the prisoners.

"I have thus shewn you, gentlemen, upon how slight a foundation this case rests; but I should feel that I had unworthily abandoned the cause of my client, if I did not go a little further, and bid you look at the spirit in which this prosecution has its origin. Gentlemen of the jury, I will yield to no man in my enthusiastic admiration of the principles of the British constitution; but I trust in God, my enthusiasm will never so obscure my judgment, as to make me incapable of duly appreciating what it is we claim by virtue of those principles. Shall it be said, that because a man, not skilled in the niceties of verbal distinctions, not an adept in the subtleties of political rights, not an astute observer of mere technical legality, seeks, by a shorter and less complex process, a remedy for real or supposed grievances—(but real grievances to him who thinks them real)—shall it be said that such a man, because he, mistakingly, if you please, but, I contend, not wickedly or traitorously, violates some statutes he never read—or infringes some *dictum* of which he never heard—is to die the death of a malefactor? Why, the naked despotism of Algiers or Constantinople, would be preferable to walking amid such secret ambushes—such concealed pitfalls! What is our boasted liberty, if every little excess of it—if every casual impulse kindled at its altar, is to invoke this fearful penalty? I know it is the fashion of these entertainers, to talk of the abuses of liberty, to descant upon its licentiousness—but I exhort you, as you value the *use*, as you prize the thing itself, be not too nice and scrupulous in tracing the boundary line between that generous ardour which is inseparable from high-toned freedom; and the step, which is but a step, beyond it. It is better, far better, that men should sometimes err in the too wanton exercise of their rights, than that their rights should be worn like their holiday suits, for the sake of their gaudy gloss, and to attract the gaze of others, instead of contributing to their own comfort. In short, gentlemen, curb and rein in a fiery steed, but do not cut his throat; for though you only want him to curvet to-day, you may be indebted to his mettle to-morrow, for carrying you safely through unexpected dangers. Above all, do not substitute for him your thorough-paced dull hackney, whom you may cudgel till he drops, but who has not blood enough in his whole body to make him the better for your cudgelling. It was not such cattle that harnessed themselves to the car of liberty at the Revolution: and it will not be by such, should peril again environ us, that we can hope to triumph over it."

The prisoner was acquitted.

Four years after this, Felix Binocular, who had risen, in the interval, to the rank of Attorney-General, and was, of course, a member of the House of Commons, held a brief, which, like his first one, partook, though in a much more extraordinary manner, of his own "birth, parentage, and education." It was an appeal from the Court of Session, in Scotland, to the House of Lords, and related to a singular question of succession to property. I have consulted many eminent lawyers, and looked into some scores of law volumes, but I could never learn that such a case ever occurred before, and I cannot persuade myself it will ever occur again. It had been fourteen years under the consideration of the Court of Session, and at last was de-

cided, by mistake, after as much paper and ink had been expended upon it, as would have sufficed to print all the returns moved for, by Joseph Hume, in a whole session of parliament. And yet thecase itself was capable of being stated in the blank leaf of a pocket-book; or, in as little space even, as it would require to write down the "tottle of the whole" argument, contained in any one of the longest speeches ever delivered by the above distinguished statesman in parliament. It was as follows:—

Alexander M'Cleshlan, merchant, of Glasgow, being of sound mind, but on his death-bed, executed a will, by which he bequeathed the great bulk of his property, which was very considerable, in the following manner. His spouse, Janet Colquhoun, was then pregnant; and he directed that the child, if a boy, should inherit the whole; but if a girl, that then it should be applied, *ad pias causas*, or distributed, according to the several amounts specified, among certain hospitals, and other charitable institutions, which were enumerated. The testator died, and his widow in due time gave birth, not to a daughter, but to twins—and they were *both* boys! This was a circumstance, the possibility of which, neither Alexander M'Cleshlan himself, nor his man of business, Mr. M'Quill, had contemplated. If there had been no contingent interest possessed by other parties, the two brothers would, doubtless, have amicably enough divided the property between them. But the trustees of the several charities raised a formal legal objection against either of the sons inheriting, upon the ground that the property was bequeathed to *a* son, and not to *two* or *more* sons; and this objection rendered it necessary they should establish, if they could, a joint or separate claim to the bequest. It was, at first, thought, the intentions of the testator would be fulfilled by deciding the question of primogeniture, and declaring the elder born, to be *the* son contemplated by the father. But unfortunately, neither the nurse nor the doctor could pronounce, positively, which of them came into the world first; and even if this fact could have been ascertained, there was every reason to believe, from opinions incidentally expressed by the Court of Session, it would not have been held sufficient to exclude the right of the other parties. The case, therefore, ultimately resolved itself into a question between the two brothers as co-legatees, and the representatives of the several charitable foundations mentioned in the will; and in this shape it finally came before the House of Lords, in an appeal from the decision of the Court of Session which had declared in favour of the twin children.

Felix Binocular appeared at the bar in support of the appeal, and argued the case several times, with infinite ability. As usual, he divided his pleading into two heads: inquiring first, which of the sons could be meant by the testator; and, secondly, whether both could succeed, if there were nothing to guide their Lordships in giving a preference to either. But before he had got half through the first branch of his inquiry, he was promoted to the high legal office of Master of the Rolls; and before his successor, the new Attorney-General, had brought *his* arguments to a close, Felix was advanced to the still higher office of Lord Chancellor. The cause continues to be regularly heard six times in every session, with a fair prospect of a final adjudication upon it, by the time the estate is worth no more than will be just sufficient to pay the then unsettled charges of the lawyers.

Felix Binocular was called up to the House of Peers by the title of Lord Bifold; and in two years after he had taken his seat upon the Woolsack, he distinguished himself by the fearless honesty with which, in the discussion of a great political question, he adhered to the principles of a hired advocate. At the bar, it was his fee that made him any thing: in the House of Lords it was his salary. "Retire," or "Recant," was the word of command. To retire, would have cost him what he could not afford to pay—his emoluments: to recant, only cost him what he did not value—his character. He paid down the price—kept his place—and was ready to recant his recantations, whenever he again discovered that there was a want of moral fitness between his opinions and his office.

W.

PRINCIPLES OF DISSENT.*

If past experience furnish any ground for calculation or conjecture of the future, we shall not be surprised to see the day arrive when Whiggism shall become associated with every high and holy principle—known from John O'Groats to Land's End, as the patron of virtue—distinguished for self-denial and disinterestedness—meekness without meanness—magnanimity without malignancy—modesty without any alloy of impudence, and sobriety apart from sensual indulgence. So utterly baffled and bamboozled are we in our calculations from the past to the present, that we shall not be greatly surprised if Hunt, the present member for Preston, should become a patriot, pure, pellucid, and popular in public opinion:—nor if Cobbett, after veering to every point of the religious and political compass, should become fixed in his morals and consistent in his political principles:—nor if that double-distilled dunce and demagogue, Daniel O'Connell, at once the pride and the pest of Ireland, should so far put away from him the craft and cunning peculiar to his profession as a lawyer, and more especially as a politician, as to feel for the wants and the woes of his wretched and reckless country, and apply the powers—few though they be—wherewithal Providence has endowed him, to promote—not the heartless and hateful separation of the two countries—not the revival of an Irish Parliament to be ten-fold more foul and rotten than that which disgraced and distracted that hapless country previous to the Union—but to soothe the agitations which his own selfish and senseless ravings have floated over it, and to promote the harmony which he is attempting to disturb and the peace which he is endeavouring, as much as in him lies, to destroy by the wild war-cry of his dissolute and detestable demagoguism:—nor if Messrs. Taylor and Carlile, those two precious morsels of atheism and anarchy, the Castor and Pollux of infidelity, should so far lay aside their deep-rooted rancour and animosity towards the pure and spotless religion of Jesus, and their foul-mouthed revilings of "whatsoever things are pure and lovely, and of good report," as to become conspicuous for their piety to God and their benevolence to man:—nor if the Dissenters of the present day—which, to be sure, is not likely soon to happen—should so far catch the self-denying spirit which in some sort belonged to the Puritans and Nonconformists of older days, from whom they make it their boast and their song to be lineally descended, and in whose steps, though hobblingly and at a distance, they would fain persuade us they are zealous and ambitious to tread—as to eschew "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh," and to set themselves in earnest, and not in profession merely, to purge away from among them the leaven of an evil eye and a longing appetite after the good things of "time and sense." Truly this is a wonder-working age—an age of miracle and marvel. What meant that old proser and prophesier, Sir Isaac Newton, when, in the hardihood of an unbridled and unsaddled imagination, he presumed to adjust the laws of nature? *Humanum est errare.* The good old man—for good most assuredly he was, notwithstanding the light and logic, or legerdemain of future times, have proved his theories to be most unsound and unscriptural—was born out of due time. He was an abortion of nature, or, at best, a five months' birth. It had been well for the advantages of science, had he remained the usual and legitimate time in his mother's womb, and not have "turned the world upside down" by his crude and undigested notions about optics and gravitation, and blinking the light of posterior ages by his optical heresies and instruments, and fastening down, balloon-like, the elastic boundings of more modern intellects, by his absurd and now happily exploded theory of gravitation. 'Tis a thousand pities but that the crannies and crevices of his otherwise enlightened mind had been illumined and irradiated by the

* Principles of Dissent, by Thomas Scales. Second edit. London, 1830.

clearer light and correcter discoveries of later times—that the cobwebs which had gathered themselves in the corners of his brain, and, gossamer-like—though not so frail and fragile as gossamer—stretched their wiry meshes and machinations across it, had been swept away by the big and burly besom of a Brougham or a Bentham—theorists indeed of a different school, but searchers, nevertheless, into the *arcana* of old dame Nature! What a pity the schoolmaster wasn't abroad in his days! We always thought him to be deficient in schooling—somewhat narrow-minded and nonsensical—always dogmatic and domineering—singularly settled in his opinions—impatient of control—self-conceited and self-seeking. The diffidence and modesty of modern times would have taught him better manners and saved the world from much of the *egotism*, and many of the errors, that soil the pages and taint the purity and perspicuity of his *Principia!* But, *hominem esse barbarum, iracundum, temerarium!* Owing, no doubt, to the defectiveness of his early education, and the influence of early example and associations, which he could not, for the life of him, creep out of, (as certain sorts of snakes are fabulously reported to leave their old and wrinkled skins in the sloughing season), he contracted an unhappy state of mind which induced a sort of feeling somewhat similar to that which made the old classic complainer exclaim, in all the bitterness of bootless impotence—

"*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*"

It was his misfortune, moreover, to embrace certain antique notions regarding matrimony. Whether wisely considering the impetuosity of his self-willedness—how reckless and ready he was, both by nature and habit, to indulge in the fiery and frenzied fury of ungovernable and unguarded passion—no matter what was the exciting cause—no matter whether there was an exciting cause or not—whether his shins came in too close contact with the fire—or whether the beastly brat of a dog annihilated at one fell swoop the fruit of years of hard study and deep thought—or whether he had neither of the reasons above stated, nor any like unto them—the better principle of his nature so far acquired and maintained the ascendancy over him, that, up to the very moment, *diem obiit supremum*, he was induced so far to compassionate the fair sex—to wish them good rather than evil—the absence of tyrannical husbands, and the happiness of virgin blessedness, as to refrain from coming into nearer contact with them—"saving and always excepting" one especial and notable occasion, when he displayed his usual gallantry and good breeding, by making use of the little finger of the lily white hand of a beautiful and blooming maid, to whom it is reported—though with the obvious intention of calling in question and disputing his claim to the otherwise sound and marketable title of benevolence—that, at the time alluded to, he was paying more than ordinary attention—a thing not to be wondered at in the least, seeing that the good old man, being a smoker of the first magnitude, and, at this critical moment, in want of a tobacco stopper, he did what others—having far less pretensions to humanity—would have done in like circumstances:—be all this as it may, might, could, would or should have been, he adopted the resolution—whether wisely, or wickedly and witlessly, it is not for us to inquire—to eschew and abstain from the woe or the weal, as the case might have been, of married life. Considerable obscurity, after all, rests upon these several points, which after much critical and curious investigation and research into documents both ancient and modern, and after weighing the evidence *pro* and *con*, we candidly confess we have not been able to dispel. And as that learned and luminous society, originated and set agoing for the sole and express purpose of diffusing the light of science and civilization—of dissipating every vestige of error, on all subjects connected with morals and midwifery, physics and philology, history and heresies, laws and legislation, farmers and farriery, things secular and ecclesiastical, has not thought proper, in the long, learned, and elaborate life of the worthy knight, which it hath sent forth into the world, either from sheer ignorance, a proof of its utter incapacity

for undertaking so grave and important a task, or from an utter contempt for what in its wise and wakeful solicitude for the intellectual poverty and destitution of the operatives of England, the old maids of Scotland, the catholic clergy of Ireland, the gentry of Wales, and the judges and law-officers of the crown for the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain—to take notice of the weighty and worthy matters in question, we suppose we must reconcile ourselves to the endurance of that happy state of uncertainty which men of genius and science have so sillily, and in the face of all history, observation, and experience, past and present, remote and recent, reprobated as being the most unhappy, the most miserable, and the most melancholy thing "in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth." After this defence of the much maligned and much calumniated character of the worthy knight and bachelor, we may be allowed to hazard a conjecture—and it shall be brief and brilliant—as to the probable motives which led him to deprecate the decencies, duties, and dependencies of the matrimonial state. The fact is, and it is most marvellous, that it should so long have escaped the eagle-eyed curiosity of modern memoirists, who pry into the private history of individuals and families, for the exquisite purpose of detecting every little inadvertence of conduct and character, with the laudable desire and design of exhibiting the hero of their story in the most ridiculous and reprehensible light possible, no matter how nearly soever related to the kind and courteous annalist of the family, and no matter how scandalous soever may be the incidents and events which the worthy descendant may rake together, to the disparagement of his ancestor—it is most marvellous, we say, that some one or other of this curious *coterie* has not hit upon the only solution which, in our wisdom, appears the only reasonable one that can be furnished, to account for the obstinate doggedness of the philosophic knight in keeping himself on the *extra* side of the pale of holy matrimony; and perseveringly persisting in this same spirit of repugnance to the soft and tender endearments of wedded life, to the end of the chapter, viz. that he had drunk deeply at the perennial font of pagan piety, to which the old satirist, Juvenal, alludes, in a strain of as mawkish and sentimental piety as can be found in all the thousand and one volumes of modern religious novelism :

"Nil ergo optabunt homines? Si consilium vis,
Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
Carior est illis homo, quàm sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu, et cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris: at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor."



Nota bene.—Had we been ambitious of pedantry and puppyism, we might have expressed our ideas in equally fluent, fervid, and impassioned eloquence in Greek, but we have not chosen so to do, *first*, because we happened, at the time the above quotation was penned, to be under the influence of a double portion of modesty and self denial, for which we take unto ourselves the necessary *quantum* of praise and gratulation :—and, *secondly*, because we opined that we had given sufficient evidence of our ability to grapple with the leviathan of levelism in matters ecclesiastical, whose name decorates and adorns the title-page of the book mentioned at the bottom of the first page of this article.

There are *three* grand epochs or periods in the history of all books, past, present, and to come, that are deeply interesting to their authors. The *first* extends from the *prima manus*—the beginning or first draught to the *manus extrema*—the finishing of the *librum futurum*. This period is one of varied hue and absorbing attention. At one time rolled on the billows of hope to the third heavens of expectation, and then again sunk to the deeps of despair, the labouring author "plods his weary way" like a ship which it delights old Boreas to toss from wave to wave, as if in the mockery of scorn. Hope and fear struggle hard for the mastery. The various twistings and contortions of the face—the contracted

brow and compressed lips—the sigh bursting from the breast like the blustering winds *antro vasto Æoli*, in the act of conception and expression; and all the while

> " The [author's] eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The form of things unknown, the [author's] pen
> Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

These and innumerable other incidents and accidents that occur during the process of composition, combine to make this period one of peculiar and pre-eminent interest. The *second* period or epoch comprises the progress of the manuscript through the *eorum quæ typis excuduntur specimen*. This period is not unattended with its dissatisfactions and delights. The *former* arising from the negligence of the printer in creating *errata*, despite the care and caution of the author to provide against all such blemishes to the beauty of the work; and the *latter* from the full tide of pride and satisfaction flowing from the incipient and permanent record of his " thoughts that breathe and words that burn." It would, doubtless, be an amusing spectacle to see the worthy scribe seated snugly in his study chair—if indeed the bounty of providence had blessed him with one—conning over the *proof* of the bonny bantling of his brain—to see the flush and crimson of his proud front as he gazes with conscious complacency on this first, and, as he hopes, feeblest effort of his pen to secure a niche in the temple of fame, and to appropriate to himself the laurels, fadeless and unfleeting, that are to wreath his brows with the chaplet of glory, imperishable and everlasting. How his eye feasts on the fair *proof* of his mental prowess! Pity, O ye authors and authoresses, if you cannot palliate this prostration of his soul before the shrine of his own deity! Ye, and ye only, can enter into his feelings, and weigh the power and potency of his temptations to fall down and worship this idol of his intellect! Have ye not done the same thing yourselves? Why then that look of scorn and withering contempt that ye cast upon him? Is he not a man of like passions with yourselves? Are ye envious of your brother? Do ye tremble for your own popularity?" Alas! ye never had any to apprehend the loss of! Your bearing towards your brother proves it to a demonstration. Genius is infinitely removed from such poor and pitiful conduct. It encourages, rather than represses, the budding and blowing hopes of rising excellence. O foolish scribes, think ye that your envious looks and spiteful insinuations can stop the upward boundings of aspiring genius? Your waspish whispers do but waft it higher and higher up the " proud hill of science," and place it on a vantage ground that your hobbling steps will never attain unto. Cease, then, your foolish and fruitless jealousy. Have you forgotten the unavailing hate with which your prototype, the arch-fiend, contemplated the innocent joys of father Adam and mother Eve, and the memorable words he uttered on that occasion? " Read, mark, and inwardly digest them."

> ———— " Aside the devil turn'd
> For envy; yet with jealous leer malign,
> Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plained:
> Sight hateful, sight tormenting."

We have now arrived at the *third* and last grand epoch in our bookish history, viz. the period when it has to stand the test *de auctorum scriptis judicandi ars*. On many accounts this is by far the most memorable epoch of all. With the goal full in view, and with his hand stretched out *palmam referre*, no wonder that the palpitations of his heart should beat double quick march—no wonder that the tumultuary state of his feelings should destroy that nice equilibrium of his nervous system which constitutes the dull monotony of commonplace existence—no wonder that his nights are passed in tumblings and tossings on his bed, and his days in that state of nervous excitement which converts him into the sting and scorpion of his own comfort, and the plague and pest of his family and friends. Poor wretch! he is completely book-ridden—morning, noon, and night his thoughts revolve around his darling volume with the constancy of " fixed fate," and unalterable uniformity. None of nature's laws are more true to its origination and

its end. It occupies his waking and his sleeping hours. "On his bed when deep sleep is upon him," it dances in all sorts of fantastic forms before his mind's eye. Now he sees, or fancies he sees it, enshrined in dazzling radiance, emitting the bright beams of refulgence that surpass the sheen of the mid-day sun—encircling his brow with the pure halo of a splendid immortality. At other times the scene changes, and the harpy fangs of disappointed hope seem to fasten upon him. A company of fiends, under the form, and bearing the *cognomen* of critics, seem to seize upon his book, and twist and twine it into all manner of shapes, foul, false, and foolish. What a pickle is he in! His heart yearns over the tattered tome with all the tenderness of parental passion. He can brook the sight no longer. Rage fires his eye, and vengeance nerves his arm.—Thump goes his fist at the glaring and ghastly monsters, and at once he has the unspeakable satisfaction, though at the expense of a convulsive start and a bruised knuckle, to find that he has been fighting with a phantom of the brain—the offspring of a dreaming imagination.

The time at length arrives that his book must come under the cognizance of the critical censors of the press. With a laudable curiosity to ascertain its fate and fortunes, he turns to the bill of fare of every magazine that comes in his way. After many disappointments his eye at last catches the announcement of his book as the subject of review. It is utterly impossible to conceive, much less to describe, the whirligig workings of his breast. After divers efforts and frequent failures in the attempt, he at length succeeds, under the influence of a fit of desperation, in summoning a sufficient quantum of resolution to turn to the page on which hangs its destiny. * * * * * Suffice it to say he finds that his book, though not lauded sufficiently to his taste, is not positively *damned.* He consoles himself for this partial disappointment with the hope of producing *in futurum,* a work whose merits the most fastidious critic shall not "be able to gainsay or resist," and which shall procure for its author the universal praise and admiration of the world.

If our readers, gentle or simple, think that we have been tediously minute in tracing the history of the *librum primum* of virgin-authorship, we cannot help it—we are heartily sorry that they are such dolts and dunderheads. We have long been tortured under the conviction that such a history was a *desideratum* in the literature and age in which we live! And we doubt not that unborn ages will magnify and multiply our praises for the service we have thus rendered to the cause of literature in *general,* and biography in *particular.* To the proper and profitable reading of the latter species of writing we conceive that we have been princely benefactors! No longer shall the cry be heard that a key was wanting to unlock the mysteries of this branch of occult science! With what ease, in all time coming, will the readers of this masterly and magnificent historical sketch be able to unravel and to unfold the web of biographical existence under all its mutations of light and shade—of sun and shower! Nothing will henceforth be dark, unintelligible, or unmeaning! The most difficult and dangerous part of an author's life—difficult and dangerous, we mean, for the memoirist to manage and the reader to understand, we have both the ambition and vanity to hope has been explained on philosophical principles, so that now "he that runneth may read" and digest it! Much time will in future be spared both to the writer and reader:—to the *one* inasmuch as he will have no occasion to fag his forehead in the act of conceiving, and to tire the patience of others in the act of reading what nobody cares to know anything about—and to the *other* inasmuch as he will have no occasion to read what he can very well dispense with—a long and elaborate account, equally fanciful and foolish, of the sighing and solicitude of the author in labouring and bringing to the birth the *first born* of his brain. We have only one solitary drawback to the proud and pleasurable feelings which crowd in upon our breast, and radiate the broad disk of our fair and formidable face, at this moment of conscious intellectual superiority and public benefaction—the pain of knowing that we have been some-

what too tardy in benefitting the world by our enlightenment in this untrodden, and difficult because untrodden, department of knowledge!

Without tiring either ourselves or our courteous readers by attempting to analyze the frames and feelings of the reverend author, (for such we understand him to be, although the title-page of his book contains no intimation of the fact), of the *Principles of Dissent*, the "Tractate" under review, while in the act of concocting and digesting his defence of sectarians and his philippic against the established hierarchy of these realms, we shall hasten to lay before them a few facts which public documents and private communications have put in our power, touching the reception it has met with from friends and foes. And really—though we differ *toto cœlo* from the reverend Tractitian on the subject he has taken upon himself to discuss—we cannot help sympathising with him on account of the rascally treatment he has received from a certain reviewer, who shall be nameless. When, however, the merits of the case are laid before our readers, they will doubtless be disposed to concur with us in thinking that, considering from what quarter, and from what motive, to all human appearance, it has proceeded, it ought not to excite any very great degree of wonderment. To be sure it is somewhat strange and rather unusual for one man to receive from another man, embarked in the same bottom—professing to advocate the same cause on principles that are held in common, and by an appeal to the same laws of argument, and with an avowed willingness to abide by the decision of the selfsame standard of appeal—it is, we say, rather unusual—so unusual, indeed, that we safely declare that it never occurs but among the most abandoned of men, to receive such scrubby and execrable treatment as the reverend Tractitian has received from this reviewer of his *Principles of Dissent*. On any and every subject of politics or profane science such conduct would be justly regarded with the abhorrence it deserves. But when the subject which has elicited such treatment happens to relate to matters of conscience and religion—to both of which the reviewer professes the most sincere and simple-hearted reverence—but with what consistency after the publication of his review we shall leave to the greater discernment of our readers to determine; to our own opaque and obtuse intellect we candidly confess to thee, gentle reader, whoever thou art, that the whole affair appeared one of such enormous craft and cruelty that we were utterly demented and dumb-foundered. But it was soon whispered in our ear—and then the haze and filminess dropped from our "optic nerve" in the twinkling of an eye—that this same reviewer has himself written a learned and elaborate two volumed "Tractate" on the same subject, though bearing a different title, namely, *Protestant Nonconformity*. The thought immediately occurred to us that the reviewer, who had taken upon himself *alicujus scripta censoriâ virgulâ notare* had been actuated by other motives than those which ought to direct the censure and the praise of men who occupy that dignified office. Spenser says of Envy—we hope he had not a prospective reference to the worthy reviewer of the *Principles of Dissent:*

> "He does backebite, and spiteful poison spues
> From leprous mouth on all that ever writt:
> Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in rowe did sitt."

We would rather put a more favourable construction on the motives of the critic, by supposing him to have had Pope's advice in remembrance, and to have acted on it.

> "Be niggards of advice, on no pretence;
> For the worst avarice is that of sense.
> With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
> Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
> Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
> Those best can bear reproof who merit praise."

But it is most fitting that the amount of the Tractitian's merit should be weighed in the balance of his own words, in answer to the ungenerous criticism of his friend and colleague in the cause of nonconformity. Perhaps some of our readers will be inclined to think that the reviewer, by reducing Pope's advice to practice,

has given too great a share of credit to the wisdom of his quondam friend the Tractitian, and has laid himself open to the sting of exacerbated anger. At all events they will be able to appreciate the merit of the *argumentum ad hominem,* as applied by an author to his reviewer. To perceive the point and pith of this species of reasoning, in the case before us, it must be borne in mind that the testy Tractitian strives hard, however clumsily, to conceal the chagrin which gnawed on his own satisfaction, by seeming to overlook the negative praise which the reviewer had bestowed on his *Principles of Dissent,* by assuming a degree of valour that would have done no discredit to the puissant knight of *La Mancha,* and boldly stepping forward in the defence of three notable champions of dissenterism—bearing the respective names of *Pierce, Towgood,* and *Graham,* the three apocalyptic frogs that came out of the abyss of separatism to throw dust into the eyes of his majesty's liege subjects of these realms, and thereby to deceive the British nations—the works of which three potent adversaries of our venerable establishment, the author of the *Principles of Dissent* had ventured to couple with that of the reviewer in a list of books which he recommends to the perusal of all such as may happen to be labouring under the misfortune of not being able to weigh and estimate the comparative merits of the question at issue between churchmen and dissenters. Let the reviewer listen to the barking of this bull-dog of dissent, which is heard from the *eighth* to the bottom of the *ninth* page of the preface of the second edition of the work he had so niggardly praised, and let him tremble while he hears.

" The author of *Protestant Nonconformity* resents the coupling of his name and book with the writings of *Pierce, Towgood,* and *Graham,* as if he felt degraded in their company, and aspired to a higher and more honourable rank than he allows them to occupy, and to fame and immortality, such as their " fugitive controversy" will never reach. Perhaps his ambition may be gratified, and his writings may live when theirs are forgotten: for the present, however, they are read and perused; and his own recorded opinions of their surpassing worth and excellence are also remembered, and form a striking contrast with the late ungenerous attempt of the *Eclectic Review* to spoil them of their just reputation, and consign them to a premature oblivion." *

" There was a time when that journal held very different language—when, instead of sneering at the ' sacred cause of dissent,' and proscribing its advocates, it was itself one of the most strenuous, approved, and apparently faithful labourers in that cause, and one of the most enthusiastic admirers of those writers. Then it was wont to speak of them on all fitting occasions in such terms as the following:—

" Should any wish to know what dissenters really are, we shall endeavour to inform them—they knew the maxim *audi alteram partem,* and we venture to say they will be repaid for the perusal of such works as *Pierce's Vindication of the Dissenting Brethren,* and *Towgood's Letters.* —*Ecl. Rev.* New Series, 1814, p. 486. * * * * Of Graham, when quoting a long and powerful passage from his *Review of Ecclesiastical Claims,* they say, ' A writer whose profound work is destined to receive an attention appropriate to its rare merits.'—*Ecl. Rev.* 1816, p. 137.

" And yet these are the identical writers which in the very last number of the same Review still render the conduct of persons assuming to be Protestant Dissenters, are pronounced to be wholly inefficient as the means of extending and recommending the opinions of nonconformists, and though useful for the time when they were written, neither adapted to the present times, nor calculated to advance the interests of piety.

" Has any thing occurred within the last few years to render all that had been previously written about religious establishments, and the evils arising out of them, antiquated and obsolete? Or has the Church of England so effectually reformed itself since 1816, the date of the last of the above quotations, or since 1818, when *Protestant Nonconformity* was published, as to take away all the obnoxious causes of dissatisfaction, and to render separation unreasonable?" * * * * " We would not be bigots, but neither would we be trimmers and timeservers. Approving as we do the spirited and uncompromising manner in which Mr. Conder's book has advocated the principles of nonconformity, we have retained it in our list, notwithstanding his disclaimer and protest."

What think you of this, Mr. Conder, you old trimmer and timeserver? Are you not ashamed of yourself for leaving the ranks of dissent at the " eleventh hour" of your nonconforming existence? Having in the manhood of your life " advocated the principles of nonconformity in such a

spirited and uncompromising manner," how dare you, when time had palsied your strength and weakened your enunciative powers, so far forget the respect that is due to the gravity of age, and to the purity of consistency, as to mumble out of your toothless gums the song of recantation over the sins of your maturer and more vigorous youth? You old sinner, you! Did you think to conceal the heinousness of your tergiversation under the mask of senectude, and escape the fangs of the reverend Tractitian, the style and spirit of whose preface to the *Principles of Dissent*, prove him to be in the vigour and robustness of virility? Have you not in your own case verified the wise man's proverb, " bray a fool in a mortar and he will be a fool still?" Surely, ye have been daft in your old age! Well did you deserve the chastisement which the Tractitian has dealt out to you in such vengeful mood. Where will you now put your grey old pate when the finger of your dissenting opponents is pointed at you in scorn? How will you blot out the maddening memory of dishonour which your dotage has brought upon you, and forget the scorpion-scourge by which your shrivelled old back has been lacerated and laid bare? Where will you find that Lethean river, that

> " rolls
> Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
> Forthwith his former state and being forgets.
> Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain."

After the indignant feelings which the contemplation of so sad an apostacy was, no doubt, well calculated to inspire, had vented themselves in the fearful castigation which the reverend Tractitian inflicted with unsparing hand upon his apostatising friend, the reviewer, he would feel that solid and saintly satisfaction which arises from the consciousness of rebuking sin, whatever garb it may assume, and in whomsoever it may be found. He would have little difficulty in persuading himself that he had taken summary vengeance on the wicked reviewer for the disrespect with which he had treated his *Principles of Dissent*, and compose the wrinkles that rage had planted on his brow. Or if, after this ebullition of insulted and indignant feelings, any little swellings of anger still lurked and lingered in his breast, he would yet have in reserve the proud consciousness that his *Tractate* was destined to receive a very different fate, at the hands of an illustrous personage to whom we are credibly informed it was presented, by its author, on a memorable occasion, with all due and proper formality—and the recollection of this circumstance would operate like oil poured on the wild waters of bitterness flowing from the defection of the " spirited and uncompromising" advocate of his own ecclesiastical polity. He could not, for a moment, yield to the suggestion that Mr. (now Lord) Brougham would fail to appreciate his merits as a polemic, and do justice to his skill as a champion of dissenterism—especially as the light of his lordship's countenance was lifted upon him under such peculiar and flattering circumstances. Whether the numerous engagements of Mr. Brougham, whilst member for Yorkshire, or of Lord Brougham and Vaux, since his exaltation to the Chancellorship of England, have ever been so far laid aside as to suffer him to wade through the *Principles of Dissent*, we shall not take upon us to say. If he has, we doubt not but that he has been mightily edified; nor can we further doubt, but that when his lordship, assisted by the collective weight and wisdom of his colleagues in the ministry, has succeeded in making an opening for the return of separatists and schismatics into the bosom of the church, as by law established, he will remember the eminent services which the reverend and learned Tractician rendered him on an occasion, to be remembered by his lordship—

> " While memory holds a seat
> In this distracted globe,"

and reward them accordingly. *Nil desperandum*, Mr. Scales! The mitre may yet be doomed to decorate that learned brow of yours:—and those hands that have wielded the sword of theological warfare with such honour to yourself and with such terrible overthrow to your conforming brethren, may yet wave the crosier over a more numerous flock within the fold of the establishment, than is

now found to congregate within the walls of your present conventicle! Strange things have come to pass in this world in these days! And we may live to see still stranger things than these!

After the quotation we have made from the preface of the *Tractate* before us, in illustration of the spirit and manner of the learned author in dealing with the luckless wights who have the misfortune to apostatize from the ranks of dissent—whether it be the result of a certain necessity of man's moral nature, who, according to the Lord of Brougham and Vaux, "is no more accountable for his faith than for the hue of his skin or the height of his stature," we shall leave to his lordship and Dr. Wardlaw, another dissenting divine, to determine. We shall not be guilty of such bad taste and worse judgment, as to detain our readers by any further citations from it. We are not very emulous of the folly of those foolish fiends who, according to Milton, consumed their time

> "In discourse more sweet
> (For eloquence the soul song charms the sense)
> Others apart sat on a hill retired,
> In this more elevate, and reason'd high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost."

Besides, seeing that the reviewer, whose long and laborious life in the ways of controversy, secular and sacred, was such as to warrant the expectation that he would be able to withstand the skill and strategy of his junior antagonist, has met with such rough handling, has been so severely beaten, we are somewhat loathe to enter the lists with a man who has proved himself, by the deeds of polemic prowess, to be a very "Goliah of Gath." We are apprehensive lest a fate similar to that which has been predicted of that redoubtable knight-errant of political chivalry, Mr. Joseph Hume, should overtake us; or lest, while thinking we were about to vanquish some powerful giant, we should run full butt against the sails of a windmill, and receive a somewhat unceremonious somerset in the air, and thus a necessity should be laid upon Mr. Hoy to duplicate his celebrated epitaph:—

> "Procumbit humi bos."

(by the bye that was a most happy hit of his! How infinitely ridiculous the member for Middlesex must have looked after this irresistible sally of his honourable opponent!) However, after some little training by way of refreshing our knowledge of polemical tactics and recovering our former dexterity in the use of the arms peculiar to this species of wordy warfare, and trying the temper and stoutness of our weapons, offensive and defensive, we have, at length, after much hesitation and some little tremor and trepidation, concluded to break a lance with the reverend Tractitian; all the while consoling ourselves with the reflection, that, should we be foiled in the encounter, we shall enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that we have entered the mortal strife with no mean antagonist, and have fallen under the mightiness of a hand whose prowess has been felt and acknowledged by more experienced warriors. It shall be sung over our bier as it has been sung over a less exalted aspirant after immortal fame:—

> "I see before me the bold [polemic] lie,
> He leans upon his head. His manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony.
> And his dropp'd head sinks gradually low,
> And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
> From the red gash fall heavy, one by one,
> Like the first of a thunder shower. And now
> The arena swims around him. He is gone,
> Ere ceas'd the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won."

It has appeared to us, "much musing on the subject," that the advocates for our ecclesiastical establishment, in answer to the cavillings and objections of their adversaries, have undertaken an unnecessary piece of labour, have put their shoulder to a load to which they ought to have applied the pully or the lever. Now, we hold it to be a principle equally applicable to polemics as to politics or any other subject of debate, that there is no occasion to multiply the difficulties of our own side of the question and throw unnecessary facilities in the way of our opponents. We hold it to be altogether a very silly piece of

business to attempt to prove what cannot, in the very nature of things, be proved; or to risk our cause on the proof of a point which a child of ten years old would at once pronounce to be untenable. If the friends of the establishment will take upon them the Herculean task of proving, to the satisfaction of every man, woman, and child of ten years old and upwards in his majesty's dominions, that their church is a perfect church, "having neither spot nor wrinkle, nor any such thing," we cannot help their folly, however we may deplore their weakness. They are either very ignorant of the existing state of the world or very credulous on one point, in which it behoves them to exhibit a little more prudence and incredulity. They should learn when to concede and when to demand, when to give up a point and when strenuously to insist on the force of an argument that is strong and invulnerable. Instead of laying themselves open to an easy conquest, by pretending or professing to prove what cannot be proved, viz. that their church is an infallible church—absolutely perfect in doctrine, spotlessly pure in practice, and unerring in polity and discipline, they ought to have retired from such untenable positions, and shielded themselves under the strength of a fact whose truth is universally admitted—the imperfection of human nature, and of all institutions that originate from such a source. If their opponents would not be content with this general admission, and cease their clamour against the being and institutions of their hierarchy, they should have changed the mode of defence:—and as the question at issue would then have become one of comparative merits of the church and conventicle, they should have adopted a mode of warfare in which dissenters have shown no inconsiderable tact and alertness. If their opponents would rest satisfied with nothing short of a proof of absolute perfection, they should have turned round and challenged a similar proof on their part. This should have been the burden of their song.

"You demand from us the proof of infallibility for our church; we candidly confess we have no such proof to advance. We see and deplore some things in it which we could wish to be expunged, and we hope the day will dawn when their removal shall leave you without excuse for your separation, and shut you up to the faith of the excellence and propriety of our ecclesiastical establishment. Meanwhile, as you are not satisfied with the concessions we thus unequivocally make, we in turn demand from you the evidence of the infallibility of your own church polity. You complain of the supremacy of the king in ecclesiastical matters; we call on you to prove that no such supremacy exists amongst yourselves. But we are not to be deceived by names. We don't ask you to prove that you do not confer on any one man 'of like passions with yourselves,' the supreme headship of your church. We know indeed that you do no such thing. We wish you to make it manifest that there is not in the great majority of your churches some one man, lay or clerical, who, if not in so many words, yet in fact and reality, usurps not indeed the *title* but the *power* of such supremacy. You complain of the existence of numerous office-bearers amongst us, which you are pleased to term unscriptural. Are you without sin in this respect? We dare say you don't designate any of your members by the imposing nomenclature of archbishop or archdeacon. But words are nothing. Have you none among you who assume the power without possessing the names of these dignitaries? You complain of the existence of undue and unscriptural patronage in the church as by law established. Will you abide by the test—'let him that is without sin cast the first stone?' Will you take upon you to affirm that no such patronage exists in your churches? No! you dare not."

This should have been the mode of dealing with these obstinate and supercilious schismatics. Nor should they have been suffered to slip away through the slime of broad assertion and solemn asseveration. We will know not their speech, but their power of proof, before we give them credit for scripturality of creed and polity. We are not to be gulled by the trickery of profession, nor cajoled by the wheedling of sanctified protestation. We know the persons with whom we have to do. In past times the friends of the hierarchy have opposed them to immense disadvantage. They have neglected to make themselves sufficiently acquainted with the nature and operation of dissenterism. They have contemplated it at a distance, and taken their knowledge of it from the statements of interested partisans rather

than from close and intimate acquaintance with its spirit and form.

But we have made a nearer approach to the arcana of its internal form and structure. We have long and carefully observed the working of its mechanism; and weighed its merits in the scale of cool and collected impartiality. We are thus enabled to meet our reverend Tractician on his own ground, and to fight him with his own weapons. If he should fall in the encounter, let him blame his own rashness in provoking the strife and submitting to the onset.

As a preliminary however to the adjustment of the lists, and as a necessary condition of the combat, we wish to put a few questions to our reverend opponent, answers to which we desire and demand, ere we put lance in rest, or draw the sword in defence of our venerable establishment. We must first ascertain whether or not our antagonist is entitled to the high honour of breaking lance with us, who are knights both by descent and by honourable achievement. We do most sincerely eschew and abhor from the very bottom of our hearts, the idea of soiling our shield with the blood and brains of a craven or caitiff chieftain; and nothing but knightly blade must be allowed the privilege of bathing in blood, which has known no admixture with that of the vulgar or base-born. Let him then listen to our interrogatories, and prepare his answers in due form of law.

Are you then, oh most puissant knight of dissent, free from the taint of servitude yourself? You rail against *priestly* domination in the establishment, are you exempt from *lay* domination in the conventicle? You can be very indignant against *clerical* patronage, but can you wash your hands against *secular* patronage in *your* own case? We have heard it frequently insinuated, Mr. Scales, that you are not exactly what is called a free agent; that you are at the beck and nod—now don't be alarmed, we are not going to say of archbishops or archdeacons—but of lay persons. We are under no necessity or temptation to specify names. "A word to the wise is sufficient." Don't blush and look awkward, Mr. Scales. We perceive we have touched on a tender part. We beg you pardon. Nothing can be further from our wish or intention, than to give unnecessary pain. Our benevolence is known and celebrated from one end of the kingdom to the other. We give a loud and hearty amen to the beautiful and benevolent sentiment of the poet Cowper—

> "I would not enter on my list of friends
> (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
> Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
> Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

But we have "a public duty to perform." We are no knights-errant ourselves. Nay, we utterly abhor and abominate that selfish disposition, which is liberal of every man's reputation but its possessor's. We are no disciples of the O'Connell school. We have not entrenched our cowardice behind the rampart of a vow, from which we may take aim at pleasure at the reputation of others, while our own—that is to say if we have any, which is more than that gentleman can boast of—remains unassailable by every hostile dart. We have too tender a solicitude both for our reputation and our life to risk either, by running against every dagger, which every opponent, honourable or dishonourable, may aim at our breast. But the laws of chivalry must be attended to. We profess to be knightly—not by courtesy or sufferance, but by birth and the authority of rightful investiture. We must therefore be excused for more than ordinary care, not to sully our fair fame by coming into contact and collision with men of inferior grade. You know, oh most illustrious champion of nonconformity, that we should contract an ineffaceable stain, were we to jeopardize our honour by tilting with one who is a slave—a vassal under the control and surveillance of another. Wipe off, then, the soil and damp which we perceive our questions have extracted from every pore of your reverend body, and which have befouled and bedimmed the lustre of your *scaly* coat of controversial mail, and never fear, man, but you shall find Oliver Yorke ready at a moment's notice, to try your prowess in the lists of fair and honourable fight!

REFLECTIONS ON THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

WITH REFERENCE TO THE NOVELS OF "DESTINY," AND "THE SCOTTISH GAEL."

Although the general Highland character was not unknown to the Lowland Scots before Sir Walter Scott's time, still among the English it was a *terra incognita;* nor, except among those who have enjoyed his works, can it even now be said that any very correct idea of it has yet been acquired on the south side of the Tweed.

The peculiarities in the manners of the Highlanders had been often described, and their language and some of their national prejudices, but it was reserved for that great master to make us acquainted, in his *Waverley,* with their feelings, and those nicer degrees of temperament by which the Celtic race are distinguished from the other inhabitants of the island. To the late Sir David Stewart of Garth the world, however, is indebted for a treatise which has almost revived the Celtic nation. Few, before his work appeared, had any clear conception that the Highlanders were the ancient Scots, or other than "savage clans and roving barbarians," and still fewer that to this day, from an unknown antiquity, their most essential marks have remained unchanged.

> " ——— 'Tis wonderful
> That an invisible instinct should frame them
> To loyalty unlearnt; honour untaught;
> Civility not seen from others; valour
> That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
> As if it had been sowed,"

says Shakspeare, and no one that has ever had an opportunity of observing the Highlander in his mountain home will dispute the fairness of this description of the Caledonian Celts.

Indeed, it would be difficult in the whole circle of English literature to find any quotation which would so happily, as these few lines of Shakspeare, describe the general character of the Gael; attachment, or what Shakspeare calls loyalty, is their predominant quality. Their own immediate kinsmen are the special objects of their affection; their chieftain the second, and their third the king. Perhaps many would think it not too much to maintain, that towards their chieftains they *did* devote their main duties, but that tie others will probably contend has long since been weakened; still we cannot greatly err in the degrees in which we thus apportion the state of their affections. Every other people are influenced by some abstract principle which affects their interests; not so the Highlander, his loyalty is a pure and disinterested love, a canine faithfulness, and for it, in contempt of his own advantage, he will sacrifice all common duties, yea, every interest, in the performance of the claim that it has on him.

Nothing, therefore, of any lower sentiment should appear in the ideal Highland character predominant to this fine, and to all the world beside, inconceivable virtue—politics, even religion itself, is not permitted to impair its integrity in the bosom of the Gael. Wherever any more sordid feeling is allowed an ascendancy, in proportion to the strength of that feeling, the nature of the Highlander must be considered to be deteriorated—debased with the alloy of Lowland corruption.

Whether it is an effect of this bright element, or arises from another cause, we shall not halt to enquire; but that there is, in the true Celtic breast, a sentiment of personal honour, of great vigour, superior to that of any other people who set a higher value on their acquirements and civilization, cannot be questioned. Loyalty is the god of the Highlander, and personal honour the worshipper. The honesty of more polished nations does not imply an obligation so effective as this honour: an honour, however, that will sometimes take a darker guise, even to a perplexing resemblance of perfidy and crime. It is not, however, correct to describe the Highlander as perfidious. His loyalty must always appear the governing principle, and his faults as the results of its influence.

The civility, or rather the hospitality of the Highlanders, is, perhaps, not so remarkable as the two former qualities. It comes from the local circumstances of their country, and more distinctly resembles the good-will with which all primitive nations, having little intercourse with others, treat strangers of their own fellowship. Alien strangers are in such nations viewed with jealousy, and perhaps to that cause is to be ascribed the exclusive spirit of the Highlanders, which has kept them in the arts of polished life and commercial intelligence so far behind the inhabitants of the southern parts of the kingdom.

In valour, it would not be just towards the Lowlanders to say the Highlanders possess any superiority. In the quality of bravery we can acknowledge no difference between the natives of the United Kingdom; but the Highlanders are more irascible than either the English or the Lowland Scots, and perhaps it is in consequence of the readiness of their weapon to leap from its sheath, that irascibility among them has obtained the name of valour. In fact, his loyalty, and his peculiar sense of honour, as it is regulated by that loyalty, constitute the distinguishing characteristic of the Highlander: his other good qualities are universal to mankind, and found to be always in proportion to the degree of civilization, strongest where it is lowest.

It must be seen, however, that unless the noble feelings of loyalty and honour are governed by benevolence, they are apt to become of baleful effect. In civil life, the loyalty will take the despicable form of implicit obedience, and the honour bind to purposes over which the judgment will exercise no discrimination—a true Highlander cannot be otherwise as a politician than an unreasoning partisan. The quality that exalts him as a military adherent unfits him for deliberation.

In the enterprises of war the Highlander is in his element, but there are few situations in official and civil life in which he does not appear with less advantage than most other men. His peremptory virtues are there out of place. The wild justice of revenge which openly prompts to employ the sword in the field, takes counsel of cunning, and administers the chalice of machination in the closet. A full blooded Highlander excels all the world in personal attachment, but he cannot comprehend an abstract principle; his loyalty binds him to another, and to that other his honour makes him a slave. Through fire and water, he conceives, that he should obey his leader, and, with the genuine subordination of a soldier, he leaves his superior responsible for the moral consequences. He regards himself to his chieftain as the right hand to the will; and of old, when, in the feuds of hatred or revenge, he may have been questioned for his implicit servitude, his answer was—

"Does the right hand remonstrate with the will?

"Does it make wherefores at its work?"

On the two principles, adherence to the leader, and, if I may so translate what is understood by honour, adherence to a man's self, the Highlander shews the distinctive proofs of his origin—the features that mark the genus of the Celtic race, as different from the general species of mankind; and therefore it is not enough in describing the Highlander to represent him as actuated by the ordinary motives of other men: he must be shewn under the influence of the peculiarities alluded to, otherwise he is not a Highlander.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of a well written novel, called *Destiny*, by the fair author of *Marriage* and *Inheritance*, in which we think that, with a quick perception of Highland manners, she has shewn less of what we would call a perception of Highland feeling, than might have been expected from one that observes so acutely.

She has shewn us, perhaps, the irascibility, the hospitality, and something of the general preference which the Highlander gives to his own stock; but she has not, we apprehend, sufficiently qualified these peculiarities with the loyalty and honour we have explained, and on which so much of what may be called the beauty and consistency of the Highland character depends.

Glenroy, for example, we much suspect, though *a portrait* painted

with no inconsiderable strength, is far from being a Highland chieftain, even of "these degenerate days."— He is more allied in his nature to a Scottish country gentleman, or rather to an English squire, than either a chieftain or a laird, for we think him an artificial something made up of the squire and chieftain mingled together, free and apart from every affinity that such dignitaries may have to the laird. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of the artist-like skill displayed in the delineation of Glenroy, we question if there be many readers who will think him a natural character. He has Highland qualities not regulated by Highland loyalty, and he has none of that disinterested honour which is at once the pride and the shame of the Celtic race. There is, however, great ability displayed in the management of Glenroy. That there may be such characters in the world, we doubt not; but we apprehend there are few of them in the Highlands. He is defective in being without an object of loyalty, and it is impossible to give a just picture of any Highlander, without it. He is attached to his family; but we do not very well see in what the difference consists from the affection which other gentlemen have to their children; and from this inadvertent omission he will, to many, not seem a personage that has probably existed; and yet he is not, we are confident, altogether an invention. We do not say that the author has failed in what she proposed to herself; but we suspect that from not showing his Whig or his Tory predilections, she has but exhibited a half-painted face—a chin or a nose, very like, but still not all the features. The character, as it stands, is, from this deficiency, disagreeable; and yet in the portions we see of it, there is neither feeble penciling nor any particular economy in the management of the materials. For a lady, many critics would assert, it is very well—we do not say it is so, because we are sensible the limner could have painted with far greater effect.

It has another fault as a creature of art—and we speak with some severity, because it ought not to have been introduced: Glenroy is represented as touched with infirmity of faculty. This was not a judicious expedient to make up for the felt want of the Celtic peculiarities, nor does it work to any other purpose than inspiring the reader with disregard for him: nothing comes of it, and it only serves to make him contemptible after he had been abundantly shewn as a person who, in no capacity of life, could have been esteemed—even though his ruling feeling for his son mitigates the aversion of the reader to his egoism.

In the conception of the Rev. Mr. Macdo, there is, undoubtedly, humour; but it possesses few traits of the Highland minister. We are, however, persuaded he is only out of place, and that the author, in playing the sphere of her action beyond what was formerly the excise line, has only committed a slight inadvertency. He is coarser and more of a caricature than we should ever have apprehended a lady would like to describe. We do not profess to cherish sentiments of greater respect for the cloth than she does, but there is an ideal beauty connected with the general character of a Scottish country clergyman, that should not be injured by the exposure of any exception. In this character, as in that of the chieftain, we think the amiable author has gone too far. We do not desire, in the representation of a class, that an offensive likeness should be given of the individual by whom the class is represented. There is, at all times, an unconscious indulgence of not the purest taste, in making a clergyman appear as naturally an unworthy character. We do not deny that there are at all times worse characters in all churches than the one we object to, but their character belongs to general humanity, and not to their profession. The spirit of the profession should always be exhibited as softening the harshness of the secular features; but in this instance, notwithstanding the many excellent moral reflections which adorn the work, we fear there may be a profane disposition excited, not of a very limited kind, to regard the harshness of the character as aggravated by cupidity and intolerance, as if these vices were ecclesiastical. In Mr. Macdo, as well as in Glenroy, there has been some neglect of the principles of art. Great

ability has, undoubtedly, been displayed; but a neglect of rule and method we venture, with great diffidence to say, is apparent.

In the management of the younger parties there is a more obvious observance of worldly individual feelings. Reginald has undoubtedly some few interesting qualities, not admirable, and he practises a degree of duplicity towards Edith, quite unnecessary, and unbecoming the general tone of his character; but the scope of his conduct is not ill imagined, and he is occasionally shewn tinted with virtues.

The character of Lady Waldegrave is almost of the same mixed kind, we do not say of good and bad of moral qualities, but good and bad of literary. She is too early represented as an adept in duplicity; and as to the odious French haridan, her friend, the less said the better, for she has all the criminal disposition and practices of an experienced nymph of the *pavé*. Had a gentleman drawn such a deformity, the critics would have thought he could not be punished enough.

The old lady of fashion, the mother of Lady Waldegrave, Glenroy's second wife, is, from the period of her senseless visit to the castle, conceived and described with vivacity. The ground hue of her middle tint, to employ the painter's phrase, is preserved with excellent equality, but a little overcharged.

All the faults of the different characters are redeemed by the simplicity, the Highland kind-heartedness, and the more than Highland accomplishments of Mrs. M'Auley. The work possesses nothing to compare with this amusing conception. She is however more of Lowland than of Celtic origin. Still she belongs so strictly to humanity, that it ought not to be questioned over curiously, whether she is a fair representative of a Highland lady of her rank, dependency, and connexions. But we forget that it was not to investigate the merits of *Destiny*, so much as to point out the error that may be committed, by not sufficiently observing the springs that regulate the Highland character, and by mistaking manners which are universal, for feelings which are particular: manners are modified by local circumstances only, feelings are inherent and never suffer change: the negro is black wheresoever born; and the Celt has his loyalty and personal honour, as long as his blood continues uncontaminated—a fact, which all who write about the Highlands and their aborigines, should never for a moment forget.

Just as we had finished the foregoing sketch, the *Scottish Gael*, a work on Celtic manners by Mr. Logan, was laid on our table. It seems to have been compiled from materials carefully collected, and to proceed upon the principle we have just been stating respecting the originality of the Celtic race. In so far, therefore, Mr. Logan is entitled to the favour of his Highland brethren: for ever since the unwarranted antipathies of Pinkerton, it has, with the exception of General Stewart's book, been deemed something like assuming a paradox to advocate, in any degree, the distinctive national pretensions of the Gael. It may be true, as Pinkerton alleged, that the Celts have never been distinguished for literature or science, and that they are a species of "Scottish Indians," wild, and as difficult of being tamed to pursuits and studies which tend to improve mankind, as the aborigines of the American forests; but it should not be forgotten that their blood is mingled with our own, and that there do still exist monuments which prove that before the Romans they were an independent nation. It is not many years since an obelisk was discovered on the estate of Drum, in Aberdeenshire, with a Celtic inscription, in characters which probably were the same that Cæsar describes in his commentaries as the alphabet of the Helvetii—in a word we are delighted to see that the investigation is again resumed in those Celtic studies which the ignorant ridicule of Pinkerton had the effect of suspending.

THE METROPOLITAN.

A "PROSPECT"-IVE PUFF OF A NEW PERIODICAL.

MUCH and deeply as we despise the document which we are about to lay before our readers, we might, under other circumstances, have hesitated in expressing our feelings on the subject. Were we now starting in our career of literary exertion and public favour, any strong animadversion on others, similarly situated, would, to some, wear an appearance of partiality and unfairness, of which *now* we cannot be suspected. Our present position is too strong to leave us open to considerations, by which, indeed, we never could be actuated—we are *now* above suspicion. Still, though individually unconcerned as to the course selected by any work, on its endeavouring to establish claims to public favour, we are too sensible of the distinction and advantage of that favour, too deeply imbued with those principles of honour and anti-humbug, through which we have attained it, to let the following Prospectus pass without note or comment! An able and uncompromising weekly journal, (the *Athenæum*,) calls it "a very important document—a sort of literary state paper." Here it is:—

"11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall,
26th March, 1831.

"On the 2nd of May, 1831, will be published, the first number of the *Metropolitan:* a Monthly Journal of Literature. Edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of the *Pleasures of Hope;* assisted by the leading literary characters of the day.

"The professions, of which a Prospectus is usually composed, are so much matters of course, that in place of occupying the reader's attention with dull repetitions, we shall state our views briefly, and refer to the work itself for every other explanation which may be deemed necessary. The present publication has no other objects than such as are naturally connected with all similar undertakings, but it will come forth free from every sinister shackle. Perfect freedom and strict impartiality will be pre-eminently conspicuous in the conduct of the *Metropolitan.*

"*The employment of every description of periodical work as a medium for diffusing false impressions of the character of new publications, has, in the present day, been carried to such an extent as to injure seriously the cause of literature. Authors and publishers have been alike the victims of this prevailing evil. One important feature in the Metropolitan will be impartial and unbiassed critical notices. Whether right or wrong in judging, the Metropolitan will never be guided by the influence or interests of the proprietors in its criticisms: this is to be understood in the most clear and ample manner. All works will be noticed with the same candour, and as much as possible without asperity, unless, indeed false taste and immoral feeling justify a contrary course.*

"Well-known writers of unquestionable talent will be contributors to the *Metropolitan,* besides many to whom the public have been hitherto strangers. Such as may be tempted by their love of literature to send their contributions to the publishers, if yet strangers to the press, will have their papers judged with consideration and impartiality, and, if not accepted, carefully returned.

"Essays, sketches, tales, reviews, poetry, the fine arts, the drama, music, and the sciences in general, will have place in the pages of the *Metropolitan,* in which the useful and agreeable will be blended as much as possible. The transactions of learned and scientific bodies, including those remote from the metropolis, and societies of agriculture, commerce, and mechanics, will be noticed as fully as room will allow; and the compilation part (!!) will be found replete with information valuable to all classes, to the *curious in the sciences,* and to the *young in particular.* Useful discoveries will be found duly registered. *A foreign correspondence has also been organized, and no means will be neglected to identify the interests of authors and readers, as well as those of publishers, by taking honest and liberal literary views, and thus justifying their support. It is time a change of system should be carried into effect extensively, for the sake of our national literature.*

"The typographical arrangements will be of the first character. No consideration of expense will be suffered to prevent this department of the publication from being worthy of public commendation.

"All literary communications must be addressed, on or before the 5th of every month, to the publishers only."

Of this "Literary state paper," we confidently assert, that no political state paper, with which we have recently met, at all approaches it for insincerity and stupid composition. Let our readers observe the two pas-

sages, printed in italics, with the sanction—probably from the pen—of the premier of this new literary cabinet. Was ever tergiversation—was ever the abandonment and reprehension of principles and party feelings, so unblushingly, so despicably expressed, as we find them bellowed in this splendid specimen of literary *rat*-iocination. The paragraph is, we know, levelled at the *New Monthly*—but the writer, in his short-sighted cunning, thinks to effect his object, as regards that monthly wash-pail, without mentioning it; and thus to give all other periodicals the benefit (which most of them sufficiently deserve,) of his sweeping censure. By those, however, who deserve it not—by those who have exerted themselves with a power and ability, which it will be well for this new periodical to imitate—if indeed it be sincere in its frothy professions, as we are much too clear in the noddle to believe—by those, in fine, who have nobly won the wreath they wear—this impertinent sneering will not be tamely borne. Already has it called forth the indignant remonstrance of the *Athenæum*—a journal which, albeit it had not the greatness, or presence, of mind to allude to our anti-humbug efforts, we feel pleasure in mentioning, as one of the most gratifying instances of combined talent and integrity, now presented by the periodical literature of England. We have watched the *Athenæum* closely, from the commencement of its struggle with the Burlington boobies to its final triumph; and we are bound to say, that it has fairly won for itself a character for candid and discriminating criticism, scarcely reconcileable with its strange omission of ourselves, when alluding to periodicals conducted on principles, over which "publisher-influence" cannot possibly have control. However, the *Athenæum* has, perhaps, observed by this time that, if need be, we are able to speak for ourselves. We shall do so now. But first we will advert to a fact mentioned by the *Athenæum*, and to which our foregoing observations on literary ratting have reference. The first passage in Italics tells us that *the employment of every description of periodical work, as a medium for diffusing false impressions of the character of new publications, has, in the present day, been carried to such an extent as to injure seriously the cause of literature. Authors and publishers have been alike the victims of this prevailing evil.* Now, what periodical has long been at the head of this vile and scandalous business? The *New Monthly.* Who has long been at the head of the *New Monthly?* Mr. Thomas Campbell. Who is the editor of the forthcoming *Metropolitan?* Mr. Thomas Campbell, late editor of the *New Monthly!* Who is his sub-editor? Mr. Cyrus Redding, late sub-editor of the *New Monthly!!* Who is his publisher? Mr. Cochrane, late factotum to the publishers of the *New Monthly!!!* Here are sudden conversions—new lights—and "lots of mutuality!" We know that, for years—and we defy Messieurs Campbell, Redding, and Cochrane to disprove the assertion—the critical department of the *New Monthly* was conducted as follows:—The editor and sub-editor were not even consulted on the subject—the works of any author, however celebrated or deserving, were set aside to make room for reviews of books published by Mr. Colburn—these reviews were furnished by clerks, or persons otherwise in the pay of Mr. Colburn; and, at the end of the month, the said beautiful bits of panegyric were made up into pages for the edification of a bamboozled public! Now, one of two things must be conceded—either that Mr. Campbell, the editor, knew nothing of this monstrous system—in which case his editorial character for careful and conscientious superintendence will be readily estimated—or that he was fully aware of, and connived at it. And, if this latter be the fact, what will be thought of a man with any pretensions to genius or honour, to scholar-like or gentleman-like feeling, deplorably descending to the post of pander to bibliopolist cupidity, so gross and scandalous? Surely, if any thing could increase the scorn for such odious prostitution of name and influence, it would be to find a man so deeply sinning—or even guilty of the lesser crime of neglect only—standing forth as the reprobator of the system he had supported and permitted, till turned off by the bib-

liopole, and then claiming credit with the public for principles which, through the most influential portion of his life, he had violated, or disregarded!

And now a word of ourselves. We should be infinitely obliged to Mr. Campbell, or his worthy coadjutor, to whose combined talents we are indebted for this modest prospectus, if either of those gentlemen would be pleased to point out the particular occasion, on which *Fraser's Magazine* has "diffused false impressions of the character of new publications." Did *Regina* ever say that Campbell's *Theodoric* was worth reading? Or that Redding's *Gabrielle* with his "original German translations"—in which the Teutonic muse is tortured, and dull originality triumphant—worth Butter-merchant purchase? Never. Who doff'd the lion's hide from Mountebank Montgomery, and hung a calf-skin on his recreant limbs, which he must wear for ever? Who gave so true an "impression" of Dionish Lardner's *Sighelopajy*, that Longman and Co. lost temper before their laughing myrmidons, in the slip-slop sanctuary of Paternoster-row? Who thrust a red-hot poker into the Burlington Bank, and sent the waspish swarm to

> "The undiscover'd country from whose bourne,
> "No" twaddler "e'er returns?"

Who dealt against the novel-noodleism a blow so deadly that Colburn's cries and Bentley's blubberings sounded among the columns of the *Court Journal* and *Sunday Times*, with laughable lamenting? Who put an end to Lord Francis Leveson Gower's German butcheries, and performed the incalculable task of reading Lytton Bulwer's *Siamese Twins*, a satire—on himself? Who, by enlightened principles in literature and politics—by strenuous and successful application of those principles—has redeemed the expiring spirit of magazine literature, and made the first of every month an epoch big with expectation to the reading public? Who? Echo answers, "*Fraser's Magazine!*" Yet we are to be told that we are a medium for "diffusing false impressions" of new publications! At all events we have been now occupied with no "false" view—we have been giving a true impression of the *Metropolitan* prospectus; and, having done so, we assure our readers that, should the work merit approval—which, looking at the hands by which it is directed, we can by no means anticipate—we shall not be slow in awarding it.

Before we close these brief remarks, we will just notice a very singular instance of modesty on the part of the *Spectator*, a weekly journal, conducted generally with great ability. This paper tells us, that "the day for magazines is gone by," that "the newspapers and weekly reviews have taken the ground formerly occupied by the magazines, with the great advantage of more frequent publication." It then goes on to enumerate a train of nonsensical newspaper intelligence which, twenty years ago, used to be given in magazines, and which now, to the great advantage of this form of publication, never disfigures its pages. But the thing is not worth arguing about. Facts are before the public, and they are "stubborn things, my lord." We admit the ability of the *Spectator*'s literary notices; but he surely is too shrewd a "carle" to pretend that, with his space and general resources, he could render in twenty years the service which we, in less than two, have rendered to the literature of the country. To do him justice, however, we think he means to except ourselves; and, in this faith, we shall extract his two last sentences on the subject.

> "Blackwood has diverged from the ancient character of the magazine, in an opposite direction from the newspaper—in that, namely, of the *Quarterly Review*.
>
> "It is only by incredible exertions and vast expenditure that the *New Monthly* has preserved itself from the euthanasia which attends this class of monthly publications—and what has it gained? All its arduous efforts of gaiety, all its broad attempts at humour, along with the great name of its late editor, have only succeeded in procuring it an indifferent reputation—a character for frivolity and insipidity. No!—the old vessels must be broken up, and cast again in a new form."

"A Daniel come to judgment!" The old vessels *are* knocked on the head, and a new form—youthful, lovely, and beloved by all—*Regina!*—rules the fairy land of literature.

THE REFORM DEFORMED;

OR,

THE FATE OF HIS MAJESTY'S GOOD SHIP, "THE STATE."

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS;

AND IN OUTRAGE OF ALL THE THREE UNITIES.

BY LORD J. R——L.

AS REHEARSED AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS COMIC AND TRAGIC AUTHORS.

"*Delenda est Carthago.*"

"Our play's a parallel."—*Prolog. to Duke of Guise.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GREYHEAD . . . *Admiral of all three colours.*
SIR JACOBIN G. *Captain of "The State."*
DRUM . . . . . . *Having long worked in a collier is made Lieutenant.*
ALLSORT . . . . *Purser, formerly farmer, grazier, sportsman, who, his shoulder and financial affairs being injured, goes to sea.*
SWEEPER. . . . . *At first a common deck-swabber, afterwards made Boatswain, or officer administering justice, and inflicting punishment.*
LORD JOHN . . . *A land-surveyor, laying down charts, and discovering hidden shoals, performing calculations on unknown principles, intimate with spirits, and employed as river pilot, then discarded as suspected of ambitious designs.*
P. T. SOAP . . . *A merchant's clerk, in trade.*
JOHN BULL . . . *Representative of the feelings of Englishmen.*
JOSEPH . . . . . *A radical.*
A MERCHANT.
HECATE.
MAL SPENCER . } *Three witches, supposed to be Spirits of the ancestors*
MOTHER DEMDIKE } *of some noble families of the present day. (Vide Shad-*
MADGE . . . . . } *well's "Lancashire Witches.")*
A SPIRIT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

On board a Ship in Harbour.

* DRUM, GREYHEAD, *Lord* JOHN, SWEEPER.

Drum. WELCOME, my friends, once more on board "The State,"
After a lapse of long and tedious years.

Greyhead. Aye, and, believe me, we must make good speed,
Gain what we may, while still our summer lasts;
First choose our places, and then spite our foes.

Lord John. Well spoken, Greyhead. Choose our places first;
But how decide it? I propose by ballot,
As fair at least as any other scheme,

---

* "It is equally certain that with * * * * and Russell, he engaged in plans of Reformation or Revolution, of that dubious description which might have turned out good or evil, according to their power of managing the machine they were about to set in motion; a power almost always overrated till the awful moment of experiment."—*Scott's Notes to Dryden's Absalom and Achit.*

Since no one yet knows aught that he is fit for;
Besides, the ballot is a goodly precedent.

Greyhead. We seek not men who e'er were tried before,
So few need ask who ever were at sea.
We wish for those who yet are unproved seamen,
Their faculties untried and unimpaired,
Since navigation is a novel art
As we shall practise it; 'twere better far
Our friends had nothing to unlearn, than some,
Their heads clogged full of antiquated notions,
Of how their fathers sailed.

All. Agreed—agreed.
Let Sweeper then be made our boatswain, since
No one has shriller voice when storms are high.

Sir Jacobin. Observe the weather, clouds drive fast aloft,
The wind blows fresh, we yet shall have a night
Of storm. Yarely, my mates, all hands to work,
Lest night and storm o'ertake us ere we're chosen.

[*They draw Lots—Lord* JOHN *reads—Sir* JACOBIN, *Captain of "the State"*—ALLSORT, *Purser*—SWEEPER, *Boatswain*—DRUM, *Lieutenant.*]

Grey. I give you joy, my hearts, so quickly chosen,
Some places more we give as perquisites,
And some withhold to win the highest bidder;
But having so far prosperously advanced,
We call ourselves a council, and debate.

Allsort. I vote we hold no council, but proceed
Without delay to criticise the ship;
Observe and tell how ill she rides the storm,
Experience is the only road to knowledge.

Sweeper. But seeing that the night looks black and lowering,
And heavy clouds drive o'er from France and Holland.
Since thus it is, I think, my worthy mates,
It were as well that we provide Lord John
A chart, and Allsort with some logarithms.

Drum. What logarithms, quotha?—Loggerheads!
Whence these misgivings, or what idle fear
Has fixed the crooked clog of doubt like gyves
To fetter us with palsied hesitation,
When, like a chrysalis, that has useless lain
And waited long the season that should wake
It's torpid energies to sudden life,
We burst at length, as butterflies, to light?
What dull delay, what vain procrastination,
To lose a moment of ephemeral pride.

Sir Jacobin. What craven-heart is he who stays at home,
Talks of repairing plank by plank, refitting
And coppering in the dock.—Let us awhile
Bask in the sun of popular applause,
For that bright meed I'd sail the vessel forth
'Mid rocks and shoals and foaming breakers,
And sink the time-worn hulk beneath the waves,
Provided *we* escaped on rafts and life-boats,
Than rest securely in the port without
One shout to gratify our lust of praise,
And wait till measured prudence should decide
To render her sea-worthy.—I am one
Can speak with confidence, for I have seen
A British frigate, when her keel was injured,
And no dry dock at hand—the ship hove down,
Her sails unbent—her yards unslung—her thunder

Silenced—her streamers lowered—and she lay
A hulk upon the water, th' image of Great Britain.
By levers she was brought to her beam-ends,
And lay in trembling balance on the waves.
Her wise commander did not then disdain
To watch the operation, and desired
To bring her closer to the water's edge;
He gave the word for one turn more—his order
Was obeyed—she heeled and filled, and disappeared.

All. Most beauteous illustration!

Sir Jacobin. Nay, by heaven
It were a bolder, manlier course to take,
To cast her broadside to the roaring breakers,
For then, perchance, we might re-model one
On new experimental principles.

All. Well said—long live the worthy Jacobin!

Lord John. The vessel of my fancy should be plain,
No quarter-deck for proud aristocrats
To stride and lord it o'er their fellow men:
Level the poop—scuttle her fore and aft,
And give free access for the waves to pass—
One common cabin for the use of all,
The captain and the seamen mess together,
And mutiny should be a name unheard of.
All should be rulers—by diurnal vote
And ballot we should choose in due succession
Our daily captain—have a common rank,
And all command by turns; and hence unknown
The odious tyranny, oft miscalled discipline.

All. Huzza! huzza! a second Solon risen up,
A wise Lycurgus, prudent Palinurus!

Allsort. Aye—I would fain have made her sail stern foremost,
Because the usual way is too old fashioned
To be good—too stale, and almost mouldy now—
Her helm unshipped—a tricolor aloft—
Such is the course the Gallic vessel steered,
And in her wake our patriot ship shall follow.

SCENE II.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Three Witches.

M. Spencer. When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

M. Demdike. When the hurly burly's done,
When the ship is lost and gone,

Madge. That will be in thirty-one.

M. Spencer. Where the place?

M. Demdike. In Downing Street,

Madge. There with Sir Jacobin to meet.

M. Spencer. I come—*Grey* Malkin.

All. * Lord John calls—anon.
Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through fog and filthy air.

SCENE III.

Enter JOSEPH *and* P. T. SOAP.

Joseph. The vessel, then, is gone—but whither bound?

P. T. Soap. To France, to bring some worthy patriots here;

* Shakspeare writes Paddock. Vide *Macbeth.*

The English are unfit for active motion
Without the aid of foreign agitation.
A cargo, too, of Tricolors.

Joseph. Good—what then?

P. T. Soap. She steers her course to South America,
To buy barilla for our factories.

Joseph. And thence to Canada.

P. T. Soap. * No—God forbid!
For how would tallow fare, were Russia closed?
We leave our Colonies to fate and fortune.
Moreover there are some who have wide forests
Of goodly timber and of stately pines,
Purchased in Norway. These we must protect,
And sacrifice the rest to their advantage
I know this well, for I was merchant's clerk,
Who made the bill of lading for the ship

Joseph. Ah! thou happiest of tallow-venders,
I give you hail!—this way, my dearest *pullet*,
Mount up, thou saviour of our state, and us,
Thy humble servants.

P. T. Soap. Prithee now, what wouldst thou
With me?

Joseph. This way, this way list, chick, and learn
The happy and the blessed man you are.

P. T. Soap. Go to—you canting varlet, am not I
A tallow vender? How shall greatness then
Sit on a man of my profession?

Joseph. Tut,
It is the very source of greatness answer,
Art not a knave? and art not of the market
Of dolts and knaves—these are the stuff we make
Our statesmen of—but come, throw not away
The blessing gracious heaven has put upon thee,
By virtue of these prophecies

P. T. Soap. First let me hear
The wording of them

Demus. Nay, you'll find no want
Of wisdom in them, nor variety
In the conceit—observe.

PROPHECY

When the monster of discord with faction is big,
Which is christened Reform by its father, the Whig,
And shall seize like a griffin each franchise and charter,
When each law and each right to its fury fall martyr;
Then if rightly prophetic the future I trace,
The leader of victory sinks in disgrace—
The star of the vender of tallow shall rise,
And glory come down with a crown from the skies;
Barilla and timber shall soon coalesce,
And the fate of the good tallow-vender shall bless.
Unfading their fame, as their sacrifice great,
† Who leave a good trade to take care of the state.

---

* I hope that no one will for one moment suppose that *P. T.*, or any one with whom he is connected, has any possessions in Norway, or in any way interested in the Russia trade.

† Vid. *Equites* of Aristoph.—Mitch. Trans.

ACT II.

Scene I.

On board the Ship, "The State," in the Channel.

Sir Jacobin, Sweeper, Allsort, *Lord* John.

Sir Jacobin. So here we are afloat, and soon shall prove
Our vessel worthy of the sea, or no.

Lord John. I hold the helm—'twere best we put to sea,
Lest that great chief from whom we hold commissions
Should veer and change his mind, and we be placed
On the retired list—but we'll commit him,
Then he must with us wheresoe'er we sail

All. Most sage and provident advice, to sea,
To sea!

Sir Jacobin. Boatswain, the tricolor aloft.
But whither shall we cruise?

Lord John. To France,
And link with her in closest ties of union;
With Belgium, too; but we will first propose
A joint stock telegraphic correspondence
From Julius' Towers to distant Nôtre Dame,
And hence in London gain the latest news
Of movements of the mob, of patriotism,
Of new disturbance, insurrection,
And all that freedom which elates the French
So far above ourselves; and then, indeed,
Should the old ship prove leaky, we'll refit
At Calais, gain a cargo there of tricolors
And costly wares from Paris—Freedom's mart.
Henceforth shall universal England be
But one free port, and nought be contraband.

[*Loud applause and cheers from all sides of the ship.*]

Sir Jacobin (*aside to* Sweeper).
This land surveyor, whom we've ta'en as pilot,
Has high designs and much ambition;
And cunning phrase, and crafty eloquence:
'Twere better we dismiss him, else his words
Will give him overweening influence;
He'll take command.

Sweeper. I'll speak him fair.
Good pilot, since we now have gained the channel,
We give thee ample thanks for thy wise guidance;
But it were better far that some good head
Remained at home to watch our interests
And note the movements of the telegraph
While we are gaining partisans abroad.
And sure no mind is fitter for a charge
Of such high import, than thine own, Lord John;
The boat is lowered that should land thee straight
Beneath yon rock. Thou'lt watch the tides
And gather strength for us at home.

[*Lord* John *casts an imploring and disconsolate look on each countenance, but reads an unanimous consent, then walks out sullenly.*]

Lord John. Umph! since it must be so, since all agree
That I should take that part—I must submit. [*Exit.*

Sir Jacobin. Well spoken, Sweeper, now we straight proceed
Upon our voyage of discovery;
And, aided by his charts, we may explore

New sandbanks, whirlpools, reefs of rocks
Along the coast; and o'er the tract of ocean
Unknown to former mariners;—and yet
Lord John has deep designs—I do suspect
His puny person holds a mighty soul.

[DRUM *walks up and down the deck with an air of great self-importance and satisfaction, singing*—

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,"

and then humming—

"* Je suis le petit tambour
De la garde nationale,"
&c. &c. &c.

[*Scene changes.*

SCENE II.

Moonlight.—Time, Midnight.

The scene is a view of Dover, taken from the sea, a row of cliffs fill up each side of the stage, and the sea the middle of it, which runs into a pier; beyond the pier is the Town of Dover; on each side of the Town is seen a very high hill, on one of which is the Castle of Dover; on the other the great stone called the Devil's Drop.† *Lord* JOHN *solus, seated upon the stone. One hand covers his face, while the other supports his umbrella, to protect him from the storm, as if in deep thought and melancholy. He starts up, closes his umbrella, shoulders it like a musket, and, rousing himself, whistles "Ça ira," walking up and down with a truly martial air, advances, and, mounting on his tip toes, looks big.*

Lord John. Yes be it so—for oftimes in the nursery,
E'en while a child, and yet I am not big,
They said my mind outstripped my body's growth,
I could assume a look would fright a Frenchman,
And that they knew who would not give me place;
But were I only minister at war,
I would upraise a tempest round themselves,
Which, like a whirlwind, I within the centre,
Should raise me o'er their heads, as I have seen
Light straws and feathers by the storm uplifted,
And towering to a lofty eminence:
But yet again my mind oftimes misgives,
And I have dark and ominous forebodings.

[*Lord* JOHN *sits down again upon the stone—a low voice, as of a spirit in the air, is heard singing.*

SONG.

They are gone, they are gone
And you here are left alone;
You who did slack all
The moorings that tied her;
You who were jackal
And lion's provider.
Like a cat tied to a stone,
Like a dog without a bone;
Like a cunning sophist caught,
By the dogmas that he taught;

* When the above lines were written, it was rumoured that certain members of the Government objected to Lord John having a seat in the cabinet.
† Vide Dryden's *Albion and Albanius.*

Like a fowler in the net,
Which for others he would set,
Excluded from the cabinet.

Lord JOHN (*as if awaking—stands up, and looks around*).

Hark! how loud, how fierce, how dread,
Howls the tempest round my head.

	(*Echo.*)
I may talk of our schemes now, since no one can hear.	Hear.
Is't the voice of the Echo that gives me reply?	Aye.
Then answer me truly, accomplish thy task,	Ask.
Say what the duration of Whigs in their power?	Hour.
Ah, wherefore so brief! does not every one know,	No.
That the Tories in office long caused discontent?	Content.
Then who raised the voice of dissension—say who?	You.
To England what bodes the result of our bill?	Ill.
What to her do the schemes of the Lord of th' Exchequer?	Check her.
Will Reform not relieve all the system from flaws?	Laws.
And will it not rivet all hearts in affection?	Faction.
Give freedom to people, add vigour to monarchy?	Anarchy.
To whom—when—where—can the people appeal?	Peel.
Vile Spirit, thou mock'st at our cunning device!	Vice.
Then what shall ensue from the Commons' dissent?	Descent.
And must I all power and glory forego?	Go.
Shall nought then pursue me but hatred and evil?	Devil.

SCENE III.

Thunder.—Enter the Three Witches.

M. Spencer. Where hast thou been?

Mother Demdike. From far and wide,
Upon the wind I hither ride.
I have been across the sea,
To th' utmost verge of Italy;
The towns that erst Alecto heard,
I again to life have stirred,
And revolution is the word.
With it Naples, Venice ring—
At Rome the Carbonari sing:
As through Bologna last I went,
I waked the voice of discontent;
I perched upon the highest Alp,
And gazed from off its hoary scalp;
The Switzer now is ripe for riot—
He was too happy to be quiet.
I dipped my broomstick in the Seine—
Paris longs for war again.
Sister, where thou?

Madge. Along the Rhine,
Nor worked less havoc in my line.
And freedom was the watchword still,
To do the work of harm and ill.
All Luxembourg with plot is rife;
The lazy Belgian starts to life.
In Germany our scheme is ripe,
The idle burgher leaves his pipe;
Or, fuming 'mid his clouds of smoke,
He writhes beneath domestic yoke.
Rebellion's banners are unfurled,
And stream across the restless world.

M. Spencer. You have been in fertile lands,
Where faction never wanted hands.

While you across all Europe roam,
I have sown the seeds at home.
I have been both far and near,
And " sown rebellion every where."
I have had a nobler theme,
I have planned a bolder scheme;
For since you went, a cabinet
Of Whigs to guide the state, is set.
And first, I've got as Grey a cat
As e'er was bred aristocrat,
Or ever mewed and cried Reform.
Another master of our storm,
Who has long caterwauled without,
Now coming in, turns others out.
And next Sir Jacobin the Great,
Commands the good old ship " The State;"
He and De Spencer of th' Exchequer,
Are seeking rocks whereon to wreck her.
Reform's the word, revolt's the cause,
For which old England's framing laws,
In a hot and angry mood,
Which might as well be writ in blood;
And nought but discontent is steady,
And I have made a cauldron ready;
And soon the vessel shall be broke,
And we shall get her ribs of oak,
And seasoned planks be set for fuel;
Then lose we not the time to do ill:
The flame shall never lack provisions,
While the Whigs send in petitions.
    Before the bows, beneath the sprit,
    The cap of liberty is set,
    With cable cut and anchor free,
    They drift before a raging sea,
    Without a helm, with cracking mast,
    They sail along the flood so fast;
    Her shrouds unbraced, her stays unlaced,
    The yards are bending, sails are rending,
    Spars are shivering, timbers quivering;
    How she seems to roll and dip—
    Mark how sails the *Patriot* ship.
The jacobins sail merrily.

    Sister, sister, do not stay
    Upon the waves, go sport and play,
    And see the ship be cast away;
    Come, let us now our parts perform,
    And scrape a hole and raise a storm.*

Enter HECATE.

Why, how now, Hecat', you look angerly?

Hecate. Have I not reason, beldames, as you are,
Saucy and overbold! how did you dare
To trade and traffick with L. R——l,
And thus in state affairs to bustle?
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done,
Hath been but for a wayward son.

* See *Lancashire Witches.*

Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

[*Music and a song.*

Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see
Sits in a foggy cloud and waits for me." *

[*Song within*—" Come away, come away," &c.

M. Spencer. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street in London.

Enter JOSEPH *and* JOHN BULL, *with several Citizens in conversation.*

Joseph. Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous,
As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.†

[*Reads the Petitions for Reform.*

John Bull. Now you have sought recruits throughout the realm,
And gathered force, and strove t' enlist
The troops of discontented 'neath your banners,
And you have travelled far, and called for aid,
And advertised in vain too long.
At length you've stirred their lazy spirits up,
For you all know—but tell it not without,
Lest that men call your honesty in question.
‡These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaimed at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly burly innovation;
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell mell havoc and confusion.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

§ *Scene, a dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder.—Enter the Three Witches.

M. Spencer. THRICE, the *grizzled* cat hath mewed.
M. Demdike. Thrice and once the *rats* have squeaked.
Madge. Discord cries, 'tis time, 'tis time!
M. Spencer. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poisoned entrails throw!
Take the Constitution's back,
Which has long been on the rack:
Tear her ruthless limb from limb,
And throw her in, to sink or swim.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

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* Vide *Macbeth.* † *First Part of Hen.* IV. ‡ *Ibid.* § Vid. *Macbeth.*

M. Spencer. Throw the Noble's coronet,
Bloody hand of Baronet,
Ducal star, and Knightly garter;
Corporation's, Borough's charter,
And all obnoxious ranks, that clog
The progress of the Demagogue;
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

M. Spencer. Bishop's mitre, priestly gown,
Tithe pig's head, therein be thrown;
Cast all in, and never note
Chartered franchise, right, or vote.
Let all see, since none remark,
Deeds that once were hid i' the dark;
Pare some shavings from the horn
Of England's stately unicorn.
All that good men wish to cherish,
In the cauldron fall and perish;
Make the potion keen and rank,
Such as faction ever drank.
Last, not least, therein be thrown,
Ancient England's royal crown.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

M. Spencer. Cool it with the Lion's blood,
Which long by England's scutcheon stood;
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE *and other Three Witches.*

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

MUSIC AND A SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and *Grey*,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

M. Demdike. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes—
Open locks—whoever knocks.

Enter Lord JOHN.

Lord John. How now, you secret black and midnight hags—
What is't you do?

M. Spencer. A deed without a name.

Lord John. I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me,
To what I ask you.

M. Spencer. Speak.

M. Demdike. Demand.

Madge. We'll answer.

M. Spencer. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Lord John. Call them—let me see them.

Hark, how the thunder peals—a boisterous night
For those at sea.—What news upon th' Exchange?

Merchant. Bad news for some who have their *bills protested,*
Bills of exchange accepted and dishonoured.
Besides, you know, that, heedless of the blast,
Which, big with storm and fierce destruction,
Blows from the Flemish and the Gallic coast,
Some rash land-lubbers late have put to sea,
In a good ship of ancient workmanship.
They bear for oriflamme a tricolor.
"Reform" the motto for their new crusade.
The ship was richly freighted, which, because
They knew not how to guide, and scarce could tell
An anchor from a rudder, missed her stays,
'Neath press of sail she drifted with the wind
Full on a rocky shore, when soon arose
A mutiny on board, for all would rule,
And none obey—since they at first resolved
That each should govern in diurnal rote.
The tempest raged so fiercely and so long,
They had forgot whose turn to rule; and each
Would "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm;"
Aye, each would be commander; thus the ship
Drifted towards the rocks and raging eddies.

John Bull. May they then quell the storm who first upraised it!
They praised with slavish tongue the rabble rout,
And pampered Freedom now between her jaws,
Has seized the bit while they let loose the rein,
And headlong madly runs. Let them who spurred,
Now check her course, and curb her frantic race
O'er broken laws and violated charters.
They taught the practice of the Rights of Man,
Now let them earn the profits if they can.
How fared it with the ship?

Merchant. I now proceed
To say she drifted on the rocks, and struck,
And strained, and laboured hard, while loud and fierce
The lashing waves broke o'er her oaken sides,
And seemed to threaten her destruction. They
Blasphemed the mighty dead of yore, who built
The sacred vessel of the State; and said
'Twas not their erring judgment placed her 'twixt
The dark and perilous Symplegades.
They would have steered her safely o'er the main,
But their sires' folly marred their noble aims.
They then cast ballast from th' endangered ship;
And, thinking she would sink, they, some in boats,
And some on rafts and floating spars, deserted her.

Bull. And were the crew all saved?

Merchant. I neither know
Nor care; though some were lost 'twere no great harm.
But what were worse, the vessel had been sunk,
But some brave seamen who had often steered
A frigate 'mid the loudest, wildest gales,
And weathered many a tempest, saw the ship;
And hasting to their sure and ready bark,
Sailed fearlessly amid the raging surf,
Gained her, deserted by that recreant crew,
And hove her off, and saved her from the waves;
Albeit, she heaved and rolled, and struggled long
I hear, though damaged by the Jacobins;

Though all her beauteous tracery of spars,
And all her goodly rigging rent, yet they
Have brought the venerable ship to port.

Scene III.

Enter Lord John *in the appearance of* Cromwell, *with the wild gaze of one distracted, wringing his hands.*

Alas, what awful tidings meet my ears!
The mariners all drowned, oh, direful day!
And I invested in the fearful form
Of one who terrified humanity.
I now no more command respect or homage—
I shrink, and hide my guilty head, and screen
Me from the pointing finger and the gibe,
Become an object more of scorn than fear.
For all men, e'en my friends, deny me now,
And shake the head, and grin, and mock at me.
Thus, like a wounded deer, deserted and
Forsaken, since dire fate has blighted all
Our soaring hopes. Now must I fly the herd,
As one contaminated with disease.
Actæon, metamorphosed to a stag,
Chased by the hungry hounds that in his cry,
Knew not the voice of their once cherished lord,
Was not by half so worthy of compassion;
Since, like the ass within the lion's hide,
I'm loved or feared by none—but all deride.

MR. BUXTON AND WEST INDIANS.

The agitators of the Black Question had their annual field day on the 15th current, and on that occasion exhibited better discipline than we have been accustomed to observe in that phalanx—heretofore more conspicuous for zeal than judgment. Exaggeration is, however, yet tolerated too freely, and, though they have moderated the energies of abuse against the whole West Indians, no longer daring to condemn the race for the delinquencies of a very few individuals, still they cast both longing and lingering looks behind to their former deleterious practices, and when they can slyly, and with some show, as it were, of accident, tread the *jiggered* toes of the poor planters, they make no scruple of using their cloven foot. They begin to see that their revolutionary doctrines are detected, and are pulling in their horns. They acknowledge that the West Indians are probably as good men as themselves, and that they ought, therefore, to be treated a little more like Christians than they have been. Mr. Buxton said, in the exordium of his speech, that "he is actuated by no feeling of hostility to the West Indians." This is fair enough—he is only doing all he can to ruin them; and he adds—" nor do I mean to make my motion a vehicle to cast any personal reproach on that body;" and he admits *now* " that they are entangled in a system," but he does not say a system sanctioned by law and time, as much as property and right, and therefore as much entitled to be tenderly handled as either.

It is consolatory, however, to find that these sages, who have hitherto dealt so flagrantly in abstract principles, are susceptible of being taught practical truths, and that their fanatic philanthropy is not so fervently insane and desperate as we had really conceived.

No one can indeed contemn their industry. On the 31st of March it appears that " the number of anti-slavery petitions presented in this session to the House of Commons amounts to five thousand three hundred and twenty-nine." That fact

alone shews how earnestly they are at work; but the Anti-slavery Society "are not surely so mad as to think that the petitioners know even so little as themselves of the question. It is, however, impossible seriously to withhold the praise which they have earned by their indefatigable exertions, compared with the feeble and ineffectual endeavours of the West Indians. We not only admire the Anti-slavery Society for this, and desire that their labours may be crowned with success; but "cocks make free of horse-corn." In seeking to procure liberty to the slave, let them do justice to the owner.—Whenever this is clearly and unequivocally determined, and all misrepresentation of facts and motives studiously suppressed, the opposition to the BLACK QUESTION will be withdrawn. The opposition has for its object fairness towards the planters, and fairness towards truth. It is not to be endured that injustice shall be set up in the House of Commons, and being clothed in falsehood shall be there allowed predominance.

Mr. Buxton says—"My case is this—that the whole slave population is in misery, that the negroes are physically and morally wretched." Now this is grossly untrue. We do not say that it is untrue as to Mr. Buxton, for he believes what he has said, in consequence of lending too credulous an ear to misrepresentation; but what he has said is in itself totally untrue, as every one concerned in West Indian affairs well knows.

Having assumed and asserted a proposition which has no support, in fact, Mr. Buxton then proceeds to argue by assuming another proposition equally denied by nature and truth. Having said, that "the negroes in our colonies are in the last degree of moral abasement and physical wretchedness," he then employs the fallacious test first advanced by Mr. Brougham, that the increase or decrease of population is the only criterion of human happiness; his words are, "any population in a state of happiness must go on increasing, unless its increase be prevented by great convulsions, wars, pestilence, famine, or some other visitation of Providence." But this is as little true as his first proposition, otherwise it must be conceded that Ireland is the happiest country in the world, no where else has the population increased so rapidly. Does Mr. Buxton mean to say that the checks on population arising from misery in the West Indies are stronger than in Ireland? For in Ireland population has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; but it is not so in the West Indies, where the slave, in his physical condition, is far more comfortable than the Irish peasant, and we do not very distinctly discern in what way the moral state of either affects the multiplication of children.

Mr. Buxton having laid it down in the face of fact that population is the only criterion by which the happiness of a community can be estimated, appeals to the population returns of the slaves to prove that the numbers have decreased, and infers that the decrease is a consequence of slavery. Thus, not only erroneous in his first and second propositions, he reasons erroneously from them, for almost in the same breath we detect him admitting that there are other causes, besides slavery, detrimental to population in the West Indies. "There are in the West Indies," says he, "twenty British colonies; in four *no sugar is grown*, and I shall leave them out of my calculation, as I shall only speak of the mortality among the slaves in those colonies where sugar is grown." Stop, Mr. Buxton, stop!—Do you mean to assert that in those four colonies where no sugar is grown there is no slavery? for your words imply that in them the population is in a regular state. Surely then, if there be, as there is, slavery in those four colonies, your argument goes to prove that sugar-growing, and not slavery, is the cause of the diminution which takes place in the population of the other colonies, and also that your exertions should, with reference to your population proposition, be rather directed against the growing of sugar than against the slavery. Those who sympathise with the West Indians will return you their best thanks for suggesting this argument. It is new and shall not be lost sight of; for it would seem, that instead of venting so much pathos about the negroes, the Anti-

slavery ladies and gentlemen have only to deny themselves the use of sugar to gain all they ask—sugar-growing being the cause of that constant waste of population in our colonies, which, you say, is a proof of "the moral abasement and physical wretchedness" of the negroes.

Not observing the drift of his own argument, that sugar-growing, and not slavery, is the cause of the diminution of the slave population, Mr. Buxton goes on to prove the truth that makes so much against himself, thus—"in Trinidad, the free blacks have been increasing at the rate of two and a half per cent. per annum, while the slave population have decreased in the manner I have shewn." He should have remarked, that the free negroes are not employed in the cultivation of sugar; and that, if they increase while the others diminish, it must be owing to some effect of that depopulating cultivation. Further, after a good deal of irresistible arithmetical proof, as to the effects of cultivating sugar on the population of the islands, he states broadly "the real cause of the decrease (of population) is the forced labour in the sugar colonies. The principle of increase implanted within us is too strong for every thing except forced labour, but that law of increase sinks in the colonies before the cultivation of sugar." The cultivation of sugar is, therefore, the desolating pest of the West Indies, and the consumers of sugar in Europe are the causes of that pest. For it is not, as Mr. Buxton seems to think, forced labour only: on the contrary, the negroes employed in the cultivating of sugar are always in the stoutest health and best condition; their forced labour is, therefore, not a degree of labour beyond their strength, it is the sugar that is unwholesome, and the sole cause why the cultivation of it is more fatal to life than any other kind of labour. Were it the case that the field-negroes were overworked, then it might be said that their labour was the cause of the mortality among them; but as that is not alleged, we are justified in concluding, that it is the thing on which the labour is employed that is the cause of the mortality. This is fairly deduced from Mr. Buxton's statement; it is, however, a fact not yet ascertained, but to which the West Indians cannot too soon direct their attention.

Mr. Buxton contradicts himself, when he ascribes the decrease of the population to toil. "The whip," says he, "is not the cause of mortality, it is extreme toil;" and yet in the same breath he denies this. "It is said," he adds, "that the negroes do more work than free men who receive wages." That is not the fact. They work more hours, it is true, than free labourers; but they go to work with less heart, less energy, less life. Their bodies are not sustained by their minds; they know no such thing as hope. It is not their "extreme toil" that is the cause of the disproportioned mortality among the negroes, but moral dejection. It is the sensibility of the negroes that makes so many of them die of broken hearts! Really, Mr. Buxton, be a little consistent. All the West Indians, and all who have ever been there, will tell you, that so far from your sentimental description of the field-negroes being correct, the fact is quite the reverse, for they are at least, if not the happiest, the most cheerful of God's creatures; while the free negroes live in privation and vice: and as to the increase of population being any proof of happiness, the Irishman's account of the cause of his numerous family is as much to the purpose as yours. In a word, too much unsound stress has been laid on Mr. Brougham's broad and bold assertion, and Mr. Buxton considers that as truth which yet stands unsupported by proof.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

If there be any analogy between the condition of the country and the situation of his Majesty's ministers, ours is, indeed, one of the most helpless and melancholy in which a people can be placed. It is not only our misfortune to be embarrassed in all our interests and relations, at home and abroad, but the greater evil is, that each and all of the administrations that have followed one another in such rapid succession within the last few years, have been apparently commissioned by Providence, for purposes, perhaps salutary, but nevertheless, altogether inscrutable, to render our position more inextricable, to increase our involvements, to extend that want of confidence among all classes which unhappily prevails, and to widen the breach which exists between the democratic and aristocratic orders.

In the April number of this Magazine we adverted to some of the causes which led to that universal clamour for parliamentary reform, which, in some measure, accelerated the overthrow of the last administration, and has placed the ministry of Lord Grey in a position beset with innumerable difficulties; for it cannot be denied, that the great question which at present agitates every bosom, has, by diverting public attention from the real evils which environ the commonwealth, incapacitated both the executive government and the legislature from applying themselves to the consideration of a better system of policy, or those remedies which the wants of the country require. On that occasion we felt it to be our duty to speak favourably of the good intentions of the cabinet. They had displaced an administration, which by its follies, fallacies, tergiversations, and utter incompetency, and we may add, its dishonesty, had rendered itself generally odious. They had succeeded a ministry whose maxims were Machiavelian, whose policy was pernicious, and whose characters were worthless. They had come in to clear the lumber rooms of Downing-street of the accumulated filth of the Peels, Dawsons, Goulburns, Crokers, and Twisses; and in the serious task they had undertaken, we were willing to cheer them on, and bid them "God speed!" Having for a long time been of opinion that any change could not possibly be for the worse, we were gratified at the general enthusiasm in favour of Earl Grey, and at the termination of the infatuated career of the Duke of Wellington—gratified that an extinguisher had been put upon a military dictatorship—that the reign of general officers and secretaries in epaulettes was at an end—and that something like a civil, conservative, and intelligent administration was once more to be restored, under the auspices of a generous sovereign, to a deeply injured, disheartened, and insulted people.

And it must be admitted that few administrations have been called to the councils of a British king under more pleasing circumstances, or sustained by a greater portion of public confidence, than was that of Earl Grey. Men of all ranks and parties were tired of the ignorant dogmatism and the imbecile blunderings of the Wellington cabinet. The proudest peer of the realm and the poorest potwolloper of Preston, were alike sickened with a ministry which seemed to treat public opinion and public distress with open scorn—which yielded nothing to justice, but every thing to intimidation—which resisted every good principle from fear, and enforced every bad one from expediency—and which never made a promise which it did not violate, and never violated one without inflicting a serious wound on public credit or public morals. The consequence was, that when the Wellington administration was overthrown, the nation became half frantic with joy. The indignation which the despicable plot, connected with the intended civic entertainment of the 9th November, had inspired, was transformed into universal rejoicing; and those murmurs, not only loud but deep, which greeted the expiring moments of the late cabinet—like the wail of the storm amid the wreck of a sinking ship—were changed into strains of gratitude, when the present pilot was placed at the helm. As the incendiarism of Normandy

was suppressed soon after the fall of the late French ministry, so was the incendiarism of Kent and other counties suppressed by the expulsion of the Wellington cabinet. Hope dispelled the dream of madness. Confidence lighted a taper in the poor man's hut, and he was restored to reason. Despair fled at the sound of that knell which intimated that the worst enemies of the country were powerless; and, however severe the infliction, and humiliating the exhibition, so far as some of the judges were concerned, still we are bound in justice to admit, that the rigour, if deplorable, was at least necessary and well timed, as the results most abundantly prove.

Having made these admissions for the sake of candour, and done that justice to the administration of Lord Grey which their inductory conduct deserves, and which their principles, when placed in juxtaposition with those of their predecessors had given grounds for anticipating, we consider we have done enough to show, that what we shall hereafter deem it our duty to represent, has not been dictated by invidious motives, or by any other spirit than that which induced our former praise. Unshackled by party, and standing far above the influences of factions, we are resolved to vindicate the independence of *Regina* by as free and severe censures of the measures of the present administration, if censure it may deserve, as we have evinced in our strictures upon the conduct of its predecessors. If they have not erred, our shafts will indeed fall pointless. If they deserve no reproach, our invectives will leave no sting. If they have performed their duty to the nation, and laboured faithfully and fearlessly in the public service, the animadversions which may proceed from us, so far from deadening their energy, or retarding their industry, will only serve to quicken that perseverance, and invigorate that vigilance which their own interests, and the necessities of the country may require.

Far be it from our wish to retract one word of the commendation we have heretofore awarded to Earl Grey. His character for consistency, his acknowledged talents, and his unquestioned integrity, place him too high in the esteem, even of those who may be considered his political opponents, to permit a breath of reprehension to escape from us. We only lament the dilemma in which a regard for this very consistency, which all men must revere, and a too confiding adherence to private attachments have placed him. He has committed what we hope is not a fatal or an irretrievable error, in conceiving that those who are most indebted to him are capable of serving him most ably or faithfully. He has estimated too favourably the pupils of his own school. He has selected his supporters too exclusively from his own coterie, without reflecting that relatives are invariably bad servants, and dependants the last persons in the world to make confidants of. He has permitted the invidious partiality of party distinctions to influence him, forgetting that he who is qualified to be an excellent skirmisher on the opposition side of the House, is rarely competent to be a leader on the Treasury benches.

This was one of the Premier's first mistakes. He came into office pledged to maintain peace, to enforce retrenchment, and introduce such a measure of reform, as should conciliate all classes, and be instrumental in securing that tranquillity, which is alike indispensable for the maintenance of the monarchy, and the rights, estates, and interests of the people. The principles implied by these pledges were unexceptionable; the only error was that the minister undertook too much. His colleagues and operatives could not perform the work, and the contract was consequently nullified by the first experiment. The gentlemen whom he selected to fill the most important offices, were evidently chosen, not only without judgment, but apparently from their notorious unfitness for the peculiar duties they were called upon to perform. Sir James Graham was placed at the head of the Admiralty, for no other reason that we can divine, than that he did not know a ship of the line from a revenue cutter; or whether the Nore was at Spithead, or Spithead at the Cove of Cork; or whether the breakwater at Dunleary, in Dublin bay, was not built for the

same purpose as the Penitentiary in Pimlico marsh. In fact the gentle Sir James knew no more of naval men or naval tactics, than Mr. Alderman Venables does of geography, who, the other day, asked one of his brother sages of the City, whether Belfast was not in the kingdom of Kerry. On the same principle was Lord Althorp thrust into the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer ; he knowing just as much of finance, as Sir James Graham did of sea-solicitorship. Whatever share of talent these two ministers could honestly lay claim to, was in this way absolutely thrown away. The gravity of the one was not mathematical, and the *suaviter-in-modo* of the other was not calculated for a dock-yard, or a gale in the bay of Biscay.

But in order that no member of the government should have any grounds of reproach against another, Lord Auckland was placed at the Head of the Board of Trade, merely, we suppose, because he was the least competent person to occupy that situation that could possibly be chosen. It is not even pretended by the friends of this nobleman, that he is possessed of even one single quality to fit him for the office. No man is satirical enough to allege that the noble lord knows any thing either of trade, commerce, or manufactures; and the utmost that any kind friend can truly assert in his favour, is, that being entirely and confessedly ignorant on these subjects, this very ignorance naturally precludes him from any officious or official interference, and binds him to the will of his subordinates with all the conciliatory deference of a mere sinecurist. He receives his salary and keeps the king's peace. He enjoys the honour and the emoluments, and wisely holds his tongue. Not presuming to offer his advice, he cannot be charged with giving any that is exceptionable ; and, although legally responsible for all the blunders of his department, he rides his conscience easily, from the happy circumstance, that he is incompetent to form any opinion as to what is either right or wrong. The greater error, however, consisted in placing Mr. Poulett Thompson under him in rank, but rather above his lordship in point of power, and thereby rendering him much more capable of abusing his confidence, from his mercantile connexions, and his narrow, and perhaps selfish, views of trade. Lord Grey could not have selected an individual less fitted to perform the duties, or exercise the important functions of vice-president of this department of his government, than Mr. Poulett Thompson. His City alliance ought to have been considered an insuperable objection, for no minister, who valued his own permanency in power, or fairly estimated the responsibility of his exalted station, would ever have delegated so important a trust to so inefficient an agent. In the same spirit of delusion or infatuation was Mr. Spring Rice placed at the head of the fiscal department in the Treasury, and Mr. Edward Ellice, of joint stock celebrity, in the political department.

As to the Liberal or renegade Tory part of the cabinet, we may dismiss it in one or two sentences. Lord Goderich was never formed by nature to render any service to any administration. His whole career has been a series of blunders ; of tinsel oratory and empty gasconade when successful ; and paltry and mischievous expedients when struggling with the insolvency produced by his own measures. We know not if the noble lord is doomed to have the credit of inflicting the last revolutionary deathblow upon the suffering planters and proprietors of the West Indies, but appearances are at present in his favour. Lord Althorp's proposed amendment to Mr. Buxton's motion must, of course, have emanated from Lord Goderich's office ; and, should this be carried, as undoubtedly it will be in a reformed parliament, it may be considered as tantamount to an act of national bankruptcy, which, if it do not produce a sanguinary insurrection in the colonies, will at least accelerate the total alienation of these valuable islands from the mother country.

As to Lord Palmerston's efficiency as Foreign Secretary, let the affairs of Belgium, the private opinions of M. de Talleyrand, and the appointment of the Regent, *Surlet de Chokier*, the *locum tenens* of the Duke de Nemours, *speak*.

Of the Duke of Richmond, as Postmaster General, we have no complaints to make; but as *the* Duke of Richmond, a member of the Grey administration, and of his recent conduct, a word or two perhaps in the sequel.

These then were the persons on whom Earl Grey devolved the management of the affairs of the nation, and on whose judgment and tact he relied, not only in securing for him the support of both Houses of Parliament, but in enabling him to redeem the important pledges which his lordship assumed as a motto when he accepted the seals of office.

And let the reader here recall to mind what these pledges were. First, the pledge to maintain *peace*; secondly, the pledge to enforce *retrenchment*; and thirdly, the pledge to introduce a *moderate* measure of *reform*. The order in which these pledges stand is first deserving of notice—reform being the last.

When the noble lord came into power, it was reasonable to expect that he would at least make some attempt to remedy the disasters of the preceding administration. For two years the tables of both Houses of Parliament had literally groaned with the weight of the petitions of the people, complaining of distress. These petitions did not come from any particular class of the King's subjects; they emanated from every county, town, villag , and hamlet in the empire. They came from the agricultural labourer, reduced to rags and pauperism—from the fathers and brothers of those whom long suffering and despair had driven to crime and spoliation, to rioting, pillaging, and burning. They came from the starving artisan; from thousands of weavers, whose utmost exertions could not earn more than five shillings per week; from miners and spinners, whom the currency bill of Sir Robert Peel had reduced to live like slaves upon truck, and whose miserable pittance of wages, instead of being paid in the king's coin, or the current money of the realm, were paid in the rancid bacon and stale cheese of their employers. To these petitions, proceeding from every description of operatives and labourers, and from all retailers, and the middle classes generally, and which spoke the sentiments of not less than twelve millions of the population, it had pleased the Wellington ministry to turn a deaf ear, and treat with the utmost arrogance and disdain. The prayers of these suffering persons were ably, warmly, generously, and we hope conscientiously, supported by every member without exception of the present government. The noble Postmaster General himself introduced a motion for enquiry. Sir James Graham ardently supported a similar proposition in the House of Commons; and it is notorious that the resistance which the former ministry made to that demand for enquiry contributed considerably to make them unpopular, if not odious, out of doors, and excited those acclamations which followed their downfall, and with which the accession of the present men was hailed.

Was it not reasonable, therefore, to expect that when Lord Grey entered office, he would pursue the policy which he and his friends had so repeatedly urged but a few months before? Was it not reasonable to anticipate the renewal of the Duke of Richmond's motion? Had we not a right to expect that severe measures, in order to secure domestic tranquillity, would be followed by a generous enquiry into the state of the suffering people; and that when the sword of coercion had been restored to its scabbard, something like paternal justice would be done to the penitent survivors, the degraded labourers of England?

We had a right to expect this, and much more than this, from the ministry of Earl Grey. But did they inquire? Did they administer any palliatives? Did they attempt to relieve those sufferings which they, while in opposition, only a few moons previously, had so sensitively, if not hypocritically deplored? Not they—honest, consistent, patriotic statesmen! They sent judges, armed with extraordinary powers, and legions of sergeants at law, and sharp barristers, headed by the Attorney General, to punish, not to soothe—to erect a gallows in every county, not to give the poor bread—to banish and imprison, not to administer alms or give employment to starving families. The voice of the noble

Postmaster General was heard no more on behalf of the oppressed poor. ' Magistrates were actually reprimanded, who had endeavoured to conciliate the exasperated labourer; and landlords were told they had acted injudiciously in removing their machines and raising the wages of their workmen. The First Lord of the Admiralty had, in a very few weeks, become a very different man, and had quite forgotten the maxims of Sir James Graham of Netherby. Mr. Spring Rice was immured too deeply in the details of supervisors, stamp commissioners, and pedlars' licences to recollect his former opinions; and, in fact, the whole cabinet had resolved to forget every thing which they had so patriotically inculcated for the benefit of their predecessors.

In the meantime Lord Althorp was projecting his budget—that budget which was to immortalize his name, confer inestimable blessings on his country, and stamp him as the most transcendent financier that the world had ever seen. The noble Chancellor of the Exchequer, scorning the vulgar prejudices of common men, discovered a new way of administering to the wants and wishes of the community The people complained of oppressive taxes; and in order to shew his regard for public opinion, the noble lord proposed to increase them. They complained of the high price of tea and sugar, of beer and bread, and of sundry vexatious imposts called the assessed taxes; and our new Necker volunteered the reduction of *one farthing* per ounce upon snuff, and *three farthings* per ounce upon tobacco. The calico printers complained of the duty upon printed cottons, and the chancellor absolved the frocks and gowns from the impost, and placed it upon the shirts and chemises. He proposed to take two shillings and sixpence off the gallon of claret, and impose three shillings and seven-pence upon the gallon of Cape wine, no doubt from the laudable motive of increasing the comforts of the poor, and encouraging the productions of our own colonies. Inflated with steam, and intoxicated with Burgundy—with one eye on the pines of Russia, and the other on the grapes of Africa—melting fat with Mr. Baring in the morning, and digging coals with Lord Durham in the evening—the noble lord proposed such a scheme of finance as would in the days of preternatural visitations have raised William Pitt from his grave. It was a scheme worthy of his lordship's genius, magnificent in conception, but, alas! if not incomprehensible, certainly impracticable, invidious in the highest degree, irreconcileable with justice, and at variance with all the established rules of sound policy. His tax upon steam-boat travellers betrayed the most pitiable ignorance, if not an utter disregard of equity; for it placed an impost upon the least profitable kind of steam property, while it allowed that which had arrived at a greater state of maturity, and was highly lucrative, to escape. In fact it would be an endless, and even a painful task, to analyze the details of that extraordinary budget. It was like a pillar of snow, raised by children, which was no sooner completed than it began to melt—drop away by piecemeal, leaving nothing for the next day's sun to shine upon but the remnant of filth and rubbish which had mingled with the original composition. On Monday night it was entire; but on Tuesday its capital was gone; and on Wednesday no man could tell what it had been. The transfer tax went by the board at one blow. The tobacco duty did not endure a day's puffing in the newspapers. The newspaper tax has already undergone as many modifications as have the principles of the *Courier*, or the *Times*. The ministers were signally defeated on the timber duties; and they have, from nothing but the fear of another defeat, abandoned the additional duty on Cape wine. As to the remaining propositions, we defy any man to tell what has become of them, or in what new shape it is intended they should appear.

Here, then, at the very outset of their career, ministers have evinced a degree of ignorance and incapacity perfectly unexampled. Their budget, which was preposterously represented as calculated to relieve the burthens of the country, has proved a complete failure. Their intended remedies would have operated as accumulated evils; and so well convinced

were they of this, almost as soon as they announced them, that they were either compelled immediately to withdraw them, or admit that they were unable to carry them.

This part of their singular and ingenious plan of retrenchment having broken down, let us examine that part of it which remains to be a monument of their wisdom and love of economy. We need not inform our readers what tenacious sticklers the Whigs are, or rather have been, for what they call *no* standing army in the time of peace, or how remarkably repugnant they are to all taxes when mustered on the opposition benches.

Their conduct in 1806, with respect to the income tax, cannot be forgotten, therefore enough on this head. But let us see what they do now on the score of retrenchment. They have increased the army and the navy, and have been obliged to call out the militia. They have thereby added considerably to the expenditure of the country, and that under circumstances which, by their own shewing, leave no surplus revenue whatever. By the exploded estimates of the blundering budget, Lord Althorp calculated that, notwithstanding an expected increase of revenue from the wine, transfer, and timber duties, there would only remain a trifling excess over the expenditure of about 350,000*l.* But what are his calculations now, seeing that he has lost the coal and candle taxes, the calico tax, and the tax on slates, and yet has not gained the transfer tax, nor the expected increased duty from the wine and timber? By his own figures it is obvious that the income of the nation is unequal to its expenditure, so much so, that should he remain in office, or be permitted to meet another parliament as a minister of the crown, he will be compelled to raise money like a wasteful spendthrift upon usance, or by *post obits* drawn upon himself, and payable by his successors. In what a humiliating and precarious state is this for a country of hitherto undoubted credit to be placed! Here is a government preaching economy, and practising extravagance—sympathising with the distresses of the people, and increasing their already too heavy burthens—basing their power upon the might and clamour of the mob, and yet at the same time exposing the nation to the alternative of dishonouring its bills, thereby hazarding that credit, any shock to which would annihilate the trade and industry of the country, and leave the mechanic and labourer to starve. Exchequer bills are already at but a few shillings premium. The national credit is therefore on the verge of a precipice. We are evidently on the threshold of another panic. There are but a few shillings between us and a run upon the Bank, and Mr. Huskisson's long predicted state of barter. Parliament met in February, and although these financial difficulties might have been foreseen by the humblest clerk in the Treasury, yet not one effort was made to secure the credit of the country against the consequences which have now come upon it. No industry, no tact, no anxiety was shewn to vote the supplies, or complete those arrangements which are of vital importance at all times, but peculiarly so at this juncture, when the empire is fearfully agitated from one end to the other.

But this is not all. While the Chancellor of the Exchequer was blundering in the Commons, and the Lord Chancellor blustering and curvetting in the Lords—the one amazingly like a fool, and the other like a mountebank—in what condition were the affairs of Ireland? We do not say that that country is in a state of actual rebellion, or that the tricoloured flag floats over Dublin castle; but we maintain that it has not been in such a melancholy state of insecurity, nor been the scene of so many ferocious and brutal outrages, since 1798. The priests and demagogues seem to have the whole power and property of Ireland, and the life and death of every man, woman, and child in their hands. In some districts the unhappy and misguided peasantry are perishing from hunger; while in others, as if this judgment were a source of exasperation instead of penitence, they are murdering one another, shedding innocent blood, converting fertile lands into barren deserts, trampling upon the rights of property, and raising the incendiary blaze by midnight, as if for the impious purpose of calling down avenging fire from Heaven. It is not safe for a Protestant to

dwell in that accursed land. We are satisfied that no landowner or respectable farmer would, unless compelled, remain a single hour in the southern or western districts of the country. Those who do, are obliged to arm themselves, and live in a state of siege, keeping watch by night and by day, sleeping with a loaded blunderbuss for a pillow, and breakfasting in the morning behind ball-proof windows—a sentinel on the house-top—and with pistols primed and cocked, as duly laid upon the table as the tea-spoons. "I do not spend much time in Ireland," said the Earl of Limerick, in his place in parliament, a few nights ago, "because I prefer another part of my property as a residence, and I am sorry to say that I have seen accounts which hold out no inducement for me to make a change. The bad spirit which has shewn itself in Clare has now spread to the neighbouring county of Limerick, with which I am connected, where bodies of five hundred men go through the country, turning up the soil; and I therefore appeal to any man if it be reasonable to expect me to reside in a country where at night *it is necessary to go through the process of a siege, where a regular garrison must be held, and where one cannot go out without an escort of policemen or of troops.*"

But it is under these circumstances, with this appalling state of disorganization and crime in Ireland before our eyes—with public credit in England shaken to its base—with Exchequer bills nearly at par—with the ordnance, colonial, and other supplies unvoted—with an imperfect budget, and the national finances in a state of fearful derangement—it is under these circumstances that a gracious, a generous, and too confiding Sovereign has been advised to dissolve the Imperial Parliament, in order to take advantage of a crisis of excitement, and carry a measure not of one millionth part the importance of many others which demand the attention of the legislature. It is just and expedient that the parliament should be reformed—in fact reform is not only necessary, but unavoidable—but is it either just or expedient that all the interests of the country should be permitted to clash, that the executive government itself should lie like a sinking wreck upon the waters, that Ireland should for two months longer be confided to the tender mercies of the priests and demagogues, and given up to sanguinary factions, merely that "the Bill, the *whole* Bill, and *nothing* but the Bill" may be forced by clamour down the throats of the King's subjects? For, after all, it cannot be concealed, that this particular measure of reform is, at the best, but a party measure, a cabinet test, an impotent, but dangerous *coup d'état*, resorted to for no other visible purpose than to sustain for a few weeks longer, the declining power of an incapable administration. Had the cabinet introduced this as a first measure, we then should have had no means of judging of their capacity but by the mode in which they might have conducted it. But introducing it as a *dernier* expedient, after they had wofully failed in every other measure they had attempted—making this appeal to the nation the scape-goat of their own despicable blundering—entrenching themselves behind this pot-house rampart, after being beaten, and deservedly beaten, in several pitched battles—this, we confess, is carrying their arrogance too far, and making the prerogatives of the crown subservient to the private interests of a faction.

Besides—a question of this kind, to be carried consistently with the peace and the future welfare of the country, should be introduced and debated in a calm moment, not when Ireland is on the eve of a rebellion, when all the interests of the empire are deranged, the people excited by foreign commotions, and distracted with financial and commercial embarrassments. And, moreover, such a measure, to be successfully carried, should be introduced by a ministry of tried loyalty, of consummate abilities, of extensive practical information, of approved generalship, and well-grounded popularity—not the popularity of the rabble of London, or the mobs of Manchester or Sheffield, but the more estimable popularity of the higher and intelligent classes, of those who have property at stake, and who form the link between the higher aristocracy and the

lower gentry and proprietary. But have the present ministry evinced any such recommendatory qualities? Have they acquired public confidence by long, faithful, or valuable services? Have they exhibited that skill in statesmanship, that knowledge of the forms of business, that acquaintance with the functions of political life, or with the intricate and important affairs of the state, or the policy of their country, which should entitle them to the unlimited confidence to which they lay claim, and which so many brawlers seem inclined to repose in them? We fearlessly answer NO! Their career, though short, has been one of unparalleled bungling—of heedless, reckless, furious, and unpardonable ignorance—of dirty deeds of jobbing and catering for needy relations—of mistakes that would make a drunken man blush—of follies so wilful and glaring, and of absurdities so astounding, as the world never before saw. From the first day they exhibited themselves in parliament, theirs has truly been a comedy of errors—a burlesque upon all that is serious in official life—a low farce, from Sir James Graham's duel scene with the member for Clare, down to the Duke of Richmond's Old Bailey practice, as to points of form, in order to gain time, in the last act of the House of Lords. Such a ludicrous spectacle never was witnessed in any assembly.

It is on these grounds that we found our objections to the dissolution to which his majesty has most unfortunately been advised. The measure is more a proof of incapacity than of courage, and looks like a disastrous retreat from an enemy whom they were afraid to meet, from a series of defeats which they could not much longer have survived, from difficulties which they had no hope of surmounting, and from follies which had exposed them to derision and contempt. The manner in which they brought in the bill, and the facility with which they shifted their ground, and cut and carved and defaced that which a *united cabinet* had unanimously sanctioned, and had rendered, as they intimated, perfect and complete in all its details, shew clearly that it is impossible for such a ministry to carry any important measure, far less one of so difficult a nature as this, through any parliament, no matter how constituted. They first told us, at least the noble minister of reform did, that the whole outline and the details of the bill were canvassed as far back as December last. It is admitted that it was delivered of its author, and put to nurse sometime about the beginning of January. Lord John had the rocking and dressing of it for full two months before it was presented in parliament. When the House met in February, the noble Premier told us that it was then fairly weaned, and the delight of all its guardians; a sound and healthy babe, strong enough to walk alone, and certain of being christened on the 1st of March. The same story was told during the whole of the intervening time. At length the appointed day came, and the noble Paymaster conducted it into the presence of the elders of the people. But, alas, what an ill-conceived, ill-begotten, puny, sickly, ricketty brat! Instead of being perfect in all its parts, it was crooked and disjointed, a very shadow upon crutches.

But we are sick of comparing this dead with any living thing. How were the months wasted in deliberating upon this bill, and completing all its details, when it is notorious that it would not bear scrutiny? Its very foster-parents were ashamed of it. Such was the haste with which it was concocted, that in schedule B a borough was proposed to be disfranchised of one of its members, which never had the privilege to return more than one. The merest schoolboy would not have committed so gross a blunder. In another part, the important town of Devonport was not recognised, and therefore, we suppose not known to the authors of the measure to have existence. But in a few days all this was altered. The perfect, and well-matured measure of an *unanimous cabinet* was, as if by magic, entirely re-modelled. Three new members were at first given to Ireland; and which three, like Falstaff's men in buckram, became *five* in the next reading. Towns were transferred from one schedule to another with the rapidity of lightning. The number of members in the House was first reduced to the extent of sixty—subsequently, to fifty-eight only; next to forty-two; and lastly,

to about thirty. But the most amusing part of the farce was, that the Premier and the Paymaster did not very clearly understand each other. Lord Grey said he should stand or fall by the principle of the bill; and part of the principle most assuredly was, that the number of members in the House was too great, and ought to be diminished. Lord John, however, abandoned this part of the principle, and yet the noble Premier did not at first offer any objection. Lord John stated, in the most unequivocal terms, in the House, that the reduction of the number of members, or the retention of the present number, should not be considered a question of any moment by the authors of the bill. After this it was generally believed that ministers did not intend to contest this point, but would leave it to the decision of the House. The point, however, was immediately submitted to discussion by the motion of General Gascoyne; and then, to the astonishment of all, Lord Althorp and Sir James Graham declared, in the strongest terms, that the affirmative of the proposition, and the retention of the present numbers, would seriously impede the progress of, if not prove fatal to the bill. The House divided, and the ministers were in a minority—a circumstance which they need not have taken so seriously to heart, seeing that it had not been of unfrequent occurrence within the few previous weeks. This, however, shews the unity of the united cabinet—the reciprocity of feeling between the agent and his employer—between the First Lord of the Treasury, and the Paymaster of the Forces! Lord John concedes the principle, and the minister adheres to it—the agent says one thing, and the principal another—the one considers thirty honourable members, more or less, of no earthly importance, while the other views it so seriously as to withdraw his bill, and advise his Royal Master to dissolve the Parliament!

Now, was this irreconcileable and contradictory conduct a piece of well contrived jugglery altogether, or was it not? Was it a blunder, or was it a trick? Was it an artifice devised to accomplish that on which the hopes of the discomfited party appear to rest? Was it a genuine Whig contrivance in order to gain time, to get rid of Lord Althorp, to send the First Lord of the Admiralty to sea, to trust to popular clamour rather than to that pitiful lack of talent which already had covered the cabinet with so much disgrace? We shall not answer the question, but rather leave it to the decision of time and events.

Be all this, however, as it may, and sinking for the present our own sentiments upon the last version of the bill, the last shape of this shapeless thing, which its very authors look upon with a very equivocal kind of affection, we are, nevertheless, impelled to avow that we have no hope of the success of this or any other important measure confided to such hands. A government so miserably deficient in intellect and understanding, and so callous to all the interests of the United Kingdom, as to raise Lord Plunket to the chancellorship of Ireland, his lordship being the most unsafe, the most intemperate, the most jesuitical, and the most dangerous man in that country; the government who could do this, and at the same time raise Dr. Doyle to the magisterial bench, and truckle to Daniel O'Connell, is not a government in which we can have any confidence, or from whom we should expect any measure conducive to the public welfare. Lord Grey must prove himself an abler statesman, and call to his councils men of more admitted and useful talent, before he can expect the confidence of the nation. He must not lay the flattering unction to his soul, that popular delusion will endure for ever, or that any excitement of prejudices in favour of popular fallacies will enable him to vindicate the honour of his country, or maintain its once unequalled credit and unrivalled institutions. It is not this or that measure of reform which could impair the splendour of the British monarchy, or overturn its laws, or subvert its liberties, provided that the ministers of the crown were true patriots, and faithful and intelligent statesmen. We have nothing to fear so long as public affairs are administered by honest stewards, men of clear heads and sound hearts. But we have every thing to fear from such specimens of inanity and feeble-

ness as his lordship's administration contains at this moment. We have every thing to fear from men who cannot comprehend the simplest proposition, or who, when they do understand it, cannot adhere to it for four-and-twenty hours. In this is the real danger. It is because reform is in such hands that we entertain any dread of it. It is because the government of the country is delegated to persons who have no settled principles, no mental vigour, no prescience, no courage to resist, no talents to command, no knowledge of public affairs to render them useful or respectable. For in arguing this momentous question, we are bound to look beyond the simple casualty of its success. Is it likely, after what we have seen, after such displays as have made our eyes sore and our hearts ache, that the present cabinet, constituted as it now is, could, even if the bill were passed, carry on the concerns of the country for a single fortnight? Could any measure of reform make Lord Althorp a respectable Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Sir James Graham a safe leader of the House of Commons? It is not in the power of a revolutionized parliament to cure physical defects, or give life to a marble statue. The blundering budget will stick to these men for ever. Lord John Russell would be the same illustrious Lord John in a convention of philosophers or *sans culottes.* The same small wit, and the same vain and narrow mind, would gleam with the same lack-lustre in any other assembly than the House of Commons. Remove him from the aristocracy, and the poor wight would be trampled under foot. Strip him of the fictitious adornments of the house of Russell, and the common mendicant and ambitious jacobin would spurn him. And the same with Lord Althorp. Invert his rank, and place him in a fair field with Mr. Scales, the butcher, and he of the cleaver and the jackass would be the noble Lord's superior. Sir James Graham is a gentleman, and a person of courteous manners; but let any one read his recent speeches, or what would be more to the purpose, let him reflect upon them, from the circumstance of having seen Sir James's late exhibitions in parliament, and he will be a poor adventurer if he do not back against the First Lord of the Admiralty the lowest subaltern in the office of the *Morning Chronicle.* These right honourable personages have had a fair trial; they came into power, flattered and caressed, overrated of course, but strongly armed with public confidence in their favour; but they have proved themselves to be destitute of the stamina of the real statesman, unequal to the duties they undertook, and bringing reproach upon the administration of which they were considered among the first ornaments. *They,* at least, have certainly nothing to expect from reform, for they have been fairly weighed, and found wanting.

But the die is cast—an appeal has been made to the constituency of the country, and the fierce contention of exasperated parties has begun. Having no confidence in the present cabinet, we cannot be expected to breathe any very fervent prayer for their success. On the contrary, we sincerely lament to see the business of the state suspended, and the peace of the country hazarded, on a question of minor importance; and which, whatever is the result of the elections, cannot be happily settled at their hands. It is painful to see the nation distracted with a contest, as to whether Gatton shall return two members or none; or whether Malden, in Essex, shall return Mr. Quintin Dick, or Mr. Quintin Dick and Mr. Lennard; while Ireland demands the succour of twenty thousand additional troops, and the benefit of the insurrection act; and while so much is required to sustain the drooping commerce, the embarrassed finances, and the declining trade of England. It is distressing to see the monarchy exposed to the hazard of such feuds, and such uncalled-for acts of folly. Of the King we are unwilling to speak. His Majesty has made his election, and we sincerely hope he may not have cause to lament the consequences. Had his Majesty been surrounded by wise and able servants, it would have reflected honour on his reign to have seen him throw his personal influence into the scale, in order to sustain them in an arduous struggle. But his Majesty, we apprehend, can have little pleasure in reflecting upon their conduct, or in

canvassing those merits which entitle them to his confidence. They have not exposed his Majesty to ridicule, as the Wellington administration did, in more instances than one; but they have exposed his people to dire misfortunes, exasperated popular feelings in a party quarrel, committed grievous errors, done much to bring the councils of the nation into contempt, and, perhaps unintentionally, have placed the credit of the country in an alarming state of jeopardy. These are our sentiments as sincere reformers; and, although it be contrary to our expectations, we most earnestly pray that some event may occur, that may enable his Majesty to extricate himself from a conflict which involves the security of the throne, and the tranquillity of his dominions.

NICOLAS AND PALGRAVE.

The trading Radicals, who are a most ignorant race, used to declaim against the enormity of the Pension List, as something which pressed with dreadful misfortune upon our national resources. In the black books, ordinary and extraordinary, in Mr. Hunt's speeches, in the argumentation of divers washed or unwashed artificers, the awful waste of public money upon the state paupers was pressed upon the mob in all the array of trumpery indignation. Why the list should have been kept a secret we cannot tell, except that the perverse policy of Lord Liverpool's administration was to mystify every thing as much as possible—but at last it was published—and what is the result? The sum total for England, Scotland, and Ireland, is no more than 160,000*l.* — about the three-hundredth part of our taxation. In other words, this mighty burthen which was weighing us down—this dire incubus on the nation amounted to one pound of the taxes paid by the person who contributed 300*l.*—and upon him whose taxes were annually fifteen pounds, it formed an item of a shilling.

The publication of the list then, has put an end to *that* particular species of clamour. Something, however, remains to be said. It must now be admitted, that the noise made by Mr. Hunt, and other persons of his calibre of intellect and quantum of information, was merely ridiculous. The most complete waste of 160,000*l.* a year—even if it were to be annually made up in a bag of sovereigns and chucked into the fathomless bottom of the ocean, could not materially affect the finances of a country such as this. But we cannot help feeling, that half the sum thus expended upon worthless hangers-on of the aristocracy, on petty dependents, or ladies who have humbled themselves that they might be exalted, would, if spent with ordinary judgment, mainly contribute towards the honour of the country by the promotion of its science and its literature. In that list, as in any other in which money or patronage is concerned, we may look in vain for a name that in a week after its owner has passed out of the world, will be remembered beyond his own immediate circle, except, perhaps, a few of the more conspicuous, who may be appropriately embalmed in some dirty recollections.

The *Quarterly Review*, aristocratic as it usually is, had an excellent paper in one of its late numbers, exposing and lamenting that neglect of literary and scientific men, which, to our disgrace, is peculiar to England. In every other nation, France, Germany, even Russia, honours and emoluments are conferred on those persons whose talents or genius render the country illustrious. Here they are suffered to struggle unnoticed and unpatronized, to win their precarious way as well as they can. The patronage of the public and the booksellers enables those who are possessed of popular abilities to earn money, and sometimes considerable sums—but there it ends. The state, the court, the nation takes no notice of them—public favours are distributed elsewhere. The tenth part of the patronage lavished upon some

contemptible Dundas would have made Burns a happy and respectable man; but the aristocracy of Scotland thought they did wonders for him when they made him a gauger. We ask any Scotchman, now, which man has conferred more honour, and more substantial advantage on their country? As for those whose abilities are not of the kind to attract popular favour, the mathematician, the philosopher, the antiquary, &c., they are condemned to starve, unless they have other sources to rely on for procuring them a subsistence, and the means of carrying on their profitless labours. Our greatest mathematicians have been humble and neglected schoolmasters; to the same irksome and poorly-remunerated trade of elementary teaching are consigned almost all our scholars in every department of literature. And if our chemists, &c. succeed better, it is by degrading themselves to the business of quacks, or itinerating lecturers for the benefit of young ladies and gentlemen, dazzled by pretty and ingenious experiments. Upon no other country, we repeat, can such a stigma be cast. Even in the United States of America, small as are the means of patronage in the hands of their government, and limited, as of necessity must be, for some generations at least, the number of their literary men, we find, in the person of Washington Irving, a proof that they wish to reward and patronise the genius that illustrates their country, when it is in their power. What man is attached to *our* diplomacy *because* he has shewn the capacity of writing a page that could be read?

Mr. Nicolas, in a work * just published, of which we are about to take a short notice, after observing that nothing can be more unprofitable than historical writings—(a complaint, at least, as old as the days of Juvenal †)—proceeds to say,

"It is incontrovertible, that pecuniary advantages are not to be expected from publications on Science or History, and a life spent on either will end as it began, in poverty and comparative obscurity. Nor does eminence in those studies lead, in this country, to honours or distinctions of any kind.

"Admission into the Royal Society, or the Society of Antiquaries, is any thing but an honour. The latter will not only receive any person as a member, but the situations of President and Vice Presidents, instead of being reserved for the most distinguished writers on History and Antiquities, are, with the exception of Mr. Hallam, filled by individuals who have no pretensions to a profound knowledge of either; and in the Royal Society, the number of its members who are distinguished for their scientific attainments is extremely limited. Upon the total exclusion of Scientific and Literary men from the honours of the country, some very able remarks have recently appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, the only defect in which is, that Literature is thrown too far into the back ground. The superior pretensions of Science are conceded, but that superiority is not so disproportionably great as to justify the cavalier manner in which the writer, who is evidently a *scientific* person, seems disposed to treat Literature. As an instance of this partial feeling, the impolitic and iniquitous tax which obliges eleven copies of every work to be given to public libraries, is said not in any way to operate to the disadvantage of Literature, whereas every publisher, and every author of any experience, is aware that it acts in many instances as

* Observations on the State of Historical Literature, and on the Society of Antiquaries, and other Institutions for its Advancement in England; with Remarks on Record Offices, and on the Proceedings of the Record Commission. Addressed to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq., Barrister at Law. William Pickering. London, 1830.

† See the 7th Satire, "Vester porrò labor," &c. We take Gifford's translation, which, however, does not do justice to the original.

——— "Ampler gains
Await, no doubt, the grave historian's pains!
[illegible]e time, more study they require, and pile
[illegible]ge upon page, heedless of bulk the while;
Till fact conjoined to fact, with thought intense,
The work is closed at many a ream's expense!
Say now, what harvest was there ever found,
What golden crop from this long-laboured ground?
'Tis barren all, and one poor plodding scribe,
Gets more by framing pleas than all the tribe!"

an obstacle to the production of standard books.* It is no more pretended that the author of every novel, or of every book of travels, than that he who amuses himself with 'the cups and balls of Science,' ought to receive a mark of honour; but the writer who devotes his life to the profitless study of History in either of its branches, or to any other unpopular, but important, subject, from the pure motive of wishing to increase the stock of knowledge, is surely as entitled to reward as he who from motives equally disinterested applies himself to Science. Deplorable as may be the present state of Science in England, the state of Literature is no less lamentable; and those who carefully examine the works which issue from the press, will find, that every subject must, to use the words of publishers themselves on these occasions, be treated 'in a light and popular manner,' which means, as much divested of what is abstruse or profound as possible. Hence an author, who may be capable of, and desirous of doing, better things, is driven by pecuniary considerations, arising possibly from the duty which he owes to his family, to write a book, not according to his standard of value and ability, but according to the standard of the public taste, as defined by its caterer, the publisher. This is as degrading as injurious to Literature, but what other resource is there for a man of superior Scientific or Historical acquirements, who has no private fortune? The claims of each class on the Government are consequently equal, and to obtain the admission of those claims, the most distinguished Scientific persons, and the most eminent authors, should make it one common cause to press their pretensions to a share of the honours and public rewards of the country, upon the attention of the Crown and the Administration, &c."

The sum proved by Mr. Nicolas to have been spent on the public records of England, Scotland, and Ireland, between 1800 and 1830, is 546,096*l.* 15*s.* 6¾*d.*

The manly exposure of abuses in Mr. Nicolas's volume, made him the object of many virulent attacks, but, the fact is remarkable, says the writer, that whilst each of the public servants, who are adverted to in that work, has deprecated the censure which he individually received, as being unmerited, and arising from "personal hostility," the justice of the comments upon the conduct of others has, in most cases, been admitted. Mr. Francis Palgrave, the editor of the *Parliamentary Writs,* urged this charge against Mr. Nicolas, and endeavours to prove his point by urging disingenuousness towards him. Mr. Palgrave, however, little knows the man with whom he has to cope, when he wishes to shake a lance with his antagonist. Mr. Palgrave, moreover, has made himself notoriously ridiculous; for, in his egregious self-conceit, he has taken a volume of *Observations on Historical Literature* as a personal attack upon himself! This is the fable of the Frog and the Ox with a vengeance. Is this gentleman the predicate of all the historians in England? We rather think not, if his recent volume upon Anglo-Saxon History is to be taken as a sample of such a notable character.

It is impossible to dwell much on the matter of dispute between Mr. Nicolas and Mr. Palgrave, because it is altogether of a private nature. We will, therefore, dismiss it with this one observation: if Mr. Palgrave falsifies history as he has falsified his opponent's letters, his name will vie in celebrity with Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. As for Mr. Nicolas's volume, we strongly recommend it to general attention, it exhibits the grievous evils under which literature labours in England, and points out the manner in which those evils may be remedied.

* We think more is made of this tax than is necessary; but it is not worth arguing about here.—Ed. F. Mag.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON REFORM.

We are sadly pressed both for room and time, and yet we cannot let this Number go forward to the world without a few more last words upon Reform. We write in the midst of an illumination, commanded by the Lord Mayor, and our neighbours are rejoicing in all the taste and tallow that distinguishes such exhibitions in Cockneyland. Transparencies, and stars and garlands, and crowns and anchors, are blazing in all the majesty of gas or oil—here shines REFORM—here a flag in appropriate doggrel—the muse of poetry rivalling her sister of painting on such occasions, bids us

> "Hail with your cordial hearts a nation happy made
> By Great William, and his beauteous consort Adelaide."

Great W's and immense A's are in abundant provision upon the Strand and all the neighbouring regions, "and universal London getteth drunk," admiring all the while the magnificent trophies of taste and genius which decorate our streets.

Be it so. We quarrel not with the delights of the rabble,* it is only fit that they should enjoy themselves in their hour of triumph. We might, perhaps, have a cause of quarrel with the Lord Mayor for issuing such an order; we cannot waste indignation upon Mr. Key. After ministers have set the empire in a flame, it is not worth noticing his setting London in a blaze.

We turn to metal more attractive. The *Quarterly Review* has just appeared, and it contains an article of most unusual length on the subject of Reform—it is eighty-seven pages long, extending from the 252nd to the 339th page. Public fame, we know not how truly or untruly, assigns the authorship to a gentleman of the name of Fullarton, formerly a medical man in India, from which he has returned possessed of considerable wealth, amassed not, however, by medicine, but by commercial pursuits. We believe, that with the exception of a former article on the same subject, in the preceding number of the *Quarterly*, he is wholly unpractised as an author. With the natural zeal, therefore, of a young writer, he turns back to this first-born of his brain, and, taking it for granted that all the world has been chiefly engaged, since its appearance, in doing little or nothing but studying its contents, for the purposes of dissent or approbation, refers to it as the source from which all arguments of the anti-reformers are to be drawn. He endeavoured, he says, to prove nine points, which we here set down in his own words:—

1. "That no extensive change in the ancient institutions of a prosperous and civilized country can be justified on any other ground than that of practical expediency; and that those who propose such a change are bound to make out a strong case of such expediency,—to prove that, by adopting their project, the country will in fact obtain a better government,—a government more efficient for the practical and useful ends of government, than it has previously possessed;—but that no such case has been or can be established by the reformers.

2. "That concessions to mere popular clamour, on the principle of conciliating the people and preserving the public tranquillity, without reference to the wisdom or justice of the thing to be conceded, can only be defended on the supposition, that at least such concessions are not pregnant with any positive mischief, or danger; and that the concession must always frustrate the very end for which it was designed, unless it embrace the *entire grievance* complained of, and so put a final end to all further agitation on the same subject;—two conditions, in which the case of reform is most conspicuously wanting.

3. "That the small and close boroughs, against which the batteries of the reformers have been more especially directed, and which it is proposed by the bill

* We *do* quarrel with them however, for breaking our windows. Every pane of glass in Mr. Fraser's house, was smashed on Wednesday night, because our worthy publisher would not illuminate. Of course he looks to Alderman Key for the payment of his broken panes. His Lordship makes light of some matters, we understand, but he shall not make light of this. The conduct of the mob was rather outrageous in Regent Street; and the New Police, so much extolled by the *Quarterly*, scarcely interfered. Our publisher waxed most valiant on the occasion.

now before parliament in a great part to abolish, are one of the least objectionable branches of the existing representation, in respect to their moral influence on the people, and have hitherto been nearly the only channels through which the youthful talent of the country has found access to parliament, and some of the most important classes and interests of the community (including all the great mercantile, colonial, and funded proprietors) have been admitted to a voice in public affairs.

4. "That by the aid of the same machinery of the boroughs, not only is the business of the nation more efficiently conducted, and property in all its relations better protected than they probably would be by any other system that has yet been proposed, but the aristocracy and the crown are enabled to obtain a hearing, and to exercise a certain influence on all great questions affecting their interests or privileges, through their virtual representatives in the lower house; that thus the House of Commons, being, as it in fact is, the depository of the supreme power of the state, has fortunately become, at the same time, the arena in which all political contests between the three estates of the realm are conducted, and in ordinary cases decided; and that by such means those collisions, which have proved fatal to the existence of mixed monarchies in every other part of the globe, have, in this country, been almost entirely avoided.

5. "That by adopting, therefore, the alterations proposed by the reformers, we should be parting with the very spell, by whose virtue the frame of the constitution has hitherto been held together, and wilfully and irremediably entangling ourselves in a system which all experience has proved to be impracticable.

6. "That any reform, by which the democratic influence in the lower house should be materially increased, would, in the ordinary course of things, and under the influence of the same powers that are now in the ascendant, lead to a *second* reform, *that* reform to a *third*, and so on through the successive stages of vote by ballot, universal suffrage, and annual parliaments, to the extinction of the aristocracy and the monarchy, and to the entire prostration of rank and property at the feet of a Jacobin faction.

7. "That the first important step in this series of causes and effects would be necessarily and certainly irrevocable.

8. "That even if the condition of the country were as deplorable as the radicals delight to represent it, and that condition could be so clearly traced to the corrupt state of the representation as, in the absence of all lights from without, to justify the desire of a change on mere experiment, and at the hazard even of making things worse than they were before, it would yet be exceedingly preposterous to precipitate such a change at a time, when the very same experiment is on trial in five or six neighbouring states, and when we may have a full and early opportunity, therefore, of judging of the result at the expense and risk of others.

9. "And, lastly, that these projects of the reformers, pretending to no authority from experience, professing no defined or tangible purpose of use or beneficence, but sent abruptly forth into the world big with danger and menace to all existing establishments, borne along by the foul breath of calumny and faction, by vain promises for the credulous, and terrors as idle for the reluctant and the timid, it behoves every man who holds a stake in the community, or feels for the peace and welfare of society, to fortify his heart, and nerve his arm against them.

These positions are not very new, but they are not the worse on that account. We have no intention to contest the majority of them, with all the venerable antiquity of commonplace in their favour; and, indeed, we agree with much that Mr. Fullarton—if it be Mr. Fullarton—lays down. We must, however, be permitted to remark, that in the observations about the nomination boroughs we cannot agree with him at all.

In paragraph the third, these boroughs are described as avenues by which the youthful talent of the country can get into the House of Commons; and this favourite topic, with such youths of genius as Sir Robert Peel, is urged in this article over and over again. "Sir Robert," we are told, in p. 259, "in the course of a speech, which, for sterling sense and manly eloquence, reminded us of the best days of parliament."——[Alas, then, for the best days of parliament! if a speech of Sir ROBERT PEEL reminds any body of them. But what did this strong, sensible, manly, and eloquent person allege in the oration so belauded?—Why, he]——"produced a list of twenty-two individuals, including almost every illustrious name which, during the last fifty years, has adorned the national councils," and found that twenty-one of them sat for rotten boroughs at their entrance into parliament, or at some other period of their lives. We could have guessed, without any sibyl to as-

sist us, that the eloquent and large minded genius would have adduced some argument worthy of the multiplication table. We must meet him then with his own weapons. "In fifty years the country having produced twenty-two persons, who possessed the craft of statesmanship, twenty-one were indebted to their parliamentary existence to rotten boroughs." Suppose them all men of talent, and talent useful to the country, another question still remains to be asked, what were the remainder of the borough-men? In fifty years there have been twelve or thirteen parliaments. The rotten boroughs are about sixty, returning each two. It follows, that they have had no less than 1,400 to 1,500 nominations. Sir Robert Peel, after long search, finds out that on twenty-one occasions, or (as the same person was sometimes returned more than once, let us treble the number) on some sixty to seventy occasions, men of talent were returned. Here is the bill—

Nominations of the rotten boroughs for fifty years, say .	1,450
Men of "youthful genius," returned, say times	70
Remains	1,380

What were these 1,380 nominations? We have twenty-one men of name to at least four hundred blockheads, or knaves, or jobbers, or dandies, or swindlers, or persons chosen for interests distinct from or sometimes hostile to the interest of England. We trust that the eloquent and manly gentleman, whose oratory reminds us of the best days of parliament, will be so kind as to answer an argument of the same noble and lofty style of reasoning as his own.

We forget Peel's list of great men in all its details, but we remember that he was so hard pressed as to put in the names of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Horner, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Canning. If Lord Liverpool were a man of genius, or of any more abilities than the meanest clerk in the meanest office under government, it is more than the world has yet discovered. Mr. Canning was a mischievous charlatan, and nothing more. The author of the *School for Scandal*, poor Sherry, would have been a much honester man if he had never been in the House, and the public would certainly have suffered little by his absence. Mr. Horner and Mr. Tierney may deserve the highest fame for all their doings and proceedings, but yet, we fancy, that the empire would have gone on without any loss or detriment if both gentlemen had stuck to whatever might have been their original avocations, without meddling with affairs of state.

But there are the great names of Fox, Pitt, Burke. Is Mr. Fullarton, if Mr. Fullarton it be, so great an ass as to fancy that the favourite son of Lord Chatham, the most popular of our ministers, or the son of Lord Holland, a man high in favour with his party, and wallowing in wealth, ("the unaccounted millions,") could not have got into parliament, if no Appleby or Wendover had ever existed? If he does fancy this, he is a cuddy indeed. And Burke—but there is a flight about Burke which is worthy of notice.

"The British House of Commons is a dangerous audience to tempt far with such inanities. They may bear for a while, with tolerable patience, a dry metaphysical experiment on their intellects; but beware how you approach the verge of practical absurdity, or rudely trespass on the sensitive precincts of good taste or good feeling. You will find yourself detected and exposed, with a quickness of tact and perception, against which even the most practised impudence feels it difficult to stand unmoved. So long as the invective was directed against a *class*, it seemed as if nothing could be uttered too gross for the appetite of the party; but the moment the orator began to *apply* his detractions—the moment he was found proceeding to mangle piecemeal the illustrious dead, and had the temerity to tell a society of educated Englishmen, 'that the people of this country neither *know nor care* any thing' about such a man as Edmund Burke, and that, 'if those who praise him or who *receive his pension*, would *give up that pension*, the country would be ready to give a receipt in full for the eulogium on his merits!'—the words fell on his audience like ice;—not one friendly 'hear' responded to the sentiment, but the most eager of his late applauders shrunk back in silence and disgust from the new-formed fellowship."

Who spoke this we do not know. If he intended to detract from the

intellectual merits of Burke, he was a blockhead of the first class: if he spoke of him as a statesman, something is to be said upon the point. The vulgar rubbish about Burke's pension, we pass by with infinite disdain; he deserved, for his anti-jacobin *literary* efforts, ten times the sum. We maintain, however, that, if Burke had never been in parliament, he would have been a much more useful man—and that, coming in, too, as he did, under the auspices of a Whig patron, his career in the senate was mischievous to the country, and unfortunate to himself. To prove this would require a long paper—we throw out the suggestion now for the consideration of those who have attended to the political history of the country from 1770 to to 1790. It is an opinion which may be maintained, with the highest regard for the talents of "such a man as Edmund Burke," that it is to be wished he never was in parliament, or had gone into it untrammelled by the patronage of the Marquis of Rockingham, there, as his friend Goldsmith said, to give up for party—he might have said for pay—what was meant for mankind. And as to youthful genius, Burke was near forty when he became, for the first time, an M. P.

Will Mr. Fullarton please to recollect that the same boroughs which sent in those twenty-one great and middling men, sent in also Sir James Scarlett, and others of the same stamp—and that the glory is much more than effaced by the disgrace. It is, in fact, ridiculous to say, that talent will not make its way in whatever course it pursues, if a fair field is opened. Our deliberate opinion is, that the monopoly of those boroughs, in the hands of a few individuals, kept men of talent away. What man, except under particular circumstances, whose abilities gave him distinction in any other line, would accept from a borough-owner that which the said borough-owner ordinarily considered as matter of bargain and sale, or enter into a competition with hungry cousins and led captains?—or what borough-owner would, in ordinary cases, look out for the talent, no matter how displayed, of his party, in preference to selling his seat to the best advantage? We have known a case in which a receiver of stolen goods, *recognized as such,* came into parliament as a member for a nomination borough. Who is he? Oh! No! Lord Fitzwilliam sent in a gentleman a few months ago for the borough of Malton, who has taught us that mentioning names is highly impolitic. Everybody, however, may guess whom we mean, and he is a most liberal gentleman of the most enlightened views in politics, and a decided friend to free trade, reform, and all that.

The colonial and other interests, Mr. Fullarton contends, are most appropriately represented by means of the boroughs. Mr. F.'s Indian experience might have reminded him, that the Nabob of Arcot had at one time seven seats in the House of Commons. We do not presume to decide whether it is right or not that such practices should take place; but we submit, that in an English parliament the first interest, that which should be paramount above all, is the *English* interest. And yet none is more habitually neglected. The interests of Ireland and Scotland, and the colonies, obtain three times the attention which is bestowed upon that of England.

Mr. Fullarton notices the main blot on the bill, which is neither more nor less than its un-english tendency.

> One most alarming and mischievous result of this reduction of the number of English members of the House of Commons, while five members are added to the representation of Ireland, and five to that of Scotland, will be the alteration thereby produced in the relative proportions of the number of members allotted to each of the three kingdoms respectively, first, by the act of union with Scotland, and afterwards by the act of union with Ireland. With respect to the case of Scotland, no political consequences of much importance may perhaps, at present, suggest themselves, as likely to result from this change; but in regard to Ireland, the question is very different. In Ireland, as observed by Sir Henry Hardinge, five-sixths of the *property* are Protestant, while five-sixths of the *population* are Catholic. Two years have only elapsed, since the reluctant concurrence of many able men and sincere friends of the church and state in this country, was concillated to the measure of Catholic emancipation, by that change in the elective franchise of

the Irish peasantry, to which we have already adverted, and which was thought by those persons, at the time, to afford at least some reasonable security against the exercise of any very extensive or improper influence by Catholic demagogues or priests in the election of members of parliament. We have scarcely yet had any practical experience of the fruits of that great change—and such experience, alas! as we have had, is not without painful doubts and forebodings—when now this other innovation is presented to our adoption, which is at once to set at nought that only security for the preservation of the church of Ireland, on the faith of which the first measure was conceded. Twenty-four Protestant borough corporations are now to be dissolved, and their franchises distributed among a population, in which the proportion of Catholic voters will be as two to one, and, in some instances, much more. In Dublin, it is calculated, that the franchise will be extended to no less than 18,000 individuals, of whom 14,000 will be Catholics. Under this arrangement, it can scarcely be doubted, but that two-thirds of the Irish borough members will, in the present temper of that division of the empire, be virtually returned by the member for Waterford, who must be acknowledged thenceforth (what perhaps he is already) the most formidable subject that a king of England ever had,—a subject, armed with powers at his back to control any ministry, to command a repeal of the Union, or to carry any other measure which his fancy or his ambition may suggest."

Nothing can be more true than that the peace of Ireland, and the integrity of the empire, are in the hands of whatever factious demagogue the priesthood of that unhappy island support: but what system is it that gave him his strength? Why, the very system fostered and promoted by the "machinery of the boroughs," lauded by Mr. Fullarton as so efficient in protecting all the interests of the nation. *Had the people of England been adequately represented in* 1829, *the Roman Catholic bill never would have passed.* Those who think that bill a wise or necessary measure, may of course rejoice, that a machinery existed which prevented the *English* voice from being heard; but how those who think it the contrary, can extol the parliamentary system by which that voice was stifled, is more than we can account for.

The carrying of that question will solve a difficulty which appears to puzzle Mr. Fullarton, and which was first started by that honest and right honourable person, Mr. Croker.

"And here we meet, in the first place, with that most important, and, to this day, uncontroverted fact, which was first brought to the notice of the House of Commons by Mr. Croker, that during the space of six years, from 1824 to 1829, there was not a single petition on the subject of parliamentary reform presented to parliament. We may date the gradual decline of the cause, indeed, from the period of the riots at Manchester in 1819. After that event, there was the usual re-action of public opinion, interrupted only for a short time by the commotions attending the queen's trial; and, in the course of a year or two more, the subject fell so entirely into discredit, that the demagogue's occupation was gone,—seditious publications ceased to be profitable,—and not an itinerant orator could find an audience. For the truth of this statement we appeal to every man of common observation, whose mind is in a sufficiently composed state to recollect anything prior to the 'three days' of July. The facts are notorious; and, if they wanted any corroboration, they could not have a stronger than the declaration of Lord John Russell himself, on the 3d of May, 1827, from his place in parliament, in the course of one of the debates, consequent on the formation of Mr. Canning's administration. 'Perhaps,' these were the Noble Lord's words on that occasion.

"'Perhaps the right honourable gentleman expected that he (Lord John Russell) should introduce the question of parliamentary reform again to that house. It happened unfortunately, however, that the very last time he had mentioned the question in the course of last session, he had declared that that would be the last occasion of his doing so. And why had he made that declaration? *Because he had found a great lukewarmness on the subject throughout the country;* and that *growing lukewarmness* he believed to be attributable to the improvement which had taken place in the manner of conducting the government. Whether the people of this country were right or wrong in allowing themselves to become indifferent upon such a cause, it was not now for him to examine; but he did believe, that *as long as they saw the affairs of the country well conducted,* and actuated by a spirit of improvement, *they would not look too narrowly into the constitution of that house of parliament. At all events such lukewarmness did at present prevail.*'

"It must be quite needless to add one word of comment to this testimony. Well, —such was the state of things up to 1829 —when the measure of Catholic emanci-

pation came to agitate and divide the country, and almost entirely to break up the already frittered and discordant Tory party in parliament. At the same time, distresses, which had been gradually encroaching more and more on the springs of industry since 1825, began to press on the lower classes with an intensity that was very alarming. Advantage was taken of these circumstances to revive the cry for parliamentary reform, and the note was first sounded from a quarter whence it was least of all apprehended,—from a small band of the High Tories, whom the measures of government had so deeply offended, that for a time every other consideration appeared to be lost in their eagerness to annoy and overturn it. Meanwhile the Birmingham Political Union was formed;—difficult questions relating to the currency, to free trade, the poor laws, and other points, more or less bearing on the case of the lower orders, began to be declaimed on in a new spirit of wrath and fierceness; advantage was taken of the reluctance, perhaps somewhat indiscreetly manifested by ministers to submit the distresses of the country to parliamentary investigation, in order to hold up such men as the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel as cold, hard hearted, unfeeling theorists, individually callous and indifferent to those distresses;—the radicals came forth from their lurking places; and though London continued tolerably quiet, the manufacturing districts began to ring once again with the peals of sedition. The course pursued by Parliament in the case of East Retford is supposed by many to have added much to these previously existing elements of combustion; and no doubt it afforded another inflammatory topic, at least in those towns which had expected to profit by the disfranchisement of that borough. But we question if the excitement extended much further. As far as we could observe, the country generally cared very little about the matter. There was no demonstration, at least in the shape of meetings or petitions, to justify a contrary inference. And we must utterly dissent, at all events, from the now prevailing notion, that a different course of proceeding, on the part of the legislature in that instance, or that any other measure which the legislature could, with the least propriety, have adopted, would have prevented or materially restrained the disorders, which, by sympathy with the revolutions of Paris and Brussels, at a subsequent period shook the frame of the commonwealth. Those revolutions unhappily took place at a time when this country was agitated by the struggles of a general election at the commencement of a new reign.

On the part of the high Tories, we have only to say, that *we* felt ourselves betrayed and abandoned, and loudly expressed our determination never to depend again upon those statesmen, whose perfidy towards us had no example in history. This determination was avowed long before the mobs in Paris or Brussels. The paucity of petitions for reform before the "Constitution-breaking" bill is easily accounted for. The true Tory party thought that the system worked well, in spite of its anomalies—they fancied that our institutions were safe under its protection, and that a base truckling to mob clamour never would disgrace the parliament of England. They found they were deceived, and complaints therefore came from them for the first time. The enemies of our institutions in the years from 1824 to 1829 had enough to do in petitioning for the Roman Catholics, well knowing that emancipation was the preliminary measure to Jacobin reform. Mr Wilson Croker, who now so pathetically laments over the measures of those ministers, who have committed the unpardonable sin of turning him out of place, helped forward reform in all its branches, while he fancied he was only striking a blow at what he called "Protestant bigotry." The revolutions of Paris or Brussels had little or nothing to do with the matter.

These considerations we press upon the attention of Mr Fullarton. He may take our word for it that the rotten boroughs must go, and that they will be no loss to the party which has the preservation of our institutions at heart.

We shall never clamour as the absurd mobs are doing for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill, as if Lord John Russell were infallible; nor, on the other hand, declare that the present constitution of parliament is perfect. We shall not, however, enter here into our own particular scheme. We have said elsewhere that we expect nothing wise or good from the present ministers; and, as Mr Fullarton winds up his article with a long peroration exposing their misdeeds, we shall give it a place in our Magazine. Due allowance will, of course, be made for some of his statements, but it is a vigorous piece of writing,

and, as we strongly suspect, touched up by a superior hand.

"When hereafter it shall be told, that a British cabinet, taking advantage of a popular excitement—the result of recent privations, and of the contagious troubles of neighbouring states—were the first to light the torch of discord at a *flame* which they themselves '*had fanned*,' and to cast it within the four walls of parliament;—that, having won the acclaims which cheered them on to office, by flattering the giddy frenzy of the multitude, and 'bought golden opinions from all sorts of men,' at the price of *three pledges*, two of which they *should* have known it would be impossible for them to redeem, while the redemption of the third *must* endanger the foundations of the monarchy—that having done all this, they soon belied those acclaims, and forfeited those opinions, by the poverty of their performances as compared with their promises, and the general rashness, inconsiderateness, and pitiable imbecility of their measures;—That then, as they were fast sinking under the weight of contempt and derision—while the angry passions, lately abroad among the people, had begun to subside, and were still subsiding from day to day—and when, by the acknowledgement of one of their own official organs, 'we were *at peace*, and *prospering*—with a *thriving trade*—with the country improving—with *every thing going on safely and securely* throughout society;'—that, untouched by all this smiling prospect of peace and prosperity, they, in an evil hour, resolved on a last effort to retrieve their fallen popularity, by producing, in redemption of their remaining pledge, a Reform Bill, of which the enormities should not only far outdo their own promises, but, exceeding even the wildest dreams of their revolutionary patrons, cast a veil at once over all their preceding offences;—That this bill had been so ingeniously contrived, that, on the one hand, it must place their ancient enemies under their feet, and so secure themselves (as long as they might hold the shattered frame of government together) in the undisputed monopoly of the bounties and authority of the crown; while, on the other hand, it bound to their cause the awakened enthusiasm of half a million of subjects, whom it bribed with the franchises whereof their neighbours (the rightful owners) were to be deprived;—That, even to the despoiled parties themselves—to those whom it virtually denounced as unfit to exercise elective franchises any longer—it held out the offer of another bribe, in the prolongation of their existing franchises for the term of their own lives—and, finding that not enough, proposed then, by a subsequent amendment, to continue the same to their children at the time [illegible];—That this bill, thus ushered into the world, little sustained by argument, and too complex and subtle in its bearings to be at once generally understood, they availed themselves of the general ferment which itself revived, to urge through Parliament, by every ministerial art and device—by the most scandalous invectives through the press on individual character and motives—by denunciations of '*confiscation and massacre*'—by the audaciously unconstitutional use of the King's name, and incessant menaces of dissolution;—That, on one evening, to conciliate the suffrages of members for the second reading, the noble mover of the bill indirectly suggested to the Commons, that it might be very materially altered in committee, by stating that, in case of such alterations being made as would deprive it of its efficacy, 'neither he himself, nor any one who might act with him, would feel themselves precluded from bringing forward, at a future period, those parts of the measure which might be thrown aside, and which they might consider to be essential,'—That, the bill having *thus* passed the second reading, two nights afterwards the prime minister declared in his place in the House of Peers, that 'by *that* measure he would stand or fall; and that he was determined never to give his consent to any alteration in it, which would render it inefficient for the attainment of the object for which it was intended;'—That, finally, when defeated by a resolution of the House of Commons on that clause by which they proposed striking off sixty members from its numbers—a clause whose only assignable object was the more complete extinction of the Tory party—they resolved, rather than abandon one jot of their blundering budget of injustice, to rush on this frightful alternative of dissolution, in the face of an excitement both in England and Scotland, as yet but partially allayed, and an imminent rebellion threatening from the side of Ireland;—When all this relation shall go down to posterity—and it shall be remembered, what England was when she was delivered into their hands, and what their empiricism and presumption at least endeavoured to make her—let them not deceive themselves by imagining, that any tenderness for their weakness—that any sympathy with those self-complacencies, which even the most reckless votaries of ambition can sometimes lay to their consciences, will preserve their names from that obloquy—those execrations which, in all times, have been the ultimate reward of men, who, in a spirit of folly or of mischief, goaded on by a blind propensity to destroy, without capacity to create, have thought to build out of the ruins of their country a temple to their own vanity. We shall conclude with the words of an able writer, who, in speaking of the

British constitution, thus expresses himself:—

"'To say that it is a government short of perfection, is only to say that it is human; but its approach towards it is such, that every project to change it fundamentally should be entertained according to that ancient law of Charondas, which decreed, that any political innovator should appear before the public assembly with a rope about his neck, wherewith, if his project, after deliberation, was rejected, he should forthwith be suspended for his temerity.'" *

Whether we subscribe to all these observations or not, we may venture to say, without any pretension to great political foresight, that on the present election depend the future fate and fortune of our country. We cannot help being every moment forcibly reminded of the opening scenes of the French Revolution. The use made by demagogue orators and factious newspapers of the King's name, and their sedulous pretence of deference to the royal will, strongly resemble what was the language of the mob and their leaders in 1790, respecting Louis XVI. His Majesty is brought forward on every occasion with ostentatious display, as the cover behind which faction may level its darts against the "oligarchy"—he is the idol of mob applause—he is cheered by them to whom the very name of his family, the very mention of the office he holds were hateful. *So was Louis XVI.* At first the theoretical reformers, the Brissotins, and others of their caste, had the monarch in their hands—it was not long before reformers of a more vigorous stamp, of a "higher philosophy," as Buonarotti phrases it, made their appearance. Nobody apprehends any harm from Lord John Russell. Granted—but who will guarantee that his lordship may not be ceeded by men who even now do conceal that his measure is only reliminary to some more glorious onsummation. The smirking and smiling Whig philosopher may be in front, but who can persuade us that the grim and bloody Jacobin is not whetting his knife in the rear?

And what principally brought about the French revolution? The general poverty of the people, reduced to perform, as in Hampshire, in Somersetshire—in fifty parts of England—the offices of cattle—the universal pressure upon the commercial and landed interests, produced by ignorant tamperings with the finances of the country — in short, the wide-spread distress into which the government of the days preceding the revolution refused to enquire. Moderate changes, moderate reform would have satisfied the French people in 1780; but they were then told, that all expression of popular feeling was either ridiculous or criminal. Has not the Duke of Wellington played the same part in England as the advisers of Marie Antoinette did in France? If he had released the country from the mischievous quackeries of the political economists, thereby giving substantial relief to its trade and currency —and allowed his ministry to remove some of those anomalies which not even Blackstone ventures to defend, thereby meeting the wishes of all but the radical reformers, a party two years ago utterly despicable— this bill never would have been called into existence. But the fates have otherwise decided—his Grace has forced reform, such as we see it, forward, "and we must stand the hazard of the die." Nobody can more sincerely desire that all our gloomy anticipations may be unfounded, than ourselves, but we cannot help feeling that, owing to the measures of the last and present ministers, the crisis is come, when "PUGNANDUM EST DE CORPORE REGNI,"—when the monarchy of England is the stake which is played for!

* Bates's *Christian Politics*, p 283."

Gunnell and Shearman, 13, Salisbury Square, London.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

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NEW POEM.—BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE WANDERING JEW.*

INTRODUCTION.

"Mankind," says Quinctilian, speaking of the freedom and boldness of speech which often characterise the unlearned orator, "have a pleasure in hearing what they themselves are unwilling to say." Judging from its rarity it would seem that such candour occasions at times extremely unpleasant effects to the ingenuous speakers, who are consequently daily decreasing in number. The Frenchman who averred that if he had in his hand all the truths in the world, he would only open one finger at a time, made a bold avowal—there are numbers to whom it would be dangerous to open that one; for many are the Pilates who ask what is truth, yet are unfit to hear it. Unfortunately this extensive appetite, for which the world has so long been distinguished, has never had an opportunity of being gratified regarding the celebrated poet, whose works form the subject of our present reflections. The able and willing author, who well knew the calumnies of Mr. Shelley's enemies, though he had every desire to render justice to his genius, and leave to posterity a token that his elevated and unearthly mind was understood by at least one generous contemporary, having fairly weighed his philosophy in the balance and found it wanting, therefore dealt out just that meed of faint praise which amounts to the acknowledgement that a defence is no longer tenable. By the opposite Aristarchus, who defended the party of optimists in religion, philosophy, and politics, advantage was taken of youthful errors, in after life devoutly retracted, to insinuate the existence of opinions and morals perfectly at variance with the well being of society, and to brand, with the mark of Cain, the brow of one whose life shewed, by the most unequivocal demonstration, that instead of being an atheistical anarch, he was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest; in a word, that he loved every thing that was nature's, and was untainted by man's misery. We cannot sufficiently express our regret at the charity of those men who, living in the way they see others live, without regard to the mode being right or wrong, could describe to the world as the unprincipled enemy of morality a man who from the cradle to the grave was weighed down by the burden of an anxiety for the future ever held before his eyes by a weak and consumptive constitution; who, elevated by a great prevailing sentiment into the highest regions of the moral world, passed his days in a passionate straining after a solution of the "Mystery of God," the great mystery of his suffering vice and confusion to prevail; and who, guided by a philosophy of life* which would be unanswerable in its conclusions were it possible to assume as a rule of life, pure and strict justice without reference to the collateral affections of man, endeavoured

* Godwin's *Political Justice*;—for the analysis of which, see the character of its author in the *Spirit of the Age*.

to reconcile together his life and his aspirations after human perfectibility. A time, however, has at last come, when, without danger, an admission of such a truth may be made. The remorseless deep has closed over the head of Lycidas, and the friends whom he loved may now bid his brave and gentle spirit repose, for the human beings whom he laboured for, begin to know him. He must not float unwept upon his watery bier, because his admirers are voiceless and tuneless, nor must enmity be allowed through ignorance to extend beyond the funeral pyre, in a land where men are still just, and pity is of ancient date.

> " Oltre il rogo non vive ira nemica,
> E nell' ospite suolo ove io ti lasso,
> Giuste son l'alme, e la pietade è antica."
>
> *Monti's Basvigliana.*

To distinguish the true poet from the mere hunter after images and conceits, the talent of producing rhetorical phraseology, and turning smooth verses, however trivial and devoid of ideas the mode of feeling, judging, and imagining may be, it is necessary that he should be endowed with a creative genius, be initiated in the deep mystery of the harmony of nature and the human mind, and gifted with an infallible instinct of the beautiful, that rejects every impure or incongruous element, now giving a " local habitation and a name" to invisible things, now emerging from the etherial, and exalting to heaven the terrestrial.— The study and profound contemplation of which masters will shew that poetry is the re-produced, clear, and intimate mingling of the visible and invisible worlds, the rhythm and measure of every life, the original form of the soul, or in whatever other manner we may describe that divine gift conceded to those few who are born the depositaries and mirrors of the intellectual treasures of an age.

The proper business of art is to represent only the eternal, viz. that which is at all places, and in all times significant and beautiful; but this cannot be done without the intervention of a veil. Upon the choice of this veil depends the character of the artist. If, like Shakspeare, he describe the riddle of human life, his is the poetry of society, the *jucunda et idonea vitæ*, to use Horace's words; if, like Milton, he pursue the infinite, it is the poetry of abstraction. He draws less upon our social sympathies; yet, though he do himself the injustice to choose subjects which he could never adequately describe, he may yet be honoured as a poet of the first class; for he also founds upon an intuitive sense, from which all philosophy of life and true feeling are derivative, that sense of the eternal and beautiful which centres in religion. To point out to man wherein consists this highest life, is alike the object of both. In all poets who have been eminently the poets of intellect, this progress of the mind to abstraction is thus inevitable They create a world of their own. The true poet seems then all-knowing, or, as it were, a world in miniature; and the last and deepest observers still find in him new harmonies with the infinite structure of the universe;—concurrences with later ideas, and affinities with the higher powers and senses of man. Thus there is, blindly woven through the web of our being, a principle which burns bright or dim, as each of us are mirrors of that fire of love and immortality for which all unceasingly thirst. If this foundation of nature's creating—this natural form or eternal identity of the individual, (if we may so call it,) be mysterious and impenetrable in the meanest human being, how much less can we pretend to unveil the mystery of a mind so highly endowed. It will be sufficient to have slightly indicated the concourse of the conflicting elements of his time, the tension of his own peculiar ones and their results.

If in comparing the chances of immortality to the greatest poets of our time, we assume as a test our theory that the writer who is the truest reflex of the feelings of his age, will be preferred by posterity, in opposition to the notion that it will be the one who depicts a character possessing a power of appealing to certain immutable feelings of mankind, independent of those of his age, we would suggest that the searching mind of modern Europe, its advanced state of science and politics, and its new mode of reviewing antiquity, are more vividly shadowed forth in Mr. Shelley's poetry than in that of his rival Byron. The French Revolution, that voice

"Which was the echo of three thousand years,"

and the various theories of morals and government which, like the wild dreams of astrology, were agitated for the perfection of man, are there recorded as in a faithful mirror; but, from their extremes, defeat their object by disgusting the majority, and thereby giving their enemies additional power to continue the same round "which the weary world has ever ran;" at the same time souring the mind of the author into the desponding belief that it is not his own philanthropy that is defective in judgment, but the blindness of a hopeless world.

"Ma el mondo cieco che' el virtu non cura."

It is strange that a genius of such a rare and etherial order should not have perceived that to the eloquent but specious reasoning of Mirabaud, the materialism of the *Système de la Nature*, so unanswerable to the matter of fact mind, there could not be given a better reply than by pointing to his own *Prometheus Unbound*. All is folly except the care bestowed on our existence—if we choose to think so. True poetry is indeed the best practical refutation of the maxim that there is nothing in the intellect that was not first in the senses, and of all the sorrowful deductions therefrom. Shelley's *Witch of Atlas*, his terrific *Triumph of Life*, or that most exquisite poem called *Epipsychidion*, which in the expression of exalted and Platonic love, rivals the *Triumphs* of Petrarch, or the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, surely give evidence of something inconceivably more delicate than a mere conjunction of external imagery.

"More subtle web Arachne cannot spin."

And so far are we from reducing the mind of man to a wonderful machine, that on perusing the works of Keats and Shelley, the countless combinations which appear so foreign to the mind of an indweller of a city, like the former, and the exceeding sympathy with nature displayed in the writings of the latter, almost incline us to be of Plato's pleasant belief, that all knowledge is but remembrance of a prior existence, relumed in us by the concords of poetry, the original form of the soul.

"A cuyo son divino
El alma que en olvido esta sumida
Torna a cobrar el tino
Y memoria perdida
De su origen primera esclarecida."
LUIS DE LEON.

That fantastic spirit which would bind all existence in the visionary chain of intellectual beauty, and the forced and distorted tenor of such a philosophy, became in Shelley the centre in which his whole intellectual and sensitive powers were united for its formation and embellishment. And although in painting the romance, the conceits and the diversities, the workings and meanderings of a heart penetrated with such an ideal passion, drawing less upon our individual sympathies than on those of social life, he may be liable to the charge of a certain mannerism, there is not the less evident, the delicacy, elasticity, and concentration of a gentle and noble mind, a deep scorn of all that is vulgar and base, a lofty enthusiasm for liberty and the glory of his country, for science and for letters; and finally, an insatiable longing after an eternal and incorruptible being which opposed to his persuasion of the misery and nullity of this world, feeds and maintains that tension, or struggle, that "fire at the core" which is the inheritance of all privileged geniuses, the promoters of their age. Hence that restlessness coupled with the desire of repose, that ambition and vanity coupled with the disdain of worldly things, that retirement and misanthropy joined to benevolence, and the yearning after love and affection, the pursuit of fame, and the intolerance of contemporary criticism in conjunction with real and unaffected modesty; and in fine, that contrast of virtue and weakness which is the inheritance of flesh, so requisite, seemingly, to level the more sublime capacity with its fellow creatures, and to inculcate the religious bond of union which Christian charity ought to inspire. Hence, too, that querulous monotony, that desire in a tender soul of exiling itself from a world deprived of the projective power, and its relapse into its own void and indistinct generalities. Love is his deity, Plato his high-priest, Aristotle his sacristan, the poets leaders and composers of his choir, and the world a court of love or a floral game,

Yet there is something pathetic in this fragrant flower, so transitory seemingly in its essence and beauty. It is a delicate Ariel that would fain continue a little longer on the earth when the rays of Aurora [illegible] the approach of the living oblige it to vanish. Dismayed by the desert with which it is surrounded it passes through the universe and finds no associate or resting place for the sole of its foot. This divine emanation hears no responsive echo in nature, and the vulgar regard as folly that restlessness of soul which seems to want breathing room in the world for its enthusiasm and hope. A fatality is suspended over exalted souls, over those poets *che avrano intelletto di amore*, whose imagination depends on the faculty of loving and suffering.

> "Io mi son un che quando
> Amor mi spira noto ed in quel modo,
> Che ditta dentro vo significando."
>
> DANTE.

As Madame de Staël says, "they are the exiles of another religion." "What," says the eloquent Corinne, "did the ancients mean when they spoke of destiny with so much terror? What influence could that destiny have over the unvarying existence of common and tranquil beings? They follow the changes of the seasons, they pass unruffled through the ordinary course of life, but the priestess who delivered the oracles was agitated by an awful power." There is, indeed, a woe too deep for tears when a surpassing spirit, whose light might have adorned the world, is warped from its native bias, leaving to friends behind it only despair and cold tranquillity, the web of nature and the tangled frame of human things, that to them are no longer what they once were. Ungrateful mortals do not feel their loss, and the gap it makes seems to close as quickly over his memory as the murderous sea over his living frame. The sacred rivers of righteousness and justice have rolled back upon their sources, and all things in this world seem plainly to go amiss.

How deeply expressive are those tender words of Euripides :—

> "ἄνω [illegible]ταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί,
> [illegible] καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.
> [illegible] δόλιαι βουλαί· θεῶν δ'
> οὐκέτι [illegible] ἄραρε.

On the other hand, Byron, gifted with a stronger intellect though less fancy, and opposed to the visions and theories which in Shelley sometimes strike from their obscure grandeur, and at other times look like the dance and confusion of forms seen in a revolving kaleidoscope, is like Alfieri, stern, brief, and succinct in his style, greatly inferior in stately and harmonious diction; but, nevertheless, more impressive from the direct appeal to our individual sympathies. In which particular Keats, not being troubled with much philosophy, is perhaps the superior of Shelley in spite of his negligent versification and mawkish sensibility. Byron gives us only the world of reality Shelley that of desire. In examining the world the former views it as the difference between man and man; the latter as the difference between man and his Creator; thus presenting the metamorphosis of the human mind, and its progress from a sensual to an intellectual state. The one is full of that romance of monarchy and lordly chivalry which glosses over blood and the tears of human affections, by which the temple of the Moloch has been cemented, offering as compensation the gratification of passion and the glory and honour of this life to cheat the deluded victim. The other has the majestic spirit of antiquity, to which the world of debased Christianity and feudalism bears no reference, and is filled with a philosophy of liberty and equality drawn from the "fountains pure, nigh overgrown and lost," of Plato and the Greek tragedians, and the difference between man and man is regarded with the calm indifference of an extensive social system, which does not disdain to regard unless the greatest of heroes, of catastrophes and of geniuses, but is content to view the harmony of the whole. The one lived the life of a voluptuary, the other that of a hermit. Byron is the greater poet, Shelley the greater philanthropist; and he too had his temptations in the way of birth. The heir of an ancient Baronetcy and the representative of Sir Philip Sydney could forget this, refuse a seat in parliament, walk the hospitals for the benefit of the poor, and live a Pythagorean; all for the sake of a theory of man's perfectibility. But Byron's

death in the cause of freedom cancelled all.

> "Carminibus confide bonis: jacet ecce Tibullus!" Ovid.

With an apology for obtruding a fanciful and perhaps irrelevant comparison, we would submit that there appears to us to be in the *Divine Comedy,* a measure or standard whereby to contrast the different powers of the three great poets of our age. In Byron we see the austere plastic style and vivid expression,—the vengeance which Dante, embracing in the *Inferno* the past, present, and future, exercises, in the name of universal judgment with prophetic force, but with personal hatred. In Shelley, as in the *Purgatorio,* we see the pains of the condemned in part picturesque, but the dark and fiery vapour giving place to the various play and greater pomp of the colouring; and in Wordsworth, *quel signor dell'altissimo canto,* the *Paradiso,* where shines the pure light, struck with whose refulgence the poet's mind seems at length to lay aside all reflection, and enjoy the intuition of perfect goodness, in the contemplation of love and the consummation of all things in happiness. Or to borrow an illustration from a sister art, we may compare them to the gigantic energy of Michael Angelo's figures, the fanciful incongruity of Raphael's Arabesques, and the calm yet sweetly animated serenity of Correggio's saints.

"Mr. Shelley's poetry," says a biographer, "is invested with a dazzling and subtle radiance which blinds the common observer with excess of light. Piercing beyond this, we discover that the characteristics of his poetical writings are an exceeding sympathy with the whole universe, material and intellectual—an ardent desire to benefit his species, and an impatience of the tyrannies and superstitions that hold them bound. In all his writings there is a wonderfully sustained sensibility, and a language lofty and fit for it. He has the art of using the stateliest words, and the most learned idioms, without incurring the charge of pedantry; so that passages of more splendid and sonorous writing are not to be selected from any writer since the time of Milton; and yet when he descends from his ideal worlds, and comes home to us in our humble bowers, and our yearnings after love and affection, he attunes the most natural feelings to a style so proportionate, and withal to a modulation so truly musical, that there is nothing to surpass it in the lyrics of Beaumont and Fletcher."

His is the poetry of intellect, not that of the lakers—his theme is the high one of intellectual nature and lofty feeling, not of waggoners or idiot children. Like Milton, he does not love to contemplate "clowns and vices," but the loftiest forms of excellence which his fancy can present. His morality has always reference to the virtues which he admires, and not to the vices of which he is either unconscious or ashamed. He looks upwards with passionate veneration, and seldom downwards with self-control. Instead of a simple and well-defined piece of music, his poetry is a brilliant fantasia, containing in itself the fragments of many melodies, but which, from its confusion, leaves on the ear no other remembrance of its modulations than the key-note. The imagery is chequered with unnatural lights and shadows, which, to the uninitiated, seem capriciously painted in a studio, without regard to the real nature of things; for to them, there is not apparent a system of "divine philosophy," like a sun reflecting order on his landscape. His poetry contains infinite sadness. It is the morbid expression of a soul "desperate," to use the beautiful words of Jeremy Taylor, "by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity." Like him who had returned from the valley of the dolorous abyss, the reader hears a voice of lamentation "wailing for the world's wrong," in accents wild and sweet, yet "incommunicably strange," but every thing to his sight is dark and cloudy when he attempts to penetrate beyond this obscure depth.

> "Che tuono accoglie d'infiniti guai,
> Oscura profonda era e nebulosa
> Tanto che, per ficcar lo viso a fondo,
> Io non vi discernea alcuna cosa"
> *Inferno.*

The view of external objects suggests ideas and reflections, as if the poet's soul had awoke from slumber, and saw, through a long vista, glimpses of a communion held with them in a distant past. It is like the first awaking of Adam, and the indistinct expression of his emotions. Nature is like a musical instrument, whose tones again are keys to higher strings in him; the morning light causing the statue of Memnon to

sound. The shadow of some unseen power, as he himself has feigned of intellectual beauty; deriving much of its interest from its invisibility floats, though unseen, among his verses; resembling every thing unreal and fantastic—the hues and harmonies of evening—the memory of music fled—

> "Or aught that for its grace may be,
> Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery."

And the only thing apparent, is a passionate regret that the power of one loving and enthusiastic individual was not proportioned to his will, nor his good reception with the world at all proportioned to his love. A misanthropy which so often has the effect of giving to strange and even revolting objects, (as for instance in the tragedy of the Cenci, a dark and horrible subject, fit only for the elder Crebillon,) the same fascination for his mind, as they possessed over that of the melancholy Florentine. From a sophistical analysis of the most natural ties and affections with which the mind, during those moments of despondency when its generous love feels the want of its powers to do good, or if enabled, is repulsed by an unfeeling world for its officiousness, will attempt to soothe itself into the dream of its own independence: he also frequently derives the expression of a ruthless philosophy; but when strong and immediate personal feelings have given a deeper tone and more pointed direction to his muse, as in the Elegy on the death of Adonais, a great and admirable change for the better is made on the perspicuity of his style. His metaphors become intelligible, his allusions forsible and applicable, his diction admirably precise, and that monotony of ideas which characterises his pathetic *Lyre of Love*; that flickering flame then bursts forth into the fire of an indignant prophet, now invoking vengeance on the head of him who pierced the innocent breast of his young friend—

> "And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest."

Now triumphing over the obscene ravens "clamorous o'er the dead."

> "When like Apollo from his golden bow,
> The Pythian of the age one arrow sped,
> And smiled."

And finally dying away into those heartfelt convictions, with which, in every mythology, the virtuous human soul, succumbing to a dark and cruel fate, is regarded as a divine being, suffering in time, only to reveal the triumph of eternal glory, and the invisible beauty over frail earthly power; such elegies which lament, as it were, the mournful fate of all that is great and beautiful in individuals and nations, thus being sublime triumphal songs—the echoes of that beauty re-ascending to its native skies. How loftily is this proclaimed in the concluding stanza:

> ——"The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,
> Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
> Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
> Whose sails were never to the tempest given:—
> The massy earth, and sphered skies are riven.
> I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
> Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

To such a mind as this life is but a disease of the spirit, a working incited by passion. Rest, the most desirable of all things—*Mors optima rerum.* His hypothesis of human perfectibility, and the progress from a sensual to an intellectual state in this life, which, contrary to all experience, is perpetually advocated—the consciousness of his own high aspirations teaching him "to fear himself and love all human kind"—and the attempt, though poetry should in reality be the original form of the soul, to make of idle verse, and idler prose, the framework of the universe, and to bind all possible existence in the visionary chain of intellectual beauty, both were indeed equally vain and enthusiastic.

> "To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite—
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night—
> To defy power, which seems omnipotent—
> To love and bear: to hope till hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,

> Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent.
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone life, joy, empire, and victory."

Alas, for Adonais!

An ode, composed on the late French revolution, by an admirer of Shelley's poetry, has been pronounced, by competent judges, to be so fair an imitation of his solemn, stately diction, and exaggerated, yet significant allusions, that, although it breathes a spirit so democratic withal, that we suspect it is only in a journal like our own, whose staunch loyalty is so well known, that it would dare to be printed without fear of a visit from His Majesty's Attorney General, we shall, nevertheless, present a few stanzas to the readers, without curtailing a single syllable:

> " A sound as of a mighty angel singing,
> Or far off thunder, strikes my listening ear:
> Now loud, now faint, by turns alternate ringing,
> Whilst the loud echoes clearer and more clear,
> O'er sky and cloud and each harmonious hill,
> Reverberate like harmony
> Of evening; or melody
> Of music heard in an autumnal sky,
> Which dies yet leaves behind its sympathy to thrill.
> Was it a voice?—Perchance, while deeply musing
> What heaven-oppressed mortality inherits—
> The king-deluded world's ancestral ill,
> Conjured before the sad o'erwearied spirit's
> Faint organs, sounds as of the electric loosing
> Of the Promethean adamantine chain.
> Hark!—'tis the articulate voice—it comes again, again!
>
> Mine eyes' clear orbits like the beaten flint,
> Sparkle with fire; a whirlwind wraps my soul;
> Dim visions float before me, and imprint
> Their forms on earnest words, which as they roll,
> The faltering tongue distinctly scarce pronounces—
> Last of the Labdacidæ,
> Listen to the prophecy,
> Which, long begun, soon ends, alas! in thee.
> Thought-winged liberty thy life denounces,
> And destiny with endless involution,
> Folds the high house of Œdipus—I see
> The lesson shadowed in the past,—the fire
> Dealt to another's pile, just retribution
> Makes on its own creator back retire.*
> Invokest thou Celtic anarchs from the North?
> Call on Cimmerian wolves—What one shall dare come forth?
>
> Woe, woe!—the wrath of nations quick devours;
> As in the deep abyss of ocean sank
> The countless host of the Egyptian powers,
> So shall each Pharaoh banded 'gainst the Frank,
> Fare in his impious war, and like thee perish.
> Tyrants, thrones, and priests all must
> Follow thee and come to dust.
> Soon quail their high hearts in their impious trust,
> Grovels their purple pride, when slaves that cherish
> In their heart's heart freedom, the lamp of life,
> Wait but her signal to leap forth, arrayed
> In the resistless might of hate, and thrust
> From its grey throne the Python, by whose aid
> Power long hath poisoned all the springs of life.
> Lamp of the earth! thy light all mists subdued;
> Shout! for the world's young morn is, as a snake's, renewed.
>
> All old things now are past away, and error
> Flies like a cloud from the regenerate earth;
> Immortal truth again holds up her mirror,
> To wrongs engendered at the Hydra's birth.

And startled nations hail the wished commotion:
When loud the voice divine,
Let equal laws be thine,
And light and truth resounds from freedom's shrine,
Driving through the pale world a spirit of deep emotion.

"Mr. Shelley when he died was in his thirtieth year. His figure was tall and slight, and his constitution consumptive. He was subject to violent spasmodic pains, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were over, but he had always a kind word to give to those about him when his pangs allowed him to speak. In his organization, as well as in other respects, he resembles the German poet, Schiller. Though well turned, his shoulders were bent a little, owing to premature thought and trouble. The same causes had touched his hair with grey, and though his habits of temperance and exercise gave him a remarkable degree of strength, it is not supposed that he could have lived many years. He used to say that he had lived three times as long as the calendar gave out, which he would prove between jest and earnest by some remarks on Time—

"'That would have puzzled that stout Stagyrite.'

Like the Stagyrite's, his voice was high and weak. His eyes were large and animated, with a dash of wildness in them; his face small but well shaped, particularly the mouth and chin, the turn of which was very sensitive and graceful. His complexion was naturally fair and delicate, with a colour in the cheeks. He had brown hair, which, though tinged with grey, surmounted his face well, being in considerable quantity, and tending to a curl."

"Non le connobbe il mondo mentre l'ebbe
Conobill' io ch' a pianger qui rimask"
PETRARCA.

The important literary curiosity, which the liberality of the gentleman into whose hands it has fallen, enables us now to lay before the public, for the first time, in a complete state, was offered for publication by Mr. Shelley when quite a boy. It is certainly a wonderful attempt for a youth of seventeen, and there is in this early straining after the powerful and terrific, the germ of *Prometheus* and *Queen Mab*. In the latter poem, indeed, his old friend Ahasuerus is again introduced, with a quotation from the same German author, whom he here mentions, and also in the lyrical Drama of *Hellas*. The *Wandering Jew* has some weak passages, but many noble ones also. Its chief fault is the German *diablerie*, the fee, fa, fum of the fiends, which are here described with too much sameness, yet with all a schoolboy's notions of sublimity. He had not yet read Laplace. At school he is known to have been addicted to German and chemistry, and at the early age of fifteen wrote two novels, called the *Rosicrucian* and *Zasterozzi*, which we would give something to see now. There is a pretty, affecting passage at the end of the fourth canto, which we dare say bore reference to the cloud of family misfortune in which he was then enveloped.

"'Tis mournful when the deadliest hate
Of friends, of fortune, and of fate
Is levelled at one fated head."

The beginning of the first, and the whole of the third and last cantos are the finest. There is, perhaps, a poverty of rhymes and a want of variety in the mental imagery of the chief character, which is apt to tire. Poor Ahasuerus is so often "harrowed" and "parched," and "chilled" and "blasted," that he becomes, like the sieve of the Danaides, and we wonder at last how he comes to hold any impression at all; but, in conclusion, it is noble and elevated, and replete with pathos. The primitiæ of such a mind cannot be uninteresting to the lovers of his poetry, whatever they may seem to others.

[To be continued.]

NATIONAL SONG OF IRELAND.

"I love a ballad in print a' life."—*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

A COLLECTION of Irish Songs has

and we will, forthwith proceed to shew that it is anything but "Old Erin's native Shamrock," a quotation, which, as it stares the editor's portrait full in the face, ought to have put him out of countenance. We remember a huge quarto volume of the same name, bearing a motto about as inappropriate as that chosen by Mr. Weekes for his duodecimo. This quarto Shamrock, which the title page informed us was "a Collection of Poems, Songs, and Epigrams, in Latin as well as English, the original production of Ireland," was published about fifty years since by a Dublin schoolmaster, yclept Samuel Whyte, and has been severely enough criticised in a *Tour through Ireland*, written by the ill-used ancestor of Horace Twiss, Esq. M. P. for Newport, and late under Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The verses printed by Whyte were of the veritable namby-pamby school;† appended to them, by way of moral, as some may think, was an Essay upon the Education of young Ladies as well as young Gentlemen, and the following quotation from Spenser's *View of Ireland*, was prefixed to Whyte's national collection:

> "If they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time."

We had almost forgotten this pompous volume of insipid rhymes, with its inappropriate motto, descriptive of the famine occasioned by the wars of the Desmonds, in the province of Munster; until the plagiarism of Mr. Weekes's title recalled it to our memory; and long since had we forgiven poor Whyte his sins, because, although a silly person himself, his birch turned out to the world a smart song writer in Master

ore, who, if our recollec-

t strangely at fault, somewhere about the year 1794 or 1795, acknowledged his obligations to the pedagogue in question, by addressing to him a copy of verses, which were printed in a Dublin Magazine, called the *Anthologia Hibernica*.

We do not feel inclined to dismiss Mr. Weekes and his *Shamrock* without reading, or rather writing, "a bit of a lecture" to him, by which we hope he may profit in his second edition. We know that "our fat friend" (whose Vauxhall *sobriquet* of "Fortnight" arose from his being quite large enough for two Weeks,) sings an Irish song with much feeling, and as if he understood what he was about. But this is evidently not the case, or else he has lent his name to give currency to a vulgar English song book as an Irish national collection.

The "Copious Historical Introduction," by Mr. Weekes, occupies *five* pages!—and his "Notes and Illustrations," consist of the *three* following, which we copy entire, merely observing* that the second elegant and elaborate remark is Mr. Moore's and not Mr. Weekes's.

I. "Ireland, my darling, for ever adieu," p. 3.

II. "Putting his hand on his paunch," p. 71.

III. "To be chaunted *ad libitum*," p. 237.

On these notes and illustrative remarks, we do not feel it necessary to offer any commentary beyond the mere explanation that No. 1, is given as the translation of an Irish sentence; No. 2, is descriptive of the graceful action which Mr. Thomas Moore intended should accompany his poetry; and No. 3, contains di-

* The Shamrock, a Collection of Irish Songs, many of them scarce, or never before published but in a separate state; with several Originals; the whole edited, with Notes and Illustrations, and a Copious Historical Introduction, by Mr. Weekes, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Atkinson and Co., Glasgow.

† The original founder of the namby-pamby school was Ambrose Philips, Esq., Secretary of State, we believe, during Lord Carteret's administration in Ireland.

rections respecting a chorus to the song on which it occurs.

In short, the *Shamrock* is a mere ballad book, made up of the spurious trash which passes current in this country for Irish song. Jack Johnstone,* Webbe, and the Editor Weekes, three worthy Englishmen, we believe, have obtained the theatrical reputation of being respectively excellent Irishmen; and from their agreeable manner of singing to pleasing, and generally genuine Irish melodies, blundering songs, in which the name "Pat," and the word "shilelah," frequently occur, with a chorus made up of "whack"—"row"—and riot, the mere tinsel of the stage, is popularly received in England as the genuine song of Ireland.

We protest at once against such names as "O'Lashem," p. 44. "O'Blarney," p. 55. "O'Row," p. 213. "O'Bother," p. 114. "O'Tullomagh," p. 45. "Mac Swig," p. 53. "Whackmackrack," p. 96. "O'Macwhacfonugino," p. 104, &c.

Such localities as, "Doldrum," p. 209. "Kilmawack," p. 40. "Ballinabog," p. 104, &c., which are neither English nor Irish.

Such choruses as "duderum, daderum, fuderum, faderum, St. Patrick's day in the morning," p. 105. "Musha, whack, Ally Croker, and Sally Magee," p. 117, &c. And such descriptions of Irish life as,

> "*In Dublin* dwells Dermod O'Dent,
> Who lives *near a bog in a tent*,
> Where on whiskey and *max*,
> And potatoes like wax," &c. p. 53.

Max, we are credibly informed, is the London slang name for gin; and it may, therefore, pass for very good Irish when addressed to the gallery of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. But an Irishman who had never visited his national colonies of Botany Bay or St. Giles's, would be far more puzzled to understand the word than,—as a punning friend of ours (who resides in St. James's Palace) remarked when we consulted him upon the meaning of the line,—"a lady patroness of Almack's."

Now, the question naturally occurs, why, if Anglo-Irish songs exist, as we believe they do in abundance, a parcel of absurd and wretched imitations, like those published by Mr. Weekes, should usurp their places? Indeed, being satisfied that there is no lack of *materiel* to select from, we consider that few works would prove more acceptable to the English public, or more valuable to Ireland, as a country, than a judicious collection of her songs.

> "Those venerable, ancient, song-enditers,
> Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers;
> With rough majestic force they moved the heart,
> And strength and nature made amends for art."

We however doubt if much of early Anglo-Irish song could be produced of sufficient interest to warrant its publication. A collection of ballads mentioned by Percy, in his *Relics*, (Preface, vol. 1. xiii.) as existing in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, "in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c." might have contained some curious specimens; but, unfortunately, no such large folio volumes are now to be found in the archives of the aforesaid society; so that either the bishop's statement is wrong, or the volumes have been abstracted.† Old Holinshed tells us of "Macgrane," a schoolmaster in Dublin, "who wrote carols and sundrie ballads;" and he also mentions Dormer, a lawyer, and a scholar of Oxford, who wrote "in ballat roiall, the de-

* Jack Johnstone, commonly called Irish Johnstone, was a native of Canterbury. His history is perfectly well remembered in the 4th Dragoon Guards, to which regiment he belonged.

† Since the above was written we find that Ritson mentions the Collection of Songs in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries; and his editor, Park, who was a Fellow of the Society so late as 1813, adds a note upon this subject respecting the song "Lampoons on Cromwell, Earl of Essex," (vol. i. p. 71,) and also refers to this Collection, at p. 77. We can, therefore, scarcely doubt its existence, which rests upon the respectable testimony of Bishop Percy, his *opponent* Ritson, and Mr. Park, the ingenious commentator upon Ritson.—Why it is not forthcoming, remains to be explained, for the honour of the Society in question.—O. Y.

caie of Rosse," of which town he was a native; but this is all we know about these compositions, or their authors. Copies, however, of two remarkable ballads, relative to the city of Waterford, have been preserved in the State Paper Office. The earliest of which was composed on the occasion of Lambert Simnel's rebellion in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and appears to have been addressed by the mayor and corporation of Waterford to the archbishop and citizens of Dublin. It consists of no less than forty-four verses, and as it is unpublished, we will give the first and last verses, with the conclusion, as a specimen of this curious production.

"O thou most noble pastor, chosen by God,
Walter, Archbishop of Dublin;
Elect by th' Apostle bearing the rodd,
Of perfett lief and also of doctrine,
To rule thy people by true discipline;
And if, by custome, men used a cryme,
Thou shouldest correct them from tyme to tyme."

'Thinke not in us no malice or envie,
For of your honour we would be right faine;
And of your reproche we be full sorie;—
We pray to God that ye may once againe
Your old worship, trouth, and manhood attaine.
So that ye please God and the Kinge,
And eftsones to keape you from all ill dealing."

'Take the matter, and leave the dittie, } quoth James Rice.
For 'tis a cause of great pittie, }

'Take no disdaine, }
You to refraine, } to your Soveraigne Lord.
And to be plaine, }

'Ye may be faine, }
So to attaine, } with him to accord.
His grace againe, }

John Butler, Maior of Waterford.
James Rice.
Wm. Lyncolle."

The other of these ballads, which has only twenty-four verses, was printed by the Rev. Mr. Ryland, in his history of Waterford. It appears to have been composed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and is in commendation of the loyalty of the city. We copy the first verse:—

"God of his goodness praysed that he be,
For the daylie increase of thy good fame,
O pleasant Waterford, thou loyall cytie,
That five hundred yeres receavest thy name,
Er the later conquest unto thee came,
In Ireland deservest to be perelesse,
Quia tu semper intacta manes."

This last line, which is the civic motto, forms the burthen of the song, and is the conclusion of every verse.

The will of the unfortunate Sir John Perrot, (chief governor of Ireland) dated the 3d of May, 1592, is an evidence of the political importance attached to "a rhyme," in the reign of Elizabeth, and probably refers to Anglo-Irish ballads.

"And I take the Lorde of Heven and Erthe to witnesse," writes Sir John, "that I never receaved rhyme at the handes of Captain Woodhouse, written agaynst hir Majestie, as he most falselie alleadgeth, but upon wordes which he delyvered took order for the rhymer's forthcomynge, which was done by the advise of some of hir Majestie's counsaill. And I have given money to rhymers to sett forth hir Majestie's most worthie praises, as by Maister Treasurer's of the warres accomptes will appere."*

We are fully persuaded that much early Anglo-Irish song, if carefully

* History of that most eminent statesman, Sir John Perrott, K. B. and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, pp. 311, 312. London, 1728.

sought after, might be discovered. Ireland was the field on which almost all the bright spirits of the glorious Elizabethan age, first started into reputation. We know that youth is the season of poetic feeling—therefore of song; and when we recollect how intimately Spenser, Raleigh, Sydney, Sir John Harrington, Carew, and a host of other illustrious literary names are connected with the history of the country; we cannot doubt, from the period at which they flourished, that many a "trim madrigal," and "daintie sonnet," were composed and indited by those sojourners among the Irishry.

Early in the reign of Elizabeth, we find English song current in Ireland. Simon, in his history of Irish coins, mentions that about the year 1560, the coin which had been so debased during the three former reigns, was restored to nearly its former purity and intrinsic value.—"Whereupon an old poet of those days, made the following ballad,"

"Let bone-fires shine in every place,
Sing and ring the bells a-pace,
And pray that long may live her grace,
To be the good queen of Ireland.

The gold and silver which was so base,
That no man could endure it scarce;
Is now new coyn'd with her own face,
And made go current in Ireland."

And that English poetry was commonly read and admired, even in the remote province of Connaught at this period, is evident from a passage in a letter of Sir John Harrington's, dated from Trim, 1599.

"My Ariosto," writes Sir John, "has been entertained into Galloway, (*Galway*) before I came; when I got thither, a great lady, a young lady, and a fair lady, read herself asleep, nay dead, with the tale of it. The verse, I think, so lively figured her fortune; for as Olympia was forsaken by the ungrateful Byreno, so had this lady been left by her unkind Sir Calisthenes, whose hard dealing with her cannot be excused, no not by Demosthenes."

Several very old English ballads are still orally preserved in Ireland. Within our own knowledge we may particularly mention that entitled, the *Jew's Daughter*, printed by Bishop Percy, in his *Relics*, and also by Jamieson. The version which we remember to have heard sung in our childhood, and which was called the *Cruel Jew's Wife*, although it agrees with neither of those in print, resembles more closely that given by Jamieson. It is therefore not so remarkable, that the music of the old English ballad, which we maintain, is quite distinct from Irish, Scotch, or Welsh music, should also survive in Ireland. The style of these melodies can here perhaps be best explained, by referring to the airs of the *Beggar's Opera*. They are a beautiful tribe, and we have been surprised at the assertion, that there is no national music peculiarly English.

As an example of the old English ballad, still to be found orally preserved in Ireland, we will quote a few verses from the *Knight and the Chief's Daughter*,—a ballad which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere.

"'Now steal me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,*
And steal the best steed in your father's stable,
Where there lie thirty-three.'

She stole him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee;
And she stole the best steed from her father's stable,
Where there lay thirty-three.

And she rode on the milk-white steed,
And he on the barb so grey,
Until they came to the green green wood,
Three hours before it was day.

'Alight, alight, my pretty colleen,†
Alight immediately;
For six knights' daughters I drowned here,
And thou the seventh shall be.'

* Portion. It also means land, cattle, &c.—See Percy and Jamieson.

† A girl—a name of fondness when applied to a woman. Colleen is written correctly *Cailin*, the diminutive of the Irish Caile, a countrywoman, analogous to the Greek κα[illegible]. The word is probably an Irish interpolatio

'Oh, hold your tongue, you false knight villain—
Oh, hold your tongue,' said she;
''Twas you that promised to marry me,
For some of my father's fee.'

'Strip off, strip off, your jewels so rare,
And give them all to me;
I think them too rich and too costly by far,
To rot in the sand with thee.'"

Another ballad of this class commences:—

"It was a rich merchant in Ireland did dwell,
He had a handsome daughter, and few could her excel, &c.

The *Drowsy Sleeper*, which still exists upon a halfpenny broadside, where it is recommended as "a new song,"—the *Farmer's Daughter*, and the *Roving Beggar Man*, with many more, may readily be enumerated as specimens of the old English minstrelsy popular in Ireland, and which certainly appear to merit preservation. But it is requisite that we should pass on rapidly to the commencement of the last century, to gain a position more generally interesting than those usually chosen by antiquaries.

We cannot, however, leave the subject of Anglo-Irish ballads, without calling attention to the simple and beautiful versification of one well known in the southern districts, under the name of the *Restless Tree*. As there are more than a dozen verses, it is impossible for us to quote it entire, and, therefore, we must content ourselves with giving the introductory portion:

"There grows a tree on yonder hill,
O, go not near that fatal tree;
For tho' the Summer wind is still,
That tree like restless aspen will
In motion ever be.

And fruit upon that hill-tree grows,
An apple of the brightest hue,
Amid the green leaves like a rose,
Its summer-painted cheek it shews,
A pleasant fruit to view.

But, O! 'tis bitter to the taste,
As those can tell who dared to try;
And year on year 'tis left to waste,
For all pass by that tree in haste,
Tho' scarcely knowing why.

I've heard the story of the tree,
Sad story of a maid's despair;
And why its leaves continually
Like aspen agitated be,
And bitter fruit is there." &c.

Before we take the field with James and William, it may be as well that we should quote a sample of the spurious style of Irish song writing in the time of the Commonwealth, upon which the contemporary influence of the stage is as obvious as it is at the present day. To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to compare the *Irish Masque* of Ben Jonson with the following extract from a lyric, entitled, a *Medley of the Nations*, published in a collection of loyal songs written against the Rump Parliament, between the years 1639 and 1661; and justly commended by D'Israeli, as "Curious Chronicles of popular feeling."—

"O hone, O hone, poor Teg and Shone,
O hone, may howl and cry—
St. Patrick, help dy country-men,
Or fait and trot we dye;
De English steal one hoart of Usquebagh,
Dey put us to de sword in Dewguedagh,*
Help us, St. Patrick, we ha no Saint at all but dee,
O let us cry no more, O hone, a cram, a cree!"

Thus was Irish song caricatured in England until the commencement of the eighteenth century, when an increased and increasing intercourse between the two countries caused the ignorance, which had been received as wit, to fall with surprising rapidity into popular disrepute. The celebrated and well-known song of *Lilliburlero*, published or republished in 1688, and the authorship of which Percy attributes to Lord Wharton,

* Drogheda.

is among the last Anglo-Irish songs in which bad English is written for good Irish: *d* for *th*—as "de" for "the," "dis" for "this,"—*sh* for *s*—as "shoul" for "soul, "shaint" for "saint," &c.

In proof of the suddenness of the change, we will proceed to extract a lyric from *The Court of England; or, the Preparation for the Happy Coronation of King William and Queen Mary.*

"Bub a boo!—Bub! oh hone,
De broder of de son
And de suild of mee moder de poor Teague undone!
Pull down mass-house and altar,
And burn Virgin psalter,
And make hang upon priest, and no friend cut de halter
Of poor Jesuit.

When Teague first came o'er
To de Engeland shore,
Wid six, seven, eight thousand Irish lads, all and more
Teague was promist good fashion,
Great estate in de nation,
Wid all London in his pocket, upon me shaulwashion,*
By de Jesuit

But when de Boor Dutch
Got Teague in his clutch,
Stead of make great estate, and Chrees knows what much,
Damn'd Heretick dogue,
Made Teague a poor rogue,
Turn'd him home to make starve, widout shoe or brogue,
For de Jesuit.

But I'll beg captain's plaash
Of de sweet eyes and faash,
Of mee dear-joy Tyrconnel, his Majestie's graash;
And fight like a hero,
By mee shoul a Mack-Nero,
Cut troat for Shaint Patrick, and sing Lilliburlero,
For de Jesuit."

As a contrast, and to show how completely the political revolution created a literary one, so far as regarded popular Anglo-Irish song, we cannot, perhaps, do better than copy a verse or two (we take the first and last) from a ballad, entitled, *The Reading Skirmish; or, the Bloody Irish routed by the victorious Dutch. Printed for J. D.*† *in the year* 1688.

"We came into brave Reading by night,
Five hundred horsemen proper and tall,
Yet not resolved fairly to fight,
But for to cut the throats of them all·
Most of us was Irish Papists,
Who vow'd to kill, then plunder the town,
We this never doubted, but soon we were routed—
By Chrest and St. Patrick, we all go down.

* * * * *

They call a thing a three legged mare,
Where they will fit each neck with a nooze;
Then with our beads to say our last prayer;
After all this, to die in our shoes;
Thence we pack to Purgatory:
For us, let all the Jesuits pray;
Farewell, Father Peters, here's some of your creatures,
Would have you to follow the selfsame way."

* The Cockneyism is amusing.

† No doubt, the initials of Deacon, of Giltspur Street, who was the great London ballad-monger of the day.

In all the subsequent popular ballads of William's time, the Irish are made to speak as an Englishman would, and the "dis," "dat," and "de,"* completely disappear as national characteristics; which are confined to the appellations of—"Teague," "Tory," and "Dear Joys." Thus in *The Protestant Commander, or King William's Departure for Ireland,* to the tune of "Let Cæsar live long!"—

"The French and the *Tories*, King William will rout;
From city to castle he'll course them about.
We'll make the poor *Teagues* to quite change their tone,
From lilliburlero to ah! hone—ah! hone." &c.

* * * * *

"An army we have of true Protestant boys,
Who fear not the French or the Irish *dear-Joys*."

And again, in a ballad called—*Undaunted Londonderry:*

"Suddenly then we opened the gate,
Sallying forth with vigour and might;
And as the truth I here may relate,
Protestant boys did valiantly fight.
Taking many chief commanders,
While the sharp fray we thus did maintain,
With vigorous courses we routed their forces,
And many poor *Teagues* did meet with their bane."

The last line of the following verse runs—

"Thus Frenchmen and *Tories* met with their bane." &c.

The only English song of William the Third's time which has preserved its popularity in Ireland to the present period, is that called the *Boyne Water,* and commencing—

"July the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle;
Where many a man lay on the ground,
And cannons they did rattle." &c.

The preservation of the *Boyne Water* we have heard accounted for by the party spirit which since that battle has unfortunately existed in Ireland, and by the patronage which Orange associations have been pleased to bestow upon the song. But we rather feel inclined to ascribe its popularity to the tone of independent feeling and manlike spirit which pervades both the words and music. Rude as the original words are, we question if they will ever be popularly superseded by the more polished modern versification of Moore to the same air, and the polite conciliation of—

"As vanquished Erin sat beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river," &c.

But the broad question is—of the hundred—aye, two hundred Orange songs of William the Third's time, which exist in our library on their original broadsides, "why is the *Boyne Water* alone popularly remembered? We assert that its preservation must be ascribed to its "rough majestic force," and that the stigma of party song has unjustly been cast upon it, by those who would endeavour to supplant its vigour by their own weakness.†

A collection of Irish Jacobite and Orange songs would be, in our opin-

* "*De*" for *the*, after being disused for more than a century, appears to have been revived in the Irish slang songs of 1800. As in "*De* night before Larry was stretched." —"*De* Groves of *de* Pool." &c.

† These remarks must not be understood as intended to reflect upon Mr. Moore.—They arise directly from the remembrance of a Jacobite song, adapted to the same melody, and commencing—

"I heard great noise and joy of late,
By some conceited author,
Boasting of the gain and fame
Of venturing o'er the water."

ion, not only an interesting, but a valuable historical work. Some are whimsical enough,—others are useful as records of occurrences, at least the popular version of them; and others again are by no means destitute of poetical merit.

The following verse of one respecting the reverend defender of Londonderry, will serve as an illustration.

> "Our gracious king gave him five thousand pound,
> And out of the rebels' lands, when they are found,
> He promises him five hundred pounds a-year,
> Which in short time will unquestionably appear.
> More of his valiant deeds and worth, what need we then to cry-a,
> Since Walker George has made amends for Walker Obadiah?"

And we might further produce—the *Valient Souldier's Misfortune*, of which we give the first verse as a sufficient specimen.

> "Let all noble, stout commanders,
> Likewise soldiers, foot and horse,
> Both in England, Holland, Flanders,
> Now lament the heavy loss,
> Of a right renowned leader,
> Who did many fights maintain,
> The Duke Schomberg, gentle reader,
> He in Ireland was slain." &c.

When we said that some of the songs which would form part of this collection were not without poetical merit, we had a little ballad in our memory, about the admissibility of which a question might be raised. As the writer, however, shared the defeat at the Boyne with James, and as it alludes so pointedly to that event, or rather to the Treaty of Limerick, we should be very unwilling to give it up. The author is known to be Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquharity, who accompanied his deposed prince to France, where, compelled by his necessities, he entered the French service as a private soldier, and soon after was killed in an engagement on the Rhine. There has always appeared to us something so inexpressibly affecting in this ballad, that we cannot refrain from printing it entire.

> "It was a' for our rightfu' king
> We left fair Scotland's strand!
> It was a' for our rightfu' king
> We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
> We e'er saw Irish land.
>
> Now a' is done that men can do,
> And a' is done in vain;
> My love and native land fareweel,
> For I maun cross the main, my dear,
> For I maun cross the main.
>
> I turned me right an' round about
> Upon the Irish shore,
> An' ga'e my bridle-reins a shake,
> With 'Adieu for evermore, my dear,'
> With 'Adieu for evermore.'
>
> The sodger frae the wars returns,
> The sailor frae the main;
> But I hae parted frae my love,
> Never to meet again, my dear,
> Never to meet again.
>
> When day is gane an' night is come,
> An' a' folk bound in sleep,
> O think on him that's far awa',
> The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
> The lee-lang night, an' weep."

Such appears to have been the fondness of song in Ireland during the reign of William and Mary, that not only were achievements worthy of lyric celebrity chronicled in ballad fashion, but we find the annals of towns turned into rhyme, and the deeds of corporations recorded in immortal verse. Several Irish towns possess these ballad annals, carefully hoarded up by their local antiquaries; and it must be acknowledged, that they have preserved various circumstances of local, and sometimes of historical interest. Thus of Limerick we are told, that in 1401, Thomas Kildare was mayor, and that

> "This mayor did Thomcore Castle free bestow
> On the corporation; a precedent to show
> To his successors:—none like him we see,
> 'Tis strange, 'till sixteen hundred seventy-three."

1591 it is related, that

> "Great Bryan O'Rourke to London now is sent;
> The removal of his head's his punishment.

† No ... ballad-mong...

John Bourke, Lord Castle Connell, was basely slain
By Captain Arnold Crosby :—for they twain
Resolved to fight :—but Crosby stops—demurs—
Prays Castle Connell to take off his spurs;
But as he stoop'd, yielding to this request,
Crosby most basely stabbed him in the breast;
Gave twenty-one all dreadful wounds; base act!
And Crosby's *only hanged for th' horrid fáct.*"

In 1634,

"A man from Dublin came, 'twas said a Scot;—
A patent for a ferry he had got
'Twixt Limerick and Parteen—he did demand
So much in money to be paid in hand,
That the city with him refuses to deal;
Resolved a causeway to make for public weal
Thro' Monabraher bog: 'twas this year done,
And so the man away with his patent run;
The disappointment operated so,
He died by the way:—no more of him I know."

Cromwell's death is thus briefly commented upon :—

"Oliver Cromwell, hurried to his woe,
Justly rewarded with a *quid pro quo.*"

And so on.

The *Ballad Annals of Limerick* bring down the history of that city to 1680, and are repeatedly quoted from, and referred to, by Ferrar, in his *History of Limerick*, as "Davis's MS." Another production of this class was published by Mr. Douglass in 1794, with Walker's and M'Kenzie's *Diaries of the Siege of Londonderry*, and has been styled the *Armagh Manuscript*, because found in the library of a gentleman in that city. In it the names of the gallant defenders of Londonderry, with a variety of minute and interesting particulars relative to the memorable siege of the town, which are not elsewhere to be found, have been recorded. The description of a skirmish near Elagh will serve as an example.

"Near Elagh, in the parks, Murray came on
The Irish army, led by Hamilton:
Where he continued fighting till 'twas noon,
When we were flank'd by the enemy's dragoon.
To beat off which, he chose five hundred men,
With Captains Taylor, Moore, and Saunderson.

Murray himself did the brave troops command,
Who bravely did the foes' dragoons withstand.
Great Pusignan came boldly up to fight,
But Murray quickly put him to the flight.
Berwick and Pontee likewise wounded were,
By valiant Murray and the brave Dunbar.

Brave Major Bull did wonders in the fight,
For he beat back the enemy on the right.
Crofton and Bashford did much honour gain :—
By Captain Noble multitudes were slain;—
From Lisneskeá, in Fermanagh, he came,
But now he's Major Noble of the same." &c.

It is generally, although erroneously, supposed that Ireland was comparatively passive in the cause of the exiled Stuarts; we are prepared with abundant evidence to prove the contrary, but which it is unnecessary to produce, as our object is merely to illustrate the progress of Anglo-Irish song. And we, therefore, have proceeded in the first instance, to point out those ballads, the political allusions in which satisfactorily establish the date of their composition; as, by a careful comparison of certain slight peculiarities, we believe little difficulty will be found in assigning, within ten or a dozen years, the correct date to contemporary compositions. We

will select from the multitude of songs in favour of the Stuarts, with which Ireland was literally inundated, merely sufficient to explain our assertion.

The first is evidently allied to the "Ballad Annal" style, from the indifferent rhymes, although careful manner in which the names are catalogued; and therefore, it is evident, must have been written before the sudden and extraordinary influence of Swift's easy versification upon popular song;—it is entitled, "A New Song, called the Sorrowful Lamentation of Anthony Bulger, James Costolow, Edward Quin, John Allen, Christopher Farrel, Edward Higgins, John Weasly, Peter Duff, William Lyons, John Gaffany, Patrick Barnwell, Owen Connelly, James Barry, James Mathews, Thomas Mullan, Patrick Murphy, and James Shelvy, who were taken on board a sloop at the Bar of Dublin, on Friday, the 19th of this instant, January, 1721-22, who were supposed to be listed for the Pretender, or some foreign Prince, contrary to Proclamation, and are confined in the barracks of Dublin. To the tune of *Sarsefield's Lamentation.*"

"Good people all, we pray give ear,
Our lamentations you shall hear,
Now that we all confined be,
For one that we did never see.
Sing oh, oh, hone.

Nor ever came it in our mind, —
To seek for work we were inclined,
Because that we could get none here,
So fain would seek it far or near.
Sing oh, oh, hone.

But our designs were all in vain,
For fortune drove us back again.
And now we all confined are,
Where we shall starve we greatly fear.
Sing oh, oh, hone.

Says Anthony Bulger to James Costolow,
This is sad sorrow we undergoe,
Yet God who knows that we are clear,
I hope he will relieve us here.
Sing oh, oh, hone.

There is Edward Quin, and John Allen,
They cry, alas, how we have fallen;
We are taken for offensive men,
But yet we hope to get free again.
Sing, oh, oh, hone.

And thus the subsequent verses proceed to recount the names which appear at the head of the ballad.

The genius of Swift called forth a host of imitators, and squib and song, and satire and lampoon, besides an extensive manuscript circulation, issued forth hourly from every printing press in Ireland. We must regret the impurity which alloys the sterling wit that sparkled in many of these productions; but the school of Swift is too well known to require further notice at our hands. Its effect however upon Irish popular song is remarkable, from the introduction of extraordinary rhymes, and the facility of rhyming which may be observed in the songs written between the years 1730 and 1750, even to an injurious superabundance.* Frequently too, a punning construction may be detected. For instance in the *Blackbird*, a song of the forty-five as the Scotch call it, the rhymes are in every verse more than enough to satisfy the ear, and the seventh line of the last verse, contains within itself four rhymes, a jingle which injures the versification. In the fourth line of the same verse, there is evidently a pun on the word cause. We shall give the song entire, as it illustrates a favourite political ballad allegory, in the typification of the Pretender as a bird. This is to be found in many well-known songs, for instance, "The Cookoo's a bonny bird," in Hogg's relics, and within our memory, a similar allegory was applied to Napoleon Buonaparte, in a ballad called the *Green Linnet*, which was sung in the streets of Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, about the time of his escape from Elba.

"It was on a morning of sweet recreation,
I heard a fair lady a making her moan,
With crying, and sighing, and sad lamentation,
She said, 'My dear blackbird has far away flown;

* This is the more striking from the imperfect rhymes, and sometimes the total absence of them, in the ballads of William's time, when "slaughter and water" generally were considered as legitimate rhymes, to "after," and even "altar,"—"horse," to "loss," &c. The merest assonance appears to have been sufficient.

He's all my heart's treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
That I loved beyond measure of every degree;
And I'll turn rover, and cross the seas over
To seek out my blackbird wherever he be.

'With a gun on my shoulder, to make me look bolder
And amaze the beholder, my course will I steer;
A white breast-knot wearing, and for his sake rearing
The standard of Erin, when he does appear.*
Thro' peril and danger, a bold hearted ranger,
I'll travel a stranger, in every country,
Still constant and kind, and courageous in mind,
Till my blackbird I find, tho' far distant he be.

'Once in white England my blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a king.
In Scotland he's loved, and fondly approved,
Tho' now scared away from his own rightful tree;
But his claim I'll advance in Spain and in France,
And seek out my blackbird wherever he be.

'Now all birds of feather have mated together,
To enjoy Spring weather, yet cheerless I rove;
For I seek late and early the bird I love dearly,
Whose *cause* it is clearly the *cause* of my love.
Should this my endeavour be blighted for ever,
And hard fortune sever my blackbird from me,
His *fame* I'll *proclaim*. His *name* who dares *blame*?
Good luck to my blackbird wherever he be.'"

To the Pretender's time, succeeded the Irish volunteer æra of 1780,* "*Arma virumque cano*" was now the motto of every patriotic bard; but as we have only met with a satirical song or two, which appear to us to merit preservation, we will merely give a specimen before we proceed to the dark year of 1797, and melancholy one of 1798.

"And did you see, Lord Charlemont, Lord Charlemont, Lord Charlemont?
And did you see Lord Charlemont?—oh dear! oh dear! oh dears!
He's come to town, from the county Down,
About the town he's up and down,
No man's to be found of more renown,
To review our volunteers.

Ta-rang-ta-ra—the chivalry†—the chivalry—the chivalry,
Ta-rang-ta-ra—ta-rang-ta-ra, the chivalry comes on,
With housings grand, and helmets gay,
That shine so of a sunny day,
Ten thousand Frenchmen they would slay,
As soon as they'd slay one."—&c.

In 1797, a baneful newspaper, called the *Press*, was actively employed in the publication of treason; in this paper some beautiful, although highly seditious ballads were published. We will copy two of them; the first we believe was written by Dr. Drennan, of Belfast, and although a production of considerable nerve, it has, in our opinion, been too strongly commended when spoken of, as the "finest song ever written."

ERIN.

To its own Tune.

"When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God bless'd the green island, and saw it was good:
The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.

* Lord Charlemont.

† The popular term for the volunteer cavalry.

In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'midst the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thoughts of the past, tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of the heart makes her white bosom rise.

O, sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time
When religion was war, and our country a crime;
When men in God's image inverted his plan,
And moulded their God in the image of man.

When the int'rest of state wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoiced o'er her children opprest,
And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.

When, with Pale for the body, and Pale for the soul,
Church and State joined in compact to conquer the whole;
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Ey'd each other askance, and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes, let Erin make men.

Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas! for poor Erin, that some still are seen,
Who would dye the grass red, from their hatred to green.
Yet, oh! when you're up, and they're down, let them live,
And yield them that mercy which they would not give.

Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!
Nor the feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the green shall outlive both the orange and blue!
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share,—
With their full-swelling breasts, and their fair-flowing hair.

Those bosoms heave high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest on that soft-swelling wave;
Men of Erin, awake! and make haste to be blest,
Rise—Arch of the Ocean—and Queen of the West."

The other is in commemoration of a Mr. Orr, who was tried, and convicted of administering unlawful oaths for the formation of the rebellious association, called "United Irishmen," and was accordingly, and we feel satisfied, justly hanged as a rebel, notwithstanding the flourish made by Curran about the matter in his speech, on the trial of the noted Peter Finnerty.

WAKE* OF WILLIAM ORR.

[H]ere our brother worthy lies,
[W]ake not him with women's cries,
Mourn the way that manhood ought;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind;
Morals pure, and manners kind,
In his heart, as on a hill,
Virtue plac'd her citadel.

* This word, which in England means a merry meeting, in Ireland is applied to the [asse]mblage of relatives and friends around a corpse before interment.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth,
Countrymen, 'UNITE,' he cried,
And died—for what his Saviour died.

God of peace, and God of love,
Let it not thy vengeance move;
Let it not thy lightnings draw;
A nation guillotin'd by law.

Hapless nation, rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs marked with blood and tears!

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
Or flung reward to human hounds;
Each one pulled and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless nation—hapless land,
Heap of uncemented sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight,
And by worse domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!
Make the mad confusion cease,
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it speak the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers' blood will not unite,
Holy oil, and holy water,
Mix—and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild,
The widow'd mother with her child—
Child new stirring in the womb!
Husband waiting for the tomb.

Angel of the sacred place,
Calm her soul, and whisper peace;
Cord or axe, or guillotine,
Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep—
Watch with us—but do not weep;
Watch with us through dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere!—
Lo! it breaks—the morning clear,
The cheerful *cock* awakes the skies,
The day is come—arise!—arise!

" Fœminis lugere honestum est:
Viris *meminisse.*

" *Ballymore, October,* 1797."

The loyal songs of 1798 are very numerous, and many of them possess considerable merit; but as they have been collected and published in various editions, and may be easily procured, we will only give one, which happens to strike our fancy. It is not difficult to discover that the "certain great statesman" alluded to, is Grattan.

A certain great statesman, whom all of us know,
In a certain assembly no long while ago,
Declar'd from this maxim, he never would flinch,
That no town was so loyal as Ballynahinch.

The great statesman it seems had perused all their faces,
And been mightily pleased with their loyal grimaces;
While each townsman had sung, like a throstle or finch,
We are all of us loyal at Ballynahinch.

The great statesman returned to his speeches and readings,
And the *Ballynahinches* resumed their proceedings:
They had most of them sworn, '*we'll be true to the Frinch,*'*
So loyal a town was this Ballynahinch.

Determin'd their landlord's fine words to make good,
They hid pikes in his haggard—cut staves in his wood;
And attacked the King's troops, the assertion to clinch,
That no town was so loyal as Ballynahinch.

O' had we but trusted the rebels' professions,
Met their cannons with smiles, and their pikes with concessions:
Tho' they still took an *ell,* where we gave them an inch,
They would all have been loyal at Ballynahinch.

With a song on the anticipated misfortune of the Union, from the pen of the witty Ned Lysaght, the godfather of our particular and esteemed friend, Lady Morgan,† we will conclude our hasty notice of

* Hibernicè for French.

† Some years after, poor Lysaght addressed his godchild in the following characteristic verses, of which, if they were ever finished, only a fragment remains:—

" The muses met me once not very sober,
But full of frolic at your merry christ'ning;
And now, this twenty-third day of October,
As they foretold, to your sweet lays I'm listening." &c.

Anglo-Irish political song. Our limits do not even allow of our entering upon the subject of Irish electioneering, corporation, or political-party song, from each of which classes we might produce an abundant supply of broad sarcasm, boon companionship, or witty repartee.—

" How greatly alarm'd is each Dublin cit,
That he'll soon be transformed to a clown, sir :
By a magical move of that conjuror, Pitt,
The country is coming to town, sir,

Chorus.

Give Pitt and Dundas, and Jenky a glass,
Who'd ride on John Bull, and make Paddy an ass.

Thro' Capel Street soon, as you'll rurally range,
You'll scarce recognize it the same street :
Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal Exchange,
Fine cabbages down along Dame Street.

Wild oats in the College won't want to be tilled,
And hemp in the Four Courts may thrive, sir
Your markets again shall with mutton be filled,
By St. Patrick, they'll graze there alive, sir !

In the Parliament-house quite alive shall there be,
All the vermin the island e'er gathers;
Full of rooks as before, Daly's club-house you'll see,
But the pigeons won't have any feathers.

Our custom-house quay, full of weeds, oh, rare sport !
But the minister's minions ! kind Elves, sir,
Will give us free leave all our goods to export,
When we've got none at home for ourselves, sir.

Says an alderman—'corn will grow in your shops,
This Union must work our enslavement.'
'That's true,' says the sheriff, 'for plenty of crops,*
Already I've seen on the pavement.'

Ye brave loyal yeomen, dressed gaily in red,
This minister's plan must elate us;
And well may John Bull, when he's robbed us of bread,
Call poor Ireland, 'the land of potatoes.'"

Notwithstanding the pains which we have taken to point out the deficiencies of Mr. Weekes's *Shamrock*, as an Irish national collection of songs, it may be objected to all that we have said, that the songs mentioned by us, are of a political nature, and were therefore rejected by the discrimination of Mr. Weekes, as likely to prejudice the sale of his book, or to revive party animosities, which it were much better should be consigned with their records to oblivion.

To this, we, with our usual complacency respond—Very well, Mr. Weekes; we are willing to encounter upon your own ground; to try strength with you "in Love or in Battle," as the song has it :—

" You never did hear,
Of an Irishman fear,
In love or in battle—In love or in battle.' *Shamrock*, p. 241.

We are ready to pitch all politics, national and personal overboard, like a true British sailor when he clears for action;—all politics, said we? No—all but high Toryism, which must be flying at the mast-head, if we mean to conquer.—And so here goes, with three cheers for old Ireland—a broadside into the *Shamrock!* Yet, hold, it were pity to sink such a cockleshell; we must be merciful, and just give her captain a hail before we blow him to the—— Saints preserve us, we only meant to sink him; but taking pity on his craft, we raise our gentle speaking

* Crops or croppies, was a proverbial term for the Rebels in 1798, who wore their hair closely cut.

trumpet, and thus address the *Shamrock*, Captain Weekes :—

"Halloa, hoy—Weekes, what did you do with the praises of Limerick?"

No answer.—And so we turn round to Lieutenant Thomas Moore, who with mincing steps, and eye-glass in hand, is anxiously pacing the quarter-deck. —"Moore, do you recollect the song—written seventy or eighty years ago, as the rhymes will prove, to the incomparable melody of Molly Mackey O, —a gay wench, in her time, no doubt—before Rosa and Julia came in fashion. No such rhymes to be found now-a-days, though you strained hard for them with *Chrystal* and your *Kiss'd All*;* and after all made a bungling apology, which no rhyme ever yet written was worth." What, no answer from the *Shamrock?*—Shame, shame, and confusion to Rosa's boy, that he has not long since claimed Molly Mackey O, on behalf of his patron, Jemmy Power. Swearing and flogging are out of fashion, Moore, or, 'tarnation, if we wouldn't give that fellow six dozen as soon as we'd look at the dog who said he ever saw an honester platter-faced Irishman than Jemmy Power of the Strand.—Hail again.—

"Halloa, Editor Weekes, do you know the melody Molly Mackey O?"—

No, you false-tongued Irishman, what should you know about it, or its immortality would long since have been ground to death on the barrel-organ. Let poor Weekes escape this time, but we'll just fire a shot or two wide of him, as a warning. Is there, in his whole collection, one song to match with Dr. Mac Donald's commendation of Limerick? Poor Mac Donald, he lost almost his whole practice by the song to be sure, but has he not purchased by it "what gold could never buy?" our good word.

Oh! what a dainty, sweet, charming town Limerick is,
Where neither sly, nor slippery slim trick is;
For true generosity, honour, fidelity,
Limerick's the town, ne'er doubt it—I tell it you.
Toll de roll, &c.

Of smart pretty fellows, in Limerick are numbers some,
Who so modish are grown, that they think good sense cumbersome;
And lest they should seem to be queer or ridiculous,
They affect not to value either God or old Nicholas.
Toll de roll, &c.

You neighbours of Ennis, of Kerry, and Galloway,†
Whose character, justly, is taken by all away,
Come hither among us, we'll make honest men of you,
For, in every respect, one of us is worth ten of you.
Toll de roll, &c.

Tho' fame has given out, our shop-keepers have a cant,
And in selling their goods they charge us extravagant;
Yet I, the other day, heard an honest man swear it,
That he never charged more than his conscience could bear it.
Toll de roll, &c.

Our wives behind counters, not saucy, nor slatterns are,
For meekness, politeness, and breeding—they patterns are;
It would do your heart good, on the mall where they walk at eve,
To see them so dressy, so flirtish, so talkative.
Toll de roll, &c."

We know the precise date of this song to be 1757, and does it not fully support our theory, respecting the perfection of the extraordinary rhymes introduced by Swift, into the popular English song of Ireland? We are able to produce several others to illustrate the progress of rhyme, during nearly half a century, from the merest assonance to superabundance, and the revelry of wantonness. But we have no idea of overwhelming the reader with illustrations, although we do not feel sa-

* Vide in First Edition of *Moore's Irish Melodies*, the song of "Through Erin's Isle."
† Galway.—See Sir John Harrington's letter.

tisfied without his having something more than our bare assertion. And as the evidence is not easy of access to those who may feel inclined to question our opinion, we will print two or three songs which have not before received that honour, and merely refer to those which may be found in type. We may be wrong in estimating so highly the merits of the songs, which we are about to produce: nevertheless we fearlessly challenge Mr. Weekes, to find us their matches in his "green immortal *Shamrock*." And since accident has pitched us into the city of Limerick, can we do better than sally forth from its walls, and bound off into that sporting county? And can we have a better period for doing so, than that of its full glory of hospitality; in the freshness and spring-time of Anglo-Irish civilization, when it was just recovering its natural fertility and vigour, after enduring the desolation consequent upon nearly a century of warfare? The period of our hunting match is marked with sufficient accuracy, by the allusion in the last verse to Sir Robert Walpole; but as we will shew hereafter, its precise year is fixed for 1735. Another lyric in commemoration of an Irish hunting match; (the Kilruddery,) is printed by Ritson,* to determine the exact dates of which, the writer left not to blundering commentators, for he tells us that—

"In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox." &c.

Ritson, who by the bye as a song, which he has omitted to quote, tells us, was—

"A snappish and snarling elf,
Who thought not small beer of himself."

Is pleased to commend "the superior excellence of this composition to most others on the same subject," and in his preface, where this observation occurs, he offers some remarks on the subject of Irish song, to which we shall presently refer, should we not feel ourselves too much limited in space to allow of our doing so. We will therefore, without further comment, proceed to—

"THE COUNTY LIMERICK BUCK HUNT.

"By your leave, Larry Grogan,† enough has been spoken,
'Tis time to give over your sonnet, your sonnet:
Come, listen to mine, 'tis much better than thine,
Tho' not half the time was spent on it—spent on it.

O 'tis of a buck slain in this very campaign,
To let him live longer 'twere pity, 'twere pity;
For fat and for haunches, for head and for branches,
Exceeding the mayor of a city, a city.

A council assembled—who'd think but he trembled?—
Of lads of good spirit well mounted, well mounted;
Each with whip and with cap on, and spurs made at Ripon,
To the number of twenty were counted, were counted.

Off, a score we went bounding, sweet horns were sounding,
Each youth filled the air with a whoop and hollo:
De Burgh, were he there such sweet music to hear,
Would leave his Cremona and follow and follow.

Knockaderk and Knockaney, and hills twice as many,
Saw us fly o'er their stone walls, and hedges and ditches:
He skimmed o'er the grounds, but to baffle our hounds,
Was ne'er yet in any buck's breeches, buck's breeches.

Four hours he held out, most surprisingly stout,
Till at length to his fate he submitted—submitted:
His throat being cut up, the poor culprit put up,
To the place whence he came was remitted—remitted.

* Vol. ii. p. 184. Second Edition.

† A celebrated amateur piper, of the family of Grogans of Johnstoun, in county of Wexford.

"A place most enchanting, where nothing was wanting,
That poor hungry huntsmen could wish, sir—could wish, sir;
Tho' our number was there, yet of delicate fare,
For every man there was a dish, sir—a dish, sir.

We fell too with fury, like a long-famish'd jury,
Nor staid we for grace to our dinner—our dinner;
The butler a sweating, the knives all a whetting,
The edge of each stomach was keener—was keener.

O, the bumpers went round, with a beautiful sound,
Chink, chink, like sweet bells went the glasses—the glasses:
We drank king and queen, and each other fine thing,
Then bumpered the beautiful lasses—sweet lasses.

There was Singleton Cherry, and sweet Sally Curry,
Miss Croker, Miss Blythe, and Miss Prittie—Miss Prittie;
And lovely Miss Persse, that subject for verse,
Who shall ne'er be forgot in my ditty—my ditty.

With a great many more, from fifteen to a score,
O, had you but seen them together—together;
Such charms you'd discover, you'd pity the lover,
And consider St. James's, a feather—a feather.

Long prosper this county, and high sheriff's bounty,
Where thus we indulge, and make merry—make merry;
For jovial as we are, we'll puff away all care,
To poor busy Robin and Fleury—and Fleury."

No less grave an authority than a County History* informs us, that the song of "By your leave, Larry Grogan," was made upon Edward Croker, of Rawleighstown, who was High Sheriff of the county of Limerick in 1735, "by the late Pierce Creagh, of Dangan, Esq."

Weekes introduces into his Collection,—for what collection could attempt to pass muster for Irish without it?—the song of Ally Croker.

"Let no nice sir despise the hapless dame,
Because recording ballads chaunt her name,"—

for she was, probably, the beautiful and admired sister of the High Sheriff. Weekes, however, contrives in the title and first line of Ally Croker to make two blunders, (p. 128): and it would be a natural inference, from his mode of spelling the poor girl's name, that when "a frog he would a wooing go," it must have been in search of an *Ally Croaker*. And where does he make her lover dwell?—the unlucky lunatic!—but in "Ballina-*crazy*." Now it oddly enough happens, an early copy of the new edition of *Boswell's Johnson*, by the right honourable gentleman of the beautiful and libelled name informs us, that the girl in question was the youngest daughter of John Croker, Esquire, of Ballinagard, in the county of Limerick, who died in 1717, aged 93. Therefore, the song may be presumed to have been composed about that date, and its extended circulation may be fairly ascribed to the popular novelty of the rhymes—Irish in pronunciation as they essentially are. To correct Mr. Weekes, we print the first verse as it should run.

"There lived a young man in Ballina*casey*,
Who wanted a wife to make him uneasy;
Long had he sighed for dear Ally Croker,
And thus the simple youth,† he bespoke her,
Oh, Ally, Ally, dear Ally Croker,
Will you, will you, marry me, dear Ally Croker."—&c.

We stop short in the adventures of Miss Alice Croker's admirer, who, poor fellow,

——"pawned his coat to the broker,
Which lost him the heart of his dear Ally Croker,"—

in order to relate a far more romantic story connected with the love songs of the county of Limerick about the middle of the last century. Being admirers of accuracy, we transcribe the following introductory particulars from the *History of Limerick* by

* Fitzgerald and M'Gregor's *Limerick*, vol. ii. Appendix, p. 59.
† Weekes has "gentle"—gentle and simple, rather opposite readings!

Fitzgerald and Macgregor:* "About a mile from Croom, situated on the Maig, is Cahirass House, with its finely-wooded park and plantations, belonging to David Roche, Esq. a descendant of the House of Fermoy." And a note adds, "There was once a chapel of ease here, belonging to the Carbery family, whose property it was. The chaplain falling desperately in love with the daughter of Lord Carbery, and being disappointed, hanged himself in the chapel, which soon afterwards went to decay. This unfortunate lover had composed a song beginning with 'At the Court of Cahirass there lives a fair maiden,' which is still recollected by the country people." According to another version of this tradition, which we have heard, the chaplain shot himself in the church-yard of Cahirass, when the song in question was found in his pocket. Unluckily, however, for the romance of this legend, the name Katey occurs as a rhyme in the first and seventh verses of the song, and several manuscript copies which we have seen, although they differ materially in many lines, all retain that name. It is therefore, difficult to reconcile the popular legend with the facts, that the only daughter of the first Lord Carbery was named *Anne*, the only daughter of the second Lord was *Frances Anne*, and the only daughter of the third Lord was *Juliana*.† But as the song is curious—enjoys an extensive oral circulation—is unpublished, and was evidently written at the period to which it is ascribed, we think our readers will not grudge half a page for its exhibition. We have but one general remark to offer on this song, and that is with reference to the sixth verse, which forms a strange contrast with the strain of poetry in those immediately following; but inequality of sentiment appears to be a strong characteristic of genuine Irish song in the English, as well as in its own language.

" At the Court of Cahirass there dwells a fair lady,
Of beauty the paragon, and she is named Katey;
Her lofty descent and her stately deportment
Prove this lovely damsel to be for a King's Court meant.

There's many a great lord from Dublin has sought her,
But that is not strange for a nobleman's daughter;
Yet if she was poor as the poorest of creatures,
There's no one her rival in figure or features.

On a fine summer's morning if you saw but this maiden
By the murmuring Maig, as the green fields she strayed in;
Or thro' groves full of song, near that bright flowing river—
You'd think how imperfect the praise that I give her.

In order arranged are her bright golden tresses,
The thread of the spider their fineness expresses;
And softer her cheek, that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow, or the pulp of the rushes.

But her bosom of beauty—that the heart which lies under,
Should have nothing of womanlike pride, is my wonder;
That the charms which all eyes daily dwell on delighted,
Should seem in her own of no worth, and be slighted!

When Charity calls her, she never is weary,
Tho' in secret she comes with the step of a fairy;
To the sick or the needy profuse is her bounty,
And her goodness extends thro' the whole of the county.

I felt on my spirit a load that was weighty,
In the stillness of midnight, and called upon Katey;
And a dull voice replied on the ear of the sleeper—
'Death!' 'Death!' in a tone that was deep and grew deeper.

'Twas an omen to me—'twas an omen of sadness,
That told me of folly, of love, and of madness;
That my fate was as dark as the sky that was o'er me,
And bade me despair, for no hope was before me.

* Vol. i. p. 332. † Lodge's Irish Peerage, vol. vii.

> O Katey, dear Katey, disdain not your lover,
> From your frowns and your coldness he cannot recover;
> For if you but bid him his passion to smother,
> How fatal the day when we first met each other."

We will turn point blank from the ambitious love absurdity of this foolish chaplain, to the convivial songs of his day. Weekes supplies us with one in "Bumper Squire Jones" without note or illustration, although he might have had his choice of either by turning to the memoir of Carolan in Walker's *History of the Irish Bards,* or Ritson's *Collection of English Songs;* but no, this independent editor holds his own free course, and even supplies more than one new reading in the version which he has printed, in open defiance of rhyme and reason. Mr. Weekes, it appears, fancies "*purpose,*" to be an excellent rhyme for "*you more,*" the jingle between which and "*humour*" we suppose offended his critical taste, and he therefore exercises his editorial judgment in the substitution of

> "'Twill well suit your *purpose*, for pray what would you more,"

for the original, which runs thus—

> "'Twill well suit your humour, for pray what would you more."

This is the editorial improvement in the first verse; the second, third, fourth, and last, receive similar delicate touches, which may be readily discovered by collation with Walker or Ritson. But who will doubt, that *chansons à boire,* to use the French term, exist abundantly in the island of good-fellowship, when even the pastoral and pathetic George Ogle has bequeathed us an anacreontic song?—

> "Banish sorrow, grief's a folly—
> Thought, unbend thy wrinkled brow:
> Hence dull care and melancholy,
> Mirth and wine invites us now." &c.

Ogle's songs, or rather ballads, were written between the years 1770 and 1790, and are remarkable for simple beauty; although injured by the affectation of such names as Strephon and Pastora. "Molly Asthore," or "Gramachree Molly," commencing, "As down by Banna's banks I strayed," and printed by Mr. Weekes, (p. 154) is still a popular and admired song; and the *Hermit of Killarney,* omitted by Mr. Weekes, is also well remembered, and merits preservation. Ogle was an accomplished country gentleman, and represented the county of Wexford in Parliament; a county, by the way, which has a singular district, known as the Baronies of Forth and Bargie; where an Anglo-Saxon colony, settled at a remote period, has still, or at least until very recently, preserved its original language.

General Vallencey printed a song in the dialect of this district, with an English version, which is too curious to be passed over without notice, and we will therefore copy a verse as a specimen of this "Yold Zong," or old song.

> "*Fade teil thee—zo lournagh co Ione—zo kaggee,*
> *Th' weithest all cureagh, wafur, an cornee:*
> *Lidge w'ous ana milagh, tis gay an louthee;*
> *Huck nigher—y'art scudden—fartoo zo hachee?*"

> "What ails you,—so melancholy, quoth John—so cross,
> You seem all snappish, uneasy and fretful:
> Lie with us on the clover, 'tis fair and sheltered:
> Come nearer—you're rubbing your back—why so ill tempered?"

The subject of this song, which consists of fourteen verses, is a game at ball, called Camáan, or Hurley; and Walter relates, with considerable spirit, how his son Thomas lost the game by aiming a strong blow at the ball, and missing it, he broke his bat against an emmet hill. It concludes with the following toast or drinking chorus:

> "*Zo bless all oure frends, an God zpeen ee plowe.*"

> "So bless all our friends, and God speed the plough."

This production possesses many skilful and effective touches, and it is much to be desired that the minstrelsy of the people of Forth and Bargie should be preserved before it is too late. Mrs. Hall, who has recently favoured the public with some

clever sketches of Irish life, is, we believe, a native of one of these baronies; she is a superior woman, and fond of her country; and we must humbly entreat of her to save this portion of its songs as relics most interesting and precious to the historian and antiquary. It is in a philological point of view that we urge the preservation of the Forth and Bargie songs. "Language," says Dr. Johnson, "is the pedigree of nations."

The national sport of hurley, or hurling, is a favourite subject for Irish minstrelsy; we give two or three verses, as an example, of an unpublished Anglo-Irish song:—

"There's joy thro'out the nation, and great congratulation,
With wondrous acclamation, from the Liffee to the Lee,
Without exaggeration, our goalers take their station,
For the highest approbation—they have won the victory;
'Twas in no combination, or field association,
But in rural relaxation, on the plains of Onnabuoy.

There was Fuan the chief of heroes, who high the ball in play rose,
Tho' long he's gone to repose, and will never play again.
There's Don and Con the peerless, and Barry Oge the fearless,
Since whom, we are left cheerless, could they have seen our men,
They'd join the acclamation, and add their approbation,
With my congratulation, to the boys of Onnabuoy.

Were Homer the narrator, and Virgil a spectator,
No praises could be greater, than were due this gallant corps;
For never did the Grecians, nor the Romans called Patricians,
Exceed the stout Milesians, that defeated Barrymore.
'Twas in no combination, or field association,
But in rural relaxation, on the plains of Onnabuoy."*

It was our intention to offer some remarks upon the genuine slang songs of Ireland, such as "*De night before Larry was stretched,*"—*Lord Altham's Bull,*—*De Groves of de Pool,*—*the Groves of Blarney,* and several others of the same class, but we really have so much to say about them, that we cannot compress our observations into any reasonable space, and we must therefore reserve our dissertation for another and a more convenient opportunity Ireland has seldom had the good fortune to be fairly represented. Mr. Weekes, for instance, puts himself forward as an editor of a national collection of songs, when it is evident that he is perfectly ignorant of the subject. He talks, in his preface, of "Ramsay, Ferguson, Tannahill, Burns, Hogg, Cunningham, and Motherwell," but names not *one* writer of an Irish song. He tells us "that Munster produces constantly more than average crop of very good lawyers and patriots; but of poets, few or none." How unluckily for Mr. Weekes does it happen that Munster is by far the most productive of the four provinces, both of potatoes and poets; so much so, that it has been addressed as

"Land of the great O —
So famed for potato;"

and as "Momonia, sweet dwelling of song." But we have probably said enough at present for Mr. Weekes's instruction in the new and amended edition which we hope to be favoured with, as we really like the shape and size, and type, and paper of his book very much, and think we have fairly earned a presentation copy in goodly binding.

* Onnabuoy, (pronounced Onnabuy) or the Yellow Water, is a river of the county of Cork, which forms a creek on the west side of Cork Harbour.

LITERARY CHARACTERS.—BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

No. III.

MR. WORDSWORTH.

Mr. Wordsworth is, undoubtedly, a great man; and yet, is Mr. Wordsworth, in many respects, a small man. His indiscriminating and raving admirers are smaller men still. These three propositions make up a text, from which we mean to preach the following discourse.

Well then, as our humour is perhaps somewhat wayward, we choose to begin with the last of these, that is to say, our intention is to commence with the smaller, and ascend gradually towards the greater; and this we do, no doubt, from the influence of the bump of *order* upon our cranium, as well as that we may finish our discourse with some degree of *éclat*, and that we may receive, with a good grace, a concluding benediction from all the intelligent lovers of genuine poetry.

And, first, it may be necessary to say something concerning the state of Europe, and the general condition of society, with regard to Mr. Wordsworth and his poems. It will be remembered that the Lake poets began their reign shortly after the French Revolution; and it being one of their principles to praise one another, in order that the Germanised school, which they introduced, might be thought worthy of all acceptation, Mr. Wordsworth came upon the world with a ready prepared, though somewhat sectarian reputation. The species of poetry that he produced, as well as the premature eulogy of his friends, was well calculated to support that sectarian spirit which was begotten by the "*school,*" a spirit which has by no means passed away, but which has given rise to a cant in certain coteries, made up chiefly of sweet-mouthed babblers, concerning his poetry, which is really injurious to the fair reputation that Mr. Wordsworth deserves. It would not be worth our while to notice this usual proceeding of small wits, who, unable to appreciate what is genuine or profound in poetical beauty, are sure to praise up the very faults of him whom they adopt for their idol; were it not that this folly and affectation, by disgusting men of more penetration, keeps alive the controversy, and the sectarian spirit which Wordsworth's poetry and his *prose* has raised, and unnecessarily withdraws the attention of many from what is well worthy of more general study. It is thus a common observation, regarding the works of this poet, that their beauties are of too high an order for their ever obtaining much popularity, and their meaning too recondite and profound for any enjoying them but the elect few whose minds are of congenial depth and loftiness with the poet himself! It is easy to see the effect of this cant, raised at first as well by the unqualified eulogy of a few great names as by the nature of the poetry itself, upon all those ladies and gentlemen of exceeding poetry, for whose exclusive delight, no doubt, Mr. Wordsworth was pleased to write, and who are pleased to be able entirely to relish what is too good for the rest of the world.

It is really a thankless task to set about taking the conceit out of people, but what can we do, when they *will* worry us night and day with their foolish mouthing; and though a little conceit is a very pleasant, and often harmless thing, and to understand that which is generally unintelligible, is a very high attainment; yet we, who are less bright in our intellects, must take the liberty to say our say too: which brings us to the second head of our discourse, namely, concerning that littleness of mind which, we are sorry to say, has, in our estimation, been shown by the great poet himself, and which has been a chief cause of the affectation we have noticed. Be it premised, however, that we enter upon some controversy with such profound persons as some of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers, with an awful conviction of the depth of our subject, as well as its exceeding importance to all coming generations, and, consequently, with great personal humility as to our own wits—being, however, disposed to imagine that

we shall have many backers to our opinion among that obtuse portion of the world to which we unfortunately belong.

Considering then the nature of things in general, upon the surface of this terraqueous globe, it is not to be wondered at, that the appearance of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry some twenty years ago, and the long prelection which accompanied it, connected as that remarkable occurrence evidently was with the French Revolution, and the other great events of the times, should have created a schism in the republic of letters, and caused an agitation among the small poets and the ignoramus literati, such as never was known, perhaps, since Homer's days. Indeed, Martinus Scriblerus himself, who, as the learned Dean of Saint Patrick informs us, lived about the period of the *Dunciad* and the *Battle of the Books*, and before the French Revolution, never contemplated the possibility of an experiment upon so large a scale in the art of sinking in poetry, being made so near his own times, and so long prior, as is to be hoped, to the decline and fall of the British empire, as has courageously been put forth in our day. We have, however, by the fortunate combination of circumstances, which has called us to the honour of being contemporaries of Mr. Wordsworth, had the advantage, and enjoyed the felicity of seeing the thing tried before our eyes; and have, withal, suffered various tribulations from its effects, which now brings us into some controversy with the controversialists, and obliges us, in our own defence, to sit down seriously, and calculate what all this babble has been about, and what the real value is of that poetic stuff which that great experiment has been the means of giving to the world.

As to the experiment, the *system* which Mr. Wordsworth formed for himself and tried upon this generation; the thing was not without boldness, if not originality, for a single gentleman dwelling among the lakes of the North, to attempt almost to invert the order of thought and the application of language, and to show that Homer, and Virgil, and Tasso, and Ariosto, and Spenser, and Milton, and Shakspeare, and all the others before him, understood very imperfectly both the true language and the fit subjects for poetry, which it was reserved for him, Mr. Wordsworth, to reveal to the children of men. It was somewhat meritorious also, we confess, to try what could be done by great simplicity of language in poetry, in opposition to the gaudiness and glitter of words, which is so generally, by small capacities, made the substitute for the real creations or poetical compounds of actual intellect. But, like all other system-makers, Mr. Wordsworth ruined the effect that he wished to produce, by carrying it too far; and the attempt to elevate the low in nature and the order of things, and to throw the halo of poetry round things essentially belonging to the merest prose of common life, was soon found to be a violation of all experience, and as an experiment was an utter and often laughter-provoking failure.

During the whole of his intercourse with the public, Mr. Wordsworth, as we shall have occasion to show, has exhibited a littleness of mind very unworthy of the man who could breathe such poetic and lofty thoughts as may be found scattered up and down through the diffuse declamation of his larger pieces; and this littleness appears no where more conspicuous than in the formation of the system itself; for instead of having in his eye the great models of antiquity, and in his thoughts the noble, the striking, or the intense in nature and humanity, he seems to have been moved to the formation of his theory, by the obvious faults of little minds, and in the spirit of opposition, to what is beneath the consideration of a great poet. He does not perceive too, that, in systematically avoiding the error of the barrenest minds, of straining for effect by means of inflated phraseology, he was sure to fall into the opposite error of straining for effect (for effect must be the end,) by a more obviously ridiculous mode, namely, by a diction unnaturally mean, and childishly simple. But not contented with being a system-monger to this extent, he must choose his subjects constantly from a class,—to which indeed the idea of simplicity may be attached, from the barren plainness which, in spite of all the efforts of a poetic mind is inherent in them,

and in respect of the persons, from the necessary ignorance which their station supposes;—but so unassociable with any thing intellectual or elevated, that attempts to press them into the purposes of poetry, must, along with the superadded simplicity of the tone, end as it has done, not only in a failure, but in something absolutely ridiculous; and in rendering excusable all the sneers which have been heaped upon it.

Besides, there is something not only bad, but infinitely little and pedantic, in a poet coming upon the world with an experimental volume of poetry, preceded by a long prolegomena, to tell his reader what poetry is, and to persuade the amazed student into unbounded admiration of what is therein set before him, whether it goes against his stomach or not. We would ask Mr. Wordsworth's raving admirers, if any other poet for which the world has any respect has ever been or could possibly be guilty of such paltry conceit and rawness as this. Will any lisping blue-stocking herself, dare to offer the supposition that Dante, or Milton, or Shakspeare, or even poor unhappy Collins, would have bended from the throne of their confidence in themselves and in human nature, to condescend to hold a mean spirited argument with their readers about what poetry was, and to prepare them by a wordy, long-winded prelection, which the poet himself did not understand, for relishing the beauties which the system-maker had invented for the delight of mankind. Even Highland James M'Pherson, when he foisted upon the world his high sounding rhapsodies, sent them forth to speak for themselves, and as well as the lad Chatterton, with his ingenious humbug, set their productions adrift, and left the critics and commentators to fight and tear each other's eyes out among themselves, which they did accordingly.

But here Mr. Wordsworth sends forth in these last days, volumes of rhymes and reasoning from the northern lakes, and not only tells people to their faces that they *must* admire his poetry, but sets to at the end of the book, and abuses them heartily if they do not, or if they offer to find the least fault with it, turns angry at the very idea of being dispraised, and becoming eloquent in his anger, calls them every thing that is bad, besides ignorant and impertinent—says that they are "critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him" (ourselves excepted). "Men, who take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds, whom they are unable to accompany—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing—dismayed if he soar steadily into 'the region;'—men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid;—who, therefore, feed as the many direct them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provocations;—judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous!"*

Now only fancy for a moment the idea of any mind above that of a third rate country schoolmaster talking in this style; or try the monstrous supposition of William Shakspeare setting under his mulberry tree in his garden at New Place, and writing long praises of himself, and scolding the world in such language as the above, because it, in his own case, preferred the works of sundry of his contemporaries who have since fallen into neglect, and because the wits of his time often laughed at, as well as with him. Or, suppose Milton to have been capable of issuing from the dignity of his very obscurity and poverty, in his own day, such miserable stuff about himself and his critics. Nay the very complainings of a great mind have a dignity in them, and a just reference to the known condition of the world in which they sojourn; and which, with all its grossness, has yet in reserve, as they know, a sure immortality for all who transcend the common spirits of any age. How different the modest confidence of Spenser, who, committing his great poem, with all its depth of allegory, to the fair perception of the wise, without any attempt to warp the judgment of his reader in his own favour, merely says, in imitation of the older poets—

> "Goe forth my little boke," &c.

as the early edition of him has it, casting his works hopefully upon the

* Essay Supplementary, p. 318.

flowing wreck of the human intellect, contemporary and to come, and confident that their merits would surely be found at last after many days. It is but fair however to state before we go further, that although all this stands on record to prove what we are animadverting upon, in the latter edition of his works, the poet has greatly curtailed and qualified what we now allude to.

But Mr. Wordsworth has not only been his own system-maker and poet under that system, but his own critic too, after taking upon him to instruct the world as to what they are to understand by poetry. Nay he, even in the prelections alluded to, takes the word out of the mouths of coming posterity, who do not, as Swift would say, care one farthing about him, and favours the world in advance with the opinions that are to be passed upon him some thousand or two years after we are all dead and gone. This is very satisfactory certainly, as coming from so competent a judge as himself—" Justified," he says in his preface to the lyrical ballads, " by a recollection of the insults which *the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous* have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself; I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in *these unfavourable times*, evidence of exertions of this faculty"—that is the imagination—" upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, *worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.*"

It must have been very galling for a man, who, musing and maundering among the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, had wrought himself up to such a pitch of self-admiration, to find certain critics, who are by no means to be despised, saying, after the favour he had conferred upon the world by his first publications, that this sort of thing " would never do." So, in order to show the world that it [illegible], he publishes his lyrical [illegible]ying, in another long-winded discourse, what the blacking-makers contrive to get into two words, viz. " trial's all," and then, when the patient reader has tasted and tried them, it is quite pleasant to find Mr. Wordsworth complacently prepared at the end of the volume with another address, under the name of a Supplementary Essay, in which the high-minded poet complacently commences thus :—

" By this time, I trust that the judicious reader, who has now first become acquainted with these poems, is persuaded that a very senseless outcry has been raised against them and their author," &c. Very well, Mr. Wordsworth! If it is a senseless outcry, let it alone, and its very senselessness will be its own answer and antidote. And if you are as great a man as yourself and your sectarian defenders would have us believe, you would sit unmoved on the throne of your own conscious loftiness, looking with perfect contempt upon the raisers of the senseless outcry—to whom you would scorn to throw a condescending word, instead of preaching away to the " judicious reader" in this ridiculous manner, as if he did not know what he was reading, and as if any lecturing of yours would wheedle him into admiration of what went against his stomach. Really, Mr. Wordsworth, the judicious reader is not at all obliged to you for gratuitously teaching him his alphabet in this obtrusive manner.

But we will readily grant to the unreasonable admirers of Mr. Wordsworth, who have afflicted us into the penning of these remarks; that if he had not, in his straining after originality encumbered himself with his foolish system, that he has a mind capable of producing poetry of a very high order, and *has* produced it, in spite of his affected simplicity, and the wilful bathos of his subjects. Still he has attempted more than he has been able to execute, from grievously mistaking both his own powers, and what could be done by any one within the bounds of his absurd system. Hence the just charge against him, of pervading affectation, maudlin sentimentality, mysticism, and sheer absurdity, besides the childish dawdle and drawl of his constant wordiness—may be sup-

ported by instances from his works which could never have found a place in the acknowledged productions of a poet of true greatness, nor have been tolerated by himself, without the infatuation of attachment to a system which he pertinaciously adheres to merely because it is his own. But let us have an instance or two to illustrate the beautiful effects of this babyish simplicity in poetry, struggling constantly, as it does, with an extravagance of thought as well as expression, which indicates, as clear as language can, some unaccountably contradictory qualities really inherent in the mind that could produce it, and how self conceit and obstinacy will blind a truly poetic character to faults which the least unbiassed taste must perceive.

We select an extract from a poem, entitled the "Power of Music," a very good subject for poetry no doubt, and worthy of the high talents of a great bard. But when Mr Wordsworth wishes to employ his muse on a high subject, he scorns to treat it in any common way. He must do it with some originality, and so—adopting the sensible plan of Martinus Scriblerus—the man in whose person he chooses to show the wonderful power of that goddess, who "drew an angel down," from the very spheres, is no other than a begging fiddler, and the scene of his exhibition of music's power is the common street, namely, Oxford street, London, where he fiddles away to a crowd of children, prentices, newsmen, lamp-lighters, porters, and idle women, so as to beat blind Allick, the volunteer fiddler, hollow, or the best musician that ever scraped in Bagnigge Wells or Saint Giles's. This beautiful poem, on the "Power of Music," which begins "An Orpheus! an Orpheus!" and says that the beggar, with his violin, "works" so on the unlightened "crowd," that "he fills, with his power, all their hearts to the brim," and himself, as he stands among them, like the moon, that keeps shining on the whole, "is a centre of *light*," (although the poor fiddler is as blind as a beetle,) goes on to describe its hero, thus—

> "That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
> Not an *inch of his body is free from delight*;
> Can he keep himself still, if he would? *oh, not he!*
> The music stirs *in him like wind through a tree*."

What a delighted body this big fiddler must have had? ay, and, like Lear, as Mr Wordsworth poetically means, every *inch* a fiddler! and then, the idea of the music *stirring in him* like wind, or the wind stirring *in him* like whistling music, is really sublime. But, let us go on to a description of the elegant audience of this Orpheus, which our poet condescends upon in the next verse.

> "There's *a cripple* who leans on his crutch *like a tower*
> That has long leaned forward, leans hour after hour!—
> A mother whose spirit in fetters is bound,
> While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound."

It would be a great curiosity to see a cripple leaning on a crutch *like a tower*. But the next and concluding verse of this hymn, on the power of music, is quite sublime, if one could understand it.

> "Now, coaches and chariots *roar on like a stream*;
> Here are twenty souls happy *as souls in a dream*:
> They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,
> Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!"

We have heard that nonsense has been defined to be that which puts one to a puzzle whether to deny or to affirm, but we think this beats ordinary nonsense out and out, for we are quite willing both to deny and to affirm, if that would serve to make sure, but such sublime balderdash as the above, would require an entire new theory of nonsense, which perhaps Mr Wordsworth will favour us with in his next prelection upon poetry. As to the acts and deeds of this dignified illustrator of the power of music to the twenty dreaming souls in a dirty street in London, where

the coaches are roaring like a stream, and the whole poem thereanent, we would not give one verse of ploughman Burns about *his* fiddler, for a volume of this insane mouthing—such as

> "The Deil cam fiddling through the town,
> And danced awa with the Exciseman;
> And ilka wife cried, Auld Mahoun,
> I wish you gude luck o' your prize, man!"

Now, here is both fiddling and dancing too, and one can understand both the manner and drift of it—but who would waste words over such inane stuff?

In speaking further of the faults of Wordsworth, as a poet, and, in some respects, a *master mind,* we must, in fairness, advert to his great want of judgment, so frequently showing itself by unsuccessful strivings after depth and originality. Observe, in the following extract, how he labours to do something great, and how, as in twenty other cases, he only accomplishes mere nonsense. It is all about a "narrow glen," where Ossian is said to be buried, and which, it seems, is more silent than silence itself:

> "A convent, even a hermit's cell
> Would break the silence of this dell:
> It is not quiet, it is not ease;
> But something deeper far than these:
> The separation that is here
> Is of the grave; and of *austere*
> *And happy feelings of the dead:*
> And, therefore, was it rightly said
> That Ossian, last of all his race!
> Lies buried in this lonely place."

We are not accustomed to think that the dead have any particularly delighted *feelings,* when buried in narrow glens. But this is an *austere* matter, that has, it seems, been revealed to Mr. Wordsworth, for the benefit of his poetry; and if he could only certify its truth to the world, the churchyards would soon be quite deserted. How different from this wretched straining about—it is not this, and it is not that—but something that he knows not what,—is the simple and truly poetic idea of the Jewish Psalmist, regarding the negative state of the dead, as expressed in the fourth Psalm, and thus rendered in the unpretending "metre" of Sternhold and Hopkins:

> "Because those that deceased are
> Of Thee shall no remembrance have;
> And who is he that shall to Thee
> Give praises, lying in the grave?"

This is a truly solemn and touching reflection, with an object far different from the mere effort of an ambitious poet to give an unaccountable idea of the silence of a secluded glen. But it is thus that, in numerous instances, Mr. Wordsworth, while professing to abandon ambitious language, and all advantages of loftiness of subject, for the avoidance of stultification and the purification of poetry, becomes so bombastic himself in his efforts to be poetical after a new method, that he loses all meaning, and makes laughter at him be checked, by unwilling lamentations over the almost wilful follies of a great man.

With regard to the "experiment" upon the simplicity plan, we believe his ardent admirers themselves are very dubious of its success; and many of them are ready to join in the laugh that its unworthiness of a mind of any greatness has caused, to those who know little of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, but by the foolish examples of its effects, in many of his pieces, which have been freely quoted in ridicule of it. We abstain, therefore, from extracting the usual silly passages that he has unfortunately committed to paper and print, with a hardihood which looks like perfect infatuation in a mind possessing the real powers which Mr. Wordsworth's, after all, actually does; and shall obtain a double illustration of what we mean, both as to his systematic faults, and that mixture of carelessness and affectation, which so much detract from the value of his general writings,—from one of the most lauded of his lyrical ballads, viz. the really pretty one entitled, "We are Seven," and the pervading thought of which is profoundly poetical and pathetic. It begins thus:—

> ———"a simple child,
> That lightly draws its breath,
> And feels its life in every limb,
> What should it know of death?"

The thought of this, though merely natural to a gentle and meditative spirit, is, from its philosophical tone,

and its perfect elegance and ease of expression, quite delightful, especially as a commencement to its own pleasing illustration in the little poem itself. But it goes on,—

> " I met a little cottage girl,
> She was eight years old, she said;
> Her hair was thick with many a curl,
> That cluster'd round her head.
>
> She had a rustic, woodland air,
> And she was wildly clad:
> Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
> Her beauty made me glad."

Now, does not the thinking reader feel hurt and disappointed, as he goes on, at the dawdling, nursery rhyme commonness of the thoughts which succeed the simple elevation of the first verse, and, in particular, at the lame and impotent affectation of the closing line of what we have quoted. This is exactly the sort of thing that does not make us at all glad, but quite sorry, that a man like the poet should, so often as he does, throw in such silly lines as the above, and even whole verses and pages, either to express a puerile simplicity which is not poetry, or carelessly to make up his rhyme. See with how much dignity he begins another poem :—

> " Fair Ellen Irwin, where she sate
> Upon the braes of Kirtle,
> Was lovely as a Grecian maid
> Adorn'd with wreaths of myrtle.
> Young Adam Bruce beside her lay;
> And there they did beguile the day
> With love and gentle speeches,
> Beneath the budding beeches."

And nought else this babbling teaches, but that next verse must end with breeches; for, in spite of all your watching, this rhyming trash is catching, and it is really quite respectable to poetise so delectably!—" For Heaven's sake!" cries the reader, " spare this miserable nonsense; for if the man that trifles with the public in this way is really a poet, he must be afflicted with some strange decrepitude of mind, or his conceit of himself and his system must occasionally deprive him of reason, else he would not put his name to such disgraceful stuff!"

But, as before hinted, his extravagant admirers pretend to see beauties in his very faults, and to make out a hidden meaning out of the merest raving, which the poet himself, who wrote it, never could pretend to understand. In fact, this is the great secret of their adoration; for their minds, forsooth, are so acute, and their feelings so intense, that they can expound what, to common sense, is a perfect riddle; which, even if it meant as much as they say, is wilfully and affectedly mystical, and far-fetched, and Balaamish, in what little meaning can be attached to it. Passing by numerous passages that are too unintelligible in their *depth* even for the eulogic commentaries of his sworn admirers, we will take a passage, or rather a whole poem—for it is placed by itself—the meaning of which is not only to them as clear as day, but which is extolled as quite wonderful for its richness of poetic thought, and intense and, in fact, unspeakable depth of *meaning*. Although the poem stands by itself, and is without title prefixed, yet we are to know, from the penetration of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers, that it is a sequel to the other deep poems that precede it, and is about one Lucy, who is dead. From the table of contents, however, we are informed by the author that it is about " A Slumber;" for this is the actual title which he has condescended to give it, to put us out of pain as to what it is about. But let us have this admired *morçeau* :—

> " A slumber did my spirit seal,
> I had no human fears:
> She seem'd a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years.
>
> No motion has she now—*no force;*
> She neither hears nor sees,
> Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
> With rocks, and stones, and trees!"

Now good Mr., or Miss, or Mrs. Reader, you are doubtless a " judicious reader," as Mr. Wordsworth would have you, and as such you are of course in raptures with the above beautiful poem. But if you are not in raptures with it, then we can tell you you are not a *judicious reader;* and Mr. Wordsworth's admirers would pinch you and pull your hair, for not being in raptures with what they tell you ought to put you in an ecstasy. It is the *thoughts*, Mr. Reader, it is the deep *meaning* of every word of this that is to touch you to the quick. The lady is dead, you must know, a good while agone, and the gentleman is in a slumber, or a dream about her; and that is the way

he comes to have those deep thoughts, about her, which, if you don't admire and join in praising, you are an insensible brute, a perfect swine! and not fit to live, and that we tell you to your face! Don't you see that the rolling lady being dead cannot "feel," as Mr Wordsworth profoundly says—that she has unfortunately not the least "motion" now, nor "no force," because, as we said, she is a dead woman, and "neither hears nor sees"—a "thought" by the bye, which could never have occurred to any one when speaking of the defunct, but the original mind of Mr Wordsworth.

As for our own part, we candidly confess ourselves to be, in regard to this and some other passages of Mr Wordsworth's poetry, very much like Peter Bell's ass, whose long ears, as our poet elegantly says—

> "With motion dull,
> Turn'd *on the pivot* of its skull."

For, although we have tried all we could to get into a rapture, we still find ourselves quite donkeyish and stupid, and not at all that judicious reader that Mr Wordsworth would desire. But that is no reason why *our* readers should not have found out the beauty of this poem, or why he may not next find the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vitæ*, which surely cannot long remain a secret to the profound minds who revel in the delights of Mr Wordsworth's poetry. As for the next stanza, wherein the defunct lady is so poetically represented to be, till this day, rolling round and round with the twirling globe, once every twenty-four hours, along with rocks, and stones, and other hard substances, the *thought* has, we lament, made no particular impression upon us, excepting that it seems to us far-fetched and affected. But let the lady roll away—rocks, and stones, and trees, and all!

We would not thus dwell upon the faults and imperfections of a genuine poet, enough having been probably said on the subject long ago, but from the tendency of the worst blemishes in his works being turned into supposed beauties, and even receiving admiration in the cant of indiscriminate worship, from the simple circumstance of their being sanctioned by a great name. Moreover, we apprehend that Mr Wordsworth has even deceived his followers more than he has done himself, in the extravagant admiration which such as Mr Hazlitt have heaped upon that affected piece of maudlin mysticism, *Hart leap well*, and other things of the same stamp, the beauty that they pretend to see in which, they may well say, will never be extensively acknowledged by the world. Nor will the world, who are capable of admiring the greatness and appropriate depth, as well as grace of the older and more vigorous poets, ever be brought to relish the nursery-rhyme simplicity of his lyrical pieces, or to sympathize with his cant in reference to the feelings of his peasant characters, about happy thoughts, happy dreams, happy sounds, &c., or that affected trifling with the public which could make him write and print such a line as—

> "Happy, happy, happy John!"

It is well however, for Mr Wordsworth's future reputation, that the merit of a poet is estimated only by his best pieces, which time will preserve and treasure for coming admiration, while, if his foolish admirers will allow, the same great sifter of pretensions will gradually weed out those pieces which at present weigh it down from soaring as it ought, and will deliver it from the indiscriminate praise of many whose ill judged eulogy tends to bring its very merits into question. But this leads us at length to the third and most pleasant head of our discourse.

That Mr Wordsworth will, by future generations, be admired as a great and an original poet, notwithstanding all that he himself and his sectarian friends have done to the prejudice of his fair fame in his day, is, we think, without a question. Though, in his larger pieces, the intensity of his enthusiasm, and the loftiness of his aims, have often led him, as before hinted, into mysterism and a wordy straining, yet these qualities, in which his very faults have originated, distinguish him above all the poets of his time, or perhaps any other time, giving occasionally a depth to his moral apprehensions, and drawing from him more of purely poetic and pathetic thoughts, than any poet

before him has, with the same originality of mould and of manner, given to the world. We have no objection even to grant to his admirers that these distinctive qualities in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry may be, to a certain extent, considered as the establishing of a new school and style in his art, the proper study of which may open up new sources of intellectual delight, and cause men to dive deeper than has been done hitherto into those metaphysical emotions which so interestingly exhibit the intense connexion between the imagination and the heart in the more lofty orders of humanity; and which, in as far as we can explain them, seem to give breath and soul to the impressive features of external nature. Of this kind are some of the thoughts which he associates with the simple apprehensions of his rustics, such as, in the solemn poem of Michael—

> " ——— from the boy there came
> Feelings and emanations,—things which were
> Light to the sun and music to the wind."

And, speaking of the mountaineer, in the pedestrian tour among the Alps, he says—

> " Moves there a cloud on mid-day's flaming eye?
> Upwards he looks—' and calls it luxury.' "

But there are far finer things than these in his great, though short effusion, called Laodamia, and in some of his sonnets, which carry in them the very soul of poetry, but which, were we to begin quoting, we should not easily know where to stop. It is a seductive subject to speak about this great poet and his works, and we would not add to what has already been said of him, but that we have hardly ever found him spoken of but in a sectarian spirit, which we think unfavourable both to the fame of the poet and to the more extended study of his works; both of which we would gladly see promoted. We would not say so much either, concerning the affected cant of his indiscriminate admirers, did they not exalt to the highest such poems as *Hart leap well*, (*vide* Hazlitt and the like,) which we affirm will never give real pleasure to any but those whose minds are distorted by something which is not nature or correct feeling. In speaking, however, upon the commendable qualities of Mr. Wordsworth, we must add our say regarding his great poem of the *Excursion*, which shall include perhaps all that, aside from the babble of his sectarian admirers, need be remarked of his general character.

We think that the gist of the whole argument regarding Wordsworth's poetical character is, *that he is an enthusiast*, and that of a bolder and more perfect kind than poets generally are. That he has all the want of knowledge of the common world, and all the disregard of common judgments, which is a property of enthusiasm, with all the self-love and wilfulness which grows out of an enthusiastic mind, deeply and constantly employed in feeding upon its own perceptions and luxuriating in its own meditations with reference to external nature and internal sentiment. Hence his faults, as well as his greatest beauties, are essentially those of an enthusiast; and while that quality is chargeable with what we think his silliness, yet by the freedom and confidence which it has given his mind, it is the great parent of his originality, and the grand cause of his loftiness and his profundity. But, like most of the older meditative writers, he sets down in poems, such as the *Excursion, all his thoughts*, as they occur; and therefore the weak and the obscure must be taken with the highest breathings of the enthusiasm of his mind; and though, like the rapt prophets of old, who cried in the wilderness of times and things which they themselves understood not, when they spake as they were moved; or like him who in Patmos was lifted up in the spirit into "the empyreum," he sometimes strives to embody into words things which perhaps "cannot be uttered;" yet in these wrestlings with the mystic spirit of poetry, he *has* uttered sayings which will hold his memory precious to all the lovers of the pure and the intense in thought or emotion, as long, perhaps, as the human heart and imagination can feel and create.

Yet must it be admitted that the *Excursion* is not in strict language a poem, but a rambling series of poetic thoughts and pathetic pictures, unfinished and without obvious construction. It is simply a great frag-

ment; yet if we turn from the consideration of its imperfect shaping, and can dwell with the poet upon the fresh features of nature, and the deep aspirations of the affections, so finely meditated upon through it, we shall scarcely regret the absence of the accredited attributes of a well-constructed poem. The most forward and canting praisers of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry are evidently unable to relish him or to follow him in his highest flights, else they would never talk about him in a way, that becomes from their mouths perfectly ludicrous. They do not fix their admiration upon that which is most admirable in him, for they are incapable of seeing it. The moments of emotion in an enthusiastic mind like Wordsworth, are precious and touching; but those babblers know them not. The fancy of the poet wanders among misty hills, and chases the sweeping clouds; or, following the mazes of the torrent, leaps with it from steep to steep, and there buries itself in the forest, where the woods echo to its almost supernatural voice, and every leaf seems to answer its poetic questionings, and every bird sings love-lays more lofty and far more pious than Tasso's purple-billed songster, which sung in human language, but seemed to know only what was good and blissful that God had created on the earth. His is *the spirit within*, which is ever more or less moved with what the universe itself, in language known only to poets, communicates to it. Nature to Wordsworth is like the shell applied to the ear of the child, which, as he beautifully says, murmurs mysterious whisperings, which reaches at once its simple heart, and in "sonorous cadences," like the imagined roar of the distant ocean, imparts "authentic tidings" of invisible and awful things.

But we must close these observations, and we do so by quoting from the *Excursion* the creed of the poet, sufficient of which we have in the following passage; and it is truly the creed of a poet and of an amiable mind; and is, after all, the most suitable, perhaps, to the weakness as well as the circumstances of humanity.

> "We live by admiration, hope, and love,
> And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
> In dignity of being we ascend.
> But what is error? 'Answer he who can!'
> The Sceptic somewhat haughtily, exclaimed,
> Love, Hope, and Admiration—are they not
> Mad Fancy's favourite vassals? Does not life
> Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
> Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust
> Imagination's light when Reason's fails,
> The unguarded taper when the guarded faints?
> ——Stoop from those heights and soberly declare
> What error is; and, of our errors, which
> Doth most debase the mind, the genuine seat
> Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate,
> With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?
> ——The Shepherd lad, who in the sunshine carves
> On the green-turf a dial—to divide
> The silent hours; and who to that report
> Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt
> His round of pastoral duties, is not left
> With less intelligence for *moral* things
> Of gravest import. Early he perceives
> Within himself, a measure and a rule,
> Which to the Sun of Truth he can apply,
> That shines for him, and shines for all mankind."
>
> *Excursion*, p. 177.

When those, who are incapable of [illegible] of such as Wordsworth, shall have ceased to feed their vanity by babbling in his praise; and those who ought to read him shall study him more dispassionately: when time and taste shall have winnowed out from the rich wheat of what he has given to the world, the chaff under which it is at present hidden, or by which it is heavily encumbered—posterity shall admit, "without controversy," that Wordsworth is a great poet, and shall consider his best poetry as invaluable.

DISAGREEABLES.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"For four things the earth is disquieted, and five which it cannot bear."—AGUR.

THIS world is a delightful place to dwell in,
And many sweet and lovely things are in it;
Yet there are sundry, at the which I have
A natural dislike, against all reason.
I never like A TAILOR. Yet no man
Likes a new coat or inexpressibles
Better than I do—few, I think, so well:
I can't account for this. The tailor is,
A far more useful member of society,
Than is a poet.—Then his sprightly wit,
His glee, his humour, and his happy mind
Entitle him to fair esteem. Allowed.
But then, his self-sufficiency.—His shape
So like a frame, whereon to hang a suit
Of dandy clothes. His small straight back and arms,
His thick bluff ankles, and his supple knees,
Plague on't!—'Tis wrong—I do not like a tailor.
AN OLD BLUE-STOCKING MAID! Oh! that's a being,
That's hardly to be borne! Her saffron hue,
Her thinnish lips, close primmed as they were sewn
Up by a milliner, and made water-proof,
To guard the fount of wisdom that's within.
Her borrowed locks, of dry and withered hue,
Her straggling beard of ill-condition'd hairs,
And then her jaws of wise and formal cast;
Chat-chat! chat-chat! Grand shrewd remarks!—
That may have meaning—may have none for me.
I like the creature so supremely ill,
I never listen, never calculate:
I know this is ungenerous and unjust:
I cannot help it; for I do dislike
An old blue-stocking maid, even to extremity.
I do protest I'd rather kiss a tailor!
A GREEDY EATER! He is worst of all.
The gormand bolts, and bolts, and smacks his chops:
Eyes every dish that enters, with a stare
Of greed and terror, lest one thing go by him.
The glances that he casts along the board,
At every slice that's carved, have that in them,
Beyond description. I would rather dine
Beside an ox, yea, share his cog of draff;
Or with a dog, if he'd keep his own side;
Than with a glutton on the rarest food.
A thousand times I've dined upon the waste,
On dry-pease bannock, by the silver spring.
O, it was sweet—was healthful—had a zest;
Which at the paste, my palate ne'er enjoyed!
My bonnet laid aside, I turned mine eyes
With reverence and humility to heaven,
Craving a blessing from the bounteous Giver;
Then grateful thanks returned. There was a joy
In these lone meals, shared by my faithful dog,
Which I remind with pleasure, and has given
A verdure to my spirit's age. Then think
Of such a man, beside a guzzler set;
And how his stomach nauseates the repast.

"When he thinks of days he shall never more see,
Of his cake and his cheese, and his lair on the lea,
His laverock that hung on the heaven's ee-bree,
His prayer and his clear mountain rill."
I cannot eat one morsel. There is that,
Somewhere within, that baulks each bold attempt;
A loathing—a disgust—a something worse:
I know not what it is.—A strong desire
To drink, but not for thirst. 'Tis from a wish
To wash down that enormous eater's food—
A sympathetic feeling. Not of love!
And be there ale, or wine, or potent draught
Superior to them both, to that I fly,
And glory in the certainty that mine
Is the etherial soul of food, while his
Is but the rank corporeal—the vile husks,
Best suited to his crude voracity.
And far as the bright spirit may transcend
Its mortal frame, my food transcendeth his.
A Creditor! Good heaven, is there beneath
Thy glorious concave of cerulean blue,
A being formed so thoroughly for dislike,
As is a creditor? No, he's supreme,
The devil's a joke to him! Whoe'er has seen
An adder's head upraised, with gleaming eyes,
About to make a spring, may form a shade
Of mild resemblance to a creditor.
I do remember once,—'Tis long agone,
Of stripping to the waist to wade the Tyne—
The English Tyne, dark, sluggish, broad, and deep;
And just when middle-way, there caught mine eye,
A lamprey of enormous size pursuing me!
L—— what a fright! I bobb'd, I splashed, I flew!
He had a creditor's keen ominous look,
I never saw an uglier—but a real one.
This is implanted in man's very nature,
It cannot be denied. And once I deemed it
The most degrading stain our nature bore:
Wearing a shade of every hateful vice,
Ingratitude, injustice, selfishness.
But I was wrong, for I have traced the stream
Back to its fountain in the inmost cave,
And found in postulate of purest grain,
It's first beginning.—It is not the man.
The friend who has obliged us, we would shun,
But the conviction which his presence brings,
That we have done him wrong. A sense of grief
And shame at our own rash improvidence:
The heart bleeds for it, and we love the man
Whom we would shun.—The feeling's hard to bear!
A blustering Fellow! There's a deadly bore,
Placed in a good man's way, who only yearns
For happiness and joy. But day by day,
This blusterer meets me, and the hope's defaced!
I cannot say a word—make one remark,
That meets not flat and absolute contradiction—
I nothing know on earth—am misinformed
On every circumstance. The very terms,
Scope, rate, and merits of my own transactions
Are all to me unknown, or falsified,
Of which most potent proof can be adduced.
Then the important thump upon the board,

Snap with the thumb, and the disdainful 'whew!'
Sets me and all I say at less than naught.
What can a person do?—To knock him down
Suggests itself, but then it breeds a row
In a friend's house, or haply in your own,
Which is much worse; for glasses go like cinders;
The wine is spilled—the toddy.—The chair-backs
Go, crash! No, no, there's nothing but forbearance,
And marked contempt. If that won't bring him down,
There's nothing will. Ah! can the leopard change
His spots, or the grim Ethiop his hue?
Sooner they may and nature change her course,
Than can a blusterer to a modest man:
He still will stand a beacon of dislike.
A fool—I wish all blustering chaps were dead,
That's the true bathos to have done with them.

GODWIN'S THOUGHTS ON MAN.*

A book written by this veteran author deserves at least respect and attention. In our second volume, (p. 381 to 396) we have already given an elaborate analysis of Mr. Godwin's genius, a detailed account of his works of fiction, and some argument as to his philosophical opinions. We then hoped that Mr. Godwin's reason would, ere long, emancipate itself from the tyranny of a blind fatalism, and find refuge in a supreme intelligence. It is strange, but true, we have been disappointed. We have yet to accuse him of want of Faith. Mr. Godwin's mind is a moral phenomenon—some inveterate prejudice has prevented it from yet developing itself in this most elevated degree of progression—it has not yet arrived at this point of perfection. This old man shews sufficiently large experience of the world that now is, but wants, even at this late stage, glimpses of the world to come. That faculty, which is the evidence of things not seen—is not awakened in his soul. Of him it cannot be said, as said Waller of old age—

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light by chinks that time hath made:
> Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
> As they draw near to their eternal home."

The proofs of what we have asserted commence with the beginning of the volume now under review. "We have every reason to believe," says Mr. Godwin, "that the mind cannot subsist without the body; at least we must be very different creatures from what we are at present when that shall take place."—p. 8. Now, we know that the body after death subsists without the intelligent mind which before informed it. Does the mind, then, which appears to be absent, exist no longer? Mr. Godwin indeed, asserts at the conclusion of this essay, (the first) "the superior dignity of mind over body." "This," says he, "we *persuade ourselves*, shall rest uninjured by the mutations of our corporeal frame, and undestroyed by the wreck of the material universe," p. 15. This, however, may be only a persuasion, and not the truth; and, if it is the truth, how does it consist with the axiom that "the mind cannot subsist without the body?"

Let us, nevertheless, do justice to Mr. Godwin's sentiments. He tells us, p. 101,2—

> "Various obvious causes might be selected, which should be calculated to give birth to the feeling of discontent.
> "One is, the not being at home.
> "I will here put together some of the particulars which make up the idea of

* Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries; interspersed with some Particulars respecting the Author. By William Godwin. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange. 1831.

home in the most emphatical sense of the word.

"Home is the place where a man is principally at his ease. It is the place where he most breathes his native air: his lungs play without impediment; and every respiration brings a pure element, and a cheerful and gay frame of mind. Home is the place where he most easily accomplishes all his designs: he has his furniture and materials, and the elements of his occupations, entirely within his reach. Home is the place where he can be uninterrupted. He is in a castle which is his in full propriety. No unwelcome guests can intrude, no harsh sounds can disturb his contemplations: he is master, and can command a silence equal to that of the tomb whenever he pleases.

"In this sense every man feels, while cribbed in a cabin of flesh, and shut up by the capricious and arbitrary injunctions of human communities, that he is not at home."

We are desirous of allowing to Mr. Godwin the full benefit of this passage. If the mind has not here a home, has it a home elsewhere? Mr. Godwin may mean to suggest that it has, though he appears afraid of asserting it. He may also reconcile it with the axiom on which we have animadverted, by conceding to a belief in the Resurrection of the Body, which will then be a Resurrection of Mind—but, in the gloomy interval between, Mr. Godwin would hold something more than "a Sleep of the Soul." He must contend for its non-subsistence, for these are the terms of his axiom—"The mind cannot subsist without the body."

Now we are philosophers as well as Mr. Godwin—have thought as profoundly, commenced as early in life as he the task of thinking for ourselves; and have since exercised much diligence in ascertaining what others have thought on these most important subjects in Britain, Germany, and France. We are glad of it now—that we have thus spent ourselves in these researches; for upon us the ends of the world have come, and now is the time when these treasures of meditation and acquisition may be made available for the general good.

Mr. Godwin informs us in the preface, that he was told that nothing coming from the press will now be welcomed, unless it presents itself in the express form of amusement. "He who shall propose to himself for his principal end, to draw aside in one particular or another the veil from the majesty of intellectual or moral truth, must lay his account in being received with little attention." Mr. Godwin adds, very rightly—"I have not been willing to believe this, and I publish my speculations accordingly." We repeat that Mr. Godwin is right in this. The time has arrived when all the accumulations of ages in the regions of mind, every discovery, whether physical or metaphysical, will be demanded by the present age to be produced for the service of man. That intellect that has not ventured into "dim-discovered tracts," will be found wanting in these days of perpetual endeavour and enterprise. Nothing that has been performed by intellect shall be lost—nothing that it has projected shall be ultimately useless. Man has not laboured in vain—but the harvest is at hand—lo! the fields are white already to the harvest.

In this enlarged view we are glad that we come thus prepared to the task demanded of every intellectual mind in this eventful era of the world's progression. But we are also glad, on Mr. Godwin's account, that we can cope, and successfully, with one of the giants of the years of our boyhood, and, it may be, do something towards correcting some error which time has unfortunately rather confirmed than softened—remove some prejudice, which we, born at a subsequent period, happily escaped,—and, by placing the subject in a more advanced light, flash the certainty of conviction even upon the mind of one grown old in a negative philosophism, which, at best, should only be considered a schoolmaster to introduce the sincere enquirer to a better and more enlarged range of opinion.

Verily, to be carnally minded is death! Yet how thin is the partition which separates death from life! Mr. Godwin will be surprised at the ease with which his erroneous axiom may be corrected. The mistake is simple—he has adopted the converse of a proposition for the proposition itself. We point it out, because it is a common error with all who argue from the sensible to that which transcends experience.

Paley made the same mistake in his famous doctrine of expediency—he took hold of the wrong end of the stick—he began at the opposite pole to that which he should have commenced with, and never got to the end of his journey all his life-long. "Whatever is expedient is right," said he. He should have said, "Whatever is right is expedient." The greater would have included the less—but the less strives in vain to take in the greater. Right has a wider sphere than expediency, and expediency, therefore, is altogether inadequate to become a rule of right, and before it can become identified with it, right must become the rule of expediency. Of the same kind is Mr. Godwin's error. The proposition, of which he is content with the converse, is truly this—" Body cannot subsist without mind."

Mind is the origin of, and before, all things. Mind is eternal. By it matter is ordained, and from it receives form. It is necessarily presupposed in every state and kind of existence, and without it nothing can be conceived to have been made that was made. Mind is, therefore, necessary to the very being of body. Lord Monboddo, in his ancient metaphysics, pursued this subject at very great length, and though he indulged in some strange metaphysical vagaries, he was right in this and many other things to which he devoted his patient and extraordinary genius. In that which appears his wildest chimera, there is nevertheless a basis of truth, and important truth too, on which it is founded. But this by the way. Mind, he contends, is that which moves, and body that which is moved. He differs, he tells us, so much in opinion from those philosophers, who think there is nothing else but body, that he holds there is not, in the whole Universe, as far as our knowledge extends, any body without mind! Mind, therefore, according to the philosophy which he had been taught, pervades the universe, mixes with, and informs every body in it, and produces all the various motions by which the system of nature is carried on.

——— " Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum."

And again—

——— " Totamque, infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet." VIRGIL.

The Divinity he conceived to be pure energy; and it is by acting and energizing that everything in nature partakes, more or less, of divinity. Nothing, therefore, is dead or senseless, but all full of life and motion. Mind, he conceives, is either mediately or immediately the cause of all motion. By motion he means only that kind of motion which consists of change of place or situation, and which, as he shews, is peculiar to body; and in the definition of mind he includes—first, the rational and intellectual;—secondly, the animal life;—thirdly, that principle in the vegetable, by which it is nourished, grows, and produces its like, and which, therefore, is commonly called the vegetable life;—and, fourthly, that *motive principle* which he understands to be in all bodies, even such as are thought to be inanimate.

Now, it is not necessary that we should adopt this division of mind; it is sufficient that we admit the general principle. Berkeley has shewn that, without a percipient mind, matter would have no existence. It could not be known to exist, without an intelligence to know it.—Without intelligence it would not only exist in vain, but its existence is perfectly inconceivable; and Mr. Godwin himself is willing to admit, nay, insists upon the fact, in his Essay (the best in the volume) on Astronomy, that our knowledge of the material Universe is modified by the constitution of our mind, and that the causes of our sensations are not like to the sensations themselves.

" Sound is the result of a percussion of the air. Colour is produced by the reflection of the rays of light; so that the same object, placed in a position different as to the spectator, but in itself remaining unaltered, will produce in him a sensation of different colours, or shades of colour, now blue, now green, now brown, now black, and so on. This is the doctrine of Newton as well as of Locke."—p. 380.

Insisting as he does upon the theory of Berkeley, our readers will, doubtless, be surprised that Mr. Godwin did not fall naturally upon the true

proposition,* instead of its converse. We have already pointed out, in our former article, the reason of this peculiarity in Mr. Godwin's mind.—He seems to want the power of combination. His opinions serve his end well enough in the part in which they are introduced to enforce a particular argument, but he never thinks of referring them as general principles to all argument whatsoever, to which they may be applicable. The basis of each essay is thus too narrow and particular—of too specific a nature—a little plot selected to build a nice pretty theory upon, not an extended quarry hewn out by the hand of Nature, from which the experienced artist might extract abundant veins of richest marbles, and

> "To general sight
> Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
> Those characters of heroes and of gods,
> Which from the crude materials of the world
> His own high mind created."

The defect of mind, however, which we have thus implied, Mr. Godwin has evidently endeavoured to correct in the present volume; but we suspect his mental habits are too fixed to submit to alteration at this late hour.

We are not surprised that one who made mind dependent on body should refer the phenomena of genius to organization. This is the next topic with which Mr. Godwin's readers are presented in an essay, intituled, *Of the Distribution of Talents.* We must enter our protest against this poor way of considering the subject. Not to organization but the strength of the will must such phenomena be referred. All genius consists in the energy of the will. A strong will, in union with a vivid imagination, are the constituents of that extraordinary manifestation of mind, in any particular direction which we call genius—a strong will, with a boundless and unconquerable sympathy for knowledge. It is an inherent wisdom seeking for constituent knowledge, and attracting all towards it, as all things that have life, whether vegetable or animal, attract the external elements to subserve the purpose of their sustentation and growth. We have recorded these opinions before,* but, in this paper we shall enlarge upon them.

With the freedom of this will, we may not suffer anything to interfere. Genius is the result of the exercise of that freedom; and its development is dependent upon attention, and the means of education included in particular circumstances.

It is not necessary that this or that organ be differently prefigured by nature in different men; nor is it necessary to suppose a peculiar organization, whether intellectual or physical, to account for the original tendency of the attention required. It is sufficiently accounted for by a mental act of volition or choice. "It is only one man," said Dr. Johnson, "has more mind than another;" to which may be added, that it is determined, in some particular direction, by an act of volition exercised upon the accidents of individual destiny; for we know nothing of genius, but in its development; of the mere aptitude, of the natural manifestation, we take no note.

Mr. Godwin is a necessarian. He tells us that the rule is a good one, which instructs us to "think with the learned, and talk with the vulgar." Thus, the most learned astronomer talks of the rising and setting of the sun, and forgets, in his ordinary discourse, that the earth is not for ever at rest, and does not constitute the centre of the universe. Thus, however, we reason respecting the attributes of inanimate matter, and the nature of sensation; it never occurs to us, when unoccupied with the affairs of actual life, that there is no heat in fire, and no colour in the rainbow. In like manner, when we contemplate the acts of ourselves and neighbours, our author remarks, that "we can never divest ourselves of the DELUSIVE SENSE *of the liberty of human actions, of the sentiment of conscience, of the feelings of love and hatred, the impulses of praise and blame, and the notions of virtue, duty, obligation, right, claim, guilt, merit and desert;*" but he contends that

> "We shall, however, unquestionably, as our minds grow enlarged, be brought

* See Review of Southey's *Life of Bunyan*, p. 54-66, present volume.

to the entire and unreserved conviction, THAT MAN IS A MACHINE, that he is governed by EXTERNAL IMPULSES, and is to be regarded as the medium only through the intervention of which, previously existing causes are enabled to produce certain effects."—p. 240.

Now, what is the evidence adduced by Mr. Godwin in proof of this conclusion, that MAN IS A MACHINE, and governed by external impulses?

And why should the sense of liberty be characterised as delusive? Mr. Godwin argues upon the case, and accumulates all the circumstantial evidence that he can conjecture, but refuses to bring the witness into court who can speak positively to the point, on the ground that the sense is delusive from which he gives evidence. There is, it seems, something in the spiritual structure of man which utters, and can only utter, an eternal lie; and Mr. Godwin will not believe it on its oath, though it swear by itself, and though, in this instance, it could swear by no greater. But why will not Mr. Godwin believe it? Is there, or is there not, an *essential* difference between matter and mind? Mr. Godwin, though he admits an essential difference, argues on mind as if it were an object of the senses. We may readily admit, that in both there is a series of antecedents and consequents; nay, we may concede that the order of the series possesses equal certainty, (as who can doubt?) in both cases, without implying that both operate by the same mode of necessity. That the Deity exerts a certain influence over the spirit of man, and directly exercises a supreme government over human thoughts and actions, as over the mechanical movements of the material creation, is a theological truth well-grounded both in reason and revelation.

Yet no sound divine or moralist will be a fatalist, or necessarian. He will take into account the will of man as well as the will of God—both act freely. He will call not their voluntary concurrence fatalism, but the communion of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Godwin asserts, that

"To say that in our choice we reject the stronger motive, and that we choose a thing merely because we choose it, is sheer nonsense and absurdity; and whoever with a sound understanding will fix his mind upon the state of the question, will perceive its impossibility."—p. 227.

Here we join issue. Mr. Godwin, however, demonstrates his doctrine, as thus:—

"Every event requires a cause—a cause why it is as it is, and not otherwise; that the human will is guided by motives, and is, consequently, always ruled by the strongest motive; and that we can never choose any thing, either without a motive of preference, or in the way of following the weaker, and deserting the stronger motive."—p. 226.

This is an old argument;—(in fact, there is nothing but what is old in these essays; nowhere has the author struck out a *new* thought or idea; whatever invention he may have exercised has been only in the re-combination of existing materials, and, in some instances, these are oddly assorted)—this is an old argument, but of easy refutation, and of old refuted. What makes the strongest motive? That which is to one man the strongest motive, is to another the weakest. What then makes the strength of the motive? What, but the determination of the will! For the result arises in every case from a determination of the will, which, however influenced by external circumstances, FEELS ITSELF STILL FREE to choose for itself. Nay, it originates its own motives; for what is a motive? That which *moves*. Now, we have shewn that mind is alone that which *moves*, body being the only thing that is moved. The *Mind*, then, is the MOTIVE-POWER! Nothing can move the mind—but it moves all other things. A motive, then, is neither more nor less than an act of the will itself—self-originated—and is one and the same with the act of election; though it must be acknowledged, that however free to choose, it can only choose from among the objects presented to its choice. These objects are subject to the law of necessity, as finite presentments in time and space; but the will is not limited by that law—*it may reject them all*. These objects may be good or evil—a man may be called upon to choose the latter. Every man is born into evil conditions as well as good. He may become guilty; but can only be so when he yields to their temptation, or submits to their necessity. For his soul is beyond the sphere of their

necessity; if he can only live by submitting, he may escape from it by death. Let him become a martyr for the Right and True! Well was man made capable of death, that, in the last resort, the liberty of his will might be yet preserved!

It is quite certain that Mr. Godwin proceeded in his inquiry, without once asking himself the question—"What is the faculty of will, of which I am discussing the laws and operations?" Be it known then to all whom it may concern—*i. e.* all that exist—that the will is the spirit of man—that man's spirit is a rational spirit—and that his will is a reasonable will—that spirit is differenced from matter in that it is free, and originates its own acts and states—and that man's will, even as his spirit, is free. Is this an assertion merely? Even so; but it is an assertion which is better than any proof that can be given. It is an assertion of a something, the proof of which no man can *give* to another, yet every man may *find* for himself, and he finds it as an essential of our *common* humanity. If he *will* not find it, says a profound writer, he excommunicates himself. He forfeits his *personal* rights, and becomes a *thing; i. e.* one that may rightfully be *employed*, or *used*, as a means to an end against his will and without regard to his interest. Every man who yields to the temptation or the necessity of evil, so far forth submits to the wilful extinction of his *moral and personal* life. Only on this principle may capital punishments be vindicated, such wilful extinction being, for the purposes of punitive justice, equivalent to a destruction of *natural life*—every man so executed is considered as a suicide, and his ignominious punishment must be regarded as an act of *posthumous* disgrace. We mean not to contend that such posthumous disgrace is right or expedient—but with a thing—a mere thing—what may not be done with impunity? What rights can it have?—The uses to which it may be put, must have reference to the rights of others—to what may be deemed expedient for the good of others—in itself and for itself it is a matter of no consideration. Only by obedience to the conscience and the moral law may the moral and personal life of an individual be maintained, improved, and perfected. Only such an one is emphatically a man, and therefore a free man. In this sense, though the human will be essentially free, yet the will of many men is in bondage—meantime, he whom the truth hath made free is free indeed!

It is characteristic of Mr. Godwin's mind, that in a subsequent part of his book, he has completely invalidated his argument drawn from the series of antecedents and consequents in the material world. In his Essay—*Of the Material Universe*—arguing on the Berkleian hypothesis for the non-existence of matter, he repeats the fact of the want of likeness between a sensation and its external cause. There is nothing in the nature of a parallel, a type and its archetype, between that which is without man, and that which is within, the impresser and the impression. But the case is far otherwise, he contends, in the impressions we receive respecting the minds of other men. In mind there is a precise resemblance and analogy between the conceptions we are led to entertain respecting other men and what we know of ourselves. I and my associate, or fellow-man, are like two instruments of music constructed upon the same model. We have each of us, so to speak, the three great divisions of sound—base, tenor, and treble. We have each the same number of keys, capable of being struck, consecutively or with alternations, at the will of the master. We can utter the same sound, or series of sounds, or sounds of a different character, but which respond to each other. My neighbour, therefore, being of the same nature as myself, what passes within me may be regarded as amounting to a commanding evidence that he is a real being, having a proper and independent existence. For the sceptic must admit the reality of his own existence. There is such a thing, therefore, as human nature; for he is a specimen of it. With all the properties or accidents, which belong to man as such, each man is acquainted in the sphere of his inward experience. I know the reality of human nature; for I feel the particulars that constitute it within my-

self. The impressions I receive from intercourse with my fellow men say something to me, for they talk to me of beings like myself. The phenomena of the material universe say nothing to me; they are a series of events and no more; I cannot penetrate into their causes; that which gives rise to my sensations, may or may not be similar to the sensations themselves. Of the possibility of matter I know nothing. But with the possibility of mind I am acquainted; for I am myself an example. I have the most cogent reasons to believe in the causes of the phenomena that occur in my apparent intercourse with my fellow men. What solution so natural as that they are produced by beings like myself, the duplicates, with certain variations, of what I feel within me?

Such is, in brief, Mr. Godwin's statement. He then proceeds —

"The belief in the reality of matter, explains nothing. Supposing it to exist, if Newton is right, no particle of extraneous matter ever touched the matter of my body; and, therefore, it is not just to regard it as the cause of my sensations. It would amount to no more than two systems going on at the same time by a pre-established harmony, but totally independent of and disjoined from each other."—p. 148.

If this be the case—and there is no good reason to believe otherwise—what becomes of Mr. Godwin's arguments in favour of philosophical necessity? His series of antecedents and consequents is no longer an established order of causes and effects! Newton was of opinion, that matter was made up, in the last resort, of exceedingly small solid particles, having no pores, or empty spaces within them, and surrounded these particles with spheres of attraction and repulsion, precluding in all cases their actual contact. There being no actual contact, no two particles of matter were ever so near to each other, but that they might be brought nearer, if a sufficient force could be applied for that purpose. You had only another sphere of repulsion to conquer; and, as there never is actual contact, the whole world is made up of one sphere of repulsion after another, without the possibility of ever arriving at an end. It follows, therefore, that any effect produced in or upon any particle of matter, cannot be ascribed to the contact of any other as its cause. Where, then, is the necessary connexion between cause and effect in the series of antecedents and consequents observed in the material universe?

The fact is, that the relation between cause and effect is, in all instances, supplied by the mind, and never found in any occurrence of nature. It is only a mode of the mind's conceiving—only one of the categories under which the mind judges of the objects of experience. In nature, all is a series of effects—the cause, whatever it may be, is no subject of sense. A cause is the action of an agent on a patient, in order to the production of an effect. It, therefore, must be a motive-power, and such has no residence in matter, but is a property of mind, and mind only. Gravity, Newton said, must be caused by an agent acting constantly according to certain laws; but whether this agent were material or immaterial, he would not pretend to decide. It may now be safely said, that this agent is immaterial—let it be confessed, at once, that it is none other than a Divine Influence. This Divine Influence, doubtless, acts upon the human mind when it is called to choose between one thing and another; but, spirit can only act on spirit by reason of their mutual freedom.—And, with respect to matter, this Divine Influence may produce an effect without the intervention of an apparent antecedent, if it should see fit;—for, we have seen, that there is no necessary connexion or relation between the consequent and the antecedent, between which no contact can take place. It is true, that Newton has, in some places, attempted to make up this relation, by the supposition of a subtile ether. But this was to reduce the law of gravitation to a mere phenomenon, which would again force the inquirer back in a regressive series, to make discovery of another law as the ground of the phenomenon. That he submitted to such an hypothesis at all, was an act of condescension to inferior intellects, that, if possible, he might render the subject to them more intelligible.

It is now high time, that we return to the subject of that diversity and distribution of talents which is called genius, which we proposed to treat more at large. We have said, that it is a determination of the mind in some particular direction by an act of volition exercised upon the accidents of individual destiny. We agree with Mr. Godwin, that every man has an aptitude for something or other; but we dispute, and utterly deny, that men fall into classes, as do organized bodies of the animal or vegetable kingdom. Moreover, such aptitude, whatever Mr. Godwin may think, is not the gift of nature, but of a higher power. Mr. Godwin says, that the poet is born a poet; and so he is:—but he also tells us, that a shoemaker is not born a shoemaker—why?—for he may be born among a people by whom shoes are not worn—and still less is he destined by his structure to be a metaphysician, an astronomer, or a lawyer, a rope-dancer, a fortune-teller, or a juggler. Now, this is an absurd distinction. All these persons are as much born to be what they may become, as the poet. It is ridiculous to say, that "a child is not designed by his original formation to be a manufacturer of shoes, for he may be born among a people by whom shoes are not worn." Mr. Godwin cannot mean to say, that such child is born incapable of becoming a shoemaker; for the first man who made a pair of shoes, must have been born among a people by whom shoes were not worn. Let Mr. Godwin learn the truth. Man is born poet, shoemaker, metaphysician, astronomer, lawyer, rope-dancer, fortune-teller, juggler, and what not. Which he shall become of these, depends on the decision of his will; and as the will, if it choose at all, can only choose from among the objects by which it is surrounded, as we have before shewn, such decision, which, it is probable, will be made in early life, will have reference to some circumstances connected with that period. In this choice it will manifest its freedom, and act upon such motives as it originates for itself, rather than upon such as are sought to be imposed upon it by others. It will not be the particular line of life, perhaps, that may have been designed by the parent, or guardian, or master; but some by-path which had been seen but once, and attracted by its novelty, or but seldom, and pleased by its rarity, or frequently, and attached by its value—but something of which, by a secret and self-originated act, the will of the individual had made free election, and which being freely chosen was congenially pursued. Mr. Godwin himself has invented a title for this very principle—he has called it "the rebelliousness of man;" and, in his essay on the subject, has, in fact, decided the question satisfactorily, though he does not seem to know it, which here he endeavours to solve by such means as we have condemned. Another instance this of the exclusive view in which he considers every section of an argument about which he may engage his reason.

"The original impulse of man is uncontrollableness. When the spirit of life first descends upon us, we desire and attempt to be free as air. We are impatient of restraint. This is the PERIOD OF THE EMPIRE OF WILL. There is a power within us that wars against the restraint of another. We are eager to follow our own impulses and caprices, and are with difficulty subjected to those who believe they best know how to control inexperienced youth in a way that shall tend to his ultimate advantage."—p. 105.

In his essay *Of Leisure*, he tells us at large and explicitly how a peculiar state and character of mind is produced. The whole passage is exceedingly beautiful, and we therefore extract it.

"The body is the implement and instrument of the mind, the tool by which most of its purposes are to be effected. We live in the midst of a material world, or of what we call such. The greater part of the pursuits in which we engage are achieved by the action of the limbs and members of the body upon external matter. Our communications with our fellow men are all of them carried on by means of the body.

"Now the action of the limbs and members of the body is infinitely improved by those exercises in which the schoolboy becomes engaged during his hours of play. In the first place it is to be considered that we do those things most thoroughly and in the shortest time, which are spontaneous, the result of our own volition; and such are the exercises in which the schoolboy engages during this period. His heart and soul are in what he does. The man

or the boy must be a poor creature indeed, who never does any thing but as he is bid by another. It is in his voluntary acts and his sports that he learns the skilful and effective use of his eye and his limbs. He selects his mark, and he hits it. He tries again and again, effort after effort, and day after day, till he has surmounted the difficulty of the attempt and the rebellion of his members. Every articulation and muscle of his frame is called into action, till all are obedient to the master-will; and his limbs are lubricated and rendered pliant by exercise, as the limbs of the Grecian athlete were lubricated with oil.

"Thus he acquires, first dexterity of motion, and next, which is of no less importance, a confidence in his own powers, a consciousness that is able to effect what he purposes, a calmness and serenity which resemble the sweeping of the area, and scattering of the sawdust, upon which the dancer or the athlete is to exhibit with grace, strength, and effect.

"So much for the advantages reaped by the schoolboy during his hours of play, as to the maturing his bodily powers, and the improvement of those faculties of his mind which more immediately apply to the exercise of his bodily powers.

"But, besides this, it is indispensable to the well-being and advantage of the individual, that he should employ the faculties of his mind in spontaneous exertions. I do not object, especially during the period of nonage, to a considerable degree of dependence and control. But his greatest advancement, even then, seems to arise from the interior impulses of his mind. The schoolboy exercises his wit, and indulges in sallies of the thinking principle. This is wholesome; this is fresh; it has twice the quickness, clearness, and decision in it, that are to be found in those acts of the mind which are employed about the lessons prescribed to him.

"In school our youth are employed about the thoughts, the acts, and suggestions of other men. This is all mimicry, and a sort of second-hand business. It resembles the proceeding of the fresh listed soldier at drill; he has ever his eye on his right-hand man, and does not raise his arm, nor advance his foot, nor move his finger, but as he sees another perform the same motion before him. It is when the schoolboy proceeds to the play-ground, that he engages in real action and real discussion; it is then that he is an absolute human being and a genuine individual.

"The debates of schoolboys, their discussions what they shall do and how it shall be done, are anticipations of the scenes of maturer life. They are the dawnings of committees, and vestries, and hundred courts, and wardmotes, and folkmotes, and parliaments. When boys consult when and where their next cricket-match shall be played, it may be regarded as the embryo representation of a consult respecting a grave enterprise to be formed, or a colony to be planted. And, when they enquire respecting poetry and prose, and figures and tropes, and the dictates of taste, this aptly prepares them for the investigations of prudence and morals, and religious principles, and what is science, and what is truth.

"It is thus that the wit of man, to use the word in the old Saxon sense, begins to be cultivated. One boy gives utterance to an assertion; and another joins issue with him. The wheels of the engine of the brain are set in motion, and, without force, perform their healthful revolutions. The stripling feels himself called upon to exert his presence of mind, and becomes conscious of the necessity of an immediate reply. Like the unfledged bird, he spreads his wings, and essays their powers. He does not answer, like a boy in his class, who tasks his understanding or not, as the whim of the moment shall prompt him, where one boy honestly performs to the extent of his ability, and others disdain the empire assumed over them, and get off as cheaply as they can. He is no longer under review, but is engaged in real action. The debate of the schoolboy is the combat of the intellectual gladiator, where he fences and parries, and thrusts with all the skill and judgment he possesses.

"There is another way in which the schoolboy exercises his powers during his periods of leisure. He is often in society; but he is ever and anon in solitude. At no period of human life are our reveries so free and untrammelled, as at the period here spoken of. He climbs the mountain cliff, and penetrates into the depths of the woods. His joints are well strung; he is a stranger to fatigue. He rushes down the precipice, and mounts again with ease, as though he had the wings of a bird. He ruminates, and pursues his own trains of reflection and discovery, 'exhausting worlds,' as it appears to him, 'and then imagining new.' He hovers on the brink of the deepest philosophy, enquiring—how came I here, and to what end? He becomes a castle builder, constructing imaginary colleges and states, and searching out the businesses in which they are to be employed, and the schemes by which they are to be regulated. He thinks what he would do, if he possessed uncontrollable strength, if he could fly, if he could make himself invisible. In this train of mind he learns his first lessons of liberty and independence. He learns self-reverence, and says to himself, 'I also am an artist and a maker.' He ruffles himself under the yoke, and feels that he

suffers foul tyranny when he is driven, and when brute force is exercised upon him to compel him to a certain course, or to chastise his faults, imputed or real."—p. 165—171.

Having thus shewn the benefits of leisure to the schoolboy, with equal grace and force Mr. Godwin proceeds to shew that they are not less to man when arrived at years of discretion; and well asserts that "there should be a season when the mind is free as air, when not only we should follow without restraint any train of thinking or action, within the bounds of sobriety, and that is not attended with injury to others, that our minds may suggest to us, but *should sacrifice at the shrine of intellectual liberty*, and spread our wings, and take our flight into untried regions."

Before we quit this subject, the influence of the will on the human character, we may, with advantage, in reference to what Mr. Godwin calls "the rebelliousness of man," quote a brief paragraph from a little work which deserves much commendation at our hands: *

"As individuality is marked more by defect, distortion, or excess, than by the predominance of right reason and goodness, the means of depicting individuals are lessened in proportion to the approximation of the character to the standard of moral and intellectual symmetry. And in proportion, also, to the symmetry of the character under observation, a nicer discrimination, and a higher analysis of phenomena are required to ascertain the elements of the individual conformation. But this nice discrimination, and this high analysis, demand, on the part of the observer, not merely fine perceptions, and a practised faculty of abstraction, but also a susceptibility to all that is just and noble in sentiment; and a sympathy with all that is good, and kind, and pure in feeling:—hence it is, that we shall find a hundred satirists sooner than one mind competent to the philosophical observation of the fair side of human nature. The natural attitude of inspection is prone; we do not often observe accurately any object that rises much above the level of the eye: the same is true of the moral sight: and it may be remarked, of those who profess to be observers of human nature, that their own feelings fix the upper limits of their power of discrimination; and that they rarely fail to fall into egregious mistakes as often as they attempt to philosophize on any sample of excellence that is above the rate of their personal character. The profligate, the acrimonious, and the malignant, are often very exact scrutinizers of actions and motives; they discern the minutest objects, and distinguish the faintest differences in their own element—which is evil; but out of that element, they have no faculty of vision."—pp. 6, 7.

These remarks were forced upon the author by the fact, that all the characters portrayed by Theophrastus are vicious. This should be rather solely attributed to the excess of such characters in society, and to the fact, that characters are best discriminated by their defects. For nearly the same thing is true of the characters of Bishop Earle, a man neither profligate, acrimonious, nor malignant.† Out of seventy-eight, there are only about the odd eight that are at all exemplary.—All these are pretty good proofs of the empire of the will, to which Mr. Godwin ascribes the rebelliousness of man. We are glad, however, that this veteran author is no friend to the modern system of organic philosophy, known by the name of phrenology. He, however, errs in supposing that it has not received sufficient refutation. Thomas Stone, Esq., President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, in two pamphlets concerning the phrenological development of Burke and Hare,‡ proceeding on an induction of facts, and by a plain series of

* The Characters of Theophrastus; illustrated by Physiognomical Sketches. To which are subjoined, Hints on the Individual Varieties in Human Nature, and general Remarks. Family Classical Library, No. XVI. Valpy. 1831.

† Microcosmography; or a Piece of the World discovered: in Essays and Characters. By John Earle, D. D. of Christ Church and Merton Colleges, Oxford, and Bishop of Salisbury. A new Edition: to which are added, Notes and an Appendix. By Philip Bliss, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. London: Printed for John Harding, St. James's Street; and White and Cochrane, Fleet Street. 1811.

‡ Observations on the Phrenological Development of Burke and Hare, and other atrocious Murderers; Measurements of the Heads of the most atrocious Thieves, &c. &c. presenting an extensive series of Facts subversive of Phrenology. Read before the

measurements, has succeeded in exploding the whole theory. Let Mr. Godwin read these two pamphlets, and then the leading article in the eighth number of the *Foreign Review* on the subject of phrenology, and he will find that the system has been destroyed on all its grounds, whether psychological, physiological, or craniological. Decisions, moreover, founded on craniological rules, as the translator of Theophrastus well suggests, "are liable to error in many ways: for even if the elements of mind were scientifically known; and if the constant external symbols of these elements were ascertained; and if the results of individual combination of these elements were understood; a capital source of misinterpretation would remain, because that which is most important in the actual condition of the mind is often very remotely connected with muscular action, and wholly independent of original conformation." More dependence is to be placed by far on physiognomy than on craniology; and even in the case of physiognomy, the express conformation is dependent on the operations of mind rather than on physical organization; for, as is well observed by the translator aforesaid, though "facts might never lead to the belief that the physiognomical indications of the intellectual character are *nothing more* than effects gradually produced by certain habits of action in the facial muscles; yet in the physiognomical indication of the emotions, there are much stronger appearances of this sort of causation. For example: the face of one who is every hour hurling wrath and curses on his fellows, and flinging defiances to heaven, seems, in great measure, to have become what it is by the repetition of certain violent movements."

Nothing more, however, can be necessary with Mr. Godwin than to recommend him to read over what he has himself written on the rebelliousness of man, and particularly that excellent one on the subject of leisure, from which we have quoted so beautiful an extract. The essay which succeeds treats *Of Imitation and Invention.* In this disquisition he takes occasion to controvert the saying of the wise man—"that the thing that has been, is that which is; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun"—and finds a difficulty in pronouncing how the *Old Testament* came indiscriminately to be considered as written by divine inspiration. Into the question of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, we have neither space nor desire to enter here—though we nothing doubt it—but we question very much whether Mr. Godwin has ever satisfied himself as to *what* inspiration *is.* This preliminary question has been neglected by controversialists on both sides, and for want of a definition they have "darkened counsel by words without knowledge." Mr. Godwin admits that the maxim of Solomon contains a sufficient quantity of unquestionable truth, and opines that speech—manners—religion—civil practices—and political creeds, are all imitation. But the life, character, and acts of Moses—the invasion of Greece by the Persians, with the conquests of Alexander—the introduction of Christianity—the history of Rome, three times mistress of the world—these rank under the category of invention.

"The great principle of Originality, is in the soul of man. And here, again, we may recur to Greece, the parent of all that is excellent in art. Painting, statuary, architecture, poetry, in their most exquisite and ravishing forms, originated in this little province. Is not the Iliad a new thing, and that will for ever remain new? Whether it was written by one man, as I believe, or, as the levellers of human glory would have us think, by many, there it stands: all the ages of the world present us nothing that can come in competition with it.

"Shakspeare is another example of unrivalled originality. His fame is like the giant-rivers of the world; the further it flows, the wider it spreads out its stream, and the more marvellous is the power with which it sweeps along.

Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. By Thomas Stone, Esq., President of the Royal Medical Society. Edinburgh, 1829.

A Rejoinder to the Answer of George Combe, Esq. By Thomas Stone, Esq., President, &c. Edinburgh, 1829.

" But, in reality, all poetry, and all art, that have a genuine claim to originality are new, the smallest as well as the greatest.

" It is the mistake of dull minds only, to suppose that every thing has been said, that human wit is exhausted, and that we who have unfortunately fallen upon the dregs of time, have no alternative left, but either to be silent, or to say over and over again, what has been well said already."—p. 196.

This opinion of Mr. Godwin's, however, receives considerable modification in a subsequent part of the same essay :—

" There is another circumstance that may be mentioned, which, particularly as regards the question of repetition and novelty that is now under consideration, may seem to operate in an eminent degree in favour of science, while it casts a most discouraging veil over poetry and the pure growth of human fancy and invention. Poetry is, after all, nothing more than new combinations of old materials. *Nihil est in intellectu, quod non fuit prius in sensu.* The poet has, perhaps, in all languages, been called a maker, a creator; but this seems to be a vainglorious and an empty boast. He is a collector of materials only, which he afterwards uses as best he may be able. He answers to the description I have heard given of a tailor, a man who cuts to pieces whatever is delivered to him from the loom, that he may afterwards sew it together again. The poet, therefore, we may be told, adds nothing to the stock of ideas and conceptions already laid up in the storehouse of mind. But the man who is employed upon the secrets of nature, is eternally in progress; day after day he delivers in to the magazine of materials for thinking and acting, what was not there before; he increases the stock, upon which human ingenuity and the arts of life are destined to operate. He does not, as the poet may be affirmed by his censurers to do, travel for ever in a circle, but continues to hasten towards a goal, while at every interval we may mark how much further he has proceeded from the point at which his race began."—p. 200, 201.

We have already sufficiently shewn, in a paper in our first number, " on Poetical Genius considered as a Creative Power," that the poet is really a maker, and that his power extends beyond that of mere combination, to the creation of original ideas. Mr. Godwin would doubtless admit, that there was, at any rate, the idea of combination itself to which the poet might lay claim, as having its origin in his own soul. Indeed, our author has undertaken the poet's vindication, but as he has not, in our apprehension, sufficiently justified his case, we shall also give some opinions on the subject of Original Ideas; and in what we shall say, shall reconcile Solomon's maxim with the assertion of the poet's rights. We shall shew that genius ever works like nature, and that, therefore, the newest of its discoveries is as old as the creation. Moreover, there is a wide distinction to be made between originality and novelty—the wise man might deny the latter without impugning at all the former.

Novelty can only relate to the form in which ideas are expressed. This may be in some mode of human action or passion—some dialect of language or speech—or some modification of matter—but, in every instance, must consist in combination only, not of creation. The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone, may be patiently tamed, lines may be described with an easier hand, colours may be united with more ample scope; yet " the thing that has been, is that which is; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is nothing new under the sun." The idea thus expressed, may be originally created in the individual mind, yet, as it belongs to our common humanity, it lay potentially and actually in the mind of the first man as in ours; the form of its expression may be new, yet such form is but a different arrangement of parts which had existence from the beginning of time. To the philosopher and poet, *words* are the only available instruments of expression—and even in the case of Kant, who gave birth to a perfectly original philosophy, which required new terms of expression, all that he could do was to use old words in new senses; or it may be in senses only obsolete.

But whatever be the modes of expression, whether words or forms, they are equally alike material instruments only; and, as the combinations of matter, however indefinite, are, after all, only finite, the same forms will be recurring at different intervals of time. The Omnibus, which is now a novelty, was a common conveyance in the time of our grandmothers, who were accustomed to travel from London to Wimbledon and elsewhere, in " the

long coach." And thus of language, —which, in its philosophical sense, embraces sounds and signs of all kinds; music, painting, sculpture;—every medium by which ideas may be conveyed, and represented to hearing or to sight—though the ideas be varied, the signs are the same. Though the game be different, they are the same counters. Yet let it be recollected that the ideas are varied, and that the game is different.

Originality is an intense feeling of the mind, which stamps its effusions with the distinguishing mark of self. An original poet will act, and think, and feel, and discourse, *ab origine;* that is, from the immediate influences of his own spirit. Originality does not consist in saying what no man has said before, or in extravagant inventions. But it is a faculty imbedded in the deep recesses of the heart; and as drop after drop it distils from the great fountain of sensibility, the imagination of the poet hardens it into crystal for posterity, and consecrates it as the richest and rarest treasure in the temple of genius. Originality consists with a regard to nature, probability, and precedent—indeed, it can only be originality, inasmuch as it conforms to the feelings and experience of nature. What is merely novel, may be false; but originality never departs from the association, or the search of truth. Whether lying familiarly at our feet, like the flower named of the eye of day, or glowing above our head in glory, like the star which led the eastern sages to the Heavenly Child, or buried in the mystic deeps of ages, or, far up the magic shores of metaphysical speculation, enshrined in almost inaccessible retreats, truth is the object of its contemplation—truth is the subject of its dreams.

The reader will now readily apprehend the difference between originality and novelty. In the primitive ages of the world, originality is the principal characteristic of works of art. Novelty is the main object of request in later times: expression is all—the matter expressed little or nothing. It may be a truth or a lie which is communicated, but so that the combination in which it is delivered be new, what care *they?*—the *herd* of readers of modern times!

The title page of Mr. Godwin's work expresses, that it is "interspersed with some particulars respecting the author." This, we presume, was suggested by the booksellers, as a means of adding interest to a book that ought not to have stood in need of any such prurient excitement. The notices of the author are scanty enough, and there is nothing particular in them except, that as he is also the author of the *Enquiry concerning Political Justice*, the self-analysis of a philosophical mind is calculated to awaken expectation. We all know the great value of Mr. Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* in this respect; Mr. Godwin's confessions, however, are as inferior to these as they are to those of Saint Augustine, or of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He tells us, one of the earliest passions of his mind was the love of truth and sound opinion. He, accordingly, broke loose from all the shackles that in his youth had been imposed on him, and said to Truth, "Go on; whithersoever thou leadest I am prepared to follow!" To weigh the evidence, he says, "for and against a proposition, in scales so balanced, that *the division of the twentieth part of one poor scruple, the estimation of a hair*, shall be recognised and submitted to, is the privilege of a mind of no ordinary fairness and firmness." This extraordinary privilege he challenges for himself. We are much mistaken, if in much that he has followed he has not, to use his own language, taken many an "*ignis-fatuus* for a guide, and many a stray notion, the meteor of a day, for everlasting truth." In forsaking the morning star of faith, he has wandered, we doubt not, frequently from the humble abode of truth, and missed "the place where the young Child was born." During his college life, he read all sorts of books, yet he was slow of conviction, and by no means "given to change." When he became acquainted with truth, (or rather, what he deemed such), he went into all companies to communicate the same to others, but frequently met with unexpected opposition, and was sometimes staggered in his own opinions. He, therefore, became cautious, and was contented to be a listener rather than a speaker, and by

no means made it a law with himself to defend principles and characters he honoured on every occasion on which he might hear them attacked. The publication of his *Enquiry concerning Political Justice* gave to his manner a boldness and an eloquence more than was natural to him. "I then reverted to the principle which I stated in the beginning, of being ready to tell my neighbour whatever it might be of advantage to him to know, to shew myself the sincere and zealous advocate of absent merit and worth, and to contribute by every means in my power to the improvement of others, and to the diffusion of salutary truths through the world. I desired that every hour that I lived should be turned to the best account, and was bent each day to examine whether I had conformed myself to this rule. I held on this course with tolerable constancy for five or six years; and, even when that constancy abated, it failed not to leave a beneficial effect on my subsequent conduct." He now found himself treated with deference; but his genius often deserted him. He was far from having the thought, the argument, or the illustration at all times ready, when it was required. His powers, therefore, were precarious; he could not always be the intrepid and qualified advocate of truth. A few minutes afterwards, or on his return to his chambers, he would often recollect the train of thinking, which would have shewn him off to advantage, if he could have had it at command the moment it was wanted. He appears, accordingly, to have thought at last that he was by nature more of a speculative than an active character, more inclined to reason within himself upon what he saw and heard, than to declaim concerning it. He, therefore, withdrew from the public arena, that he might sit by unobserved, which he most loved, and meditate upon the panorama before him.

A better philosophy than that which Mr. Godwin had cultivated, would have made him eloquent at all imes. In season, and out of season, he would have been instant; and, though he would not have been inspired, he would have spoken as one having authority, and the record which he might have borne would have been true, for it would have been of his own being, a revelation of his inner self.

"Madame De Stael has said of some mystics, that they "penetrate, with an inconceivable sagacity, into every thing which gives birth in the human mind to fear or hope, to suffering or to happiness; and no sect ascends as they do to the origin of emotions in the soul. There is so much interest in this sort of enquiry, that even those who are otherwise of moderate understanding enough, when they have the least mystical inclination in their hearts, attract and captivate by their conversation, as if they were endowed with transcendant genius."

If this can be said with truth of the pseudo-mystic, what would not be the power of the true, to whom was given the spirit of truth? The fact is, Mr. Godwin is a mere Intellectualist, and his reasoning is speculative, a mode of ratiocination which makes a man doubt, and therefore pause in discoursing; the practical reason, however, is never at a loss for its appropriate expression.

Better than the meagre self-analysis given by Mr. Godwin, his Essay on *Astronomy* displays his character. This essay is a splendid piece of work—the subject is lofty, and its treatment is magnificent. His scepticism shews well here; beautiful as the firmament, and sublime as the "majestical roof, fretted with golden fire!" It is wide in its scope as space, universal as creation. It exults over the planets, it soars beyond the stars, it ascends to the origin of evil, and questions the benevolence of Deity. Let us follow it in its daring flights.

Astronomy is first of all built upon the evidence of the senses. But in the inferences we make from our sensations, though our senses be not fallible, we may be deceived. In order to correct a possible false inference, reference should be had to more senses than one. And, after all, the existence of matter may be doubted altogether, and the phenomena of the heavens, as apprehended by our senses, may have no correlative in reality. Even so; but we apprehend that the student of astronomy will be

satisfied with the same evidence, in regard to the goings-on of the planets and stars, which he has concerning the actual existence of his chairs and tables. Perception is an ultimate fact in the philosophy of mind —it involves a conception of the object perceived, with a strong and irresistible conviction and belief of its present existence, independent of all reasoning. The object itself is, however, like every other cause with which we profess acquaintance, neither knowable nor perceivable—is neither the object of the understanding nor of the sense—but of faith! Mr. Godwin by this may perceive how necessary is this sublime principle of faith even to our apprehension of the meanest object that addresses the senses. So far from being able to advance a single step towards knowledge, we are not able to perform the least act of perception, without its aid. In a science so elevated as astronomy, therefore, the wonder is, not that we should find so much to believe, as that we should find no more.

The Bishop of Landaff, in answer to Thomas Paine, for censuring St. Paul's saying, that one star differeth from another star *in glory*—whereas he ought, according to that deist, to have said *in distance*, justly remarks that—"All men *see* that one star differeth from another star in glory or brightness; but few men *know* that their difference in brightness arises from their difference in distance; and I beg leave to say, that even you, philosopher as you are, do not *know* it. You make an assumption which you cannot prove—that the stars are *equal* in magnitude, and placed at *different* distances from the earth;—but you cannot prove that they are not *different* in magnitude, and placed at *equal* distances, though none of them may be so near to the earth, as to have any sensible annual *parallax*." Mr. Godwin is strongly convinced of the difficulty in determining either the distances or the magnitudes of the celestial bodies, and corroborates his scepticism with scriptural authority. "According to the received Mosaic chronology, we are now in the five thousand eight hundred and thirty fifth year from the creation: the Samaritan version adds to this date. It is therefore scarcely in the spirit of a Christian, that Herschel talks to us of a light, which must have been two millions of years in reaching the earth?" There may be and there is a difficulty—perhaps an impossibility—in accurately calculating what nevertheless astronomers present with a large array of figures. Mr. Godwin is also right in asserting, that "mathematics may be the science of certainty to celestial natures, but not to man." So too of arithmetic, when we undertake to apply its processes to the realities of life.

"Arithmetic, unsubjected to the impulses of passion and the accidents of created nature, holds on its course; but, in the phenomena of the actual world, *time and chance happeneth to them all.* Thus it is, for example, in the arithmetical and geometrical ratios, set up in political economy by the celebrated Mr. Malthus. His numbers will go on smoothly enough, 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, as representing the principle of population among mankind, and 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the means of subsistence; but restive and uncomplying nature refuses to conform herself to his *dicta*. Dr. Price has calculated the produce of one penny, put out at the commencement of the Christian æra to five *per cent.* compound interest, and finds that in the year 1791, it would have increased to a greater sum than would be contained in three hundred millions of earths, all solid gold. But what has this to do with the world in which we live? Did ever any one put out his penny to interest in this fashion for 1800 years? And, if he did, where was the gold to be found, to satisfy his demand?"—p. 395.

In a matter therefore of such uncertainty as the magnitudes and distances of the heavenly bodies, Mr. Godwin is right in contending that all that sound science requires, is that we should profess to know them in their relations to each other only; and not any thing of them absolutely. Yet before we proceed to pass a sweeping censure upon astronomers in this respect, we might inquire whether these figures express any thing more than such relations? Perhaps, smaller numbers would be more expedient, and if these astonishing large sums should be found practically inconvenient in any part of the business of life, on sea or shore, to which the science of astronomy is applicable, let them be changed for more rememberable ratios. Let us not, however, forget that

the chief value of all science is, as it respects the mind, and as it exists for the mind alone. These numbers, it may be, are true for the mind only; but *for that* they are true;—true in the same sense as the pure mathematics are the science of certainty. By the aid of such science, man approximates to the excellence of angelic natures. The great use thereof is to excite and awaken ideas which would have remained else dormant in the human reason, and which, thus roused as by the touch of an Ithuriel's spear, seeks in external objects for the exponents, and presently finds it convenient to comprehend such objects under a certain class, in order to generalize each and all in a conception, and include them under some universal law of Nature. Thus the falling of the apple suggested to Newton the law of gravitation; that is, excited the idea of such a law and as every idea is correlated to some law, which is never more than the expression of an idea, he inferred the existence of such a law in nature. For he had not the presumption to found a universal law upon a particular phenomenon; yet he universalized the phenomenon. Why? Because the very impulse to do this involves the prior *assumption* of some efficient law in nature, as the common ground and condition *presupposed* by the contemplating mind in each and all,—attributed to all phenomena, but derived from none. Thus it is with what we call the Laws of Nature; they are but the forms in which the understanding judges of phenomena, the ideas by which the reason speculates upon the visible universe. The mind creates them after the fashion of its own being, and seeks in nature for the image of that law, which it received immediately from the Origin of all Law, in whose image it was itself created.

Mr. Godwin next objects to the supposition that the planets are inhabited. He does not deny that the earth is a planet, and that the earth is inhabited; but asks for proof that the other planets are inhabited also. This proof, it is confessed, cannot be given; and, therefore, since he is determined to believe nothing without the evidence of sense, nor on it either, he refuses to credit the conjecture, however reasonable, that they are the residences of intelligent beings. He sees no reason to conceive that it is inconsistent with the attributes of Deity, that such large masses should remain uninhabited, because in this planet of ours we find vast deserts, and immense tracks of burning sands. Earthquakes, and tempests, wasting hurricanes, shipwrecks, diseases to which the human frame is subject, animal food, misery and vice, war, conquest, oppression, tyranny, slavery, insurrections, massacres, cruel punishments, degrading corporal infliction, the extinction of life under the forms of law, private unhappiness and poverty, would argue against either the power or the goodness of God, but that we are reminded, that "My thoughts are not your thoughts; neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord!" It is, therefore, not according to our narrow and imperfect ideas of benevolence that we are to conclude of what is consistent with the attributes of Deity. Now, this question has been settled by Paley, as to the consistency of the existence of evil with the Divine attributes, as being a matter of degree, in the way of an exception to a rule, and not the rule itself. Six worlds uninhabited, and one only inhabited, would constitute the latter the exception. The evidence only goes to prove, that a *part* of this world of ours is uninhabitable; is is this any reason to infer that the *whole* of any other is a mere waste and desolation?

We have no space to enter into any reasons to show why we might believe that the planets are the residences of intelligent beings, and readily acknowledge that the belief is the result of imagination. It is the wont of dull and unimaginative men, to decry the uses of imagination; but of this we may be sure, that none of the faculties of the human mind was given in vain. Why should the feelings, the imagination, and even the fancy, be withheld from the service of truth? May not either or all of these be enlisted in her armies, and do her work? Mr. Godwin is not a man of high imagination, inasmuch as he has never himself originated an idea; yet he can testify to the utility of the faculty, even in the degree in which he possesses it, towards the

imaging out, in his novels, those ideas which had been presented to his reason by accident or study. Why should it not, therefore, be useful in imaging out the ideas of astronomy and the laws of the universe, and its employment be lawful to this end, though Mr. Godwin's mind may not be able to rise to the required elevation, and the slow process of education, to which his intellect is destined, render him incapable of attaining, on this side of eternity, that advanced point of progression at which others have arrived? The business of human life may be serious, but this view of astronomy is not inconsistent therewith. Does it humble man in the presence of innumerable worlds? Even so should man be taught to feel his littleness in the contemplation of Divine power! Does it fill him with pride that he is capable of conceiving the mysteries of infinite space? Even so should man be taught to know that he was made in the image of the Deity! Who shall deny the practical benefits both of this feeling and this knowledge? Are not those investigations useful from which such moral advantages are derivable?

Some theorists on the solar system have considered it a self-moving machine, furnished with a mainspring, or the means of perpetuating the motion or motions essential to the performance of its intended operations. Mr. Godwin's book is not such a machine—for it wants this mainspring. There is no central principle from which it acts, and, accordingly these Essays fail, though evidently intended to form a whole. We find he assumes organization as the ground of what we call genius, notwithstanding the force which he imputes, in another place, to the energy of the will. Had he assumed one or other of these as his mainspring, we should have then been able to make a system out of this work—as it is, both the writer and reader are at fault and cross-purposes. Notwithstanding all the author's efforts to the contrary, his Essays are so many *disjecta membra.* Would that, for his mainspring, he had adopted this same energy of will, and completed a system which would then have formed a whole of philosophy, worthy of great regard. "All speculative truths," says a great metaphysician, "begin with a postulate, even the truths of geometry. They all suppose an act of the will; for in the moral being lies the source of the intellectual. The first step to knowledge, or rather the previous condition of all insight in truth, is to dare commence with our very and permanent self."

The mainspring of the solar system, according to the theorists above alluded to, is the sun, fixed in the centre, which, by its efflux and reflux, is the occasion of all motion, life, and beauty, both in the universe itself, and in all its subordinate parts. Even such is the will, in the centre of the intellectual system of intelligent man! But let the philosopher, nevertheless, remember, that though the sun be so considered as the centre of the system, round which all the planets revolve, yet, in reality, the centre of gravity of the sun, and of all the planets, is the *centre of the world.* Let all his meditations, therefore, have reference to that Central Will Divine, in whose Spirit, we all live, and move, and have our being, by which the worlds were made, and the stars are ordered in their courses, and to which, when the will of man is most submissive, it is then most free!

Mr. Godwin has involved a theological point in this controversy, into which we have not space to enter. In conclusion, we recommend to his attention the following character, by Bishop Earle, of a sceptic:—

"He is one that hangs in the balance with all sorts of opinion, whereof not one but stirs him and none sways him. A man guiltier of credulity than he is taken to be; for it is out of his belief of everything, that he fully believes nothing. Each religion scares him from its contrary: none persuades him to itself. He would be wholly a christian, but that he is something of an atheist, and wholly an atheist, but that he is partly a christian; and a perfect heretic, but that there are so many to distract him. He finds reason in all opinions, truth in none: indeed, the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfy him. He is a most confused and wild christian, not specialized by any form, but capable of all. He uses the land's religion, because it is next him, yet he sees not why he may not take the other, but he chooses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts and scruples better than re-

solves them, and is always too hard for himself. His learning is too much for his brain, and his judgment too little for his learning, and his over-opinion of both, spoils all. Pity it was his mischance of being a scholar; for it does only distract and irregulate him, and the world by him. He hammers much in general upon our opinion's uncertainty, and the possibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalness of religion to countries, that protestantism should be born so in England, and popery abroad, and that fortune and the stars should so much share in it. He likes not this connection of the common-weal and divinity, and fears it may be an arch-practice of state. In our differences with Rome he is strangely unfixed, and a new man every new day, as his last discourse-book's meditations transport him. He could like the gray hairs of popery, did not some dotages there stagger him: he would come to us sooner, but our new name affrights him. He is taken with their miracles, but doubts an imposture; he conceives of our doctrine better, but it seems too empty and naked. He cannot drive into his fancy the circumscription of truth to our corner, and is as hardly persuaded to think their old legends true. He approves well of our faith, and more of their works, and is sometimes much affected at the zeal of Amsterdam. His conscience interposes itself betwixt duellers, and whilst it would part both, is by both wounded. He will sometimes propend much to us upon the reading a good writer, and at Bellarmine, recoils as far back again; and the fathers justle him from one side to another. Now Socinus and Vorstius afresh torture him, and he agrees with none worse than himself. He puts his foot into heresies tenderly, as a cat in the water, and pulls it out again, and still something unanswered delays him; yet he bears away some parcel of each, and you may sooner pick all religions out of him than one. He cannot think so many wise men should be in error, nor so many honest men out of the way, and his wonder is double when he sees these oppose one another. He hates authority as the tyrant of reason, and you cannot anger him worse than with a father's *dixit*, and yet that many are not persuaded with reason, shall authorise his doubt. In sum, his whole life is a question, and his salvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is resolved."

THE RUINED LYRE.

It comes, it comes!—the dreaded day
  When winds and waves conspire,
To tear thee from my heart away,
  My heart—a ruin'd Lyre!
No longer shall its chords be strung,
  To lays of love and gladness;
No fav'rite hand be o'er it flung—
  'Twill sleep distraught by sadness!

Where Lilla's fairy fingers woke
  Vibrations wildly swelling,
The strings beneath fate's heavy stroke,
  Their dying notes are knelling!
The tears that full and fast shall flow,
  When thou and I have parted,
A dampness o'er the keys shall throw,
  Till I be broken-hearted!

Jermyn Street,
Sept. 8th, 1830.

ON THE ITALIAN OPERA.

DESDEMONA.

Lough-na-minah.

It may seem strange, friend Oliver, to date a paper upon such a subject from a mountain, and a mountain, too, with so unmusical a name;—but listen! Upon a day last autumn, my fellow-sportsmen and I, (there were four of us,) after having walked over some five or six-and-thirty miles of bog and heath, and tumbled as many grouse, returned to our "mud-edifice," very tired and extremely hungry. Our hunger was soon appeased, and our fatigue as speedily forgotten, under the genial influence of potheen; and then, after having shot all the grouse a second time, our conversation turned upon London and its delights, as it probably would, had we been in that smoky capital, upon the free air and healthful enjoyments of the mountain. We talked of the things we most loved and regretted there; amongst which, the Opera held a conspicuous place: we severally lauded our tuneful favourites, and argued concerning the merits of the various compositions wherein they had enchanted us; and after drinking deep—(but there was not a head-ache in a hogshead of our liquor)—we retired to our fragrant beds of heather.

I had taken too much exercise and too much potheen, to fall at once into a profound slumber; but the sensation of repose was delightful. There was a gentle flutter throughout every limb, proceeding from muscles which had not yet recovered their quietude, but continued, as it were, to vibrate. Speedily, however, I began to doze, and then experienced the truth of Claudian's beautiful lines—

> "Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
> Tempore nocturno reddit amica quies;"

for cock-grouse and Maria Malibran were perpetually flitting before me.

At length, my sleep became more assured; and, beginning to dream, I was forthwith transported back to London, and deposited in the King's Theatre, at the extremity of Fop's Alley. The house was crowded to excess—and I was standing in my favourite spot erect—and, as usual, perfectly satisfied with myself—conscious of my own good looks and of the talents of Von Stein, my *Schneider;* in one hand was my delicate and beautifully chased opera-cane, (which, with my Blackstone, and some other *deliciæ*, I had left in my chambers as unsuitable companions in the

> "Land of the mountain and the flood,")

and my fore-finger and thumb were at the moment on an exploratory expedition in the depths of my waistcoat pocket, with the view of ascertaining whether I had a card forthcoming, in the event of any of the rubs which men are occasionally obliged to exchange in passing, chancing to force me into a quarrel with some fat and fated cockney, from whom the Saturnian Jove had taken away his senses, (Κρονίδης φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεύς,) so that, oh, luckless wight! he would rush forward blindly to the fulfilment of his doom, knowing not that I can, like my Lord Byron, snuff a candle with a pistol-ball at fifteen yards, and this, moreover, without stop or stay, or any pause whatsoever for the humouring of an unsteady hand, after I have once raised "the Buccaneer weapon."

For one, or a very few times in my life, I was in time for the overture. It was the overture to *Otello,* which some profane puppy has somewhere compared to the scampering of a dog before a solemnity. Certainly it is, in a measure, something too lively for a drama so intensely tragic; but, like an Irish melody, with all the show of gaiety, it as decidedly contains withal a strain of touching melancholy.

Shortly after Madame Malibran appeared in the charming costume of the Venetian lady, and for the thousandth time I swore that she was beautiful, not from the mere moulding of form and feature, but from—

> "The light of love, the purity of grace,
> The mind, the music breathing from her face!"

She was rapturously hailed on her appearance, and unfortunately the applause awoke me; and then turning on the other side, I fell sound asleep

with a Spanish ballad ringing in my ears.

Next morning I began to philosophize upon my dream—"the mystical usurper of the mind;" and it so happened I had ample opportunity. The lake before our cabin was shrouded in mist, and the presence of the mountain which overhangs it, was only assured by a vast and black mass of shadow. A sullen storm of thin rain was beating against the couple of panes of glass which, embedded in the mud-wall, served for windows, and the limited prospect we could command from the opened door was most desolate. No shooting to be had that day: what was to be done? After a prolonged breakfast, one of my companions set about cleaning his gun to kill time, as he could not kill birds. The other two proceeded to play pitch and toss for half-crowns, and I was left to myself. For a time I endeavoured to keep up a conversation with my friend who was cleaning the gun, but though the pleasantest fellow in the world after dinner, truth to say, he is something like the painted porcelain (of which Tom Moore speaks in one of his poems,) the beauties whereof are only perceptible when the vessel, of which it is composed, is filled with liquor. What was I to do? My mind was full of Desdemona, so I resolved to write an article on the subject for *Regina*.

The article was accordingly in great part written, and then thrown aside and forgotten. In looking however the other day, for a paper on which the terms of a bet made at the period were set down, I chanced to light upon it—finished it—and there it is.

DESDEMONA.

"Many divinest sounds have I admired,
The Olympian gods, and mortal men among;
But such a strain of wondrous, strange untired,
And soul-awakening music sweet and strong:
Yet did I never hear except from thee,
Offspring of May, impostor Mercury!"

"What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,
What exercise of subtlest art has given
Thy song such power?———"

So saith the King Apollo to the child of May, in Shelley's most glorious translation of the Homeric hymn to Mercury, and so might the impassioned lover of music say to Madame Maria Malibran.

Of all the created beings it has ever been my fortune to meet, Madame Malibran possesses the truest—the purest—and the most pervading genius.

This, combined with musical knowledge seldom equalled—with a voice of singular extent and power—and features capable of expressing every—the minutest shade of feeling, enables her to excel in all departments of the lyric drama. In the comic characters—the simple coquette of the village—the intellectual coquette of the city—the wily, yet pure-hearted Bride of Figaro, she is unapproached. Zerlina, Rosina, and Susanna, are actually before you. They never could have appeared upon earth under any other aspect. But, in tragedy, she has some rivals to contend with. Over all these, however, it appears to me she triumphs in that which is at once the most charming to the spectator, and to the actress the most difficult character in the lyric repertory. I mean Desdemona. It was as Desdemona, she bade the town farewell at the close of the last season—farewell for a long period—perhaps for ever; for she is one of those, fashioned from that porcelain clay which is so ill calculated to resist the shocks of life, and the anxious admirer of her genius cannot oftentimes fail to mark—

———"A gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death!"

This is, however, too sad a theme to dwell upon.

In Desdemona she bade the town farewell, and never did I see anything which so nearly approached perfection, as her personation of the character upon that evening. All traces of her recent illness had vanished—her eyes were never brighter.

"Eyes whose arrowy light
Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds."

And never was her beautiful brow more clear; her voice had perfectly recovered its flexibility and richness,

and her acting throughout seemed one continued inspiration.

This is, perhaps, the highest praise which could be conferred; for, as I have said, Desdemona is the most difficult character in the lyric drama. From the opening to the close it requires great and incessant physical exertion. The solo parts are followed in rapid succession by duos, trios, quartettos, and chorusses; in all of which (to borrow a curious but expressive phrase of Tom Moore's,) the prima donna's voice is expected to form the spire of the harmony; and the sketch we have all formed in fancy of

"The gentle lady married to the Moor,"

is so exquisite, that to embody it, demands genius of the highest order. The character is the most essentially tragic that can possibly be imagined; there is none which appeals more strongly to our sympathy; it is the most delicate and womanly of all Shakspeare's creations. Desdemona faithfully represents the sex in their wilfulness and waywardness, as in their truth and tenderness; being at the same time always lovely, always bewitching. Your judgment condemns her strange passion, but your heart admires and absolves her. You are not surprised that she is unfortunate; it was to be expected from her ill-assorted union; but you pity her sad condition, and weep over her untimely end. Now this is in the drama; and it will doubtless be presumed by many, that all which made Shakspeare's Desdemona enchanting, must necessarily be frittered away in the opera-heroine of Rossini. So, however, it is not. The portraiture has been transferred without the loss of a single trait, or of a single shade of colouring which tended to give it grace or beauty. It may be asked, what has become of the soul-breathing poetry of the part? I answer, it has been translated into music; thus Desdemona does in sooth remain uninjured; but all the other characters are sacrificed. In the opera they appear to be mere demons, sent upon earth to torment the innocent and beautiful being who is thrown within their power. The noble Othello sinks into a vile assassin. The poetry of his part is indeed gone—that which confers upon it its great charm;—for to admire Othello, we must, like his lady, see his visage in his mind; and, therefore, under all circumstances, he wears a better aspect in the philosophic and imaginative quiet of the closet than on the stage. Here, too, the thousand subtle springs by which he was wrought upon and perplexed have vanished; his jealousy rests upon no plausible foundation; he acts from the beginning like a cruel tyrant; and, at the last, he murders that he is supposed to love in malice or in madness, it is impossible to divine which. But the opera, nevertheless, is a splendid monument of human genius. Certainly it is not an opera to please the million—and above all the English million, from natural prejudices, derived from admiration of the greatest of dramatists—there are necessarily but few melodies in it, and they perhaps are not of a kind to usurp the memory, and return unbidden in moments of rest or reverie; yet I, for my part, have always considered it Rossini's grandest triumph. Many men have produced melodies as sweet, and sweeter,—compositions as learned,—and musical effects as wonderful; but he is the only master who has ever written or, I believe, attempted a work founded on a single passion. The very genius of music, which abhors monotony and delights in contrast, seemed to forbid this. Of all the great compositions which have delighted mankind, there is none which does not seek to please by diversity, and to affect by contrast. It is a touch of their art, that every thing should be brought forward with the grace of surprise, or the flutter of amazement. In *Il Don Giovanni*, (the Iliad of operas,) what a crowd of characters have we not bodied forth—what a variety of passions have we not represented? We pass from the scene of midnight murder to the innocent pastimes of the village green—from the wailings of Donna Anna to the light-hearted carols of Zerlina. The tenderness of Ottavio follows fast upon the buffoonery of Leporello; and the most joyous song that was ever yet trolled forth in the abandonment of pleasure, immediately precedes the awful recitative, in which the visitant from another world holds converse with the devoted sinner. There are the same alternations in *Der Freischütz*; and,

indeed, it would appear as impossible to complete an opera without the agency of contrast, as to complete a picture without the use of light and shade. And yet Rossini has effected it. In *Otello*, the whole interest is concentred in one character. *Otello* is founded upon a single passion. Desdemona is always before us, and always wretched ; no gleam of joy breaks in on her from first to last. In the very thema of the opera there is a plaintive and wailing tone, foreboding, as it were, her unhappy fate. We cannot for a moment doubt the conclusion. It is like looking through a long avenue in a cemetery, which, however its termination may be rendered indistinct by distance, we know full well can conduct only to the grave. Still there be flowers that bloom beauteously around, and claim, even from the heaviest heart, the homage of its praise, or the acknowledgement of its interest. And thus although the conclusion of *Otello* is not for a moment doubtful, the excitement never ceases : our affections are with Desdemona; we hang upon her accents, during the two first parts, while she is pleading to a relentless father, or a ruffian husband; and we feel a sympathetic shudder when we find her, at the commencement of the third act, sitting by her desolate hearth, " with all her household gods shivered around her." The rain pelts and the thunder rolls without, in sad unison with the cheerlessness within. The awful words of Dante, falling from the careless lips of a gondolier, strike cold upon the heart—

> " Nessun maggior dolore
> Che recordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."—

She seizes her harp, and, flinging her hand wildly over it, mourns her own misfortunes in singing the favourite ballad of her unhappy friend.

For a time, this brings relief;—her tears flow freely ;—but the storm shivering the window, (a most dread omen in the South,) howls through the apartment, and renders her well-nigh delirious in her misery. Still she sings on ; although, in the beautiful words of an old dramatist—

> " Her mind is wandering—away—away!"

and at length she sinks upon her harp, as if about to expire with the last tone of her own sad music. The paroxysm, however, passes away ; and she stands calm and quiet;—but all happiness has fled from her; —even hope is extinct. Then comes the final scene, almost too horrible to witness; the tears, the protestations, the reproaches, the struggles, the agonies of the victim ! You look on in a sort of stupor—the blood seems to tingle as it passes through your veins. You know that what you see is mere illusion, but you cannot feel that it is such ; the curtain falls, and you are at length relieved by a deep sigh. These, at least, have always been my feelings when Malibran has played the part. She completely embodies my idea of the Venetian lady. She looks like one of Giorgione's fairest pictures just stepped from the frame. Her features calmed down to the most touching melancholy, are precisely those the master loved to paint—her dress—the simple division of her hair —and the single gem that sparkles upon her clear and ample forehead, in which every passing thought seems imaged, are essentially Venetian, while in every tone there is a soft enthusiasm, and her eyes and gestures, both so eloquent, do throughout support the illusion of the scene, even when her voice is mute. She is, in truth, " the gentle Desdemona."

Thus it is of all the persons who have ever played the part, none can, in my mind, compare with Malibran. A fair rival with whom she was so frequently brought into angry collision, that one might well exclaim, in hackneyed quotation, " *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ !*" was the last who claimed our praises in the character, and to Mademoiselle Sontag they were freely given. The power, the extent, the sweetness of her most pure and fresh, and beautiful voice, were seldom more conspicuously displayed : and there certainly was a touch of interest in her acting which could never have been expected from one seemingly so indolent ; one who, let her play what she might, never cared for a moment to step out of her own identity ; who was always too lady-like to be comic, and too well-bred to exhibit any strength of feeling or sway of passion ; one, in short, who was always Mademoiselle Sontag—

calm and correct—and—no, not cold—but collected—and something coquetish withal—her voluptuous blue eyes beaming smilingly upon you, and forbidding you to think of any other imagined or created being, but only that which obviously occupied her own thoughts; namely, her fair self. How then could her performance of Desdemona be interesting? It could not be true; no, but it was interesting from the contrast between the tragical events of the drama and the helplessness and gentleness of the delicate and womanly creature who was brought before us as the victim. She had, however, no inspirations, and therefore the charm altogether disappeared upon a second representation.

Pasta's Desdemona was an effort of a higher order; in it there was genius and power; it was fraught with a thousand passages that were inimitable, and even teemed with a multitude of inspirations, the expression whereof could never be repeated; but it possessed not the enchanting truth of Malibran's. And who would prefer the electric effects of happy or inspired moments to the unbroken excellence of a personation wherein, from first to last, the illusion was perfect? In the two first acts, Pasta was far inferior. By no stretch of imagination could you suppose her,

"The gentle lady married to the Moor."

And even her performance in the last act, which has been often referred to by her admirers as the triumph of histrionic art, appears to me, (notwithstanding the harrowing effect it can never fail to produce,) in like manner to fall short of Malibran's, both in conception and expression. Pasta at no time fulfils our idea of the Venetian lady, "in her delicate youth," and here she gives her well-nigh the air of a *virago;* so that the contest between her and her cruel lord, wears too much the aspect of a struggle, in which the final success might well be doubtful. This is acknowledged; but in her defence, it is contended that her personation, though differing from our preconceived idea, is in fact the true one, for that such is the Desdemona of the opera, and that the Desdemona of the opera is not the Desdemona of Shakspeare. Now, this argument looks well, and doubtless it gathers force from the circumstance of the opera's having been composed for Signora Colbran—a singer of magnificent presence and great vocal power, but one possessing little gentleness of demeanour or pathos. It is, however, merely specious; for it is a well attested fact that Rossini's anxiety was to make Desdemona as she is drawn by Shakspeare, the heroine of his opera, and with this view, during the time he was collecting his ideas for the subject, he neglected the meagre *libretto* of the Marquese di Berio, which he was to set, and sought inspiration from Fetoni's literal translation of *Othello.* Thus the master's object can neither be mistaken nor denied, although it be true that, in the first instance, Signora Colbran was incapable of bodying forth his own conception of the character, and that in the second, Madame Malibran, from her love of Shakspeare, and familiarity with him in his native language, exceeded that conception, rendering the personation by a thousand delicate touches more perfect than Rossini could have possibly imagined it.

On the English stage we have at present no Desdemona, nor can I remember one. From the inadequacy of all who have within my recollection attempted the character to do it justice, it has sunk into a second rate part, and may be now-a-days walked through by any tolerably well-looking young woman.

At Paris Mademoiselle Mars has lately performed Desdemona; not in Ducis's feeble, mutilated, and doggrel versification of the drama, but in a literal and well-executed prose translation, by (if I remember rightly,) Alfred De Lavigne. "The pearl of France," is no longer young—(alas the while!) and she is more robust than beseems the delicate creation of the poet; but still her performance was exquisite. Time, with a gallantry seldom evinced by the fell destroyer, has as yet forborne to lay his icy finger on her; she is still beautiful as the glow of genius—the true ἀκάματον πῦρ—suffused over a most expressive countenance, can make her, and her voice is perhaps the most deliciously musical that ever sounded in mortal ears. Here she is only known as the best actress in

genteel comedy, which France, and therefore the world has ever seen; because in this walk of the drama, and in the style in which it is represented, our neighbours are unapproached. But besides, Mademoiselle Mars has lately proved herself a tragic actress of the very highest order; and, strange to say, she is mainly indebted for the opening of this vein of unexplored talent, to a person who was in part the cause of effecting a tremendous revolution on the French stage, though she could not maintain a place upon her own. I allude to Miss Smithson, an actress harshly and unfairly dealt with here; for, although she had a bad voice and worse accent, yet had she, at the same time, infinitely more true talent than Miss Fanny Kemble, who was cunningly elevated upon the ruins of her reputation, and afterwards so extravagantly extolled by the impartial critics of the London press.

Miss Smithson went to France in 1827, on a theatrical speculation, in company with C. Kemble, Abbot, and some other disengaged players. Kemble was the star; and, with the usual arrogance of such luminaries, he insisted upon making his Parisian *début* in Hamlet—a character by-the-bye which he can just as much play as Bob Keeley could King Lear. It was in vain to represent to him that there was not a female in the company who even affected to be able to turn a tune; he insisted that it was Miss Smithson's duty to perform the principal female part in whatever play might be selected, and that therefore, whether she could sing or no, perform Ophelia she should. After the useless expenditure of an abundance of tears and all manner of entreaties, she was compelled to submit. And what was the result? The French had seen Talma, and they at once very properly rated Mr. Kemble's Hamlet as an exceedingly indifferent performance; but they extolled Miss Smithson's Ophelia to the skies. The passage in the representation which excited their enthusiasm was the mad scene; and in truth it was admirably given. Her action was replete with genius; it was most wonderfully faithful to disordered nature—and unable to advance to the foot-lights, and execute the snatches of songs after the established *bravura* fashion, she was happily led to make them appear as they were intended, namely, the result of some paroxysm of brain-sickness. Upon the fame of the first performance, all the literary and scientific men in Paris rushed to the theatre, and they lavished praises on the representative of the "fair Ophelia," which, so far as the one scene went, were amply merited. Now it so happened, that at this precise period, romanticism was making great head in France; already had it seized upon the minor theatres, and the theatre Français was divided. The classicists—those who acted in the tragedies of Racine and Voltaire, and believed there was no excellence beyond, were led by Mademoiselle Duchesnois, who, in concert with two other ladies of her theatre and literary creed (Mademoiselles Bourgoin and Leverd,) had set up a journal, appropriately entitled, *L'Incorruptible*, to advocate the opinions of their sect, and to confer due praise upon its professors. This was rendered necessary by the defection of all the established journals—some having absolutely gone over to the enemy, and all having stinted in their panegyrics upon the three dames, who, to their excessive sorrow, might say, with the Scottish usurper—

> 'My way of life
> Is fallen into the sere—the yellow leaf."

On the other side, Mademoiselle Mars was the apostle of romanticism, and, were it not for the buoyancy of genius, would have proved its martyr. A new piece was produced at the theatre Français, founded upon Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*, in which the heroine goes mad, and finally dies, overwhelmed by the flood of conflicting thoughts which pour in upon her on the return of reason. Mademoiselle Mars had studied the part intensely. It was universally known, that she had even outraged the tender feelings proper to her sex, by spending hours and days in watching the wretched tenants of the madhouse, for the purpose of collecting materials wherewith to give a faithful representation of the workings of a diseased mind.

At length Mademoiselle Mars performed the character. The romanticists were enchanted; and the classicists, while they vented all manner

of abuse upon the drama, could not withhold a reluctant tribute of applause to the talent of the actress, which was capable of throwing a degree of interest around a composition so ridiculous, and so despicable.

The piece had a considerable run, (to borrow the language of the theatres,) and, by Jove! it might have run concurrently with the mortal existence of the favourite actress, if Shakspeare's beautiful creation had not been brought into the field against it. But the star of Amy Robsart declined from the moment the "beautified Ophelia" appeared above the horizon. Miss Smithson was forthwith declared a better mad-woman than Mademoiselle Mars by the "most sweet voices" of the million, and the physicians and philosophers unhesitatingly confirmed the decree. The Frenchwoman acknowledged its justice, after having witnessed the stranger's performance; which, here I may take occasion to remark, was really admirable for the conception, and, as a piece of acting chiefly pantomimic, never surpassed; although I have no doubt that it would have been either hissed or laughed at, if it were given before an audience that was in the habit of seeing the part represented otherwise, and that merely knew it, under a certain aspect, as a familiar thing, without ever regarding it with a philosophic eye, and thus considering what were the peculiar causes of Ophelia's madness, and how they—still operating, although on a diseased mind—were likely to sway her in her fits.

But instead of abandoning tragedy, and retiring upon Elmire, Celimene, Hortense, and the throng of other characters which she has made exclusively her own, Mademoiselle Mars resolved to shew, that nothing within the range of the drama was beyond her reach. Instead of renouncing romanticism, she swore to it a more positive allegiance; and, to the horror of the classicists, hesitated not to attribute her comparative failure to her yet allowing herself to be restricted by old rules, and swayed by ancient prejudices. She pointed out how she, in producing any histrionic effect, was well nigh confined to the use of voice and countenance, while, to the inflexion of one, and the expression of the other, Miss Smithson was allowed to add action, wild, sweeping, and picturesque; and thus she shewed the manifest advantage which an actress of the English or Italian school must have over her in such a character.

To explain this it is necessary to observe, that the French performers, tragic and comic, had, and in many instances yet have, a positive horror of abrupt, or violent, or sweeping gestures. The women never raised or extended their arms from the shoulder—all motion seemed to proceed from the elbow. On the stage they never used any gesture or motion which would not have become the drawing-room. The practice of the men was similar before the time of Talma. Now, when one considers the redundancy of action which a Frenchman loves to apply to the most commonplace sentences he delivers in conversation, it seems passing strange, that such an abhorrence of any thing bordering upon exaggerated gesture should exist on the national stage, not only in comedy—for there, I think, it is well—but even in tragedy, which with them, is much farther removed from the affairs, and sentiments, and feelings of common life, than it is with any other nation.

A learned and most talented friend of mine had a curious theory upon this subject. He maintained, that men are always the best satisfied with scenic representations exhibiting that manner of demeanour most opposite to their own; and he supported his proposition by reference to the stages of France and England, shewing how the actors always fell into the opposite extreme from that which was pursued by the many. Thus while, in speaking, the English gentleman abstains from all action cautiously—nay, absolutely to a degree that gives him a cold and awkward air—the English actor believes there is no salvation for him unless he always have one or other of his hands raised aloft; and, on the contrary, while the French gentleman is in a perpetual flutter, the French actor is as sparing of all action, as the struggles of nature against art could possibly admit. He also alluded to the extreme delight which the grave and dignified Spaniard takes in witnessing buffoonery upon his stage, and a wildness of ges-

ture, which, though it excites, at the same time never fails to astonish us of England. Many other countries were brought forward to give evidence in favour of his theory; and he had a host of ingenious arguments founded upon their testimony. Enough, however, has been said. In a fanciful matter of this kind it is sufficient to throw out the hint, and let each person, who chooses to entertain it, enjoy the train of ideas which it cannot fail to excite.

Talma, who, if not actually born in England, was at least educated in England, and derived his first love of the drama, and his earliest ideas of acting from our theatre, created the first revolution of the French stage. To Scribe and Mademoiselle Mars, the honour of the second revolution is due.

In the olden time the representation of a French tragedy was little more than the recital of a dramatic poem by a certain number of the king's servants, who, as such, wore court suits, and were distinguished for purity of pronunciation, and power, and distinctness of delivery—(their comedies, by-the-bye, were at all times better things,)—but Talma changed all this. He did for the scenic art what Napoleon did for the art of war; he recast it. The task was one which could have only been performed by one who possessed the genius and advantages, perhaps I might add, the protection and patronage of Talma.* This greatest

* In a periodical of small circulation and ephemeral existence—in other words, an unsuccessful newspaper—the following passages were once published. We are induced to rescue them from oblivion, in consideration of the facts they record respecting the personal character and conduct of Talma. For the truth of the statements contained in them we can ourselves vouch. We remember perfectly well having heard, when we were at Paris, the whole story of the torch, from one of the parties concerned in it.

Formerly—that is to say, before the accession of the Citizen King!—it was the custom, whenever the French monarch visited the national theatre, that he should be lighted to his box by the oldest and youngest of the comedians upon the establishment—the *societaires*, as they are called, in contradistinction to the *pensionaires*, who are actors engaged by the others in their capacity of ruling and managing council. Now it happened that Talma was neither the oldest nor youngest comedian of the troop; and was thus, according to rule, debarred the opportunity of paying his court to royalty. He, however, applied to Cartigny, then the junior, and entreated of him to resign his place—and in this manner succeeded in his object. Cartigny, who had served as an officer of dragoons under Napoleon in several campaigns, was delighted to be freed from the office, and forthwith transferred it with an emphatic, "*Tres volontiers, Monsieur Talma!*"

O. Y.

"Talma was the first and most judicious of declaimers, yet he, at the same time, possessed the singular capability of *speaking* French tragedy when he pleased, and, consequently, of relieving it from the monotony and other faults it possesses in the mouths of all the tragic *artistes* he has left behind him. They can seldom avail themselves of other means to express passion, except those of abruptly raising and sinking the voice. He, on the contrary, could sketch off the most minute shadings of it with the same apparent ease, the same sublime simplicity, as if rhyme had dropped its fetters, or he were speaking the common language of nature. In a word, of him it might be truly written, as it has been of another great man—'His qualities were rare in their separate excellence—wonderful in their combination.'

"As an actor, his pedestal must always stand in the Temple of Fame, the highest and alone; but as a man he will rank differently, for there are passages in his life that his most enthusiastic admirers would, if possible, forget. I allude to his servility to the reigning family, and his ingratitude and falsehood to Napoleon. This last was of a deeper dye than is generally supposed, and throws a more damning spot upon the memory than the simple treachery of those who were bound to the Emperor by no ties but those of interest. It is true that many of his Marshals and Generals betrayed and sold him in the basest manner. Yet this was scarce surprising, for they had won titles, and honours, and lands, in the summer time of his fame, and to preserve these it was but little to sacrifice a benefactor at the approach of his wintry hour. But the falling off of Talma was of another kind—it was the falling off of man from man. Napoleon and Talma had been *friends*, and fond friends too, and for a long series of years. Their acquaintance commenced when the Emperor was but a boy, and a subaltern. At that period he was a constant visitor in Talma's dressing-room, and Talma has at least a hundred times passed him into the orchestra before going on the stage himself. To shew the familiar

of all actors that the world has ever seen, united in his own person the excellences both of the classic and romantic schools. He could claim every quality that the French had ever praised in an actor, and to the classical taste, and feeling, and splendid presence of John Kemble, he united the inspirations and fire of Kean. Success therefore attended all his efforts; and success justified and sanctioned every innovation he produced. He it was who introduced appropriate dresses and decorations; and to approach more nearly the point under consideration, he it was, who, attentively regarding the antique monuments of grace and beauty, for the first time displayed upon the French stage, action unconstrained and sweeping, and attitudes, one and all of which might have served as a study and an inspiration for the sculptor, the painter, and the poet. The younger men of course, as far as their ability permitted, sought to imitate him, whom the universal voice declared the first of actors; but the ladies were more obstinate or more consistent, or less docile, or less daring, and Duchesnois, Bourgoin, and the rest, adhered to the old style. Mars was a comic actress, and consequently had no temptation to change, or incur the risk of censure by attempting an innovation in her department, where in truth it was not necessary. With Talma, however, fell the French classic tragedy, which had, for a long period, been supported solely by his genius, (he, however, being a romanticist at heart,) and it has since well nigh been, (as, with a few splendid exceptions, it always deserved to be,) consigned to the stillness of the library. A new species of drama sprung up in France; Scribe created the modern Vaudeville, which is now tragedy, and now comedy in little; and which has delighted not only the French, but every civilized people in Europe. The melodrama, generally founded upon some circumstance of tragic interest, became popular at the Porte Saint Martin; and comedies which had no claim to the title, except a freedom from the stain of blood—turning, as they did, up to the last moment upon events of a distressing or agonizing nature in domestic life, drew tears most feelingly and fast from the frequenters of the theatre Français. In these, and in the tragic dramas subsequently brought forward to supply the people with materials for weeping, as they had acquired a taste for it, and refused to be moved by the old tragedies, Mademoiselle Mars always enacted the heroine, and with unbounded praise up to the moment when the town deserted her for the theatre Anglais, and the madness of Ophelia. After this, however, she at once adopted that which pleased her countrymen in the stranger—a proceeding which she perhaps never would have adventured, if not sure of its success—and thus, she forthwith became, in the most extended sense of the words, a tragic actress. She from thenceforth gave to the winds all conventional rules and ancient prejudices. As Duchesse de Guise, in a new play, called, *Henri III. et sa*

terms on which they then were, it will be sufficient to say that the words in which Talma used generally to address the person keeping the door that leads from the passage to the green-room, before the curtain, were:—*Faites moi passer ce gamin là à l'orchestre;* while he used at the same time to place his hand fondly upon the head or shoulder of the future emperor. To Napoleon's eternal honour be it said, this was never forgotten. His friendship never altered with his years or with his fortunes. Talma was always a welcome guest, a dear and valued friend—and the purse and heart of his Emperor were always open to him. But though Napoleon changed not, Talma did. The misfortunes of his master proved that there was an accountable degree of meanness mixed up in the character of this great man.

"At the time of the restoration it was thought he would have quitted the stage—at least in France—and had he done so, and had he said, 'I have been the friend of an Emperor—I will never be the servant of a King,' all honourable men in Europe, of whatever political opinions, must have cheered him from one end of it to the other. But no—Talma, though without a family, and in no way compelled to it, preferred kissing the dust before the Bourbons. He recited at the theatre Français a copy of verses in their praise—he did still more: he *volunteered* carrying a torch before Louis XVIII., upon the occasion of his visiting the theatre. This was carrying self-degradation to the utmost. And when one thinks it was TALMA that was guilty of such utter meanness, who would not exclaim—Alas! Poor human nature!!!"

Cour, she flings herself on the ground, an action which not many years ago would have excited the utmost indignation as indecent and indelicate, and insulting to the Court, and so forth. Half a century back it would have called down the reprobation of the Archbishop of Paris, if not of the King himself; and the offender would doubtless have been sacrificed to the outraged *bienséances* by the fury of the learned, the noble, and the lovely. But in 1829-30, it was not thought improper or unnatural that even a Duchess should be struck to the earth by despair from having been rendered the unwilling instrument of her lover's murder; and sighs and tears were now alone heard, where hisses and groans would have been formerly abundant.

It was for Mademoiselle Mars in her regenerated state as a tragic actress,—that Delavigne translated Shakspeare's *Othello*, and this, seeing that her acting had been freed of all offensive Gallicism, will explain why her Desdemona—abating those destroyers of the illusion—age and appearance—or in one word the *physique*—might well be called an exquisite performance. Certainly her conception of the part was admirable; and the way wherein she bodied it forth, especially in the last acts, challenges equal praise. Her delivery of the ballad (closely and not inelegantly translated,) was intensely affecting. In a word, her personation upon the whole, was equal to Pasta's, and inferior only to hers, who, as Desdemona, has no rival.

By the way it is a lamentable thing that this ballad, and the scene in which it occurs, are so seldom given on our stage. It is one of the most affecting and the most ably drawn that ever passed from the imagination of the great dramatist. The passage which introduces the ballad so simply beautiful, has always appeared to me strangely touching:—

> "*Desdemona.*—My mother had a maid called Barbara;
> She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,*
> And did forsake her. She had a song of—Willow,
> An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
> And she died singing it. That song to-night
> Will not go from my mind;—I have much to do
> But to go hang my head all at one side,
> And sing it like poor Barbara."

On the foreign theatres there is nothing in the play which excites so profound a sensation as this scene. There was nothing which seized so strongly upon the imagination of Rossini. Speaking of this, I may remark, that it would be curious and deeply interesting as a chapter of the human mind, to know the history of Rossini's composition of *Otello*. It is one of the nine operas he wrote for Signora Colbran, (now Madame Rossini,) and therefore belongs to what the critics call his second style, in which there are fewer melodies than in *Tancredi*, and the other operas which belong to his first style; the lady's voice being no longer certain, and she at all times excelling rather as an actress than a singer. Since he came to Paris, it may be parenthetically observed, he has adopted a third style. The Académie Royale not supplying him with good singers, he

* The common reading of this passage is

> "And he she loved proved mad,
> And did forsake her——"

Mad being explained by the commentators (God forgive them!) as inconstant. The correction of the text (for such I am sure no person with common taste or common sense, or the common feelings of humanity, will hesitate to consider it,) is taken from a work which was once accidentally pointed out to me by a friend, wherein, amidst many of those silly conceits worthy only of Bentley, Porson, Parr, *et hoc genus omne*, there were a multitude of most beautiful emendations, restoring to passages of acknowledged splendour, their perfection, and creating in others heretofore undistinguished, rivals for these, by the alteration of a single syllable or letter, the justice of which is at once intuitively hailed with a thrill of approbation. And should you ever afterwards turn apostate to your sensations, and demand a confirmation from cold reason, she will tell you that from the history and character of the man, no works were so likely to suffer from errors clerical and typographical, as those of Shakspeare.

has been compelled to compose chiefly for the orchestra.

But touching *Otello,* it was written in 1816, when Signora Colbran reigned supreme at Naples, and was the adored of the great master. Thus *Otello* was one of the tasks set him by his ladye-love, and certainly it is of a more sustained excellence, and bears the mark of a higher inspiration than any other of his compositions whatsoever. In this respect, even *Il Barbiere,* which seems the genuine ebullition of his constitutional gaiety, must yield to it; for beautiful and inspiring as is the music of the opera-buffa, all must agree with the Romans, that it is totally unsuited to the subject, or rather the story on which they directed him to write. In *Otello,* on the contrary, the music is exquisitely appropriate. It as nearly as may be, relates the incidents of the drama without the aid of words or action. Neither is there in it a single trace of that carelessness so often objected to the master. It has evidently been deeply considered, and then polished to the last degree. It seems fraught likewise with a more intense feeling than any other of his works, not excepting even *Semiramide.* There is a passionateness in it throughout that we in vain seek for elsewhere. The Neapolitans, after the first representation, compared it to a volcano. Here too, he has shadowed forth the passion of love with a delicacy and purity unknown to his works before and since. Like Molière, from his youth upwards, he has passed too much of his life amongst the dissolute portion of the sex to entertain any very high opinion of female virtue, or of true, devoted, and enduring affection. His lovers, therefore, like those of Molière, are always gallant, but never passionate. The *roulades* and *fioritures* of his vocal votaries of Cupid are as remote from the genuine expression of love, as the witticisms and prettinesses of the Horaces, the Cléons, and the Valères.

I believe that Rossini must have pondered deeply upon the subject of his *Otello* before he blotted a single leaf of paper. And this belief, which I presume most people will agree with me in holding, leads me to remark upon the utter stupidity of those who look upon Rossini as an idler, because they do not always see him busy; and who actually seem to conclude from sometimes seeing him set down his music in the company of his friends and amidst the bustle of a crowded room, that he receives his melodies as Mohammed did the verses of his Koran, through some special messenger from on high. The dolts never for a moment imagine that during those mornings he is wasting his time as they fancy in bed, his mind may be most actively employed in conjuring up those creations, the mechanical art of placing which upon record, may be performed without any divine inspiration amongst the long-eared rout of these his pot-companions, whom he only tolerates as butts.—Knowing that he has only four months to complete some appointed work, they are lost in admiration when they find that, although three months had gone by before pen was put to paper, yet is the thing finished in the fourth. They never, idiots as they are, consider that during those three *idle* months the plan of the opera has been settled in some of those *vacant* hours which make up their sum—the thema created in others—and the melodies dreamt of, if they will—in others—and, briefly, all the necessary ideas collected. It is during these *idle* times that, to produce any great work, there must be inspiration. During the mechanical process of writing down amidst the noise of carousing companions, there *may* be inspiration, but it can intrude itself but rarely. The original ideas are set down, and perhaps enlarged upon and embellished; but for the most part this is all.

And this is all I have got to say; so, Oliver, my friend, farewell.

R. P. E.

ROMANTIC POETRY OF THE ITALIANS.*

ANTONIO PANIZZI, independently of every other merit which his friends allow him to possess, has had the honour of being hanged in effigy by the government of Modena. Under its merciful dispensation he held a high official situation, but, taking a share in the patriotic efforts of his countrymen for the regeneration of Italy, he was arrested, imprisoned, and would have been corporeally executed, but happening by the luckiest chance to effect his escape, the gentle Modenese government, in shear vexation, hung him up in effigy, very much to the diversion of our friend Panizzi, and to the ill-concealed amusement of his numerous friends in his native principality. But Panizzi's diversion did not end here. In the mock trial in which his *effigies* was condemned to be hanged, he was declared liable for all expenses of process; and in the simplicity of their hearts, the cabinet of Modena actually wrote to Panizzi, who was safely housed in the town of Liverpool, informing him that he had been hanged according to law, wherefore they called on him to pay the expenses of his trial, and the said hanging. At this request the worthy Antonio laughed more heartily than before. We have many other choice passages in the Life of this merry Modenese, wherewith to acquaint our curious readers; but this one must satisfy their voracious appetites for the present. If Antonio would put all of them down on paper, the Burlington-street people would offer their weight in gold for the extraordinary MSS., but our friend is too much a man of sense to allow his name to be handled by the fustian hands of any puny dribblers of novels and such fashionable small gear. These men are not a whit better, as we satisfactorily proved in a late lucubration, than the bawling showmen at St. Barthomew's Fair. On the contrary, Antonio would place himself (and safely might he do so) in the hands of that champion in the cause of English literature, hight William Pickering, of Chancery Lane, who, although not a broad-shouldered Goliath of Gath, is yet a Philistine of infinite mettle, and extraordinary enterprise. While the Burlingtonians and West-enders have been crying up their factitious crew of Pelhams and other charlatans, amongst whom are now to be included those weaned babes of innocence, "the Siamese Twins," the Philistine of the Lane of Chancery hath been stoutly vindicating the glories of Kit Marlowe, and classic Ben, and Peel the facetious, and Green the eloquent, and Webster the heart-moving, and Middleton the witch-dealer, with a host of other old blades, to expatiate on whom would require an article of at least sixty pages. Some day, however, we propose to do them reverence. We shall also very shortly pay a tribute of respect to the Aldine Poets, meanwhile let us turn a rapid glance at the pages of our friend Antonio.

Since the death of Foscolo, Panizzi is, without doubt, the most learned of the Italian exiles resident in this country. In his youth he studied the law, in which he acquired considerable eminence, and his early investigations into its intricacies have sharpened and invigorated his judgment, so that now Panizzi is an acute critic—besides being an accomplished scholar. He, moreover, writes the English language with great purity, as every page of his Introductory Essay will testify.

We can recommend these pages for perusal with a safe conscience. They will not suit any one accustomed to delight his imagination with the flippancies of fashionable novels: but are every way worthy the consideration of such as are curious in tracing the windings of the stream of civilization from its fountain head. Spite of the march of intellect it is impossible to appreciate duly the present condition of learning and of civilization, without knowing the true nature of the sources whence posterity has been enabled to draw

* Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo; Orlando Furioso di Ariosto: with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians; Memoirs and Notes, by Antonio Panizzi. Vol. I. Pickering London, 1830.

its accumulated wisdom, its light, and experience. The records of which Mr. Panizzi treats, are the earliest which ingenuity contrived, and they shadow forth in moving figures, the feelings, passions, and incidents of the most remarkable period in the history of modern times —the age of chivalry. It was, indeed, pervaded by ignorance and brutality, yet had it not been for its institutions and regenerative impulses, social life in Europe would have been a state of existence, not to be envied by the bloodiest horde of savages, of which history contains a record. Chivalry retrieved Europe from its barbarous condition. It was the offspring of Feudality and Slavery, so is Philosophy the issue of progressive conviction from a state of Darkness, and so is Knowledge derived from Ignorance, and Religion the child of Doubt and Error. Every human institution, indeed, is of lowly origin. The acorn can give no resemblance of the mighty oak; of which, to have a just idea, as to its majestic shape and its utility, we must regard it with our own eyes, and inquire of those who have felled the gnarled trunk, and shapened it for their own purposes. So of life, its institutions and orders. Love, naturally, is a brutal appetite, and only becomes refined by emulation among men, and ultimate knowledge and refinement. As soon as chivalry had given birth to an improved state of political and moral life, its particular usages became obsolete. But the general improvement was derived from individual exemplars, and these were formed by the hand of love.

"The first situation given to youths just emerged from infancy was that of *varlet*, or *domicellus*, Italicè *donzello;* as such they served their masters and mistresses, carried their messages, attended them in their journies, visits, and hunting parties, and sometimes waited on them at table. The first lessons they received (and the task of instructing them devolved chiefly on the ladies) were of piety to God and devotion to the fair. Their religion was of course encumbered with superstition, but their catechism of love was singularly refined, and in order to strengthen their principles and to guard against the aberrations of youth, they were made to select early a lady among the most noble and virtuous at court, to whom they devoted all their sentiments and all their actions. They were at the same time exercised in gymnastic and martial games, and taught to venerate above all the august character of chivalry."

We are sorry we cannot do justice to all the fine things contained in our Antonio's book—that we cannot give a sketch of the various adventures of—

"Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armorick knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Africk shore,
When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell
By Fontarabbia."

Old Milton, as we see, revelled, in imagination, over the wonderful achievements of these worthies of ancient renown, and our readers, we assure them, will not find the names and actions of Charles, or Rinaldo, or Orlando, or Ganalon, the wicked traitor, beneath their notice. For the due investigation of these various characters, they have only to go to the pages of the merry and learned Modenese Antonio Panizzi, the beloved of Roscoe, of Medici celebrity, and professor of the true *lingua Toscana en bocca Romana*, in the University of London. We wish it had been the King's College which Antonio had made the scene of his learned discourses—but we must not quarrel with him on this score, seeing that he is one of the most efficient of the professors of that same much-renowned-in-song—Stinkomalee.

The professor demonstrates that the prose romances have been derived from the popular songs, one of which was sung by Taillefer, the Norman standard-bearer at the battle of Hastings. Tressan fancied that fragments of this song were still extant among the peasants of the Pyrenees, and that the Marquis of Vivier Lausac, whose estates were in those mountains, had collected several, which, by Tressan, were thus combined—

"'O Roland! honneur de la France!
Que par toi mon bras soit vainqueur!
Dirige le fer de ma lance
A percer le front ou le cœur
Du fier ennemi qui s'avance!
Que son sang, coulant à grands flots
De ses flancs, ou de sa visière,
Bouillonne encore sur la poussière
En baignant les pieds des chevaux!'"

may be thus translated:—

"'Oh Roland! the renown of France!
Urge my arm with conquering might!
Guide the steel-head of my lance
The proud front, or heart to smite,
Of what foe soe'er advance!
May I see life's gushing flood,
From shatter'd helm, or mangled side
Mix with dust its bubbling tide,
And bathe my courser's hoofs in blood.'"

Thus too, as Warton informs us, Richard Lion Heart was greeted by *populares cantiones*, before the camp of Ptolomais.

"From these popular songs," says Panizzi, "the long prose romances have been derived; and to the latter the Italian poets were indebted for the subjects of their poems. The poetical romances of any length and well ascertained antiquity, are but improvements on the originals now lost, which must necessarily have been brief, since the committing them to writing would have cost more trouble and expense than most men could afford, and the only means whereby they could have been preserved was to learn them by heart. The fact of the prose romances having been taken from old popular songs, is so repeatedly avowed even in the books themselves, that no doubt can be reasonably entertained on the subject. And even were it not thus openly admitted, the bulky black-letter volumes afford sufficient internal evidence of it. The rhymes in question passing thus from mouth to mouth were subject to many alterations, partly owing to the ignorance, and partly to the fancy of the *minstrels* who sang them; not unfrequently attributing the feats of one hero to another; shortening or extending the lay, or adding to it lines from some other ballad.* Thus it is that in old romances we are often perplexed by finding the same hero the son of different fathers, or living in two different countries, or even in two ages widely distant. On the other hand it seems inexplicable, how writers could so unblushingly copy from each other some of the most important events concerning their respective heroes. A striking illustration of this remark may be seen in the madness of Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram.

"The ancient songs being short, those who turned them into prose, and formed a long book from them, were obliged to make a kind of patchwork of their materials, in the best way possible, without much regard to the sources from whence such materials were taken. Hence subjects the most various, from several small poems, were arranged side by side, without any previous connexion having subsisted between them. This will account for the piece-meal peculiarity of the old romances (the *Amadis* excepted). No kind of order is observed in these compositions; and frequently the hero, from whom the work takes its name, is more rarely mentioned than many others in the book. Moreover, the prose romances, written in this style, abound in sudden starts and transitions from one subject to another: and we have reason to be grateful when the author deigns to apprize us of his intentions to change the subject. We must be content if he does not enter on a topic altogether new, or recur to that which he so abruptly broke off, just when, after great trouble, we were becoming familiar with it. Writing, as these compilers professedly did, to reduce into prose the stories, which were already recorded in verse; and fearful lest they might be suspected of altering their text, they often referred to their originals, whether this were requisite or not; sometimes even for the purpose of sanctioning some alterations which they took the liberty to introduce. This will explain the formula so frequently to be met with at every other line; 'or dit le conte, or dit l'histoire, or dit le livre,' &c. The popular story-tellers and romancers took, at a still later period, their compositions from these disjointed prose volumes, and by a rigorous adherence to the forms there adopted, the romanesque narrative poems gradually acquired a peculiar character and constituted a distinct species of epopee. Their unconnectedness, their frequent interruptions, and their quotations from Turpin or Alcuin are thus accounted for. The early juglars and minstrels, for their part, in order to gratify the depraved taste of their patrons, originally filled their songs with loose and immoral anecdotes, which were faithfully preserved by their prose translators.†—'When the feelings grown rude and callous can be excited only by the strongest stimulants; and when the mind does not,

* "Sir W. Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii. p. 269."

† "*Juglars* and *Minstrels* were very properly called *scurrae* by the monks. *Leccator* was also a word signifying *minstrel*, from *leccare* to flatter; a word still used in that sense in Italian. From this word, *lecher* and its derivatives are formed; which sufficiently shews what description of persons the minstrels generally were. See DUCANGE in v. MINISTELLUS. 'The Celtæ,' says POSIDONIUS the Apamean, 'even in making war, carry with them table-companions, whom they call parasites. . . . . . And these are the men termed bards.' RITSON, *A Hist. Essay on Nat. Songs*, p. xxxv. The Romans had, no doubt, their earliest history existing in lays, which were sung in turn at their tables, as was the case in the middle ages among most of the northern nations."

in a more refined age, recoil disgusted from the employment of such means, songs and tales are found to turn upon incidents the most horrible and unnatural. Thus we find that incest, parricide, in fine, crimes the most enormous, were the early themes celebrated by the Grecian Muse.'* These observations are equally applicable to the middle ages, and the subsequent romanesque narrative poets, faithfully following in their great works the track of their more humble predecessors, abound in stories of this description. It is, however, proper to state that ARIOSTO, objectionable as he occasionally is with regard to his subjects, never indulges in the disgusting terms employed even by his immediate predecessors. The Italians have been reproached with the licentiousness of their poets. Yet in a similar state of society the poets of all nations have been the same. But it is a glory peculiar to Italy, that, at a period when this freedom of expression was so common, she possessed a man like PETRARCA who could write with such purity and delicacy upon a subject, purposely selected by others for the indulgence of vulgar language and immoral imagery."

This prose extract, which is the only one which we can give from the worthy Professor's book, will present a specimen of the entertainment to be derived from the varied learning contained in its pages.

The reason of Charlemagne's celebrity, was his submission to the church. In Italy, he fought against the enemies of papacy, and in Spain against the Saracens. His exploits were magnified, he was celebrated as a giant in renown; all his cruelties, and all his licentiousness were forgotten, the name of the hero was identified with Christianity, and he became the most accomplished of warriors, and the greatest of monarchs in the eyes of the monkish historians. In the process of two or three centuries, however, every ballad or legend including the name of Charles, was supposed to refer to the same individual, so that Charles Martel, Charlemagne, Charles the Bald, Charles the Fat, and Charles the Simple, were amalgamated into one great and glorious hero of Christendom.

Yet, strange to say, that Charlemagne came, subsequently, to be pourtrayed rather as an idiot than a hero. He is described as the constant dupe of the iniquitous Ganalon. He is coarse in his manners, and swears like a trooper. He buffets his peers after the manner of Tom Crib or the white-headed Gypsey, as we see in the Romance of Don Roldan.

> "El Emperador con enojo
> Un bofiton le havia dado."

He kills and slaughters with the capricious appetite of an untutored savage, and this habit of phrenzy is again mixed up with the deepest veneration for the saints and devotion to his country.

All the nations of Europe claim pedigree from the Trojans, and all heroes are god-descended. The romancers claimed, as in honour bound, a high origin for their worthies. One draws his lineage from Alexander and Hector, and boasts of having Joshua and Judas Macabeus for collateral relations. Sir Launcelot is said to come in the eighth degree from "oure Lord Jhesu Cryst," and Sir Galahalt "in nynthe degree from oure Lord Jhesu Cryst;" and for this reason, they were "the grettest gentilmen of the world." Theseus was held as a knight errant, and was canonized. Apollo had slaughtered Python and a Cyclops, and was an admirer of the sex, therefore a fit person to be knighted. As none but a knight could wield a lance, the soldier who pierced our Saviour's side was styled "the knight that jousted with Jesus." Joseph of Arimathea was dubbed, "the gentyl knighte, the whiche tooke downe oure Lord of the hoolye crosse;" and David, for his feat over Goliath of Gath, who was, as we have satisfactorily proved, the prototype of Pickering the publisher, was found worthy of the honours of the accolade and spur. Pagans and Saracens were typical of Danes, and

CICER. *Tuscul.* iv. 2. PERCY, *Essay on ancient Eng. Minst.* In later days they had some licentious songs sung by *parasites* or *scurrae.*

> "Procul hinc, procul inde puellæ
> Lenonum et cantus pernoctantis parasiti.
> Maxima debetur puero reverentia.
> JUVEN. *Sat.* xiv. 45."

* "Sir W. SCOTT, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii. p. 206."

Richard the First sat as original to the famous Ogier of the North.

Such are a few of the multitudinous matters of which our worthy and gentle Modenese has treated. Have we sufficiently whetted the reader's curiosity? If so, let him forthwith order the book at the house of the Philistine, that dwelleth by the borders of the Lane of Chancery, and let such reader proceed forthwith to the task of perusal and digestion.

Before concluding, we must extract some of the poetry with which Lady Dacre has graced the volume. The following version of a portion of the episode relating to Forisene in Pulci is by her ladyship. Her name is already familiar to the public as the translator of several of Petrarch's Sonnets, introduced into Foscolo's volume on the poetical character of the lover of Laura.

" And Forisene was in her heart aware,
That love of her was Oliver's sole care.

" And because Love not willingly excuses
One who is loved, and loveth not again;
(For tyrannous were deem'd the rule he uses,
Should they who sue for pity sue in vain;
What gracious lord his faithful liege refuses!)
So when the gentle dame perceived the pain,
That well-nigh wrought to death her valiant knight,
Her melting heart began his love requite.

" And from her eyes soft beamed the answering ray,
That Oliver's soul-thrilling glance returns;
Love in these gleamy lightnings loves to play,
Till but one flame two youthful bosoms burns.
To tend his grievous wounds she comes one day,
And towards him with greeting mute she turns;
For on her lips her voiceless words are stayed,
And her bright eyes are fain to lend their aid.

" When Oliver perceived that Forisene
Accosted him with shrinking timid grace,
The pains which unsupportable had been
Vanished, and to far other ills gave place;
His soul is tost sweet hopes and doubts between,
And you might almost, 'mid these flutterings, trace
A dear assurance to be loved by her;
For silence is Love's best interpreter.

" He might besides, as she drew near, observe
O'er all her face a deep vermillion dye,
And short—and broken—checked by cold reserve,
Her accents of condoling courtesy,
For the sharp wounds he suffer'd, to preserve
Her worthless self in her extremity.—
With downcast looks, that speak of hope the while:
For this of lovers ever is the style.

" And thus in lowly accents falt'ring still;—
' The Fates—despiteful destiny'—she said,
' Or, in whatever sort, high heaven's will
' Me to a miserable death had led;
' Thou cam'st, Sir Paladin, and didst fulfil
' Heaven's high behest, from highest Heaven sped
' For my release, and 'tis thro' thee I live;
' Therefore for these thy wounds I justly grieve.'

" These words within his inmost heart found place,
And on their sweetness Oliver relied,
E'en for the joy of that one moment's space
Gladly the knight before Love's shrine had died,
O'ercome by gratitude for so much grace!
And prizing little all of life beside,—
Nay, holding, I had almost said, at nought—
He, bashful, thus gave utterance to his thought.

" ' Never, fair lady, in my earthly course,
' Have I done aught that brought so true content;
' If I have rescued thee from fate's dark force,
' Such sweetness through my heart the deed hath sent,
' As none can match from any other source:
' I know thou would'st my every pain prevent,
' But different wounds far different balms assuage,
' 'Twere better else I'd felt the monster's rage.'

" Well knew the maiden to interpret right
These gentle words, and print them on her heart:
So in Love's subtle school each task is light!
And, sighing, to herself she said apart,
' Yes, thy new grief I will with mine requite,
' Nor were it better thou hadst felt Death's dart;
' Ingratitude such love shall never know,
' This breast is not of adamant, I trow.'

" With sighs departed Forisena fair,
And Oliver remained afflicted more;
Nor of his gashes took he thought or care,
For anguish of the inward wound he bore.

* * * * *

And weeping, lingering, sighing sad between,
'Adieu'—the knight had said to Forisene.

"When the fair maid beheld her parting knight,
She many times to follow him designed,
With other thoughts all wild and opposite,
Nor longer could she keep her love confined.
Then to gaze after him, tho' lost to sight,
Led to her lattice by the archer blind,
The cruel urchin twang'd his fatal bow,
And on the earth behold the damsel low!

"The tidings heard, her aged father sped,
To raise his prostrate child—and she was dead!

"LADY DACRE."

There are other specimens by Mr. Rose, the translator of Ariosto, and by Mr. Sotheby, of Homeric reputation; but enough of the Modenese, whose book we close reluctantly. Of the merits of Mr. Rose and Mr. Sotheby we have much to say, which must be done in separate articles worthy of their high scholarship.

CHURCH MUSIC.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

"All the train
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas."—MILTON.

AGAIN! oh, send those anthem-notes again
Thro' the arch'd roof in triumph to the sky!
Bid the old tombs give echoes to the strain,
The banners tremble, as with victory!

Sing them once more!—they waft my soul away,
High where no shadow of the past is thrown;
No earthly passion, thro' th' exulting lay,
Breathes mournfully one haunting under-tone.

All is of Heaven!—yet wherefore to mine eye,
Gush the quick tears unbidden from their source,
Ev'n while the waves of that strong harmony,
Sweep with my spirit on their sounding course?

Wherefore must rapture its full tide reveal,
Thus by the signs betokening sorrow's power?
—Oh! is it not, that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour!

THE HONOURABLE HOUSE AND THE REFORM DEBATE.

Our readers need hardly be assured that We, Oliver the Great, assisted on the first and following nights of the debate on the all-engrossing question of Reform. 'Tis true we last month were silent on the subject—and for this reason: aware, as we are, of the existence of certain monthly publications which, we are credibly informed, affect to call themselves our "contemporaries," and to share with us in the public favour and attention, we, in order to testify to these misguided periodicals how far we were from wishing to accelerate their inevitable mud-ward course, left them at liberty to say their say about the Reform Debate, without interruption or eclipse from us. And a pretty matter they made of it! Now, then, that the groves are silent, and we may expect

> "Fit audience to find, not few,"

we shall offer a comment or so on the said Reform Debate. This we shall do in our own peculiar way—noticing those whom we think worthy—or it may be those whom we think not—but, at all events, those whom we choose: and though we are somewhat jovially placed at present, as much real gravity may be found in our remarks by a diligent peruser, as though we were arrayed in wig and gown. First, however, to allay the solicitude which our readers, fair and otherwise, no doubt entertain concerning the amount of comfort or convenience enjoyed by ourselves during a protracted debate, we shall just indicate the nature of our position on that memorable occasion. By the grace and favour of our well-beloved cousin, Charles Manners Sutton, the Silent Utterance, alias Wordless Speaker of the Commons, we stationed ourselves under the gallery, immediately behind his Royal Highness of Cumberland, who, mustachios and all, looked as fierce and friendly as ever. True, his Royal Highness has not the good fortune to agree with us on the Reform question—still we cannot withhold from him the praise of being a jolly fellow, who tosses off a tumbler of toddy with a truly royal air, and laughs at the twaddle of the *Times*. Surely this is praise rarely merited by a prince of the blood, and rarely bestowed when merited! We hope, therefore, the Royal Duke will be sensible of our approval, and continue to deserve it. But what are we at? Nothing but an "Illustrious Personage" could justify the digression of which we have been guilty. To return to the seat we enjoyed, or rather suffered, behind his Royal Highness. The Methodist-meeting-house-looking chamber, called St. Stephen's Chapel, is admirably calculated for the vexation of the knees of those sinners admitted within its precincts. Not, however, by *kneeling*—no, no.—With all respect for its past purposes and for the present Mr. Percival, (who calls the *Morning Post* "a vile and profligate thing,") we must in veracity aver that the knees of men now living are annoyed by *sitting*—which, as we know to our sorrow, is a most wretched occupation in the said Chapel of St. Stephen. The members, being a high-minded body of gentlemen, contrive to remedy this inconvenience, by stretching their legs along the seats, to the effectual transfer of Hunt's composition on to Stultz's manufacture—a good office, which, being mutually interchanged, occasions no O'Gorman-Mahonism in the minds of honourable members. But to those poor devils, who, like ourselves, are privileged to sit *twelve* on a bench for *eight* behind the peers, nothing can be conceived more execrable than the quondam chapel. The said peers and our particular crony of Cumberland were not so situated; the former, being four in a row, and the latter seated on a front bench. All looked as well as could be expected, poor fellows! they—Grey, Durham, Londonderry, Lansdowne, &c.—not excepting even his Royal Highness, being obliged to pocket their lordly self-sufficiency—to sit uncovered—and to speak below their breath; while Hunt, Waithman, Thompson, and a man named Hood, or Good, or Wood, wore beavers on their untenanted upper stories—talked without meaning, coughed without colds—and cried "ques-

tion!" when they would not be answered. The democracy of this pleased us—us, who have so often, before the throne and below the bar in "another place," been doomed to stand conjecturing the probable comfort of the crimson-covered cushions on which the peers—confound them! were reclining.

The first object in the Commons' House, which, after the mace, arrests the stranger's eye, is the person of the Right Honourable the Speaker. Such metropolitan perambulators, as have only seen Mr. Manners Sutton in his private character of a rather ill-favoured gentleman, can have no conception of his impressive appearance and dignified demeanour, when seated in the democratic throne of the Commons House of Parliament. The ample robe, the flowing wig, the well-formed leg,

> "In silken stocking seen,"

the gloves of purple kid—and the gold-environed eye-glass in constant requisition—are all remarkable—all in keeping with that characteristic and authoritative intonation of voice which so often produces *order*, where all, till it was heard, seemed chaos. Many are the endeavours made to "catch the Speaker's eye" during a stormy debate—and to this may, perhaps, be attributed the partial displacement of one of the right honourable gentleman's peepers. However, he has no obliquity of mental vision; but discharges his duties to our entire satisfaction. More need not be said.

Such of either sex as suppose that we are about to give a newspaperized report of the proceedings on the occasion of the Reform debate, are ridiculously wrong in their supposition. We—the prime Mover of this Magazine, and, inferentially, of all mankind—We, Oliver Yorke, condescend to be the *verbatim* reporters of language, which nothing but the fear of Newgate prevents us from designating! No—that can never be. Our design is of a nature very different, and far more dignified. We propose to shew our readers what manner of men the speakers were, and only incidentally to allude to the manner of stuff they uttered. Now for it, then!

Were we—as we neither are, nor ever can be—capable of truckling to a ministry, we should describe the ministerial bench first; but, not choosing to lay ourselves open to a charge of time-serving, we shall begin with the opposition side of the late House; and a precious side it was! Oh, ye gracious Whigs and Tories of the time of George the Fourth! could ye have conceived, or believed that the day would ever arrive when, on one and the same front bench—and that an opposition bench—would be seen Croker and Calcraft, Peel and Hunt, Twiss and Goulburn, Sir Joseph Yorke and Dan O'Connell? Upon our consciences this is "pretty oppositions!" We may be told that some of the just-named magnates were not opposed to ministers. But they occupied the front opposition bench, as we state, and very well they occupied it. Just look at the beautiful fitness of the thing! We had the floundering Twiss, who sneers at the middle classes, because he springs from the lowest; and the mushroom Peel, who hates the lowest, because of the *heir-loom* left in his family—both fellow-benchers with the Blacking-man, who, in sober truth, looks incomparably more like a gentleman than the Baboon, or the Rat Horrible Baronet. Of this Baronet we have not much to say. All our readers, who have seen the small amount of expressiveness in his wooden features, distorted to desperation when Canning's eloquence won the frequent cheer—all, who have seen his sheepish air when dealing forth his drivel in presence of that worthier and more successful son of fortune—all, who have beheld him quail beneath the scowl of Brougham's awful brow—must laugh with unutterable scorn on witnessing his present swagger at the head of that Falstaffian crew whom he has marched to Coventry. However, the man is gone—lost for ever. Not even the wretched remnant—the shreds and patches of a defeated party, by whom he now is backed—not even these believe in him. There is not a man among them but feels assured that, were place offered to Peel to-morrow, under the Whigs, he would joyfully, thankfully, trucklingly accept it. Of his speech on the reform debate, we may truly say, that the arrogant pomposity of its delivery was commensu-

rate with the vain sophistry and empty bombast of which it consisted. In truth, his remark is equally applicable to most of the speeches delivered against the bill—to that of the Twiss—of Croker—of Goulburn, Courtenay, Calcraft, and all the rest of them. But

> " 'Tis hardly worth our while
> With such small gear to give ourselves concern."

We will first speak of a person of far more importance—the honourable member for Preston, who so aptly, and to the joy of an applauding house, not long since, said to Mister William Peel, " I have to tell the honourable member that his father was the *first gentleman* in his family, while my father was the *first tradesman* in mine." Why cannot these gutter-born Bœotians—Peel, and Twiss, and Croker—leave the question of pedigree alone?—None of those who know—and who does not?—that Hunt is personally superior to them, would think of cruelly shewing their immeasurable inferiority to him in hereditary descent. Who, now-a-days, cares a straw about the question of birth, so that a man prove himself

> " A man for a' that?"

Yet these boobies of yesterday must needs be nice as to family! Pish! pooh! faugh! fiddlestick! But to proceed with Hunt. Though Cobbett is at present busily engaged in abusing him—not without (as we conceive) some sneaking fondness for the snug, unexpensive seat which the "Preston Cock," as he calls him, now fills—we must say that Hunt behaved himself wonderfully well in the "honourable House." Of his oratorical powers we never had any great notion, and our estimate is proved to be a correct one by the figure he made in parliament. There was no unwillingness to hear him. On the contrary—his rising secured almost immediate attention, and so long as he confined himself to the [illegible]ion, and to a clear and forcible exposition of facts, he was listened to without interruption. But when the demon of bombast, and of what our friend Peter Robertson calls the " general question," came upon him, then, indeed, the cry of " question" became, as the diurnals say, " loud and general," and he saw the difference between addressing a senate and haranguing a mob. His appearance and manner are rather favourable; though we think the former—florid, yeomanlike, and fearless as it is—would not suffer by a little modification of the latter, especially in that peculiar knack of twitching up his inexpressibles, which smacks strongly of the Rotunda. In voice and energetic expression he is second to no member of any House, and is, consequently, when determined to stand up, a very difficult personage to put down.

Next to this gentleman, and not dissimilar in breadth of brim, or generally democratic aspect, sate the " Daniel," whose speech on the Reform Bill will, we suspect, save him the trouble of " coming to judgment." O'Connell may be pronounced, beyond all question, the greatest swaggerer in the late House, or perhaps out of it. Yet in him it is by no means necessary to attracting attention, nor do we think it natural. He struts and swings from side to side, not only with an assumption of importance, but with an assumption of absurdity, with which the good humoured and intellectual aspect of his features in no wise corresponds. In his instance, as in that of Hunt, the House of Commons has helped men to a true estimate of powers and importance. Immeasurably above his brother demagogue he unquestionably is, and as immeasurably below the estimate formed of him in the days of Catholic agitations and deputations on the subject of the great " ation"—emancipation. The glory of a great cause, for great it undoubtedly was to an Irish patriot, shed lustre round the person of the leader, and he would probably never have been reduced to his true dimensions had not the question been set at rest, thus leaving him to choose between the legitimate effort for enduring fame, and the vain pursuit of fleeting popularity. He chose the latter, and has made a particular potato of himself. On this question of Reform, however, his was perhaps the best, and, with one exception, the most effective speech of the session. His enunciation is harmonious and distinct, save when, in concluding his

sentence, he stoops till his chin touches the table, and his coat pocket brushes the nose of the honourable member behind him. His clenching his fists, and raising them to his head, is a practice which nothing can surpass in absurdity, save the manual eloquence of Messieurs Attwood and Percival. But on the whole, the agitator may be cited as one of the principal ornaments of the late House of Commons—and small praise for him that same.

Croker being out of the Admiralty, and no longer authorized to play the fantastic tricks of a little brief authority before the brave and simple-hearted heroes of his Majesty's royal navy, we should not feel justified in wasting our writing materials on him, further than to observe that twice hath he brayed since the accession of the Whigs, once against Brougham and once against Jeffrey, both of which brayings did much honour to his ears and understanding. Of Twiss who could, or should, or would, or need say any thing? Much indignant verse and prose has been perpetrated concerning him, and he is so generally known and justly appreciated, that we

> "Pass by him as the idle wind,
> Which we respect not."

Next to this great satirist of the middle classes, we have much pleasure in mentioning a most amazing specimen of a drowned rat in the person of the once overpuffed and now annihilated Praed. This young gentleman was a Whig at Cambridge, and is said to have written sundry epigrams, so full of promise of his future eminence as a statesman, that, not to baulk the nation of so great a prize, he ratted from his brother Muddletonians of the Cambridge spouting club—ycleped the Union—and came into Parliament for the borough of Saint Germains. Great was the hope of the Tories in this gentleman, and when he delivered himself of a speech about printed calico, which, (the speech, not the calico), was cut and dried for him, verily the said Tories thought that Pitt himself was come on earth to badger Poulett Thompson. Well, on the reform question he was to be the wonder-worker: his honourable friends, whom, up to that moment, he had denounced as the worst foes of the country, were now around him—"Praed, Praed!" resounded from divers opposition benches whenever the twenty members rose at once to catch the Speaker's eye; and, at length, that eye marked out the member for St. Germains. Never in the course of our living experience, has it fallen to our lot to encounter a person more eminently entitled to a miserable failure than Mr. Wentworth Mackworth Praed proved himself on the occasion in question. He folded his arms and commenced by an attempt at the facetious; but, instead of being facetious himself, he was the cause of facetiousness in other men. Now a more indulgent audience the learned charade manufacturer could not have selected for himself, yet there are bounds to human endurance; and at length the young Cambridge Union-men, who sat near to our own person, were fairly sickened, and joined somewhat irreverently in the coughing of the honourable members. Yes, as that able weekly journal, the *Spectator*, has it—

> "When the Tory convert, Praed, all his early hopes betrayed,
> And donkey doctrines brayed, which nothing can fulfil;
> The very youths from Cam exclaimed, 'Why here's a flam!'
> A speech not worth a d—n 'gainst the bill."

Of North we shall say nothing, because he said nothing for himself. He broke down in some blundering metaphor at the end of a string of common places, and the "reporthurs," like good-natured fellows as they are, stated that the conclusion of the metaphor was lost in the cheers of the honourable gentleman's friends. Will the same good nature inform us where the beginning, and middle, and end of the speech of that eminent orange-sucker, Mr. Serjeant Lefroy, was lost? "In the gloom of its own obscurity," as a philosopher would say.

Though the great senatorial talents of Attwood and T. Peregrine Courtenay would richly repay the trouble of enquiry, yet we must leave them

> "In the gloom of their glory,"

and hasten to that dreaded foe of the press, Mr. Percival. Here is a man who has raised a more powerful hand than any other against reform. Frequent were the thumps, *clenching* were the arguments employed to support his views of a question, which, by a decree of Nature, he could not comprehend. His frequent use of the name of the Deity, was, we presume, taken as proof of his pious spirit, for Mr. Hughes Hughes, who called O'Gorman Mahon to order for that same, was in no degree scandalized by the adjurations of Spencer Percival. Well, we for our parts think Mr. Percival a very fair-haired gentleman, and can bear testimony to his having made some noise during the debate. If any proof were wanting of his impartiality, so well known to all his friends, it might be furnished in the fact, that, after a speech of two hours, distinguished by enormous vehemence of voice and manner, he left the question precisely as he found it—not condescending to prejudice either the one side or the other. This is the true honesty of public speaking—which leaves the hearer's judgment unpuzzled, and his mind in his own possession. Long life to Mr. Percival!

But still longer life to the learned member for Boroughbridge! Sir Charles Wetherell is a capital fellow, who, with a martyr-like devotion, seems to delight in sticking to a hopeless cause. A character he unquestionably is, and a most original one—from the frank and fearless brow, and foaming lip, to the termination of his waistcoat, and thence, through a long, long interval, to the waistband of his inexpressibles. To ourselves, who have so often, in the good county of Sussex, enjoyed with Sir Charles the rustic toil of hay-making with those luxurious snatches of relaxation, when cold pork and nut-brown ale act as

"Tired Nature's sweet restorers;"

to us, his grotesque appearance is perhaps less striking than to many others. But, in our estimate of public men, we are not to be blinded by our private habits, partialities, and associations. Sir Charles is a queer chap, and he knows it as well as we. He is

"Great at the bar, greater in the saddle;"

great at the head of his table; great at the side of our own; greater, if possible, at the side of that of the Lord Brougham and Vaux—but, greatest of all is he in the Senate. There, where your Lords Morpeth, and Leveson Gower, and Offley Norreys, and that stentorian Hear-hear-hearer, for whose existence we are indebted to the amiable Earl Mansfield—where all these are so very fine and vastly cut and dried—there is Sir Charles, overflowing with Nature, bursting with enthusiasm, and blowing with animation, shouting with zeal, perspiring with passion, and

"Dripping down with oratoric dew;"

giving himself, body and soul, to his subject, and despising the graceful in his fervour for what he believes to be the true. His humour, his argument, his quotations and allusions, classical and historical—his look, movements, voice, and enunciation—all are in keeping, always excepting the above mentioned waistband, which is ever on the go. His "Russell Purge" was a "hit—a palpable hit," and his speech altogether a treat of the first quality.

We are tired of the opposition side of the house, and for our own convenience shall proceed to the Treasury Benches.

In speaking of these verdant cushions, we might do ourselves some service by a little well-timed adulation. We could, if we chose, affirm that Lord Althorp is eloquent and handsome—Sir James Graham frank and graceful in his bearing—Stanley unassuming; and noble Russell dignified—with many more embellishments of barren fact than we can now stop to string together. But what would be the result? Why we should be offered place and profit—and, not having sufficient fortitude to refuse, our present miniature of perfect happiness would be exchanged for a full length of pompous misery. We shall therefore

"Dare to love our country, and be poor."

and, laying our hand on our right side, testify, upon our veracity, that Lord Althorp is a good swarthy looking gentleman, of whom we need only further say, that he has the

misfortune to be hourly praised for honesty. Our readers of both sexes know exceeding well that, when a young lady is lauded for amiability, it is fair to infer that she is no Venus; and, in like manner, when a man is violently eulogised for honesty, we may be sure that he is no Solomon.

With regard to Sir James Graham, we are under the necessity—neither agreeable nor disagreeable, for, of a verity we care nothing about him—of saying that he has fallen wofully short of the expectations formed of him, when in opposition. For our own parts, we were not of the number of his admirers, even then. Field-day speech-making is a mystery pretty well understood by us, and the miserable drawl in which Sir James—

> "Gave forth his small beer with the air of a chap,
> Who thought to himself 'twas prodigious fine tap,"

(we love this quotation,), always appeared to us detestably out of place in a deliberative assembly, however well suited to a 'chapel.' But now—now, that he is *Fuss'd Lawd of the Hammyrallyty*, a most miserable figure maketh he! Instead of gaining just and manly confidence from the high station which he fills, he shews a diminished head, and, in truth, seems to have lost in altitude. With the air of '*un bon mouton*,' he hesitates in his speech, and from his similes heaven preserve us! for he is no—

> "Autocrat of words and metaphor;"

wherefore we recommend him to stick to his facts, and on no account to place himself in jeopardy either by naval or demagogue allusions. Not that we think he ought to have gone out with O'Gorman Mahon.—No; but *this* he ought to have done: When Mr. Mahon exclaimed, "name! name! is it myself you *mane?*" he ought to have declared that, however important and omnipresent the honourable member might be to himself, still he, (Sir James) and in all probability the House, were not sensible of the honourable gentleman's presence, till he rose to appropriate to himself a name never intended for him, but which, if he insisted on it, was much at his service. Couldn't he have said that? Oh, to be sure he could, only that he hadn't ability enough to say a word more than he had bargained for. So, away he went, and next day refused to explain, till Mahon, who, though not very clear in the head, is an honest right-hearted fellow, and not one to stand any nonsense, talked of a horsewhip. Then it was that the First Lord, mindful, and, we think, justly so, that a meeting or any less chivalrous conflict with Mahon, would be holding out a mischievous precedent, did consent to apologize! and a bungling business he made of it. Not content with the questionable nature of the position in which he stood, he must needs go out of his way to insult a recorded poltroon; one, whose bullying cowardice had long been visited by public scorn.

Of Stanley we shall say but little now, because we hope soon to have occasion for saying much more than could here be justified, save by the sanguine anticipations which men of all parties entertain of him. His speech on the Reform debate was unquestionably the most "parliamentary" of all. His cogent argumentation, his dexterity in disposing of the paltry interruption of Peel and others, his telling points, his wit, sparingly but most effectively used, were all of the parliamentary order. So also was his manner, though this seemed rather too formed, too void of that natural freedom, which is the best grace in an orator, though they won't believe it; and his voice, in moments of great excitement, becomes harsh and tuneless, a defect which he may remedy by asking Shiel to dinner, on his return to Dublin.

The Lord Advocate, Jeffrey, is a man of whom it is vastly easy to say a vast deal of vastly fine common places. However, as we don't pretend to be fine writers, and as, moreover, we have nothing to do with the merits or demerits of Jeffrey as a pleader, a reviewer, or a man, we shall say our say of him as a member of the British Senate. This will not take us long. As a parliamentary speaker Jeffrey is and will ever be a failure; and for this simple reason, that it is not *in him* to be otherwise. Whether he might

have succeeded in the years of youthful and of manly energy, we do not pretend to say; but now, fallen "into the sere and yellow leaf," with a vicious mannerism and an enfeebled frame, it is out of the question to look for any thing more than he has already shewn; namely, evidence of a clear and cultivated mind, wholly out of its proper sphere. In the court of law and the reviewer's closet he may yet be cogent and successful as ever, but in parliament he is and must be ineffective. It is very well for the *Spectator* and some especial friends of our own, to whom Providence, in its inscrutable decrees, has awarded the necessity of being fellow-countrymen of the Lord Advocate, to say that the "hotch-potch audience" of the House of Commons have "too dull intellects" for appreciating the "fine wit" and "subtle arguments" of Francis Jeffrey. Why,

> "How now, worthy fellows,
> Pray, what's this you tell us?"

—you of the *Spectator*, and our own dearly beloved Caledonians.—Was the "hotch-potch audience" too "dull in intellect" for the "fine wit" of George Canning, or the "subtle arguments" of Henry Brougham?—not to revert to the by-gone glories of Pitt and Fox, and Burke and Sheridan. With respect to these latter, the Northerns may say that they spoke to a different auditory—which we for our parts deny: but all of us remember—most of us have witnessed at different times the "hotch-potch audience" which hung upon the accents of Canning, and were thrilled by the mighty energies of Brougham. Was not Bellamy's deserted—the steak abandoned—nay, the very wine forsaken when either of these distinguished statesmen rose? Were not the "hotch-potch materials" so sneered at by the *Spectator*, moulded into one moveless mass by the magic of these mighty voices of our later days? No one disputes, least of all will we, that the late House of Commons was a very inadequate representative of the intelligence of the country. But surely not more so than it was last year, or any year in the last ten, when eloquence, or any thing approaching thereto, has been encouraged, on the same principle that puppyish prating, such as Praed's, and thinly toned, and finely spun descanting of all kinds has been coughed down. Away, then, with the notion that Jeffrey is above the appreciation of an assembly which has justly estimated and honoured the genius of Canning and of Brougham; and even borne with the boastful impertinence of Croker and of Peel. We repeat, *it is not in* Jeffrey to be a parliamentary orator; and our friend the *Spectator* will be less shrewd than usual, if, in his virtuous and Caledonian horror of "hotch-potch" audiences, he wait for one which shall testify to the world that morally, physically, and by habit and associations, the Lord Advocate is destined,

> "The applause of listening Senates to command."

A gentleman who leans and pleads colloquially, and unceremoniously sucks his orange, may be talking a very good leading article; but in the parliamentary sense of the term—or in other words, in the effect produced on his hearers—he says nothing. The *Spectator* itself admits that the Lord Advocate's speech on reform "fell short of Lord John Russell's in simplicity—of Macauley's in energy—of O'Connell's in pith—and of Peel's in plausibility." Oh, these comparisons are indeed "odorous." We will just add the adjectives illustrative of these great qualities. Strive on, my Lord Advocate, till you shall have equalled the "simpering simplicity" of Russell, the "conventual energy" of Macauley, the "ranting pith" of O'Connell, and lastly, the "laboured plausibility" of Peel—a plausibility so plausible, that not a soul on either side of the House guessed, or cared on which side of the question the Baronet would vote at last. But the *Spectator* thinks to tutor Jeffrey into a parliamentary orator. "We impress it upon him," says the *Spec.*, "that the first, second, and third requisite of [illegible] of Commons oratory, is

> "Delivery, delivery, delivery;
>
> Diskivery, diskivery, diskivery,"

which we have no doubt the Lord Advocate has himself made, with

this into the bargain, that he wants this first, second, and third requisite, and never can attain it.

An elegant scholar, a clever critic, an acute reasoner, and an able advocate, Jeffrey is admitted to be. In power, energy, and all the great oratorical requisites or accomplishments, he is manifestly—irremediably deficient.

Shiel is another fine "scollard," who was brought in for a borough, to speechify against boroughmongering, and to just as little purpose as Jeffrey. This quondam agitator is a smart fellow, and that's all. He talks with a rapidity, calling forth execrations on the part of the reporters, of which we cannot in our conscience approve. Though fiery and energetic, he always seems *a pleader*, who has touched the fee, before caring a curse for the cause. In personal requisites he is almost as deficient as the northern luminary. His figure is small, and wholly devoid of dignity—his voice harsh, and wanting in power, unless it be the power of screeching, which it possesses in a degree we hope never to hear equalled. With all respect for his flashing, intelligent, but restless eye, we would rather have his speech at breakfast in any of the "best possible instructors," than be present at the delivery of the same. This gentleman is said to have written some modern tragedies, and also to have slandered the late Duke of York. It is to be hoped that these reports are both libellous.

Mr. T. Babington Macauley having been considerably belaboured in a former number of our "beautifully dreadful" magazine, we shall do him here the justice to say, that his speech on the reform question is by many spoken of in terms of approval, in which we cannot concur. A very close watcher of parliamentary proceedings, and no admirer of Macauley, assures us that he regards his speech as the most unanswerable of the debate. We think otherwise. But, as we said at the outset, our affair is with the manner-of-menism of the orators, and not with the manner-of-stuff-ism which they uttered. Now, a manner more studiously to be avoided than Macauley's, we cannot, at the present moment, point out; and they, who are charmed by it, will, we suppose, be prepared to extend their approval to the modulations of a voice, which we fervently pray we may never hear again. We repeat, that we gladly avail ourselves of the present opportunity for mentioning opinions favourable to a gentleman, whom we have been accused of treating too rigourously on a former occasion.

We must now be commencing a conclusion to this list of worthies. Not, however, till we have done justice to Mr. T. S. Duncombe, the member for Hertford. Talk of effective speaking—whose style can be compared to that of Corinthian Tom? Standing behind the ministers, and almost patting Lord Althorp on the crown he exclaimed to Peel and his regiment—"If you think by opposing these honest and virtuous ministers, to cheat the people of reform, and get yourselves into power, you are wofully out. Lay not the flattering unction to your Tory souls! I shall advise the King to dissolve this Parliament, if you oppose the ministers. I shall further suggest to his Majesty the propriety of suspending the writs for the sixty rotten boroughs, at the next election." Loud were the cheers, general the laughter—universal the belief, that Tom had quaffed from an inspiring fount before he made these pithy remarks. His hit at Croker's trash in a Sunday newspaper, as compared with the blue and yellow, also told amazingly; and we are justified in saying that no man ever more effectually roused a slumbering House, than did Duncombe on this occasion. We are happy to see he has well calculated matters at Hertford.

With this great and fashionable senator—

> "Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest,
> Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,"

we shall conclude—for, in sober truth, we know of no one else worthy of our immortalizing ink, whether for good or for evil. We doubt not that the reader has, by this time, come to a conclusion to which we long ago arrived, viz.—that if the measure of reform were calculated for no other advantage than that of displacing the bipeds who have been

privileged to noodleize in the British Senate, the said measure would be worthy of the nation's gratitude As at present constituted, the House of Commons is, by many wise and thinking persons, supposed to be of no earthly use Yet from this opinion we are bound to dissent Very many are the debates which we have had the misfortune to attend within the walls of the chapel, and we can safely say that not one of them passed off without signal benefit To the public?—No To the House itself?—No To whom then? Why faith, reader, we must tell thee at once, for thou wouldst never guess To the feminine orange polisher and vender in the lobby To her, a protracted debate is indeed a profitable discussion—forasmuch as no parliamentary orator cares a brass farthing for the principle which he advocates, and therefore, to him, "talking's dry work" Unsupported by personal conviction or deep feeling on the points of which he "states his view" he is not likely to be insensible to corporeal inconvenience. Hence must my right honourable colleague, or my honourable friend hasten, (as Sir James did for the "talented" youth, Stanley,) to procure a moistening for the passage by which the orator's preposterousness has to pass Of all the orators of this orange school, however there is none so profitable to the lady of the lobby, or laughable to the gentlemen of the House, as Mr T Peregrine Courtenay We know of no personal fatigue which would not be amply repaid by the pleasure of *seeing* this gentleman speak He may truly be said to aggravate his voice to the tone of a *sucking* dove

With every feeling of admiration for Hobhouse's speech, and of wonder at Burdett's silence, we beg to offer our best wishes for the advancement of the former gentleman's views, and our hearty congratulation on the military promotion of the son of the latter—so complimentary to the talents and valour which as yet, he has had no occasion to display.

And now for our nightcap



THE AUTHOR OF "THE EXQUISITES

"THE GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS."

No XIII

DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COZIO.

The Don to tune of gay quadrille,
Floats double, Don and shadow

HERE we have Trueba, dancing, and, as usual, occupied in turning his spectacled eyes from his partner, and all other persons whatever, upon the far more lovely shadow of himself He is dressed in the manner of one of his own Exquisites, and, to use the favourite expression in that illustrious comedy, is displaying himself as a bore of no inconsiderable dimensions

Of Telesforo de Trueba y Cozio, thus presented to our view, we have little to say Leigh Hunt, who, even in his sere and yellow leaf, pursues all the cockneyisms of his youth, fresh and verdant as when first they flourished, in all the pride of amber-coloured silk inexpressibles, over "the half mountain region of Hampstead," said in his *Tatler*'s review of the *Exquisites*, that it was uncommonly refreshing to meet a real Spanish Don, and that it carried the mind back to Gil Blas and Lazarillo de Tormes, and other heroic characters of a similar stamp Had Hunt extended his researches as far as Somers Town, he would have found dons of all sorts and degrees, walking about in the shirtless majesty of independence, without stretching his ideas into the region of romance, and, ignorant as we are of Trueba's Spanish history, we can only take him up in England, where we do not find him so wonderful a specimen as some of his friends would wish to pass him off upon us How strange, lisps a lady critic, that a Spaniard should write such good English How wonderful brogues forth a gentleman of the press that a foreigner should have so complete an insight into our manners Sweet lady ! kind Milesian ! Don Telesforo De Trueba y Cozio was educated here, at some Roman Catholic College Here he has spent his youth—here he is spending his manhood—English is his vernacular tongue—and he can no more write Spanish than Lord Palmerston or Dr Bowring He is no more in education or language a Spaniard, than the Lord Mayor, even though as in the case of that illustrious functionary, people generally prefix the Don to his name

We have always, however considered this a matter of little consequence. Trueba, be he Spaniard or Briton by education writes passable novels in irreproachable English His name is an injury to him, in the very reverse manner to what might be expected Conscious that it is a strange thing for a gentleman so Hispanically cognominated, to write English at all, the reading public with its usual wisdom has taught him to look upon himself as a wonder on that one account . As in the case of the learned pig, we care not what the erudite animal reads, so that he *does* but read—so, in the case of Trueba, it seems to be settled that so as he *does* write in English, it is a matter of secondary consideration what he writes. This, we are sorry to say, has acted sadly upon the permanent fame of our Castilian A man who consents to be shewn as a lion, runs the risk of being at last metamorphosed into an ass Let him, therefore, shake off, most lustily, whatever advantage he may fancy he obtains by being a curiosity, and, as he is in some sort a clever fellow, he may get on in time As long as he is the astonishing Spaniard, "wot writes English," so long will he not do anything worth a farthing.

His *Exquisites* have, we understand, been condemned to that bourne from whence no comedy returns—his novels are not quite equal to the workmanship of his countryman, Cervantes. Many a man, says old Rabelais, wears the dress of a Spaniard, who cannot shew the pluck of a Spanish soldier He has some talent, nevertheless, and if he will really work, something may be got out of him; but, to borrow an illustration from the picture opposite, let him not mistake the shadow, singularity, for the substance, fame !

THE LIFE OF COUNT CAMPOMANES.*

If in the schools and literary institutions of Spain, as also in the great mass of the nation, we seek in vain for that sound instruction and enlightened love of knowledge, which are observable in other European countries, we can in no degree attribute this circumstance to her want of able and zealous advocates in favour of popular education. In every age distinguished Spaniards have appeared, joining the onward march of general civilization, and embracing the subject with the most enlarged and liberal views. But the benevolent designs of such men have, for the most part, been frustrated, and their energies wasted in petty struggles with the influential upholders of darkness and tyranny; or if some few, by their official situations or court influence, succeeded in proclaiming their sterling and patriotic principles, they were quickly oversounded by a clamorous clergy and a corrupt aristocracy, vociferously eulogising the Pope and his priesthood, the king and his nobles—in short, that incomparable constitution of church and state, to alter which in the minutest degree would be inducing civil commotion in this world, as a preparative for damnation everlasting in the next. Hence, while in the libraries and archives of the Peninsula, masterly works are to be met with on subjects connected with public rights, legislation, and civil economy, there is no hope of discovering fundamental treatises on any useful branch of popular instruction; and the indifference of the public in this respect is unhappily proportionate to the narrow policy of their rulers.

The Conde de Campomnaes is, undoubtedly, an author whose great labours for the good of his country entitle him to rank with the liberal and patriotic Spaniards to whom we have just alluded, as ever ready to advance the interests of freedom and enlightenment. Towards the close of the last century he displayed, as a member of the Royal Council of Spain, an energy, capacity, and unwearied zeal, which would have done honour to any nation, however advanced, and which commanded the respect and admiration of those foreigners, who had occasion to watch the progress of affairs in the Peninsula. When this learned Asturian commenced his career, Spain had just escaped from the cruel war, which in the beginning of the eighteenth century convulsed the nations of Europe. Charles III., the monarch who opened to Spain a path of prosperity and glory—(unhappily abandoned by his immediate successor) imbibed at Naples those paternal principles of government which, when he was enabled to introduce them in the Trans-Pyrenean Peninsula, found the readiest and most enthusiastic advocacy from Campomanes. He was the chief promoter of the sovereign's noble designs for the public good, and by his writings, which were eminently calculated to conciliate public opinion, and baffle the many powerful enemies of improvement in Spain and elsewhere, he effected incalculable advantage to the cause in which he was engaged.

From his boyhood, Campomanes enjoyed the advantage—sufficiently rare in Spain—of liberal instructors, who led him through a well-directed course of studies; and, thus prepared, he was early qualified for a distinguished station, which he most honourably filled—that of advocate in the principal royal courts. In this eminent profession none of the faculties of man are dormant; and by Campomanes they were exercised so as to command for him the respect of the tribunals, and the applauses of

* Tratado de la Regalia de Amortizacion, traduzido por Don Pedro Rodriguez Campomanes. 4to. Gerona, 1821.

Antigüedad de la Republica de Cartago, con el Periplo de su General Hannon, traduzido del Griego, por D. Pedro Rodriguez de Campomanes. 8vo. Madrid, 1756.

Discurso sobre el Fomento de la Industria Populare, por el mismo Autor. 12mo. Madrid, 1774.

Discurso sobre la Educacion de los Artesanos, i su Apendia. 4 vols. 12mo. Madrid, 1775.

the people. His society was soon sought after by the noble and exalted, among whom was the celebrated Marquis de la Enseandas, minister extraordinary, who manifested the fullest sense of the rare merits of Campomanes, proposing him as the first of the four scholars whom he designed to employ exclusively in public writings.

During two years the young lawyer pursued his brilliant career at the bar, overwhelmed with causes of the first importance; and yet, amid this pressure of business, he found time to prosecute his studies in the learned languages, and in the history and antiquities of Spain. The academy of history had fixed on him as an invaluable acquisition to their body, when the government summoned him to undertake the duties of office.—But the post which he at first filled, that of superintendant-general of roads, &c. afforded but limited scope for the exercise of his transcendent talents. Carlos III., equally wise in the selection of his ministers, as firm in continuing to them his support, required about this time a councillor who would boldly defend the royal authority and prerogative, then endangered by the ambition and wiles of the Roman See. He wished to consult with some master mind, which, while it perceived the root of those evils that overspread the kingdom, would at the same time clearly see and fearlessly suggest the necessary remedies, and be prepared to apply them with uncompromising vigour. He had heard of the great merit of Campomanes, and, unsolicited, appointed him to the office of *fiscal de lo civil* in the supreme council of Castille.

Then arose, in the hall of that ancient tribunal, a voice of truth and justice, of eloquence and enthusiasm, which carried persuasion to the hearts and understandings of the numerous auditory who daily crowded to the pleadings. The previous experience of the new functionary gave clearness and force to his harangues; while the liveliness of his fancy, the stores of his erudition, and the easy flow of his speech, were the subject of general admiration and encomium. He had long devoted all his thoughts to the objects of legislative exertion; for which he had prepared himself by the most minute investigations—by a careful study of the passions of man in the transaction of business, and matters involving his private interest, and by a comparison of experimental results with those proposed by the theories of philosophers. He had ascertained, by the lights of history, and the most elaborate critical inquiry, the causes of the same nation, under different laws, having alternately displayed heroism and abasement, probity and perfidy, virtue and vice. Thus, and thus only, could Campomanes have succeeded in fulfilling the duties of his station, the expectations of his sovereign, and the benevolent designs which should actuate every minister, in his acceptance of important office.

The fiscal administration of Campomanes was long remembered, as having conduced to concord between the throne and the clergy; to the vivification of agriculture, commerce, and industry; and to the regeneration of popular instruction. Daily was his powerful voice raised against abuses, and in defence of the true interests of the country, pointing out some new error in the system, and its requisite remedy. Thus, he was heard to declaim against the monstrous abuses of monkery, and the awful vows imposed on the cloistral and sacerdotal orders; the scandalous vagrancy of mendicant friars; the insolence of ecclesiastical authority; the disproportionate endowments of many ministers of the altar; and, above all, against that vast wealth of the hierarchy generally, which enabled them to defy the law, to violate every moral principle with impunity, and to terrify the dying wretch till they had extorted whatever their cupidity might require.—All these evils, the offspring of a vitiated government, and the growth of three centuries, were fearlessly attacked, and many of them uprooted, by the intrepid minister. When, at some future day, the Spanish nation shall succeed in shaking off all these miseries, the writings of Campomanes will be the star of its course, and the knowledge of true popular interests be spread by the printing and perusal of his valuable works, many of which are unedited, and nearly all confined to the libraries of the curious. His energetic protest was repeatedly entered against the preten-

sions of the Roman See; and when the ludicrous fulminations of the spiritual despot, in his dotage, shall—as shortly they must—be derided even in the last stronghold of his tyranny, Campomanes will receive from his countrymen the honour which he deserves for having long since denounced the holy cheat of Rome.

It will be readily believed, that the champion of rights so sacred, and the noble opponent of such manifold and inveterate abuses, did not escape the attacks of envy, malice, and rancorous revenge, from the reverend rascals whom he strove to unmask.—The Jesuits, in whose *expulsion* Campomanes had a principal share, still continued to exist in spirit, though not in body, in that Inquisition, which had been the most effective engine of their sordid machinations, and which still engulfed the victims denounced by them. Campomanes was charged, through them, before the dark tribunal, with being *impious, a philosopher, an innovator, an unbeliever, a materialist, an atheist,* and sundry other names found in their infernal dictionary—but all in vain. The protection of a wise monarch—the spotless and cautious conduct of the accused—his firmness, and his high popularity, delivered him "from the jaws of the lion, and from the horns of the unicorns." His fame remained unsullied; and his works continue a fruitful source, where the lovers of truth and freedom may draw the healing waters of a pure religious and political creed.*

Similar views of patriotism induced Campomanes to turn his thoughts towards the encouragement of agriculture and commerce, which had a thousand obstacles to surmount in the career of improvement. The extraordinary talent wherewith he perceived the whole extent of the question, and his personal experience as an advocate, enabled him to decide on the utter folly of the temporising measures, which had hitherto been employed at a vast expense, and with no real advantage. Penetrated with this thought he applied himself to the investigation and comparative analysis of all the celebrated works, ancient and modern, which were cal-

* Besides the *Tratado de la Regalia de Amortizacion*, which is mentioned at the head of the present article, as belonging to the class of writings, left by Campomanes, on the subject of public ecclesiastical law, the following are every way worthy of notice:

1. *Iuizio imparcial sobre las libras in forma di biene que ha publicado la Curia Romana, in que si intentan deragar ciertos Edictos del Serenisimo Señor Infante Duque de Parma, i disputarle la soberania temporal con esta pretexto.* Fol. Madrid, 1768. In the following year (1769) a second edition was published, which the papal party succeeded in having sent forth in a corrected form; but, even thus, it is one of the most powerful batteries that have ever been opened on the unjust pretensions of a rapacious priesthood.

2. *Memorial ajustado hecho da Orden del Consejo pleno a instancia de los Señores Fiscales, del expediente consultivo visto por permission de S. M. a el sobre el contenido i espreciones de differentes cartas del B. Obispo de Cuenca, Don Isidro de Carvajal i Lancaster.* Fol. Madrid, 1768. This alludes to the famous work of the Bishop of Cuença, and is a paper most honourable to the administration of Campomanes, from the boldness with which he classifies and confutes the abuses and errors of the Papist party in Spain.

3. *Historia Legal de la Bula llamada "In cœno Domini."* Fol. Madrid, 1768. The introduction to this work is by Campomanes; and he therein strenuously supports the arguments adduced against the usurpations of the Roman See, and its disregard of the secular power.

4. *Tratado de la Regalia de España, o sea el Derecho Real, de Nombrar a las Benefizios Ecclesiasticas, o reflexiones historicas i introduccion para la major Intelligencia di novisimo Concordato de 11 de Enero de 1753, en sus Principales Articulas arreglado e traduzido todo ello de los Canones disciplina Ecclesiastica, Costumbres, i Leyes de España, segun el orden de los tiempos.* This is one of the various works by Campomanes which have remained unedited, and perhaps the most important of this class. We owe the pleasure of its perusal to Don Salva, at whose establishment in Tavistock Street it may be procured. Another of his works which deserves particular mention is, *La Vida del Cid Campéador*, &c. This must evidently be a most interesting work; shewing how a modern of the exalted talent and rare acquirements of Campomanes considers the character of so important an historical character as the Cid. We are further indebted to Mr. Salva for the perusal of an unpublished paper by the same author, on which we shall presently speak, entitled, *Respuesta fiscal de Campomanes, sobre el Comercio de Granos.*

culated to throw any light on this vital question. He made himself familiar with the remedies which at different periods of the Spanish monarchy, had been applied to the national evils; and further took the opinions of the wisest and best among his contemporaries of all classes into consideration. By such means he arrived at the fullest and clearest possible view of the subject in all its bearings. His zealous and unremitting exertions soon gave a visible impulse to the public mind, Under his influence and directions, the odious privileges of *la ganaderia* were reduced within reasonable limits; grants of land were extended and enfranchised as a stimulant to husbandry; and a tax on corn, which held the agriculturist in perpetual discouragement, was abolished. He also prohibited the monopoly of corporations, and all societies tending to encourage indolence, and "voluntary poverty:" he directed the attention of government and of individuals to the improvement of roads, bridges, and causeways; to the habilitation of new maritime ports for expediting the intercourse with America, and for the amelioration of the colonial system, in those vast regions—to the due administration and distribution of the imposts in custom-houses; to the establishment of commercial civil tribunals; and, generally, to the encouragement of manufactures, and traffic, internal and external. These were indeed great designs, difficult of conception, at all times difficult of execution, but more particularly so at a time when Spain had not in any degree emerged from that darkness, which still in great measure clouds her perception of the natural advantages, attainable only by the full development of the views and principles, so ably advocated by Campomanes.

Not content with labouring, he reasoned on his labours, manifesting to public opinion the bases and causes of his vast projects, and the extension of which they were capable in other branches of economy. His works on popular industry and education, are not only a precious repository of the best writings, which had previously appeared on those subjects, both in and beyond the Peninsula, but contain an admirable application of their principles to the particular wants of Spain. In the official opinion which he gave on the *Consejo de la Mesta*, he did not, as some have ignorantly supposed, declare himself an enemy of the *ganaderia*, but of the ruinous privileges, which had been usurped and extended, till the most ponderous trammels were thrown round agriculture and the free disposal of property. The protection of individual estates, and the security of a free disposition of means, is the most effectual encouragement which can be given to agriculture, commerce, and every great national interest.

His exertions for the abolition of the tax on corn, and the vast economical knowledge which he displayed in his fiscal reply, are sufficient to secure for him the admiration of all those, who cultivate this science. "Taxes," he says, "seem good to the consumers in great cities, who consider nothing amidst their luxury of equipages, furniture, attendants, jewellery, and pompous raiment, brought from abroad, and purchased in states untaxed and on credit, and they depreciate the natural worth of those products which result from the sweat of their own tenantry and fellow countrymen." In truth it was and still must be a strange theory, which requires that, while all things else were enhanced in price, grain alone was deprived of this advantage; and that the culture, which is perhaps worthy of the highest encouragement, should be the only one deprived of it. Those politicians, who only see what is immediately under their gaze, have occasionally expressed very grave apprehensions, lest an unlimited freedom in the prices of grain might some times raise them so high, as to interfere with its consumption. But do they not know, that as soon as the price of corn in any country shall rise to a level with the foreign markets, that country must cease to export; and if it should exceed those markets in price, it will be superseded by them in supply? Thus does the natural law of necessity, without any legislative enactment whatever, point out the equilibrium most favourable to the farmer; namely, that which corresponds to the price of all other arti-

cles of consumption. It is to be hoped that these sound and incontestable principles, of which Campomanes has sown the seeds in the Spanish national mind, may have weight with those who possess the power of deciding on these grave questions.

The maxims by which this great man was governed in regard to the individual freedom and independence of merchants, artisans, and all those who lived by their labour, are equally liberal and enlightened.

"The spirit," he writes, "of establishing exclusive and monopolizing laws for artisans, is coetaneous with the ruin and decay of our national industry. I will not affirm this to have been the sole cause, but it is clearly to be considered among the principal. Let, then, the liberty of each to practise the art which he may know, without subjection to any law or corporation whatever, be encouraged. These bodies are to be tolerated only when the joining them is a voluntary act, and when their objects are the encouragement of individuals who have suffered any misfortune, the assistance of the meritorious and infirm in health, or the education of orphans in the same employment. Every other species of monopoly or chicanery should be banished from society."

Speaking of commerce, he expresses himself in much the same terms; he says:

"The best commercial system is that which gives occupation to the greatest number, and circulates in the larger proportion of the public. In the poorest and most abandoned countries there will not be wanting a few rich men, but these do not constitute the happiness of their country, nor will their wealth ever lead to her prosperity. The commercial companies within the kingdom are well known to be prejudicial. If they be temporary and voluntary among individuals for definitive enterprizes, they may, on the contrary, be of great advantage, because they do not occasion the exclusion and monopoly which result from chartered companies."

These are assuredly sound axioms, which discover the liberality and deep knowledge of him who proclaimed them in Spain more than half a century back; but which, it must be owned, are capable of much greater extension and application than he gave them.

The works of Campomanes on civil economy, though highly commendable in the aggregate, are not without some faults which require correction. There is in most of them a want of arrangement; ideas are occasionally repeated; and there are not wanting instances of inconsequence and contradiction. He is also encumbered by opinions which were generally received in his day, and have been repeated by all the most esteemed economists of the eighteenth century. Thus, for example, Campomanes believed, that the national arts would flourish if the introduction of foreign manufactures was either prohibited or obstructed. He also contended, that the greatest evil which could befall a nation was the export of large sums of money; and that, on the contrary, its greatest good fortune would be in possessing the greatest possible quantity of specie; that laws might be enacted for the attainment of this object, and the perpetuating the prosperity of a state by this accumulation of metals. Such notions are evidently false; such desires unattainable; and the attempt at their realization would lead to nothing but evils and misfortunes. It would appear that Campomanes himself was, at a later period, in some measure sensible of this, and inclined to correct these errors. For example, when he felt that money in the civil body, if it be excessive, if it be impeded, causes a political apoplexy, as excessive blood in the natural body bursts the veins, by the impossibility of circulation.

"This happened in Spain in the time of Philip II. Yet with all this, we find politicians eternally exclaiming against the exportation of coin, as if these signs had the power of consolidating the wealth of a nation which rejects labour, and obtains from without the greater portion of what is consumed by the natives." (*Ap.* p. 68.) And in another place he adds: "Spain should consider gold and silver as a medium of merchandize." (*Apend.* p. 274, *Note* 42.) And further, "A nation which sells much and buys little, is that which is really flourishing." (*Apend. Note* 48.) To be consequent, he should have said, that the felicity of a nation consists in the equilibrium between sale and purchase; since then it knows neither inanition nor repletion. The truth is, that the misfortune of states consists neither in their abundance nor their want of money,

but in their having subjects who can acquire or keep it without personal labour, or with a disproportion of the labour of each; and our illustrious minister, instead of continually calculating the sums of money extracted by foreigners, would have done better had he calculated the evils resulting from every system which allows of rich and indolent men by inheritance, which facilitates the means of living in splendour, at the cost of the labour of others; and which, improving in every way the state of the rulers, diminishes daily the welfare of the ruled.

The principal object of the treatise *On popular Industry* is to point out the means of giving employment to a number of hands, which a disinclination to labour, or a want of objects for application, or a feebleness of sex or corporeal powers, leaves unoccupied. The discourse on the popular education of artisans, with its valuable appendix, affords an ample elucidation of this important subject, placed in contact with all the social interests considered with reference to the separate classes and modes of life. From both works he deduces the plan of economical societies, and the means of establishing and making them the great phalanx of prosperity and improvement in a nation, whose evils require a prompt remedy, and yet whose peculiar circumstances do not admit of an open declaration of moderate monarchy and representative government. The results of the exertions of Campomanes, in this respect, are so important, that we shall briefly advert to them, and see how far the establishments, so honourable to him as their founder, are still susceptible of improvement.

The patriotic bodies originated in the Basque provinces, and the circumstances out of which they arose there are highly curious, as related by the Conde de Peña Florida, their first director.*

"In Azcoitica," says this nobleman, "as in all the villages of Guipuzcoa and Biscay, there were nightly clubs holden in the public chamber, and the greater part of the wealthier class and the labouring clergy resorted to them. Play, eating, drinking, and talking was their occupation. Each retired to his dwelling in the hope of resuming the like arrangement on the succeeding night. About the year 1748, these nocturnal assemblies had already assumed a more elegant form. The club for play and edible consumption was changed to an academical union, composed of several gentlemen and some cheerful and studious clergymen. By means of judicious regulations, they had fixed the hour, place, and duration of the meeting, and the distribution of the time allotted. On Monday evenings mathematics only were treated of, Tuesday, physics; Wednesday, history and translations by the members were read; Thursday, there was either some small musical performance or a sufficiently-well-arranged concert; Friday, geography; Saturday, conversations on passing subjects; Sunday, music. The cabinet of the academy consisted of an electric machine of the first construction, by the Abbé Nollet; and of a double pneumatic machine which had been brought from London. With these aids, the new academy went on improving: experiments were made, and the results furnished ground for moderate disputation. Nollet already had his disciples in the corner of Azcoitica, as had Franklin in their respective systems on the explanation of electrical phenomena, while in many surrounding places, and in larger arenas, time was wasted in the discussion of barbarous metaphysics; and in antiquated and endless controversies."

The new academy continued its career, rapidly dissipating errors and propagating truth and useful information, when through a fatal combination of unfortunate causes, the two most useful and industrious members connected with it perished by an early death. This mortal blow irremediably destroyed the new academy within a few years after its establishment. There was no hope of restoring it, and the *Conde de Peña Florida*, though he deeply regretted the calamity, applied himself with, if possible, more ardour to reading and study. In the lucubrations of the Society of Dublin he found sufficient materials for the formation of a complete plan of agriculture or rural economy, with which he presented the province of Guipuzcoa at its general assembly in Villa Franca. It was approved and admired, and thanks were voted to the author, but the opposition to which great inno-

* This statement was printed at the same time with the *Discurso* for the opening of the general meetings held by the Basque Society of Patriots, on the 21st of July, 1785.

vations are always exposed, prevented the salutary suggestions of the patriot from being carried into effect. He was hurt at the disappointment, but did not therefore diminish his exertions, which indeed seemed to gain strength from every obstacle. * * * A pious sort of dispute arose between the town of Vergara and that of Beasain, as to which of them had given birth to a certain holy martyr who had received his death from the Japanese. The friends of the two towns assembled in great numbers to debate the point, which was decided at length by a Papal Bull in favour of the city of Vergara, which, like a dutiful daughter of her holy mother the church, was resolved to celebrate the triumph with magnificent festivals. For these the *Conde de Peña Florida* prepared a translation of a French opera, and further wrote one in the Basque dialect, for the performance of which he undertook a part, distributing the rest among his friends—male and female. The ceremonies and rejoicings at length were over, and the hour of parting arrived, when various friends, who from the extremities of the Basque provinces had found themselves thus suddenly face to face, began to consider whether a meeting which had been productive of so much joy might not be renewed, and out of this disposition arose the *Royal Basque Society of the Friends of the Country*, which received the royal approbation in 1765.

No sooner had Charles III. been made sensible, by Campomanes, of the projects and views which animated the Basque Society, than knowing the great advantages which must result to the country from similar associations, he encouraged other provinces to follow the example. He at the same time gave the most ample privileges and protection for the furtherance of the new work; and Campomanes at the same time published his *Treatise on the Cherishing of Popular Industry*; in which the establishment of similar societies was proposed, and facilitated. Thus in a very short time societies were formed, not only in the capital, but also in Valencia, Segovia, Zaragoza, Valladolid, Seville, Mallorca, Barcelona, and many other cities, amounting in all to fifty-four. By means such as these, simple, unexpensive, without the embarrassments and risks usually attending less important projects, Spain found herself possessed of a great number of most useful establishments, and of men to whom the examination and execution of many projects relative to agriculture, the arts, commerce, and politics, might safely be confided. The government stimulated and protected these societies generally, consulting them on all points relative to the amelioration of husbandry, commerce, and manufactures.

Whatever may be said by some political speculators, whose great delight is in censuring all measures and all men, no one who knows any thing of the working of the system in Spain will entertain a doubt as to its efficiency for the furtherance of the ends proposed. Of this truth, especially as regards Spain, a glance at her political system will convince us. All decrees, enactments, &c. of whatever kind, are drawn up by lawyers. If men were early versed in the sound principles of jurisprudence, not confining their studies to the routine necessary for the courts, but embracing that enlarged view of the science which familiarizes the mind with the great questions of political right and government—if, in fine, all were to study as Campomanes studied, though all might not, indeed, possess his extraordinary talents, the members of the legal profession would be competent to the consideration of questions far beyond the range of their present powers, and the necessity of economical societies superseded. But, as it is, what better method can be devised? In these societies, study, continual exercise, a close inspection of matters, and the mingling with persons of every rank, lead to a varied knowledge and practical skill, favourable to after exertion in the cause of freedom and national good. Add to these advantages, others of no less importance, as the giving honourable occupation to the nobles and the wealthy of the town—a class naturally prone to indolence; the infusing a taste for useful reading throughout the kingdom; and the multiplying of opportunities for writing and speaking on subjects of vital interest to the country.

Notwithstanding these considera-

tions, there will not be wanting men both in and out of Spain, whose vituperation and ridicule are ever ready for these useful institutions. Among the foreign opponents of the measure, Mr. Linguet has distinguished himself, and in his *Political Annals*, availing himself of a certain authority, which he conceives he has gained by travelling in the Peninsula, denounces all the literary corporations which he there met, and indeed all those in any country without discrimination. His superabundant bile is not perfectly unaccountable—the College of Advocates at Paris, and the French Academy, having found it just to treat him in a manner more agreeable to his merits than his self-love. Hence we are inclined to pass over the learned traveller's ebullition concerning matters whereof he knows nothing, and proceed to quote the opinion of Campomanes, who speaks from experience and conviction :—

"The united patriotic zeal of the nation," says this wise minister, "is necessary to the consolidation of its industry. The powers of a few individuals are insufficient; nor can the protection of the ministry achieve any thing while a nation continues insensible to its real condition—the origin of the obstacles under which agriculture and manufactures are labouring, and the means for overcoming them. This general instruction can only be obtained in permanent schools, such as are the economical societies. If we direct attention to the immense sums which have been expended by the royal exchequer, during the present century, for the restoration of manufactures, it will be seen, that no government has given a more constant protection to industry than our own. It is necessary to increase the population by all possible means, and to establish principles which shall lead to the production of crops and herds in a proportion of profit more equally divided among the cultivators—to improve the husbandry laws, combining the manufacturing and agricultural interests—and fundamentally to improve the several trades, elevating the artisan who pursues them, and giving to commerce that full liberty which is required by a well ordered system—suppressing taxes and excise—surrogating the imposition of these, without prejudice to the royal customs, as the internal trade of the kingdom will soon supply them by other means. These points involve an analysis of principles and estimates, which can only be examined by zealous and permanent bodies, such as those societies in which are united the enlightened and patriotic of all classes. Private individuals, however educated and zealous, can never have the necessary time, assistance, and information, for making such extensive combinations and experiments."

Campomanes was not deceived in his calculations; at no time have more works been printed in Spain, both original and translated, on sciences, considered with reference to public economy and industry; never has there been a greater ardour evinced for agriculture, trade, and commerce; never, in fine, more useful legislation in all the branches of administration. We do not aver that the economical societies have produced all the advantages which might have been hoped of them—far from it—many, as soon as their members had satisfied the petty vanity of being styled such, gave no further proofs of their existence, than the mere announcement of their establishment in the gazette. This has resulted from various causes, the knowledge of which is exceedingly important and easy for the government, if they have any thoughts of reforming these bodies, and abolishing such as do nothing towards the object for which they were founded. To shew the great success and advantage resulting from the labours of these bodies, when well directed and vigorously pursued, it is sufficient to cite the works completed by the most celebrated among them. They obtained the passing of the royal ordinance, declaring the compatibility of mechanical pursuits with noble birth; and in Saragossa they publicly, in the teeth of the inquisition, maintained a controversy on the legality of usance, on the inconvenience of ecclesiastical celibacy, and on the abuses of the religious orders. These instances prove the great use which a prudent government in Spain might make of similar establishments.

We have hitherto considered Campomanes in the exercise of his unbounded talents, and the development of his enlarged views for the public good, and in matters of general interest. In the transaction of private affairs, connected with particular cities, corporations, and individuals, his powers and rare acquirements were employed with equal sincerity and zeal. The universality of his mind, and the indefatigable nature of its energies, were truly astounding. Ab-

stemious in diet, giving but few hours to rest, abstracted from all business of personal interest, and from every pursuit of profitless amusement, Campomanes fulfilled his manifold duties by an unconditional self-sacrifice to the good of his fellow men. When from his fiscal appointment, he was raised to the dignity of President of the council of Castille, he allowed himself no remission, however slight, in that assiduous attention, with which he had cooperated with the several literary bodies to which he belonged. It is true that his enemies, not without some show of reason, remark that the vehement ardour which had distinguished him as a pleader, became wonderfully diminished when he presided at the deliberations of the council, and that he evinced extreme moderation and reserve, on points which had previously called forth his most inflammatory harangues. Some attribute this to his advanced age, others to his court subserviency. May it not have resulted from his discrimination between the duties of pleading and judging, of agitating and settling a question? In one point, however, no one could accuse him of change—a laborious exactitude in the discharge of the duties, which he had undertaken. Though exhausted, blind, and bowed down by the miseries of age, he still repaired to the scene which had afforded him so many triumphs in the pride of his manhood, and gave his decision with an utterance, somewhat indistinct, but with an unclouded and perspicuous mind. At length he closed his career, full of age and glory, after a life spent in the unwearied discharge of every public and private duty, which could dignify him as a citizen or a man.

In addition to the works which we have noticed in the progress of the present article, Campomanes was the author of various others, to some of which we shall now direct the reader's attention. In the twenty-fourth year of his age, he published his *Disertaciones Historicas del Orden e Caballeria de los Templarios*, a work in which he displayed the vast resources of his varied reading. Some faults of arrangement made this work less popular than his subsequent translations of the 17th and 19th chapters of *Ebn-el-Awan*'s Arabic work on agriculture. He also wrote an *Itinerario de las Carreras de Postas de dentro i fuero del Reino*, and a *Noticia geographica del Reino i Caminos de Portugal*, while he was engaged with the direction of the public roads. As an instance of his equal zeal, in apparently small matters, we may notice his treatise, *Avisos al maestro de escribir sobre formacion de las letras que seran comprensibles a los Niños.* He was induced to this work, by observing the profitless employment of time by children, in learning to make certain inky lines without method, or that simplicity which belongs to the elements of the art. This pamphlet is extremely rare, only thirty copies having been printed.

Our brief and cursory notice of Campomanes and his writings must here conclude. He was one of the most deservedly celebrated among those who shed lustre on the reign of Carlos III. with whose memory his own is joined in the grateful recollections of his countrymen. To the reigning monarch, and to his ministers, their best intentioned friends could point out no more certain career for the attainment of true glory, than the path which Charles and his zealous servant trod with so much honour to themselves, and hope for Spain. But the wise conduct of a sovereign, however exemplary, is but a passing good, if the people possess no security for the practice of the like virtues by his successors. A proof of this was seen in the accession of Charles IV. and the exaltation of the Prince of the Peace, by whom the distinguished Jovellanos, a statesman formed in the school of Carlos III. and a living representative of the ministers of that glorious reign, was persecuted, and left at the mercy of the petty fry, who abhor the thought of moral or political improvement. Thus the throne is, in one reign, the source of blessings, in the next of miseries to the people, and thus will it continue to be in Spain, till, shaking off the torpor of her despair, she assert her rights, not by the mad excesses of mob-legislation, but by a revolution, which, while it respects legitimate authority, will restore man to his independent and inalienable rank, as the free subject of a constitutional king.

THE BLACK RIDER.

Sir Roger Kirkpatrick kept watch on the tower;
By his side stood De Lindsay, a chieftain of power.
Well guarded thy castle, Lochmaben, must be,
For the tumult of warfare boils round like a sea.

Undaunted, they paced on the ramparts forlorn,
When gleamed o'er the valleys the star of the morn
And when the tall turrets with night-dews were chill,
At their posts the bold barons were lingering still.

'Tis midnight—'tis midnight—the moon, in her prime,
Glares forth like a watch-fire on Cheviot sublime;
And nature is calm as the motionless deep,
When the winds of Kilbranan are hushed into sleep.

And nothing is heard in the castle of power,
But the voice of the warden proclaiming the hour;
No sentinel form is beheld on its wall—
Save the shape of the barons so black and so tall

But, hark! on the shadowy pinions of night
Comes a sound which the valleys re-echo with fright—
The clashing of armour, the trampling of steed,
As spurred to some dark and some terrible deed.

The chiefs on the battlements spoke not a word,
But each laid his hand on the hilt of his sword:
Did they deem that the Earl of Northumberland came
To ravage Lochmaben with sword and with flame?

'Tis midnight—'tis midnight—the moon rises higher,
The sound from the valley comes nigher and nigher;
When, turning the side of a rock in the glen,
They saw—not the Earl or his foraying men—

But a knight on a steed of as sable a dye
As the black thunder-cloud that o'ershadows the sky;
And dark was his armour, and dark was the plume
That sullenly swept o'er his visor of gloom.

Right lofty of aspect and powerful of limb,
He seemed to the chiefs, through the valley of dim;
"And who may we name him, thus haughty and high?"
"I know not—I care not," was Lindsay's reply.

Still galloped the courser, unshackled and free,
Bearing on the Black Knight like a wave o'er the sea;
The Knight scoured along like an angel of fate,
Nor reined up his steed till he stood by the gate.

Then a blast from his bugle was fearfully blown,
Till the vaults of Lochmaben re-echoed the tone;
And the warriors who slumbered the castle within,
Started up from their couches amazed at the din.

"And who may he be?" quoth Kirkpatrick the bold,
"Who comes like a lion let loose on the fold?
He heeds not though hundreds of foemen are nigh."
"I know not—I care not," was Lindsay's reply.

Then, a word to the ear of Sir Roger he spoke,
When again the shrill voice of the bugle awoke;
And the barons within replied with a shout,
Which was answered with cheers by the baron without.

Then down fell the drawbridge, and over its tract
Pranced the steed with its rider, the baron in black:
He sprung to the ground with a regal-like grace,
And up went the visor that covered his face.

And an aspect of youth, by the light of the moon,
Shone forth, like the rose in the middle of June;
But 'twas darkened across by the shadows of ire,
Save the eyes, which were lit with unquenchable fire.

"'Tis the Bruce!" cried the chieftains, beholding his face,
"'Tis the Bruce!" and he caught each within his embrace;
"But why all alone comes our liege on his path?
And why is his countenance reddened with wrath?"

'Tis midnight—'tis midnight—the stars are still shining;
The moon in the dark vault of heaven is reclining;
Three chiefs hurry on in the light of her ray,
Five leagues they must ride ere the dawning of day.

Woe, woe to Red Comyn! they hang on his track,
The chiefs, and their liege-lord, the baron in black!
Woe, woe unto Comyn! that chieftain shall find him,
Though his mountains of Badenoch rise up behind him!

They have swept like the whirlwind that flies o'er the mountain,
Nor paused to give drink at the Mermaiden's fountain
To their coursers, but trampled o'er rock and o'er dell,
Till they reached, ere the dawn, the Grey Friars' Chapelle.

The monks were amazed at the riot and rout;
For Kirkpatrick and Lindsay were guarding without
The door of the abbey, while, (horrible sin!)
With his hand on his dirk, the Black Knight strode within.

With step all collected, and haughty and solemn,
He passed underneath the ribbed vault of each column;
came to the room where the Red Comyn lay—
e entered 'mid darkness, and vanished away.

And strait from that chamber a cry of despair,
Like the sound of the death-shriek, was heard in the air.
'Twas silent—and, when its last echo had flown,
The Knight, as he entered, returned all alone.

He paused not the monks that gazed on him to see,
Nor heard he their half-stifled "Jesu-Marie!"
But strode through the aisle with the same solemn state,
To his friends, whose bright broadswords gleamed keen at the gate.

"O! woe unto Bruce!" cried the friars so grey,
But a mystical voice from the altar, said "Nay—
It was but the blood of a traitor he spilt—
He comes from the deed unpolluted with guilt;
And while Comyn's remembrance, like weed on a river,
Floats vilely away, *his* shall flourish for ever!"

A Modern Pythagorean.

THE COLONIAL CRISIS.

The Millennium, for the arrival of which the Gentlemen of Aldermanbury have so long been wearying heaven with their prayers, has already dawned upon our West India colonies; property to a large amount in Antigua, Nevis, and Tortola, has been burnt to the ground, and several of the whites murdered in cold blood, by the *protégés* of Mr. Buxton and his friends—by those negroes, whose moral and intellectual capacity, according to Dan Wilson, so eminently qualifies them for the enjoyment of unrestrained liberty. Are, we would ask the *Westminster Reviewer*, are these the atrocities, in the perpetration of which he would cheer and encourage the slaves?—or does the old dotard Wilberforce lift up his hands in ecstasy at this glorious ebullition of the *best* feelings of our nature, displayed by his adopted children? But the question resolves itself into a very narrow compass. What have the planters done to merit the slanders heaped upon them by the traducers of the Anti-Slavery Society? which slanders have rendered them obnoxious to the dagger of the assassin, and the fire of the midnight incendiary. And what course must they, at this crisis, pursue to avert the impending calamity?

The first question is readily answered; for, of the various measures suggested by the British Government for ameliorating the condition of the slaves, the far greater proportion are now in force under laws enacted by the Colonial Legislatures, and the West India body have declared, that they have desired, and still desire, and will most actively promote any investigation on oath, which Parliament shall be pleased to institute, for the purpose of ascertaining what is the real condition of the slave population, and what laws have been passed for their benefit. But further than this, in a great variety of instances, local enactments are in force, for the amelioration of the moral and political condition of the slave, for the protection of his property, and guarding him against the violence and oppression of an intemperate master. If such humane and considerate arrangements deserve the reprobation of the lords of Exeter Hall, then are the planters justly condemned. If to be well-fed, well-clothed, and well-instructed, be monstrous tyranny and oppression, then are the planters guilty. If an anxious desire to *do* that, which the vile traducers of Aldermanbury only *talk* about, merit the denunciation of the wise and good, then are the planters justly obnoxious to reproach. But when, even on the admission of their detestable calumniators, their conduct has, in many cases, been consistently honourable and praiseworthy; what opinion can a thinking—a British public, have of those men, who, by their atrocious falsehoods in England, have raised a clamour against the colonies, and by their abandoned emissaries in the West Indies, have been instrumental in carrying fire and sword into the once peaceful habitations of the planters, and whetted the assassin's knife against the throat of his benefactor?

We are not disciples of that school of philosophers who inculcate the doctrine that the mental energies are affected by the colour of the skin; but we maintain, that, which every candid man, acquainted in the slightest degree with the subject, must allow, that the negroes in our West India possessions are not at present in a capacity to enjoy immediate freedom, and we found this opinion upon data which has attracted the attention of other writers. It is now twenty-three years since the slave-trade was first put down by law, and although it is but justice to remark, that for many years no new slaves have been brought from Africa into our dependencies, not less than a fourth part of the whole black population, even in our oldest colonies, still consists of *imported* Africans, while in those which have fallen into our possession at a later date, the proportion is much greater. These Africans, being chiefly savage warriors taken in battle, brought along with them all the ignorance, all the prejudice, all the superstitious and immoral practices of their countrymen. To govern them was diffi-

cult; to enlighten and reform them, a still more arduous task.* Unappalled, however, by the latter consideration, the planters have used every exertion in their power to overcome hereditary ignorance, and destroy the influence of a barbarous superstition. Since the abolition of the slave-trade, the propagation of moral and religious instruction has been unparalleled, and this is more especially true as regards the creole or native slaves. With the old African, we are willing to confess, that the wishes of the planter were not gratified with a corresponding success. The difficulties of acquiring unwritten languages on the part of teachers, and the inveterate and rooted idolatry of the catechumens, were in themselves obstacles of no ordinary description; and when it is taken into consideration that the zeal of the planters, in the early stages of our colonial history, was not so great as at present, and that the negroes could have no anxiety to learn either the language or religion of those by whom they were enslaved, we ought rather to be astonished that any progress at all was made in the advancement of the *imported* slave in religious and civil knowledge, than to be indignant that so little has been done.

With respect to the Creoles, we cannot do better than lay before our readers an extract from the admirable letter of Presbyter, on the "Progressive improvement of the Negro race."

"It is not to the mere bodily comfort of the negroes that the attention of their masters has been turned. A no less extraordinary change has taken place in regard to their moral and religious welfare. The Creole or native slaves have been trained under the eye of those whose interest it was to prevent them from acquiring the savage and dissolute manners which characterized the imported Africans, and who entertained towards them more kindly feelings, arising partly from a natural regard for what has been reared and nourished by ones-self, and partly, also, from a general change of sentiments among the whites, with respect to the reciprocal duties of master and slave. The effects of this training are distinctly visible in the mental improvement of the Creole race. They are altogether different from their parents in their manners and sentiments; many of them can read, and even write; they have all begun to despise the superstitions of Africa, and to long for instruction;—the practice of necromancy, under the name of Obeah, which took so fatal a hold on the imaginations of these ignorant people, has almost ceased to be known; and what is more, the encouragement now given to their religious instruction, and the means provided for this purpose by the whites, scanty and inadequate as it has hitherto been, has been warmly seconded by their own inclinations; and a reformation of principles and manners, at once rapid and sincere, is spreading among them to an extent, which, a few years ago, could not have been believed."

In the face of these facts, and in defiance of the acknowledged truth that the spirit of improvement in colonial legislation was not the result of any mandate from Downing Street; but that it originated in the good feeling of the colonists themselves, that good feeling for which the Saints are disposed to give them so little credit; in direct opposition to a host of proofs in favour of the colonies, Mr. Shiel, with more than his characteristic insolence, at the late Moloch-worship of the Anti-Slavery Society in Exeter Hall, declared, that "Jamaica took the cartel, which contained her sovereign's mandate, and shook it, dripping with the negroes' blood, in England's face!" that "the Sabbath was not to the negro a day of rest; for on that day he fulfilled the primary malediction, and continued to pour his sweat out of his forehead in toil to the earth, instead of lifting it up in supplication to heaven;" that "the cartwhip is still used as a stimulant to labour, is the implement which serves to distinguish the few wretched diversities of slave existence. It announced the tropical morning, and summoned the negro to his task; its dreadful reverberation pealed through the groves sacred to cruelty, and urged on the labour, which ministers to European luxury through African torture." This, with much more, which belong to the *sesquipedalia verba* genus of oratory, did Richard Lalor Shiel pour forth with besotted fury, amid the cheers of bigots and dotards, who would fain persuade the world that they are *all*, *all* honourable men!

* See *Presbyter's Letters on the West India Question.*

We cannot find language strong enough to express our disgust at such ruffianly scenes, for such in fact they are; and however much the brawlers may disguise the truth, we do not hesitate to say, that they themselves are aware, that the cold-blooded assassination of sixty-five thousand of their white countrymen in the West Indies would be the inevitable result of immediate emancipation. How can the saintly priest of Harrow reconcile such scenes, as the daily arrivals from the colonies proclaim, with the Christianity he preaches? How can the *Islington Daniel* lend himself to the propagation of that which he knows to be false? That Buxton, Mackintosh, Unitarian Smith, and Pownall, of cartwhip notoriety, should lend themselves as panders to the vitiated appetites of an ignorant and fanatical rabble, we can readily conceive. That O'Connell and poor old Wilberforce should continue to rave in their dotage, we do not feel surprised. Agitation and misrepresentation become *their* lives and characters; but that ministers of the Gospel, whose duty it is to preach peace and good-will to all men, should take the lead in advocating insurrection and murder, we cannot choose but wonder.

But if this excites in us any feelings of astonishment and indignation, what can be said of the great body of the West Indians who stand aloof, or, like wittol knaves, shrink from the responsibility of defending that which Mr. Burge has justly described as their undoubted freehold. At the Anti-Slavery meetings, not an individual attends on their behalf, to put down with a plain tale the scandalous lies of their enemies. To their friends and advocates no support is tendered, no gratitude evinced. Every pot-house in England beholds the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, like a plague-spot, threatening destruction to the planter; whilst the *West India Reporter*, or a single pamphlet in contradiction to the gross and glaring calumnies, which emanate from the Aceldama of Aldermanbury, can scarcely be met with from the Land's-end to the Hebrides. Shame upon the great body of the colonists, who, instead of standing forward in support of such men as Mr. Burge, (whose admirable speech ought to have been circulated by tens of thousands,) shrink at the balderdash of such *things* as O'Connell and Zac. Macaulay! Shame upon them, we repeat it, for allowing their very existence to be compromised by an apathy unparalleled, and a supineness unaccountable. We have too much confidence in our countrymen, are too well convinced that John Bull, upon a calm review of facts, will never countenance the specious scheme of Buxton and his infamous gang, for robbing the planters, to fear the issue, provided the West Indians are true to themselves. And little as they merit; for like the fabled waggoner to Hercules, they pray, or despair, when they should put their shoulders to the wheel; still of such paramount importance do we consider the commerce of those possessions to the mother country, that we shall continue our advocacy, and endeavour, as we have always done, to undeceive the miserably deluded and excited people on this vital question.

The great hold which the Anti-Slavery Society has of the public mind, may be traced to the falsehoods which they have so industriously circulated respecting the disinclination of the planters to admit of any, even the slightest improvements in the condition of their negroes. And how is it possible that the case should be otherwise? Do the persons chiefly interested take any means to prove that they are not the monsters they are represented to be? None. The unanswerable speech of Mr. Burge—the temperate and judicious resolutions adopted by the West India body at their last public meeting, are not known beyond the precincts of the Colonial Club-house; whilst the attacks of their opponents are thrust into every newspaper, published in tracts, and placarded on the walls of every town in the United Kingdom. The enlightened readers of Regina, however, we are resolved, shall not continue in the dark, as to the base intrigues of the pseudo-philanthropists — they shall know that the planters, from being the tyrants, have, during the last twenty years, become the benevolent protectors of their slaves. They have not only imbibed more liberal views

of their own interests, but have actually become a more moral and a more religious body than they ever were before. The progress of society at home—the influence of public opinion which has been so strongly directed towards the colonies—the interference of Parliament—and other causes partly connected with the personal character of the great proprietors, have combined to bring about this desirable result, and we challenge contradiction, when we affirm that the condition of the negroes is *equal* in every respect to that of the *British*, far *superior* to that of the Irish peasantry.

With regard to their moral improvement, in addition to what we have previously advanced, we have the gratification to state that the Bishops of Jamaica and Barbados have now, for upwards of six complete years, laboured in their respective dioceses with a zeal which none but their friends expected, and with a success which has transcended the *real* expectations of all. They have emancipated the clergy from many degrading associations, formed them into a body, and given them a tone and an influence in society, the benefits of which are incalculabl . They have created, upon the old plan of the church in Edward the Sixth's time, a great body of admirable catechists, who pervade every plantation, teaching as the church teaches, and promising only as she has promised. They have trebled the number of churches, increased the number of schools sixfold, vanquished in a great degree the prejudices against letters, distributed Bibles, prayer-books, and religious tracts to thousands, and laid the foundations of religion, of civilization, and of order, so deeply and so broad, that even the blighting influence of adverse administrations in England, and the accursed efforts of the Anti-Slavery Society have not hitherto been able materially to affect them.* And, in justice to our brethren of the Scottish church, we with pleasure announce that, in their labours for the religious instruction of the negroes, the ministers of the church of England have been most ably and powerfully assisted by the Scottish clergy; and that the only rivalry between them is, which shall most beneficially and effectually perform the arduous duties imposed upon them by the great extent of their respective cures.

When every thing is in this favourable condition in the colonies—when the advancement of the African in the scale of civilized society is so highly satisfactory—when the mutual interchange of good offices, between master and slave, the protection of the former, and gratitude and attachment of the latter is on the increase—is it to be tolerated, that this promising state of things is to be at once destroyed by a compliance with the Utopian theories of visionaries?—that the positive enjoyments and happiness of the slaves, together with the ultimate certainty of freedom, are to be sacrificed to the intemperate haste of infuriated demagogues?—that men, in a state of mental childhood and degraded barbarism, are to be pronounced capable of judging for themselves and appreciating the value of civilization and government, because Mr. Shiel or Mr. Otway Cave *thinks* them so?—is, in a word, all the good that has been done, and all that which is rapidly, though progressively doing, to be rendered worse than useless, to gratify the malice or folly of a few ignorant but wily declaimers? We are sure the reply will be in the negative; we are convinced, the country will pause, before they venture to urge their representatives to commit that which is not only an act of gross injustice to the master, but a palpable and cruel injury to the slave. For the hour that beholds the master deprived of his interest in the negro, will consummate the ruin of the latter, will not only prevent his ever making any further progress in the arts of civilization, but, without doubt, throw him back into the Cimmerian darkness from which he is just emerging;

* For a full account of the progress of religion in the colonies, we refer once more to Presbyter's Letters; and also to an admirable tract, to which we are much indebted, entitled, "The Conduct of the British Government towards the Church of England in the West India Colonies, in a letter to Viscount Goderich, Secretary of State for the Colonial Department. By Vindex. London Ridgway, 1831."

and from a man, on whom reason is beginning to dawn, convert him into the idolatrous and degraded animal, whose morality is lust and revenge, whose religion the devil.

What course, then, must the West India body pursue, to avert the impending calamity? To a question of such vital importance, it would, under any circumstances, be a task of no small difficulty to give a satisfactory reply; but this difficulty is greatly increased by the knowledge that the colonial agents have ever shewn not only great want of decision in their own conduct, but also exhibited an unaccountable disinclination to adopt any measures which have not emanated from themselves. This may, in a great measure, have originated in the diversity of the political creeds of these gentlemen; for, among the West India body are Tories, Whigs, and Liberals, and the debate on the Reform Question has exhibited Mr. Bernal and Mr. Gordon, who have large property at stake in the colonies, as the advocates of Revolution and the "Bill;" when it is notorious that a Parliament assembled under the *New Constitution*, would inevitably, in the first month of its existence, emancipate every slave in the British dominions. Can it be possible that the honourable member for Rochester perceives not the verge of the precipice on which he stands, or does he suppose that Whig gratitude will compensate him for the sacrifices he is making? We can tell him that the whole race of Whigs would not advance a single shilling to prevent the entire of our slave colonies becoming one great holocaust. And that if the proprietors thus become political suicides, they will be not only plundered, but deservedly laughed at by those even, who were prepared to support their cause, and to throw themselves in the breach, and repel the attacks of unprincipled assailants.

What, then, remains to be done? A firm resistance must be organized against the unjust demands of an excited and deluded populace. Every effort must be made to meet the Shakers and Quakers, the Canters and Ranters, the Moaners and Groaners of Exeter Hall, with their own weapons. If the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* lies, the *West India Reporter* must speak truth; and the Standing Committee take care that wherever the venomous poison has been scattered, the antidote shall quickly follow. If Master Stephen disseminates his ponderous octavos amongst old women, superannuated dotards, or lack-a-daisical young orators; let the sterling and convincing writings of a M'Queen and Bayley, and the John Bull pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, be thrust into the hands of these same poor drivellers, and we venture to wager a pipe of London particular to a pot of Buxton's worst, that the converts to the side of truth and justice will be numberless.

Nothing, however, can be effected without unity of purpose. All personal, all political differences must be merged. The terms Whig and Tory, Liberal and Radical, be expunged from the West India vocabulary. And when the subject is debated, one object must animate all hearts, and employ all tongues; and that must be, the best and surest method of foiling the intrigues and countermining the plots of their wily adversaries.

The necessity of dilating upon this point at any considerable length, has unfortunately been in some degree obviated by the distressing accounts from Antigua, above alluded to, which have been fully confirmed, and, indeed, found to be more calamitous than we at first conjectured. So much so, indeed, that a paper by no means favourable to this or any other cause of abstract justice, has been compelled to admit "a want of discretion in the interferences of the more religious part of the community," with the proceedings of the Colonial Legislatures.

To us it appears that these occurrences ought of themselves to induce the Society for the abolition of Slavery to pause in their unjust and nefarious proceedings. It is quite evident that emancipation in the present state of the slaves can lead to nothing but the destruction of property, and the extermination of the free inhabitants. And that the condition of the negroes, so far from being ameliorated by this sudden and violent change, will be rendered tenfold worse. That anarchy and confusion will follow the overthrow

of British influence—that all law will cease, and that the negroes will be thrown back to a state of barbarism, infinitely worse and more degrading, than that from which they are now in the fair way of being raised by the exertions and benevolence of their owners. Notwithstanding this our firm conviction, we cannot say we expect much from the humanity or candour of men, who, in the face of such irrefragable proof of what the negroes are capable of, and will inevitably perpetrate, issue a manifesto to the British nation in the following words—"None look with greater horror on the shedding blood, or the remotest chance of occasioning such a calamity than ourselves; but we are in our consciences convinced, and that after investigation the most careful and scrupulous, that from the emancipation we recommend, no risk to the safety of the white inhabitants could arise; on the contrary, we verily believe that the continuance of slavery renders desolation and bloodshed more probable; and that if the country does not repent of the sin of slavery, and cast it from her, it may, by the just retribution of providence, terminate in a convulsion destructive alike of life and property."

This paragraph requires no comment. We only request the public to read it attentively, and compare it with the reports which are almost daily reaching us, of the fatal effects produced by the agitation of the question in England upon the minds of the unenlightened and easily excited African. And then we are sure they will agree with us in pronouncing it to be a piece of most disgusting cant and presumptuous hypocrisy.

There is one other point on which we should wish to know the opinions of these most humane and considerate gentlemen. Suppose that the West Indian Legislatures should refuse to comply with the mandates of Parliament—should take it into their heads, that they are of as much importance to the mother country as the mother country is to them—that at this very moment certain negociations should be going on with the United States of America, and the proprietors of large estates in Jamaica—that, in contemplation of the removal of British troops, agents should have been already dispatched to Europe for the immediate engagement of three thousand mercenaries! We only put the *supposition;* but we should like extremely to know what course the philanthropists would recommend were there any grounds for the said *supposition.*

In the mean time we submit to the consideration of the British public, the West India body, and the Anti-Slavery Society, a Hint. The last have driven the government into a position from which it requires some skill to extricate them. Ministers, to a certain extent, are pledged to meet the demands of these factious brawlers, who impiously attribute all the difficulties and distresses of the country to the existence of slavery. Let the nation at once, then, be relieved from such a destructive influence; let our West India possessions be formed into a federative government, under the protection of Great Britain, on the principles of the Ionian islands—let them be wholly independent of parliamentary interference—appoint their own governors—regulate their own church—hire and pay their own troops—and enter into such commercial and fiscal regulations with Great Britain as will insure to the mother country all the advantages she now derives from the connexion, and render the situation of the planter infinitely better than it is at present. On this subject we shall enlarge in a future number, and shall now only express a concluding wish that our *dear friends* of Aldermanbury will be at once relieved from their fears of the judgment of Heaven for participating in the guilt of the colonists by taking a Hint.

IN "REGINAM."

AMPLIUS jactet Maga se triumphans;
Et cohors diversicolor librorum,
Quos revolventes pariunt Calendæ,
Victa recedat.

Ipsa Campbelli modò nata proles,
Pascat infelix tineas inertes;
Quis legat talem nisi, vi coactus,
Debitor æris?*

Nascitur major, via quà Regentis
Porrigit longam seriem domorum;
Nascitur major, gerit atque nomen
Bibliopolæ!

Una de multis sibi summum honorem
Vindicat—leges patrias tuetur—
Detegit fraudes, salis et leporis
Prodiga Mater.

Nullius vincta imperio Magistri,
Damnat Hibernum eloquio tonantem;
Et venenatas Medici fricantis
Despicit iras.

Sæpe *Regina*, excutiens flagellum,
Agmen obscænum fugat impiorum;
Sæpe sic voces dedit, ex cathedrâ,
Numine rapta.

" Projice ampullas, nec inane captes
Tu, puer, nubes oculo minaci
Intuens, nudo metuende collo,
More Byroni.

" Ille, quem tellus vomit in Britannos
Indica in fraudis genus omne natum,
Vela det; nusquam rediturus oras
Navita lustret.

" Ille, quem fuscus veneratur orbis,
Ille, quem arrectâ bibit aure vulgus,
Ille, quem cæcus, rationis expers,
Impetus urget.

" Fabulam mendacem iterare cesset;
Sordet Hibernus macie—Britannus
Languet impransus—teretem et jocantem
Respice servum."

Paginam Urbani cecinit Colossus
Ipse Johnsonus; numerosque fundens,
Nomen Urbani dedit in futurum
Vivere sæclûm.

Musa *Reginam* celebrare dignâ
Laude conata est; modò si potestas
Æqua sit voto, superet Colossi
Nobile carmen.

J. K.

* Vide Horat. Sat. lib. i. sat. iii. v. 86.

THE RESULT OF THE LATE ELECTIONS, WITH THE ABSTRACT OF RETURNS.

There is a story in a certain old-fashioned book called the *Old Testament*, of an ambitious statesman, who, when warned by a prophet of the iniquities which he should perpetrate in his future course, exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" But it was left to the year 1831 to shew us, united in a single individual, both the prophet who forewarned and the politician who realized his own forebodings.

A leading Whig, of the year 1810, published in the *Edinburgh Review* of that year, (vol. xvi. p. 209,) an essay *on the Influence of the Crown*, which contained the following remarkable passage:—

> "The power of dissolving Parliament is a prerogative extremely *liable to abuse;* and its frequent exercise confers more influence, and of a *worse description*, than the Constitution ever meant to arm the Crown withal. By threatening a dissolution, *as was very lately done by a minister, for the purpose of intimidating the House of Commons*, the executive can obtain the votes of many who are placed beyond the sphere of its ordinary influence; and, by *actually appealing to the people at the moment of some violent outcry*, the ministers can avail themselves, as also happened on the same occasion, of *a popular delusion spread by themselves.*"

History, we suppose, could scarcely furnish another instance of so remarkable a coincidence between the warnings given by a statesman when *out of office*, and his own conduct when *in*.

The project has succeeded. The prerogative so "*liable to abuse*," has been exerted. The people have been "*appealed to at the moment of a violent outcry;*" and the ministers have thus "*availed themselves*," to the fullest possible extent, of "*a popular delusion spread by themselves*."

The result of this manœuvre is said to have exceeded even their own expectations. To us, it appears to have reached no further than might very well have been calculated upon. Among every large body of electors in the kingdom, there has always existed two parties;—the one proclaiming its superior loyalty to the sovereign,—the other, its greater patriotism and love for the rights of the people. But when, as in this case, a sudden manœuvre throws the cause espoused by the King and his ministers, into the hands of the second of these classes, it is obvious that the preponderance resulting from such an union, must be such as utterly to overwhelm, for the moment, their opponents. The King's name is truly a tower of strength, and when those who have been fighting all their lives in defence of their sovereign's prerogative, find that his authority is cited by their opponents, it is no wonder if their courage slackens, and, their rallying point being thus rendered doubtful, they, during that encounter, appear to lose the field.

Nevertheless, although the name of the King has been abundantly made use of in the late contests, there has been less dismay and scattering among the Tories than might have been expected under such circumstances. In many instances, indeed, the dread of a doubtful contest, attended by a great expense, and issuing only in the possession of a six months seat, has caused the Tory candidate to decline the engagement. Such cases as these have furnished the ministry with their greatest triumphs. Sir Edward Knatchbull, in Kent; Mr. Bell, in Northumberland; Mr. Fleming, in Hampshire; and some half dozen others, have thus admitted the fact, that "*the popular delusion spread by ministers*" had rendered their success doubtful, and deterred them from undertaking so costly a struggle. And in nearly every case of this kind the adherents of the ministry have at once assumed that the whole body of the people had declared for "the bill," and that these resignations arose from a knowledge of this general unanimity of the electors.

In fact, the government newspapers have more than once ventured to assert, that the whole people were with the ministry, and that it would be impossible to find a score of free electors in any place who were opposed to "the bill." They have more than once reckoned the whole of the opponents of the ministerial plan as amounting, in the whole, to some few hundreds, including in this calculation the nation at large.

Fortunately, however, we have had some few contests, and these have told a different tale. They have shewn, indeed, what all will admit, that the poison has done its work; that the "*delusion spread by ministers*" has operated widely; but they put an end at once to all the falsehoods about the unanimous delight of the people, and their general satisfaction with the proposed new constitution. The ministerial candidates have, indeed, too often carried the day, but by majorities vastly inferior to what their friends would have led us to expect. In Oxfordshire, out of every 29 freeholders who recorded their opinions, 16 voted for the bill, and 13 against it. In Essex, out of every 39 voters, 22 were for the bill, and 17 against it. In Northamptonshire, out of every 41 freeholders, 21 voted with ministers, and 20 against them; and if, in Cumberland and Cornwall, the majority was 2 to 1 in favour of the bill, in Buckinghamshire and Shropshire the preponderance was equally against it. The following is an abstract of the gross number of votes given in all the county contests, by which it will be seen at a glance how perfectly unfounded is the assumption, that the voice of the people of England is unanimous and decided in favour of this change in the constitution.

	Against.		For.	
Bedford	Stuart	690	Payne	1,073
Brecon	Wood	282	Watkins	138
Bucks	Chandos	1,594	Grenfell	825
Hunts	Mandeville	812	Rooper	841
Cumberland	Lowther	452	Blamire	915
Montgomery	Wynn	692	Lyon	302
Oxford	Norreys	1,316	Weyland	1,688
Essex	Tyrell	1,707	Wellesley	2,250
Worcester	Lygon	1,335	Spencer	1,765
Shropshire	Pelham	1,355	Lloyd	828
Cornwall	Vyvyan	901	Lemon	1,804
Dorset	Bankes	1,176	Calcraft	1,452
Northampton	Cartwright	2,019	Milton	2,135
Pembroke	Owen	1,949	Greville	1,850
		16,280		17,866

Exhibiting, on a balance of the whole account, a majority of only 1,600 freeholders on a gross poll of *more than four and thirty thousand.* Will any man, after this, making any reasonable allowance for the influence of the crown and of the government, venture to aver, that a decided majority of the freeholders of England have declared in favour of the bill.

But we must now say a word or two of the general results of the late election. That the manœuvre has succeeded is sufficiently known; but it may be as well to calculate closely the actual extent of the success. We will endeavour to do this in as clear a manner as possible. We begin with the ministerial forces. Of these there

Voted for the Second Reading of the Bill	302
Paired off in its favour	8
Tellers	2
	312
Of these members, however, who actually voted for the Second Reading, twenty-four have been displaced by the late elections, and their seats filled by candidates opposed to the Bill. We must therefore deduct	24
leaving	288

To these we must add the following votes gained by the elections;—

Calcraft	*vicé*	Bankes	Dorsetshire	1
Howick	—	Bell	Northumberland	1
Milton	—	Cartwright	Northamptonshire	1

Pelham . . .	*vice*	Chaplin	Lincolnshire	1
Tennyson . .	—	Chaplin	Stamford	1
Hoskings . .	—	Cotterell	Herefordshire	1
Protheroe . .	—	Davis	Bristol	1
Langton . . .	—	Dickenson	Somerset	1
Atherley . . .	—	Dottin	Southampton	1
Maberley . .	—	Dugdale	Shaftesbury	1
Ramsden . . .	—	Duncombe	Yorkshire	1
Vernon . . .	—	Duncombe	Retford	1
Lushington . .	—	Dundas	Winchelsea	1
Wilbraham . .	—	Egerton	Cheshire	1
Offley . . .	—	Egerton	Chester	1
Fitzroy . . .	—	Euston	Bury St. Edmunds	1
Wood . . .	—	Ewing	Wareham	1
Heneage . . .	—	Fardell	Lincoln	1
Lefevre . . .	—	Fleming	Hampshire	1
Paget	—	Gore	Carnarvon	1
Hanmer . . .	—	Grant	Westbury	1
King	—	Greville	Warwick	1
Godson . . .	—	Grimston	St. Albans	1
Smith . . .	—	Gunning	Northampton	1
Ellis	—	Hastings	Leicester	1
Macdonald . .	—	Heathcote	Hampshire	1
Bragen . . .	—	Hotham	Leominster	1
Penleaze . .	—	Hoy	Southampton	1
Currie . . .	—	Ingestrie	Hertford	1
Smith . . .	—	King	Wycombe	1
Thicknesse . .	—	Lindsay	Wigan	1
Blamire . . .	—	Lowther	Cumberland	1
Nowell . . .	—	Lowther	Westmoreland	1
James . . .	—	Lushington	Carlisle	1
Spencer . . .	—	Lygon	Worcestershire	1
Morrison . .	—	Mackinnon	Ipswich	1
Heathcote . .	—	Malcolm	Boston	1
Phillips . . .	—	Manners	Leicestershire	1
Weyland . .	—	Norreys	Oxfordshire	1
Torrens . . .	—	Palk	Ashburton	1
Vere	—	Perceval	Newport	1
Warre . . .	—	Planta	Hastings	1
Etwall . . .	—	Pollen	Andover	1
Trowbridge . .	—	Price	ndwich	1
Stanhope . .	—	Reid	ver	1
Wilde . . .	—	Sadler	Newark	1
Jeffrey . . .	—	Scarlett	Malton	1
Blunt	—	Shelley	Lewes	1
Fellowes . . .	—	Smith	Andover	1
Moreton . . .	—	Somerset	Gloucestershire	1
Denison . . .	—	Sotheron	Notts	1
Canning . . .	—	Stanley	Stockbridge	1
Hodgson . .	—	Stevens	Barnstaple	1
Payne . . .	—	Stuart	Bedfordshire	1
Easthope .	—	Stuart	Banbury	1
Weyland . .	—	Sugden	Weymouth	1
Norton . . .	—	Sumner	Guildford	1
Willoughby . .	—	Thompson	Yarmouth	1
Williams . .	—	Trevor	Carmarthenshire	1
Chichester . .	—	Tudor	Barnstaple	1
Mount . . .	—	Twiss	Newport	1
Wellesley . .	—	Tyrell	Essex	1
Mills	—	Villiers	Rochester	1
Lemon . . .	—	Vyvyan	Cornwall	1
Mangles . . .	—	Wall	Guildford	1
Venables . . .	—	Ward	London	1

Foster	*vicé*	Whitmore	Bridgenorth	1
Barnett	—	Winchester	Maidstone	1
Hall	—	Worcester	Monmouth	1
Denison	—	Gascoyne	Liverpool	1
Rider	—	Knatchbull	Kent	1

IRELAND.

Musgrave . .	*vicé*	Beresford	Waterford	1
Doyle . .	—	Bruen	Carlow	1
Walker . .	—	Dering	Wexford	1
O'Connell . .	—	Fitzgerald	Kerry	1
Shiel . .	—	M'Clintock	Louth	1
Perrin . .	—	Moore	Dublin	1
Harty . .	—	Shaw	Dublin	1
Westenra . .	—	Shirley	Monaghan	1
Lambert . .	—	Valentia	Wexford	1

SCOTLAND.

Dixon . . .	*vicé*	Campbell	Glasgow	1
Sinclair	—	Rae	Bute	1
Balfour	—	Dalrymple	Haddington	1
Stewart	—	Lowther	Wigton	1
Johnstone . . .	—	Balfour	Anstruther	1
Ross	—	Carnegie	Aberdeen	1
Innes	—	Gower	Sutherland	1
Ferguson	—	Loughborough	Dysart	1

:rs favourable, but who did not vote in the majority of 302.

Lennox	Sussex	1
Cavendish	Derbyshire	1
Rumbold	Yarmouth	1
Smith, G.	Midhurst	1
Williams	Winchelsea	1
Blackney	Carlow	1
Tottenham	New Ross	1
Chaytor	Durham	1
O'Connell, M.	Clare	1
Mayhew	Colchester	1
Ferguson	Londonderry	1
Hudson	Evesham	1

Total present ascertainable number of votes . . . 388

We now take the other side, and proceed to estimate the opposers of the Ministerial plan.

Voted against the Second Reading	301
Paired off	8
Tellers	2
	311
Of these the Elections have removed and exchanged for supporters of the Bill	88
Leaving, as re-elected, or replaced by others equally opposed to the Bill	223

But to these we add the following votes, gained in the Elections.

Brecknock . .	*vicé*	Archdeckne	Dunwich	1
Herbert . . .	—	Baring, W. B.	Callington	1
Baring, A. . .	—	Baring, F.	Thetford	1
Stormont . .	—	Blandford	Woodstock	1
Scarlett . . .	—	Bouverie	Cockermouth	1
Buller Sir A. .	—	Buller, C.	West Looe	1
Dugdale . . .	—	Calthorpe	Bramber	1

Goulburn . .	*vicé*	Cavendish	Cambridge	1
Trant	—	Ellis	Okehampton	1
Lowther . . .	—	Garlies	Cockermouth	1
Grant . . .	—	Gladstone	Queenborough	1
Lott	—	Guest	Honiton	1
Best	—	Hawkins	St. Michaels	1
Stewart . . .	—	Lemon	Penryn	1
Peel, W. . . .	—	Palmerston	Cambridge	1
Ryder	—	Sandon	Tiverton	1
Trevor . . .	—	Taylor	Durham	1
Porchester . .	—	Villiers	Wootten Basset	1
Shelley . . .	—	Wood	Grimsby	1
Halse	—	Wellesley	St. Ives	1
Percenal . . .	—	King	Sligo	1
Ferrand . . .	—	Smith	Tralee	1
Young . . .	—	Saunderson	Cavan	1
Hayes . . .	—	Mountcharles	Donegal	1

Others, opponents of the Bill, but who did not vote on the second reading—

Gordon	Dundalk	1
Lane Fox	Helston	1
Dawkins	Wilton.	1
Bradshaw	Brackley	1
Bradshaw, R. H.	Brackley	1
Cole	Enniskillen	1
Frankland	Thirsk	1
Malcolm	Launceston	1
Gurney, H.	Newtown	1
Legh, T.	Newton	1
Montgomery	Peebleshire	1
Morrison	Bamffshire	1
Fitzgerald	Ennis	1
Mexborough	Pontefract	1
Thynne, Lord W.	Weobley	1
Wrangham	Sudbury	1
Davidson	Cromarty	1
Cockerell	Evesham	1
		264

This calculation includes 652 of the 658 members, leaving only six as doubtful, some of the Scotch returns not having yet reached town. It gives, as will be seen, 388 votes to ministers, and only 264 to their opponents, leaving a majority of 124 in favour of the bill. This view of the matter, however, rather overstates the strength of the ministerial forces, since we include in their number several members, who, like Sir W. and Mr. C. Wynn, voted for the second reading, and yet afterwards voted for General Gascoyne's motion. These votes will probably, if brought to act against ministers on any point of detail resembling that amendment, leave their majority very little above 100.

This majority, however, is obviously sufficient to carry the bill, supposing all things move on smoothly. But there is much to be hoped from *circumstances*. Some reliance, indeed, may be placed on the efforts of the House of Lords, in resisting or correcting the bill; and more, much more, on the sound principles of a large proportion of the people, who, supposing the measure carried, will yet do their utmost to neutralize all its most dangerous points. But still we look most to *circumstances*, many of which are above human control, for safety in this conjuncture.

The government of the country has been carried on for the last five years on no other plan but that of yielding to *circumstances*. Our statesmen now-a-days seem to have but very faint notions of any higher system of action. *Principles* are, indeed, sometimes adverted to, but only to shew

that they are regarded rather as obsolete things, than as sure guides in legislation. To go with the wind and current, seems to be the only idea which our state pilots are endowed with. Catholic emancipation was conceded, as was plainly stated, not because those who conceded it, felt it to be just and right,—for they had all their lives argued to the contrary,—but because they were unequal to any bolder or higher course than that of yielding to circumstances. Reform is now proposed by a set of men who, but the other day, were half of them careless, and the other half opposed to it, and the very ground taken by its proposers is merely that circumstances call for it. Two or three of the Cabinet, indeed, have the merit of having long been its consistent supporters; but if we ask even these, why the plan itself varies so entirely from that which they formerly advocated, we are again met by the defence, that *circumstances have changed*, and that it is easy to carry, now, what it would have been useless to propose in former years. But how are we to be sure—if a constitution is thus to be framed, not upon *principle*, but upon existing circumstances,—that the same parties who have thus advanced from *moderate* reform to *ultra*, within a few months, may not, in a few more, if the popular movement should continue, be induced to take another step, and plunge us at once into a pure democracy.

However, as we have said, *events*, and what are called *accidents*, may still be in the womb of time, which may wonderfully change the views of these wind-and-tide politicians.—There are at least twenty English counties who are competitors with each other for the honour of being "the strong-hold of Toryism." Every contested county, in its turn, was thus described. Buckinghamshire, Essex, Suffolk, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, Salop, Hampshire, and half a score more, were, one after the other, placed in the ranks of Toryism. This account is true;—this picture is not overdrawn;—and, if the worst of our fears be realized, we shall yet find multitudes ready to fight, with us, the last battle of the constitution.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

If it be said that the House of Commons, as at present constituted, does *not* represent the opinions of the people, those who say so must shut their eyes to the extraordinary results of the general election now terminated. These results prove one of two things: either that the popular members recently returned are chosen by the voice of the majority of the nation, or that they owe their return to the ascendant influence of certain factions. It is immaterial to our argument which of these premises be the most demonstrable; for if the new members be the faithful representatives of the popular will, as the ministerial journals assert, whence the necessity for that reform which is now so loudly demanded? But if they be *not* the representatives of popular opinion, what consummate folly is it to trust to their remodelling of institutions which they appreciate differently from the vast majority of the national constituency.

This argument has been forced upon us by the taunts and clamorous triumph of the King's ministers and their literary supporters. They tell us that wherever the people have put forth their power, they have defeated the anti-reform candidates. The Tories, they assure us, have been driven from almost every hustings in Great Britain and Ireland. The popular candidate has been returned, even in places where he has not a foot of land, or any property whatever—nay, where he has never even boiled his pot. Old influences have passed away; the bonds between landlord and tenant are dissolved; past claims and past services are forgotten, and all things have become new. The voice of the people has been lifted up; the barriers of former ages have been levelled with the ground; the mitre has been pulled down, and the pig and whistle set up; the bludgeon has silenced the boroughmonger, in some instances by beating out his brains; and the mob,

the rabble, the *canaille*, the *sans culottes*, the rick-burners, the machine and window breakers, the *Terry Alts*, the prize-fighters, the thieves of the metropolis, and the drunken scum of the large manufacturing towns have had a grand, signal, and immortal triumph. Ministers have been enabled to form a House of Commons of that particular class of men who are competent to give their worst of thoughts the worst of words—to cheer them on in the unhallowed work of spoliation—to riot round the bonfires of revolution—to hoist the tri-colour flag on the battlements of Windsor, and shew to Europe that we in England can call spirits from the depths of our population akin to those who tuned their pæans to the Goddess of Reason, and embrued their hands in the best blood of France.

But what does all this prove? Not surely that patrician influence is too powerful in England. Not that the aristocracy can return a majority, or any thing but a weak and inefficient minority in the Commons' House of Parliament. Not that one hundred and seventeen persons can control the elections of one half the members of the lower House; but that these proscribed individuals have in reality no power whatever; that the most dependent burgage tenant can exercise an independent suffrage; that the public press is more potent than the restraints of law or the dictates of gratitude and justice; and that the people are the arbiters of their own fate, the victims of their own free will, the dupes of every empirical mountebank, and dishonest charlatan who chooses to call himself a patriot.

We belong to that class who think that some reform of the House of Commons is indispensable. But the results of the elections, as far as they have gone, convince us that the democratic principle requires no further extension. It may require modification—the abuses of the system may require correction—the rights of certain voters might safely be allowed to merge in other bodies who have not heretofore participated in the privilege of returning members—a dozen or two of rotten boroughs might be safely weeded out of the representation, on fair terms of compensation, and their privileges conferred on large towns—a small and respectable constituency might be created in some places where the electors are mere paupers, too debased to entertain any sentiments responsive to the national welfare—outvoters might be disfranchised—the system in Scotland assimilated to that in England, and the influence of the crown and the people, of property and population, placed in a juster equilibrium.

No reasonable man could object to this species or extent of reform. But when we are told that the people have been robbed of their rights—that the mouths or the purses of the boroughmongers *are* the parliament of England—that public opinion is scorned, and that the aristocracy have, by corrupt patronage, monopolized the privileges of the Commons; we deny the fact, and throw back the falsehood in the faces of the revolutionary faction who utter it; and, in confirmation of its abominable mendacity, point to the issue of this contest, and those returns with which they taunt us It is now clear as day, that all the representations of the Whig reformers, who made this fraud their puppet at the crisis of the first French revolution, and by virtue of which they strained every nerve to plunge this country into the same sanguinary broils, were atrocious falsehoods. The privileges of the people have undergone little or no change since Lord Grey, then Mr. Charles Grey first asserted, and offered to prove, that a few Peers and boroughproprietors returned a majority of the House of Commons; and yet we see the people omnipotent, and the aristocracy utterly powerless—the mob triumphant, and the higher classes trampled under foot—the old constituency of the country, acting under the influence of mania, rushing heedlessly to every hustings, and supporting men who have pledged themselves to support not a moderate measure of reform, but one of the wildest and most sweeping measures of revolution, that ever was concocted by the most insensate jacobin in the worst periods of our history. Lord Grey's appeal to the people proves, beyond all cavilling, that his former assumptions were false, that his representations

were untrue, that his calculations were founded in delusion, that the facts, which he offered to establish at the bar of the House, were deliberate slanders upon his "order" and the people of England. He has proved by this mad appeal, the consequences of which we sincerely hope he may not have cause to repent, that the men, who he asserted had the power of returning a majority of that House, had, apart from the influence of their private characters and the justice of their cause, no influence whatever over a majority of that House, or any influence by which they could colour the opinions or promote the interests of more than a fraction of the whole number of its members. This appeal, therefore, sets to rest for ever the popular fallacy, invented and persisted in by the Whigs for purposes abundantly obvious, that aristocratic influence is paramount in the Commons' House of Parliament. The very reverse of this is proved to be the case. The people, the electors of the United Kingdom, the constituency as it exists at present, have, as they have always had, the supreme power. As to the manner in which they have exercised this power, that is another consideration. The motives which have induced them to act in the manner they have done have no bearing whatever upon the question of their power or their independence. It is enough for us to know that their recent conduct has exhibited the hollowness and the mendacity of that slander which has been made a handle of for so many years by the party now in power.

It is not our intention to enter into any minute details relative to this extraordinary contest, simply because these must already be familiar to almost all our readers. It will suffice to say that the Tories have been, if not dishonourably, at least signally and completely defeated. The opponents of the "whole bill, and nothing but the bill," who were the majority of the last Parliament, have been reduced to the very shadow of a minority in the new made House. With the exception of Cambridge University, and the county of Bucks, they have been beaten in every contest. Even in some of the small boroughs they have been driven from the hustings, not by the electors it is true, but in several instances by the bludgeons of hired assassins—by scoundrels brought from a distance, and actually unknown in the places where they have wielded these truncheons of mob and ministerial authority. In Boston, Wigan, Bristol, Newark, Carlisle and other places, the conduct of these ruffians has equalled, if not exceeded, in ferocity and brute violence that of the suburban rabble of Paris during the reign of terror. Candidates have been attacked and besieged in their houses—compelled to use firearms to defend their lives —have been bruised, maimed, and stabbed—have been pursued by murderous bands armed with knives and cutlasses, and menaced with that most intellectual mode of extermination, recently introduced, called *Burkeing*. The electors of Mr. Sergeant Wilde, at Newark, made this word their battle cry in all their assaults upon the anti-reform candidate. In Bristol it was a dread of the fatal consequences which undoubtedly would have ensued, saying nothing for the destruction of property, which overawed Mr. Hart Davis and his committee into a silent surrender. At Carlisle it would have been death for an unprotected anti-reformer to appear in the streets. One gentleman has died in consequence of the treatment he experienced in Wigan. Colonel Blair and others have been most scandalously assaulted and severely wounded in Ayrshire. Nothing but terror and cowardice prevented his committee from nominating Mr. Ward for London, who, but for this infamous intimidation, would unquestionably have been returned.

And need we wonder at these atrocities? They were openly recommended by some of the leading ministerial journals. The *Times* newspaper, which has done more to bring the public press of England into disgrace than all the publications of Carlisle or Cobbett, instructed its rabble readers to proceed to the hustings with mud in their hands and stones in their pockets, and expatiated on the liberal *régime* of ducking in a horsepond, provided its worthy abettors should have no convenient Fleet ditch to render the

outrage more disgusting and appalling. These fiendish instructions, which could only emanate from the mind of a person habituated to a pothouse, or some lord paramount of a City stew, supreme among his brother blackguards, were wafted in the same broad sheet over the whole country, copied into all the other revolutionary journals, and enforced by the same sort of argument which distinguished the master appeal. The mob were called upon, *in his Majesty's name,* to break the King's peace. They were armed with convincing reasons in favour of reform, by having bludgeons under their smock-frocks, and brickbats under their arms. They were told that a knotted stick was as useful at an election as a good vote, and that a scoundrel so accoutred, although he had neither a coat to his back, nor a house to live in, although his shoes had been given him by the parish, and he had stolen the ale with which he was inebriated, was, nevertheless, as good an elector as a twenty pound freeholder. These were the sentiments which the ministerial journals inculcated, and these the intoxicating arguments by which the rabble were driven to the hustings, with the sacred name of the King on their lips, and the symbols of their lawless authority flourishing over their heads. It was in this way that many of the elections of the kingdom were decided—by these acts of violence, and intimidation, that many honourable candidates were defeated. At no period, in the history of this country, was there ever an election contest similarly conducted. The rabble were stimulated to these outrages, not perhaps by his Majesty's ministers, but certainly by those who call themselves the organs of the government, and who have been permitted, God knows for what reason, to run a long career of insolence with impunity—slandering all that is good and great in the country, and pandering to the incensed passions of the very wretches whose bread they have aided in taking away, and whom, now that they have reduced them to pauperism, they would willingly cheer on to deeds of spoliation and crime.

But while we are bound to commiserate those candidates who were compelled to retire from such lawless and sanguinary scenes, and must appreciate the motives under which many of them acted, we cannot at the same time help regretting that some of them should have so soon taken alarm. The retirement of Mr. Ward from the City when he was so fully prepared and resolved to stand the brunt of the contest, was, to our thinking, a deep misfortune. It was against him that the brothel bullying of the *Times* newspaper was first directed. His committee absolutely quailed under it. They took fright at the first volley fired from the guns of Printing House Square. They were as much intimidated by the first broadside of these dirty-faced politicians as if it had come from the tinkers of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. They trembled in their shoes as if they had seen their counting-houses on fire, the wine from their cellars washing the pavement of Ludgate Hill, and the ghosts of their wives and children looking down upon them from the cross of St. Paul's. They took to their heels, and left poor Ward very much like a fool, or the Lord Mayor—panic-struck, and helpless. This vile and cowardly surrender began the work of discomfiture and disgrace in the other parts of the country. It is true, that few men have courage enough to expose themselves to rabble insults in a public cause; but in *this* cause the City owed something to itself—the intelligent merchants and respectable inhabitants of London owed something to their country. They ought to have done something for the sake of example. If they could not calculate on success, they ought at least to have shewn us how much they could do. Is it to be believed, that the most respectable portion of the City liverymen could not return *one* anti-reform candidate? Perhaps not, incredible though it seem: still they might have recorded two or three thousand plumpers merely to convince Lord Brougham that the City electors were not unanimously in favour of Lord John's thrice amended, twenty times considered, fifty times cobbled, and yet imperfect and abortive bill—convinced even Lord Grey that the measure of a *united* cabinet, which was half strangled at its birth, and died before it was two months

old, was not a measure of *absolute* wisdom. This duty the capital owed to the nation. How it shrunk from it let history tell.

But it is needless to dwell on every verse of this chapter of accidents. Cartwright did not lose Northamptonshire, nor Bankes, Dorsetshire, for want of courage. The defeat of the former is a victory. It has been an extinguisher to poor Lord Althorp. The budget of the noble lord was a sad blunder, and the letter of Mr. Horsley Palmer on the transfer tax, a sadder one; but the Northampton affair is a real misfortune. We shall put him down with a single word. The noble lord says that he did not know that any of his friends intended to disturb the representation of the county. He moreover says, that Lord Milton was his *bosom friend.* If he were sincere when he expressed these sentiments to Mr. Cartwright, why did his lordship presume to give an undertaking for his friends, when he was entirely ignorant, not only of their intentions, but of their proceedings? Why did he offer any such terms on the part of his *bosom friend?* On the other hand, if he were cognizant of their intentions on the part of his friend, what are we to think? We freely give him a choice of the horn—it is preferable to be thought a ninny, than a——— The sooner, my lord, you resign the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the better!

Sir Richard Vyvyan too lost Cornwall—but that is an affair which will not bear canvassing;—Moore and Shaw, Dublin—no matter;—as concerns Moore it was right. Poor Fyler was turned out of Coventry, the only sensible man that ever sat for the place. This is an illustration of radical gratitude. He served the weavers faithfully, and this is the reward! Bulwer will string rhymes to French ribands for this—so much the better; the rogues will have justice in the end. The knight of Kerry is beaten in his own county—capital again! Acland is kicked out of Devon—better still! He truckled to the Whigs, played fast and loose with the Tories, wheedled, and curvetted, and canted, voted against every thing he spoke for, and debated most hostilely every measure he ever voted for, and now he is thrown overboard. No harm in this—not in the least. But Scarlett is in for Cockermouth!—beautiful!—has run away from Lord Milton's conventicle, and given the odds against all the blacklegs with Lord Lowther. We wish the Tories joy! This is really a desperate game. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

But we have done with looking over the lists. No matter by what means; no matter whether openly or by stratagem; no matter whether for good or for evil; yet certain it is that the Tories have been most unmercifully and most completely beaten. In county and in city, in field and in hall, among farmers and weavers, among graziers and miners, the Tories have been defeated. In the last parliament their strength was fairly measured with the minister, and they beat him; but in the new parliament they can be nothing but the spectre of a party, a poor fragment of a once powerful body, a remnant of the only gentlemen in the House of Commons. The revolutionary bill, therefore, may be considered as carried, as far as concerns that House. There will at least be a hundred of a majority in favour of the measure, whatever that measure may be, when retinkered for the fifty-first time, and presented to the new chamber of delegates. What may be its fate in the upper House, in the hereditary assembly of the nation, is another question. Ministers, we understand, are not a little perplexed as to the nature of the influence which they should exercise in forcing it through that House. They have already sounded all the depths and shallows of the peerage; but the results are by no means satisfactory. There is there a powerful majority against them; and this majority consists of elements which they will have great, if not insurmountable difficulty in neutralizing. His Majesty, they must be convinced, has already rendered them every reasonable assistance. If it could be carried by the creation of five or six, or even ten new peers, this might be conceded. But the truth is that neither ten, twenty, nor even thirty new creations would suffice. They cannot surely indulge the hope that his Majesty will degrade the peerage

so far as to meet their views by any such unexampled increase in the numbers of the upper House. They might as well call upon him to make every baronet a peer, or sanction the abolition of hereditary privileges altogether. His Majesty, deeply as he interests himself in the question, and anxious as he is to consult the wishes of his people, is not made of such yielding stuff as to lend his concurrence to so wild a measure as this. He has done all that can become a king. He has given to his ministers every auxiliary which the constitution sanctions, or the crown can, consistently with its dignity, confer. And having done this he must stop. His Majesty cannot sanction a reform of the Commons' House of Parliament by a positive invasion of the constitution, by doing that which would indeed be a wanton violation of all its forms.

It is true, that the peers themselves, dreading a collision with the lower House, may see the expediency of consenting to a measure, of which they heartily disapprove. But this is exceedingly improbable. As it is now undeniably a conflict between the democratic and aristocratic orders—between those who aspire to power, and those who have every thing to lose by conferring it—they will, we conceive, pause before they become their own executioners, and sign that warrant which is to level all the distinctions of society. Before they concur with the Commons they will seriously consider the nature of the new powers they are invested with, and the tendency of those measures which they are likely to propose. In the first place, they must see that such a reformed Parliament as is proposed, based upon the violation of corporate charters and the rights of property, would have little scruple in unsettling other rights, not less tenable, but of a much more serious kind. They must perceive that this reformed Parliament would, before the lapse of two years, involve England in a serious struggle with Ireland, in the revival of religious feuds, in a deadly contest for Popish supremacy, and the preservation of our Protestant establishments. However we may blink the question now, this conflict would unquestionably take place.—However fashionable may be the liberal notions of the passing hour, the English are a religious people in heart, and, when the day of strife comes, all their old prejudices will burn on the side of Protestantism. Even if the repeal of the union were conceded, all their feelings and sympathies would be on the side of their Protestant brethren. Popular indignation would annihilate that minister who should dare to tamper with their predilections in so holy a cause.

Here, then, is one source of dissension which the Peers of England have to consider before they give their sanction to the revolutionary bill. They cannot fail to see that the object of Lord Grey and his friends is to place England, bound hand and foot, at the mercy of the Irish demagogues, and the most disloyal and ambitious priesthood on the face of the earth—a priesthood who hate England from religious instinct and natural antipathy—who hate our schools, our system of education, our knowledge, influence, and superiority, as Protestants.—Nay, the friends of Lord Grey do not disguise that the extinction of the Irish Church, and the stipending of the Popish Clergy, and the probationers of the College of Maynooth, are among their first objects. Lord Plunkett's sentiments have been sounded, and they are decidedly favourable to this project. Mr. Remembrancer Blake has been sent for, and consulted, and he is of a similar opinion. Blake has bitten Lord Grey, and Lord Plunkett has convinced Lord Brougham. The two Chancellors, like the two kings of Brentford, smell at the same rose on this subject. The pensioning of the priests, at the expense of the Protestant establishment, is deemed the grand specific. Dr. Doyle has been consulted, and is now a convert for the first time in his life. The priest-magistrate now sees things in a different light. He perceives the ascendency of his church in the vista, and through clouds which he could never penetrate before.

If the Reform Bill pass, and the present ministers remain in office only for two years, these projects are certain of being carried into effect, whatever may be the conten-

tions or the civil war to which they may lead. Will the Peers of England, therefore, who cannot be blind to the results, not seriously deliberate before they consent to a measure so pregnant with national difficulties?

But this is far from being the only or the most perplexing difficulty into which the measures of such a reformed, or rather revolutionized Parliament would precipitate us. The funds! Start not, courteous reader, at the word. Unbend thy brows, dear dowager and most amiable spinster, for they who are forewarned are forearmed. Answer me this question:—Why is the Parliament to be reformed? Because, as is alleged, it being a corrupt Parliament, composed of seat-sellers and seat-buyers, it is consequently presumed to be an unconstitutional assembly, incompetent to carry on the affairs of this great nation—because, as is alleged, it is so much addicted to all sorts of jobbing, that its legislative acts are tainted by the venal character of its members. Is not this the song which you sing? Is not this the burden of every street melody? Is not this the theme of every piece of newspaper doggrel, of every swelling patriot on the hustings, and of every unwashed Radical over his pots of Buxton and Whitbread? Is not this the reason why you would vote, if you were allowed to vote, for the honest Lord Milton and the incorruptible and moral Mr. Long Wellesley? Just so. Why, then, should the reformed Parliament be expected to sanction the profligate contracts, or recognize the unjust and onerous obligations of its defunct and venal predecessors? Is it reasonable to expect the new delegates of the people to eat of the old leaven, or plod in the old track? Can we expect them to pay the interest of debts declared to be dishonestly contracted, and the capital stock of which we have already liquidated by paying an illegal usance of fifteen per cent for twenty years? Out upon it! Fye, aunt Martha and cousin Rebecca! We must not continue in evil that good may abound. The funds, therefore, must go!—your annuities must go!—the taxes must go!—the tithes must go!—the corn bill must go; in order that our palfrey, in fulfilment of Cade's prophecy, may feed upon the grass which shall grow in Cheapside!

But seriously—should the revolutionary bill pass, it is folly to deceive ourselves by imagining that this grand act of settlement, of sponging, of oblivion, would not follow as a matter of course. True, there will be weeping in Cornhill, and wailing on Clapham Common, and wringing of hands from Plymouth Dock Yard to North Shields. What of that? The few must not continue to revel on the misery of the many. Injustice towards those who have anything to lose, is an act of grace in favour of the rabble. So runs the adage of our modern jacobins and reformers. It is not concealed by some of the advocates of this ministerial revolution that an act of adjustment between the public debtor and creditor is indispensable, and must be among the first works of the new Parliament. By the term *adjustment* these gentlemen mean spoliation; by *settlement* they mean abolition; by the *pruning-knife* they mean the axe which they intend laying to the root of the tree. The utter disregard which they evince towards private and chartered rights by this bill, is an indication of their intentions with respect to funded and church property. Lord Althorp's propositions lately submitted to Parliament, on the Colonial Question, shew the concern which he entertains for private property, and explain his principles of conservative policy. The fashionable doctrine of the day with these men is, that the owner of a slave is incompetent to form any correct opinion as to what is most conducive to his own interest. The political economist and mad philanthropist alone are allowed to dictate and instruct on these subjects. It is the schoolmaster and not the merchant who is permitted to offer an opinion on commercial policy. The jacobin tailor lays down the principles of international law. The tinker teaches the shipowner how to man and equip his vessels. The cotton-weaver prescribes for the mining interest. The tallow-chandler preaches to the silk-weaver, and the retailer of cheap and stolen goods directs our foreign

policy, and reads lectures upon currency to the country bankers. In fact, those who practically know least of any given subject, are considered the most competent conservators of every branch of trade which they presume to discuss, and which it is their interest to destroy.

This being the case, and considering who are in power, and the principles of the men who will be supreme in this assembly of delegates, what security have we that any one of the institutions of the country, on the maintenance of which depends the safety of the crown, will be preserved unimpaired for any length of time? Our dependencies in the West Indies are bordering upon, if not at this moment in an actual state of rebellion. Martial law has been proclaimed in Antigua. Canada awaits the decision upon the timber duties in a spirit which is the very reverse of submissive. The meeting of colonial delegates in Barbados, indicates similar feelings. Such is the disgust with which the whole of the resident proprietors and planters of these colonies view the conduct of a certain faction in this country who menace their destruction, and with whom his Majesty's ministers are by principles closely allied, that it only requires a spark to light a flame which will blaze over the whole of the Caribbean sea. A few more insolent speeches in Parliament—one false step—another series of threatening resolutions—and our colonial empire is at an end! If we lose the West Indies, the Treasury may shut its doors, for the news of that event will seal the fate of England, and proclaim her bankrupt to the whole world.

And yet we are nearer this crisis than most people will believe. The passing of this revolutionary bill will render what may yet be considered doubtful, absolutely certain and inevitable. Not that we mean to deny that his Majesty's ministers, or even the faction to which we allude, *profess* the most anxious desire to protect the colonies, and ameliorate the condition of their labouring population. They profess a great deal. They pretend to foresee the happiest results following the adoption of the visionary measures they recommend. But this is the worst feature in the case. They tell us that they are doing good when they are only producing evil, and making bad worse. They coolly assure us that they are relieving the patient when they are bleeding him to death. They tell us that they are producing peace on earth, and good-will among men, when they are fomenting the passions of the deluded negro, encouraging him to raise his hand against his master, invoking him to revolt, to trample upon the law, and deluge the earth with blood. What can we expect from these men, the rulers of a reformed Parliament, the majority of whose members cherish similar sentiments, but the annihilation of our colonial trade, civil war, bloodshed in the West Indies, and the ruin of thousands of helpless families?

But these reformers assure us that the trade of England would not suffer, nor the industry of her people be impaired, although these transatlantic possessions were to-morrow ceded to the United States. Infatuated fools or despicable hypocrites must the men be who entertain such sentiments. They might as well maintain that the revenue of England would be as productive if Yorkshire were ceded to the Belgic provinces, or if no more tea, sugar, and tobacco were imported into England. They might as well contend that the security of the fundholders would remain unaffected if the people were to cease paying the taxes. If we lose the colonies, we lose the right arm of England—we lose the best nursery for our seamen—the best market for our manufactures—the sovereignty of the ocean!

This, however, is the way in which these modern Liberals—the staple of the new Parliament—treat every subject connected with the stability of the empire, the dignity of the crown, the preservation of public credit, the rights of property, and the salvation of the church. They do not hesitate to affirm, as we have before stated, that the spoliation of the Protestant church of Ireland, and the transfer of its revenues to the Catholic clergy, would act as a sedative upon this turbulent and disloyal faction, and by giving tranquillity to that country give security to England. To accomplish this object, they would not startle at the means. In the attainment of this end they would risk

every thing. But supposing it were practicable, and the priests could be conciliated by an act of robbery, are they so short-sighted as not to see, that the church of England, with a reforming Parliament sanctioning these projects, would not stand twelve months after the extinction of that of Ireland. One difficulty overcome, a much greater one would present itself. What they surrendered to the Irish Catholics they would have to yield to the English dissenters. It would be a gentle opiate to the one, and a powerful sleeping draught to the other, from the effects of which both would awake to demand further concessions. Thus we should proceed fighting in a disastrous retreat—yielding every thing to fear or the force of numbers—till at last we should be compelled to assail the very vitals of public credit, leaving the fundholder to be swallowed up as being unworthy of our protection or beyond our aid. It may not be true that these persons are so blind as we represent them. On the contrary, we strongly suspect that they see and anticipate these consequences as clearly as other men. But this, so far from bettering our case, only renders it more hopeless. Their good intentions are a mere pretext—REVOLUTION, IN THE MOST SWEEPING SENSE OF THAT WORD, IS THEIR SECRET AIM!

We have adverted to the state of Canada, and the West Indies, in order to show what may shortly be expected to occur there, and what is certain of taking place should this revolutionary bill pass into a law; and it is only necessary to glance at the condition of Ireland to confirm our views as to the effects of the measure in that country. Four counties are, like Antigua in the West Indies, under martial law. Notwithstanding the leniency of the government, or rather the humble submission of the King's ministers to the agitator O'Connell, several extensive districts are in a state of rebellion, while in others the constabulary force is greatly increased, and the military called upon to perform duties as harassing as if they were in an enemy's country. Notwithstanding the honour conferred upon Dr. Doyle, and the promised donation to the embryo priests of Maynooth, the country is as far from a state of tranquillity as ever. It cannot be said that the Catholic gentry and their priesthood have acquired no new rights since the passing of the "healing measure." They have had two opportunities of availing themselves of their privileges and of showing their gratitude. The latter they have most unequivocally done, in expelling from the representation almost every Protestant gentleman who voted in their favour. They have not lost a single opportunity in showing their contempt for the men who courted them, and who betrayed their own cause to advance theirs. Admirable patriots! Grateful priests! The patriotism of the one is worthy of the gratitude of the other.

We confess that this is a very just retribution; but what is the lesson which it teaches? Why this, that every concession we have made to Ireland has increased her dissatisfaction, and inspired her with fresh courage to break the bonds, or what the demagogues call the *chains*, which bind her to England. Look at the triumphant career of O'Connell. Since 1829 he has already been returned for three counties. It seems to be his ambition to be returned for every county in the island one after the other. And we have no doubt but that if the reform bill pass he will have it in his power to compass his good intentions. He will only have to name his county, and hold up his hand, and that county shall be his, either for himself or some member of his family. Already his son has succeeded in being returned for Clare, although he has neither an acre of land in that county nor any where else.

And what do we infer from this? Just this: that O'Connell and the priests will be enabled to consummate their secret schemes, and either succeed in rooting out the Protestant establishment, or carrying the repeal of the union; and, (hear it, William IV.) ultimately, the entire disseveration of Ireland from the British crown. The augmentation of the number of Irish members, and the diminution of those of England to the extent of *seventy*, as was originally proposed by the *unanimous*

bill, or of *thirty*, as was proposed in its last amended form, are evidently calculated to promote this last great object. Ministers cannot be insensible of this; they must foresee the natural consequences of their own measures. The infraction of corporate rights will confer unbounded power in all towns upon the Catholic clergy. This alone would add to their power; but when this is coupled with the increase of members on that side of the channel, and their decrease on this, the object is too plain to be concealed or denied.

Here then we have clearly before us the initiatory effects of the revolutionary bill. The coming strife, the future disaster, the inevitable involvements, the war of interests, the struggle for independence and the rights of the monarchy, are all plainly indicated, not only by the avowed intentions of ministers, but still more plainly by the declared principles of those popular empirics who shall form the majority in the new revolutionary parliament. Let us make a summary of the stages of this grand movement.

1st. The extinction of the Protestant church in Ireland.

2d. The loss of Ireland.

3d. The emancipation of the negroes.

4th. The loss of the colonies.

5th. The reduction of the interest of the national debt.

6th. Abolition of tithes in England, and appropriation of the church revenues.

7th. A call upon the nation for supplies in the shape of benevolences.

8th. The Treasury unable to meet its payments.

9th. National insolvency.

10th. The Sponge!—The National Debt declared to be extinguished, and the payments at the savings' banks suspended.

11th. A provisional government, and the disbandment of the army.

12th. A — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —.

Delicacy prevents us from proceeding further.

There is one melancholy consolation arising from this march of events, namely—that those who figure most conspicuously in producing them, will be the first who are embroiled in their consequences. Justice never loses sight of its victims!

But before we have done we beg leave to address a few words to the Tories, who, as discomfited men, beaten in a quarrel which themselves originated, and by virtue of dissensions which their own folly had made assailable, rendering them weak because disunited, and disunited because those of them who were in office had made shipwreck of their principles—had sacrificed probity to expediency, justice to intimidation, consistency to flattery, and their abiding and best friends to the hollow friendship of those who first lauded, then deserted, and next displaced them—the Tories, therefore, cannot reasonably object to a word of admonition from us.

If they ever expect to obtain the ascendancy they have lost, and the confidence which the country once reposed in them, it is not enough that they forget recent differences. They must also pay more respect to public opinion—not the opinion of the rabble of London and the readers of the *Times* newspaper—but the opinion of those who, from their rank, property, and education, may be considered as the *mind* of the nation. They have hitherto paid too little regard to the influence of the press. They have hitherto been far more eager to prosecute this formidable engine than to meet it on its own element with its own arms. The Whigs have always understood the management of the press better than the Tories, and have consequently been able to render it available on their side. They have, for many years, had something like a monopoly of the press working double tides in their favour, keeping their pretensions as patriots and philanthropists incessantly before the public, charming the general ear with fictions that flatter, and with hopes which never can be realized, thus drawing from delusion that popularity which alone sustains them at the present juncture.

The Tories, on the other hand, have not only not pursued this course, they have not even done their duty to themselves and the public

They have been at no pains to undeceive the people—to unmask the secret objects of the Whigs—to point out the venality and rottenness of their pretensions, and expose the daring and systematic falsehoods in which the journalists of that party daily indulge. The consequence is, that a foreigner, unacquainted with the state of parties in England, and judging from what he reads in three-fourths of the public papers, would be induced to believe that the Tories are a set of persons absolutely worthless in point of character, and totally destitute of talents, consisting of ruined boroughmongers and blacklegs, needy attorneys and sharpers, ex-placemen reduced to a state of pauperism, and a few poor peers riding on borrowed geldings and living in lodging-houses in order to avoid their creditors. The Whigs, however, *per contra*, appear in a very different light. They consist of all that is high in station, ennobled by virtue, or dignified by genius—a host of warriors, statesmen, philosophers, and poets—all that is affluent and eminent—all that is great among the good, and good among the great—all that is exemplary in common life, and useful and meritorious in the walks of industry.

There is no caricature in this whatever. It is a faithful copy taken from the accredited limners of the Whig press. The only mistake is that the picture is destitute of verisimilitude. It is a fiction altogether—an allegory, with slander on the one side and falsehood on the other. But it is this picture which is held up to the gaze of foreigners, and to a vast proportion of the lower classes in England, Scotland, and Ireland. We need not say what effect is produced—the majority of these persons *believe and admire it!*

It is true that this does not say much for their taste or their discernment; but whose fault is this? A child believes the fictions of *Robinson Crusoe*, and an Irish Papist believes the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe. The lower classes receive their opinions from this dishonest source, because they can obtain them no where else. The picture is constantly before their eyes, and it is not strange that the hundred-times repeated lie begins to look like truth. It is said of Lord Brougham, that he has maintained the innocence of Queen Caroline so long and so obstinately, that he now believes it. Can we reasonably expect more from a Preston weaver or a Wigan Burkeite?

It is the fault of the Tories that these things are so. They have too long treated the press with indifference; and now, if they do not see their error, they feel the consequences. Even Mr. Ward the other day, when in the agonies of defeat, could not resist having a dying kick at the press, which he affected to disregard. This poor affectation is in wretched bad taste. Mr. Ward ought to know better, for we need not remind him that the cultivation of those literary pursuits which he undervalues, might not have proved unserviceable to himself as chairman of the India committee. We throw out this hint, more in sorrow than in anger, for the benefit of those Tories who occasionally indulge similar sentiments. In one word, if the party cherish the hope of resuming their station, they ought forthwith to change their tactics, encourage the press, meet their enemies openly and boldly in a fair field, and attach to themselves those auxiliaries whom they have too long neglected.

RUMBLING MURMURS OF AN OLD TORY OVER THE FATE OF HIS QUONDAM FRIENDS.

BY THE BARONET.

There has been a pretty general flooring of the Tories in the elections, and the Reformers will come in with an ample majority. Well!—having been all my life a Tory myself, I suppose I ought to grieve over this consummation, and yet I do not feel all the sympathy with my suffering brethren that may be expected. I suppose you will say, that I, too, am going to rat—and if I pleased, why should not I, like so many others? There is one thing, however, I beg leave to remark, that I never will become a moderate reformer. If I turn at all, it must be something stiff. Moderate, indeed! The word sounds like intermediate ale—horrible to all palates. Isn't Peel, himself, a moderate reformer? Has he not reformed the law—put an end to the statutes against witchcraft—against harbouring with people, reputed to be Egyptians, against blackening one's face—and other such ordinances, found to be so practically oppressive now-a-days—to say nothing of the infinite disgrace which they reflected upon that well-digested and philosophically-combined work, that rejoices in the appellation of the statute book. To him, therefore, and to his crew, who have brought the country into its present jeopardy, I leave all the honours and glories of moderation.

But I am not going to rat at all. I am still the same thick and thin out and outer that I was during the war, and under the easy reign of Lord Liverpool. I am anti-jacobin; and if the thing were to be done again, would again vote for the war of 1793; voting, however, at the same time, that we should never subsidize any rascally foreigners to fight our battles, but instead of sending our guineas, clap our bayonets upon the soil of Europe, there to drive all before them to the old and never-surpassed tune of the British Grenadiers. I am anti-catholic, and cannot see, even after the passing of the Bill of 1829, what we have gained by that great work. I am anti-free-trader—anti-political economist—anti-Malthusian, in several senses—anti-humbug—anti-speechmonger—anti-hack statesman—anti-liberal. I wish to see England a great empire, the mistress of the sea, the nursing mother of colonies, destined, by-and-by, to be mighty nations. I wish to see her honoured abroad, and happy at home—her church revered and supported, mild, learned, stately and tolerant—her aristocracy flourishing in their lofty place, and deserving to flourish—her lower orders well fed, well clothed, well housed, contented and secure—her landed interest, her manufacturing interest, her commercial interest, in all their various classes and ramifications, prosperous and powerful, each supporting each, not sacrificed one to the other by the foolish or knavish doctors of that mock science, which in the end will, if acted on, be the ruin of all, except those dead weights upon the country, the capitalist, the jobber, or the usurer. I wish to see the talent and genius of our native land, in all the departments in which they can find a field of exercise, developed and encouraged; and that, great in arts and arms, ready, if called on, for triumphant war, but reposing in all the blessings of peace, generation after generation of Englishmen may pass away, with pride in their post, and defiance in their eye, under the sceptre of a long line of constitutional monarchs.

Such is my Toryism—and to it have I ever stuck, perfectly regardless of the shiftings and changes of those who have led the party. I see in the destruction of the church the overthrow of one of the main instruments of civilization among us—pardon me for not speaking of higher considerations—and believe, that if it were effected, we should have an establishment of the superstitious tyranny of the inquisition, or the morose and degrading despotism of puritanism in its place. I hate therefore those measures which have jeopardied the church, and put power into the hands of its inveterate enemies. I believe that the repeal of the corn laws would beggar the English farmers, and reduce the farm-

labourers to the condition of the serfs of Pomerania. I know that what the currency quacks and the free traders have done already has crippled or destroyed every interest on which they have laid their unhallowed hands—I hate therefore all political economists. I believe that the poor have a right to live—and to live comfortably. I deny that Nature's table is full—I deny that it is fit or proper, or to be tolerated for a moment that any man should starve while food is to be got. I hate therefore all the hard-hearted and hard-eyed tribes of the Malthusians and Macculochites who inculcate doctrines worthy of Pandemonium. I am still of opinion that when Napoleon Buonaparte—something of a judge, it will be admitted, in political affairs—wished for ships, colonies, and commerce, he wished for what are the elements of a great naval empire, and being fully convinced that the schemes relative to our colonies, set afoot either by ill-judged philanthropy, or well-judged roguery, will either deprive us of them altogether, or render their possession comparatively valueless, I set my countenance totally against all the orders of saints and swindlers who are doing, under various pretences, that work which it would give our bitterest enemies the greatest pleasure to be able to effect by the most strenuous exertions of sanguinary war. And having had all my life a particular hatred of humbug, quackery, lying, and deceit, it is quite needless to add that I hate, in politics, Whigs, *i. e.* Jacobins in a cloak—in religion, Socinians, *i. e.* Deists in a cloak—in philosophy, useful knowledgers, that is, blockheads in a cloak—and in all branches of human concernment rats, that is to say, rascals, who, to do them justice, seldom wear any cloak, but walk forth stark naked in all the majesty of scoundrelism.

I shall not trouble you any farther with my confession of faith, because I take it for granted that any person versed in our politics may, with little difficulty, fill up the outline which has been here scratched out. It will be seen by it that a bigoted adherence, on its own account, to the present, or rather I should say, late constitution of Parliament, makes no part of my creed. I believe that it worked well to accomplish all the objects which I have enumerated as the cherished of my desires, and, *therefore*, I supported it to the utmost of my power. If the government of the Dey of Algiers had had the same effect, I should have voted that he should have been ruled by his plenipotentiary I cannot conceive any such thing as abstract love for a parliament; at all events, I know I never felt any. If it were effective for good, then I stuck to it; when it came to be the contrary, my allegiance passed away like a snow-flake on the river. When I found it wheeling about, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, in support of an odious breach of faith—when I found it refusing to enquire into the state of the country—when I saw that it was gradually becoming nothing more than a spouting club, with large prizes in its hands to reward the mouthing of those who had a hold of it by the ear, without any regard for any person or thing out of its own coteries—then, I confess, my heart felt no particular sorrow at the contemplation of a change in its system.

There are two sets or societies of mankind for which I have either a hatred or a contempt, as they happen to be powerful or the contrary; and these are—the rabble great, and the rabble small. The rabble small are designated by the name of mob. The rabble great are collected in clubs. By neither of these parties have I any desire to be governed. The mob, in its usual and ordinary course, seldom favours us with its appearance. Until the present occasion his Majesty the People has not had a grand day since the time of the Queen, and he generally chooses to make himself especially absurd when he does turn out in this fashion. Let me here digress for a moment, to disjoin and segregate myself wholly, totally, and altogether from those who abuse and despise the lowest order. I say the lowest as contradistinguished from the lower, which is in general base in all points. I am, and I care not who knows it, intimately acquainted with ploughmen, hedgers, and ditchers—waggoners, butchers, draymen, smiths, miners—with that bulk of men who compose the labouring classes of the

country; and, when they are fed with bacon and beans, as they ought to be, they are a most honourable, honest, truth-speaking, and hardfisted generation. They are not educated, I believe; for in my various conversations with them in places of public resort—such as fights, hangings, whippings, pilloryings, fairs, street-riots, elections, ducking-matches, or other *cours plenières* at which they attend, I never bothered myself to make the enquiry; but if they are not, I am not quite so certain that they have thereby lost all claim to common sense. Let any man dine with a bishop, say Philpotts, for example—a great orator, Shiel, for example—a wonderful novelist, Bulwer, for example—and then adjourn to the Black Diamond, by the yawning gulf which gapes at the bottom of Durham Street, expanding its murky jaws towards the Strand, and there, seated upon a bench, among the congregation of coalheavers, retired thither to enjoy their *otium cum pottibus*, let him compare the acumen, the solid sense, the justice of observation, the exactness of remark of the one company with the other, and the Black Diamond will have it. As for honour, or honesty, consistency of principle, freedom from rancour or ostentatious display, or dull encounter of muddy wits, I shall not affront the coalheavers by instituting a parallel.

From these, however, mainly, most mainly different, are the lower orders. The comparative is not to be confounded with the superlative. The lower orders I despise. The whey-faced shopman, who takes his tea at a coffee-shop in Clerkenwell, and reads the *Times* "noose peeper"—the horator at westries—the intellectual bagman travelling in brown paper or green vitriol, and deeply imbued with the march of mind—the satisfied hearer of the lecturer at the Hinstitutions, and the still more satisfied lecturer himself—the smug apprentice, who defies his master—the Templar spark, who finds out that common law is unphilosophical, and reads a hessay to prove it at the academies—the gentlemen of the press—the crack-writers of liberal magazines—these and all the rest of the *mendici, mimi, balatrones*—these are the lower orders, these the true and ever-to-be despised mob. Shame was it that Horace Twiss abused them. It was an act of fratricidal injustice—he being one of the body himself.

Now, it is barely the truth to say that this mob has governed the empire of England for sixteen years. There has not been a question urged forward by the clamour of this rabble that has not been carried. Place, the tailor of Charing Cross, has been one of the Viceroys over us for many a long day. I do not recollect what has become of that fraction of humanity, but, certainly, whoever has had the office which he once held, that of commanding the "intellect" of the scoundrelly part of the creation, was our master. We underling Tories—we who ruled potentially all the channels of opinion on our own side, beat, or thought we beat the tailors and bagmen—we had with us the genuine aristocracy of the country—we had with us the honest chawbacons, and, except upon great occasions, the *English* portion of the "operatives" of the towns—but those to whom it was our lot that the destinies of our party should be committed, thought, or pretended to think otherwise, and surrendered, one by one, to paltry sophistry, or still paltrier clamour, all the principles which had been considered to be the exclusive masks and tokens of Toryism. Expediency was the word. I do not care of what school of statesmen that person is who has ever thought of a general principle in his life. To such a man, I leave it to decide if the expediency principle is not a principle worthy of a forty-horse power of contempt. I'll leave it even to my friend Jock Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*—only I hope he will not write a leader about it. Here is his health, nevertheless.

I looked once to the House of Commons as a bulwark against mob power—I was deceived. It was declared in that House that a measure of vital importance, as all parties, whether favourable or adverse to it, allowed it to be, was carried at the recommendation and by the suffrages of those who had declared themselves for years its most unflinching enemies, solely on the ground that *circumstances* required it.

Justice, honour, honesty, good-faith, all were forgotten; consequences were blinked; dangers, once denounced as inevitable attendants upon the measure, laughed at—all upon the ground that it was necessary to yield to the noise in Ireland. Mr. Peel—let me pause for a moment after pronouncing *that* name—Mr. Peel offered no other excuse for his conduct. The brute power was acknowledged to be triumphant. When we hear LE ROY *le veut*, we know who is LE ROY—and the party chiefly interested in the discovery will not be long in finding it out.

How, then, it may be asked, did the persons to whom you say the destinies of Toryism were committed contrive to obtain such an ascendancy as to be able to betray you, if you had, as you pretend, all the intellect of your party, and all the stubborn honesty of England upon your side? Softly, good questioner! I was coming to that. I had laid down the basis of my argument on that point already, by denouncing the domination of the great rabble, who congregate in clubs. The clubocracy has been the principal cause why such leaders as those to whom our sins committed us, were able to retain the sway which they are now upon the point of losing. It would take a long essay to examine the whole history of the effect of the London clubs upon English society and English politics. I have no time for essays just now, but I pledge myself to prove, when necessary, that it has been most deleterious. They have made a kind of caste in society, and contrived to persuade themselves that the opinions which it pleases the body to maintain are the opinions of the public; or, at least, the opinions which will at last have universal sway. Poor blockheads! there are they comforting one another with the imagination that the lisping prattle and the drawling idiocy, which passes for fine speaking and fine breeding among them, has immense weight in the country, and that what they, in their inanity, are pleased to consider as the suitable line of action in any contingency, is immediately ratified. It is rather unnecessary to say that, in a circle in which affectation stands in place of all the attributes which were formerly considered as necessary to constitute the character of a gentleman—a circle consisting of effeminate dandies, illiterate coxcombs, turf-puppies, the prey of their grooms, beggarly dependants upon noble families, hungry led captains, parasitical buffoons, "deuced gentlemanly men," ignorant hounds of all degrees, vain boys let loose from colleges, feather-bed guardsmen—a circle in which the only clever men are the swindlers who prowl upon the purses of their companions, or the decoy-ducks who obtain their eleemosynary support from Crockford, for bringing in pigeons to be plucked—in such a circle we need not say that it is as idle to look for high or honourable feeling, or any acquaintance with even the elements of political knowledge, as to go on a voyage of discovery, in quest of knee-buckles, in the forty-second Foot. There, however, they are, holding an influential place in society—corrupted and corrupting—shedding over London that same sort of deadly nightshade influence which London itself sheds over the country. To them it is easy to render any kind of stupidity plausible, any sort of baseness—provided it is attended by a "deuced good thing"—matter of panegyric and applause. They were the main props and buttresses of that crew who usurped the throne of Toryism: they were the natural and well chosen allies of that office-bred school of clerking statesmen, who, from their accurate knowledge in the art of tying up state-papers, are known, out of their own coteries, by the name of the TAPE WORMS. they call themselves—*the rising talent of the day.*

These folks do I with heart and soul abhor. Give me honest, jolly, convivial, compotatory clubs—give me fierce, rancorous, furious, out-and-out party clubs—I object to neither. But God deliver us from congregations of idlers or swindlers living together in "gentlemanlike" society, and occupied in sneering down all manly feeling, and driving away, as a thing abhorred, all men of intellect or strength of mind. Peel, most deservedly, is a great favourite with the emasculate set, and when you go among them you are sure to hear of the great lead that eminent genius has in the House

of Commons, and the "deuced good speech" he made last night—the oration so lauded being nothing more than a cento of the most pitiful parliamentary common places tagged together in a style of oratory as ragged as the breeches of a scarecrow.

So then, to come on towards a wind up—as the almost defunct system of parliament secured us neither from the invasion of the bagman rabble on one side, nor the men-upon-town rabble upon the other—I am not so particularly wounded to the heart at its approaching downfal. There is an end, at all events, of the coterie whom I have been for the last quarter of an hour so lustily denouncing. This wen of London is to be augmented in its electoral powers—it is to have sixteen or eighteen members, which I hold to be a great blunder, for many reasons; of which the chief is, that London has too much influence already—but not one of them will be chosen from "gentlemanlike young men." Blackguards of another class and order will be found for that office. And as for the country, he who henceforward wishes to get in for the reformed towns or boroughs must cultivate a more intimate connexion with the people of these places; and, instead of dawdling or scheming in St. James's Street, eating fourteenpenny dinners under gilded cornices, he will be obliged to rusticate, and by coming in contact with folks out of the "set," will, if he has any chance at all of success, find out that the "set" is as powerless in point of influence as it was ever contemptible in point of intellect.

There are ten thousand blots in the bill, and it can never get through any legislative body pretending to the slightest share of reason, as it now stands—but pass in some shape it will. Don't talk to me of the House of Lords. They are now making a loud clattering of their determination to stand against the bill—but it is no go. I lay you the long odds of a hogshead of Roscrea to a glass of gin, that their lordships stag. You may say that that is plain speech, and savoring of *scandalum magnatum*. But it is true. Mark my words, my old philosopher, and I'll be calling for your contribution of Thompson and Fearon before the first of August—that is to say if the Tories have not the sense to beat it off by one humbug or another over the ensuing session, as I think they can. And, believe me, our lords the Whigs would have no particular objection, if they could decently let it be tossed off until February. It would be no bad joke to collar the official coppers for nine months longer, and be patriots all the while. But come when it will, there will be a regular ratting among the Lords—and the beautiful bishops ——

However I'll not talk irreverently of the church. Are not the old managers for the Tory party done? or undone, if you like the word better. My dear friend, bear with me for a moment—I am not going to be in a passion, for I have not time for any such nonsense; but was there ever such a hanging of the tail—such a flight—such a *sauve qui peut?* Bold were they a week before the elections, and where are they now? What did Knatchbull do in Kent? Hart Davis in Bristol? Ned Somerset in Gloster? Crickety Ward in London? Bill Duncombe in Yorkshire? Heathcote in Hampshire? Fleming in ditto? Patten in Lancashire? Shelinagig Beresford in Waterford? Saintly Acland in Devonshire? Never mind going through all the *Kyrie eleison*—what did they do? Why they ran! And these, Heaven compassionate us, were our *leaders*.

I do not pretend to say that we should not have been beaten in any contingency; but I do say, fearlessly, that had these men come to the scratch with the tenth part of the game of Simon Byrne, the cause would have looked far less blue. Their flight was a millstone round the neck of those candidates who fought it out. Had Acland, for example, not have hoisted the white feather in Devonshire, Vyvyan would not have been down on the poll in Cornwall. The cowardice of Lancashire and Yorkshire infected Cumberland, and Lowther, who had three times beaten the Lord of Brougham and Vaux, himself, in fair fight, was obliged to decamp. Chandos came in swimmingly for Bucks—so did Hill and Pelham for Shropshire. Cartwright and Tyrrell were barely

beaten in Northampton and Essex. I maintain, perfectly careless of who denies it, that had any thing like the pluck of those two latter gentlemen been displayed in other quarters, the beating could not have been so very disgraceful and decisive. But cowardice was the order of the day, and *magna est poltroonery, et prevalebit.* Thanks be to the stars we have got rid of those who were found wanting in the moment of need.

Don't talk to me of riots and intimidation. That may do for the marines. There has been fighting from time immemorial at elections. I have managed a dozen of Irish affairs myself, where, we heard, what might be called music, and yet it was no great matter after all. I put it to you, as a gentleman, if you ever saw an election mob that you were afraid of? I never did. Would not you back fifteen stout and honest men to beat out clear and clean the whole of the assembled body of Covent-garden electors, roaring hot for Burdett and his Man, and to make the congregated rascality fly, scud, and evaporate through all the avenues of escape, spreading themselves in a shower of flight to Offley's westward, and into the hundreds of Drury east—yea, from Robotham's in the north, to the Lane of the Maidens in the south, leaving the Garden a paradise for the dainty devices of their dozen conquerors and three? Sir, I know by that satisfactory nictitation of your eye that you agree with me in opinion, and picture to yourself the scattering of the vagabondary, perfuming the air in the abruptness of their rout. Recollect the far famed field of Peterloo, where some forty thousand of the great unwashed—Hunt, if I mistake not, made an affidavit that they were a million and a half—scoured away in less than two minutes, leaving the ground a complete *terre pleine* before the charge of some dozen yeomanry, headed by a tailor of the name of Meagher, from the barony of Eliogurty, in the county of Tipperary, who led on the charge like Triton the sea-god, blowing his trumpet. No, no, let us not fancy that it has come to that yet. Our worthy leaders have slunk from the poll; but believe it not, that if they had gone there they would not have found the old masters of the art of offence ready to lick, leather, and squabash—or, at least, to try to do it—those who opposed them. If we were beaten, well and good. They who did it would not have been idle, and it would have been a comfort to us to think that Sparta had better men than ourselves; but to skulk—poh!

I tell you what, sir, the report of the immense sums of money subscribed to prop our cause did us harm. The thing itself was a lie of the first water. The Duke of Northumberland was said to have put down a quarter of a million: he did not give sixpence. Ask my friend Tom Singleton. Peel was valued at fifty thousand pounds: did he give a rap?—ask George Dawson. There was, I understand, twenty-seven hundred pounds gathered, and I rather think, when we reflect upon the stern virtues of some of the managers of the fund, that we need not bother ourselves computing what became of it. But the rumour was afloat, and every hollow fellow of the set opened his mouth to swallow as much of it as he could; and, failing in his patriotic endeavour, made it an excuse for declaring off: "he was not supported by the conservative fund as he ought to have been, and therefore he consigned the party to perdition in disdain."

What is to happen when the bill is carried? The sun, I take it for granted, will rise as usual, as I suppose it would if England and all that therein inhabit were carried of tomorrow morning by the cholera morbus. But, morally and politically, what *is* to occur? O, Johnny Russell, you little know of what you are the author. No more than the child who flings a match into a powder-magazine. What says the Cumberland Cow?—fit grandmother for any bill of which John the Historian is the reputed father. Thus she vaticinates—

> "Two winters—a wet spring—
> A bloody summer—and NO KING."

The two winters we have had—the wet spring is just past—

* * * * * *

Ho! ho! ho! ho, ho! ho, ho, ho!—In the new parliament how will

William Holmes, Joseph Planta, George Robert Dawson, John Charles Herries, John Wilson Croker, Horatius Flaccus Twiss, Charles Ross, William Rae, Oo Dundas, and other great men of that stamp, get into the House? Poor fellows! no wonder that *they* are angry. To some of them it is no joke; particularly as the barbarous custom of arrest for debt is still continued, to the disgrace of the age. These were the great heroes of the red-tapery, and never again do they appear. Dundas and Herries, by a very honourable trick, are in for Harwich—but it is to be "never no more." The whipper-in must be whipped out—"pity the poor debtors having no allowance," will be yet the motto of fine gentlemen who entertained dukes in dogholes, and the localities of the King's Bench may be well known to high born officials, who were ignorant of the existence of Russell Square. All this is as it should be, and it is a drop of comfort afforded by the bill, that it inflicts the due punishment on a crew who were the particular and especial enemies of "us youth."

Let me also take up a lamentation for Maurice Fitzgerald. Alas, for his knighthood! woe's me for bygone days of jobbery!—Turned out of Kerry! I told him five years ago, in Dingle, that his tenure of that kingdom was not worth three years purchase, after 'mancipation. He talked to me of the gratitude of the Irish—and I laughed. Never mind. What is this O'Gorman Mahon has been about? And little Lord Monson has lost Gatton, after being cleverly done by that cunning old Whig, Mark Wood. A pretty pair of senators the wee lairdie has chosen to sing the dying song of his borough. Well may it be said that these boroughs were the avenues by which genius got into the House.

Sit tandem finis. I have, in some sort, unbosomed myself. And yet but slightly. There is a rabble of pamphlets on my table, but I do not intend to read them. Perhaps, however, I *may* cast my eye upon Blackwood's *Silent Member*—and, if I do—

But the day is about to break, and the glories of a May morning burst in through the window. Let us, therefore, depart to inhale the beauties of the new-born day. Come what will, Bob, you and I will lose nothing by a revolution, for the best of all reasons, which is, that we have nothing to lose. Let the rich chuffs look to it. "Oh! what for a plunder!" said old Blucher, from the top of Paul's.

M. O'D.

Gunnell and Shearman, Crown Court, Fleet Street.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XVIII. JULY, 1831. Vol. III.

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JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET,

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M.DCCC.XXXI.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

The very *slow fire*, pervading the poem of "the Incendiary," by Mr T. Wakley, precludes the possibility of our publishing it as we confess we should feel inclined to do Thus sparing that gentleman the profuse perspirations to which, at this season of the year, he must of necessity be subjecting himself, by getting in a passion with *us*, while we are laughing at *him*.

Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio We really will, for the future, have nothing to do with the farthing candles, unless it be to blow them out Here is one of them, whom we have advanced to a niche, whence his small twinkle might be manifest to all, and in return, he in person and by deputy, declares we have ill used him His "good natured friend," who wrote the communication in the *Times* declares that the Don must be a Spanish Don, because some "dramas written by him, were publicly performed at Cadiz, much before his appearance in England as an author" But softly, good sir Are you prepared to deny that the said dramas were every one of them damned because of their being written in bad Spanish? Now we do not say that they were so—but certain it is that we have heard it, and that on the 22d inst. we received the following note, enclosing an extract of Trueba's letter to the News

TO THE EDITOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE

This "Englishman" in a Spanish mantle, "deserves a dressing"

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, AND A HATER OF HUMBUG

If Mr Trueba will satisfy the public on this point, we shall be among the first to acknowledge that the English of his three volume novels and five act farces, is their only recommendation

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ALEF must have the "conceit" taken out of him It is pity that he despised the "Annuals, and all inferior and ephemeral journals," in favour of the Queen of Magazines, whom, nevertheless, he rightly deems, will always "flourish in immortal youth" His flattery, however, is too gross, and as Regina "smacketh not of conceit," she rejecteth his poetic woolngs, and adviseth him "not to trouble her again, but apply elsewhere" With his "liberal, nay, very elegant and college education," added to the fact of facts, that "he is pretty well versed in every branch of polite literature," there is no doubt his "germ of ability, if duly exercised," will "find favour" in "the New Monthly"

An obscure cotemporary has accused us of announcing for publication Shelley's Poem without proper authority —We beg to assure him, that we have the sanction of Mrs. Shelley.

O. Y.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

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No. XVIII. JULY, 1831. VOL. III.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

The new Parliament met on the 14th instant, and the address from the throne was delivered by his Majesty in person, on the 21st. Considering the circumstances under which this speech has been made, the importance of the measures to which it adverts, involving not only the stability of the institutions of the country, but countenancing changes of a sweeping, and, we may add, revolutionary nature; it will not, we trust, be deemed irrelevant to our present purpose, if we make this royal oration the text of a few observations on the policy of his Majesty's ministers.

The first remark which a perusal of the King's speech suggests has reference to its unusual length. Not that it is as circuitous as one of General Jackson's annual sermons, or as long as the Liverpool railway—not so brief as a speech of the Hetman Platoff, nor so pious as one by Mrs. Fry, nor so amusing as one of George Robins's advertisements, nor so dull and sentimental as the harangues of Sir Robert Peel, nor so ingenious as an article by old Cobbett on American squashes and Indian corn—but it is nevertheless longer than royal speeches generally are in this country, and under the guise of candour and specious communicativeness is compounded of an "infinite deal of nothing," delusive in the highest degree, and even defective in point of taste.

The second suggestion is that the speech indulges in a tone of moderation on the question of reform, which exhibits a painful contrast to the sentiments and policy of the cabinet. It is explicit on points of no importance, and reserved on all those of higher concernment. It professes liberality towards the Belgians, but nullifies these professions in the next sentence, on grounds of ambiguous diplomacy. It is silent with regard to Poland—silent as to the frauds of Don Pedro—silent as to the state of the West Indies—but bombastic as to poor Portugal, who merely because she is weak, and struggling against the machinations of her own rebels, is considered fair sport for the military and naval prowess of England and France. And, to sum up all, a palpable and gross misrepresentation is put in the King's mouth, relative to the late disturbances and insubordination in Ireland.

But let us enter more into detail. It is known to all our readers under what circumstances the late House of Commons, which had been but a few months elected, was dissolved, and an appeal made to an excited people on the merits of the reform question—on the merits of a bill which, after being tinkered and amended in a thousand various ways, was ultimately defeated in the very House where it originated. The scene which was enacted on that occasion will never be forgotten. It will live in history like the drama of Colonel Pride's purge, or the "bauble" triumph of Cromwell, when usurpation trampled upon public liberty, and when cant made its appeal to God in favour of that tyranny which insanity cherished as justice. Lord Grey, before advising his Majesty to that violent course, had declared it to be the intention of his administration to stand or fall by "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." The words had no sooner escaped from his lips than he abandoned some of its first principles. One principle was that the number of English members was too high. He accordingly proposed to reduce this number from 513 to 443—giving first

three, then five, new members to Ireland, and five to Scotland. He proposed the entire disfranchisement of certain boroughs, and the demi-disfranchisement of certain others—60 boroughs in the one case, and 40 in the other. This project, however, he saw cause to abandon almost as soon as it was proposed. The House refused its concurrence to so sweeping and so unjust a measure. He yielded the first point to the House. Lord John Russell, the subaltern minister in command on this question, consented to preserve the entirety of the English members, if such were the feeling of the Commons. He consented to modify the returns as to population—to retain a number of the proscribed boroughs—to give one to some of those which he had struck out from the privilege of election altogether—and two to several of those which he had marked out as only competent to return one member. The "whole bill" consequently became a new bill—the measure by which the ministry were to stand or fall underwent modifications utterly irreconcilable with the first proposition; and in its last form it was as different from the original as the shadow of John Cam Hobhouse is to that of Achilles in the park. The giant was reduced to a pigmy—his legs were amputated, his teeth were pulled out, his hands were cut off, and he looked a deformed and repulsive lump, like an Egyptian deity without the head, and a fellow with a hammer breaking up his extremities for the uses of Macadam.

But curtailed as he was of his first monstrous proportions, he was still deemed intolerable. The minister had no chance whatever of carrying such a measure through parliament; he was beaten on General Gascoyne's motion; he had surrendered his first opinions without gaining any converts; he had yielded without acquiring any fresh support; and in the despair of the moment, and amid the excitement which he had raised out of doors, he resolved to dissolve the Commons and make an appeal to the people. And the password of this appeal was still, "the bill, the *whole* bill, and nothing but the bill,"—the mutilated was still called the *whole* bill—the fragment was still called *the* bill—the rump and the shoulders were still palmed upon the mob as the entire and perfect figure first modelled by Lord Durham and Lord John Russell.

It was under the raging effects of these delusions that the late election took place, unseating many honourable and able men, and unseating, we also admit, many who merited their fate; but at the same time opening the doors of parliament to a greater number of demagogues and revolutionists than have sat in that House since the days of Charles the First. The result of that election has been the accomplishment of the object of the ministry—the return of a large majority in favour of their grand measure, or of any plan of revolution which the government may propose. Bearing this in mind let us proceed to notice in what terms his Majesty is advised to speak of a measure thus propped by the result of the election. "Having had recourse," says the speech, "to that measure" [viz. dissolution] "for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people on the *expediency* of a reform of the representation, I have now to recommend that important question to your earliest and most attentive consideration, confident that in any measures which you may prepare for its adjustment, you will carefully adhere to the acknowledged principles of the constitution by which the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the *rights* and liberties of the people are *equally secured.*"

Here we have an illustration of the perplexities that do environ a crown. How mortifying to see a king compelled by his situation to speak the speech, like Hamlet's player, as it is set down to him—to say that which he cannot mean—to give the force and dignity of truth to a sentiment which must be repugnant to his conviction! The *expediency* of reform was *not* a question in the appeal. The appeal was as to the expediency of a specific measure of reform proposed by his ministers, and which measure the late House of Commons had rejected. As to the abstract question—the question of expediency—there never was a doubt uttered by more than a dozen members of that discarded assembly.

It is painful to be obliged to notice so miserable a shift as this, and expose a misrepresentation introduced with such cool effrontery into a speech promulgated by the British monarch and a son of George the Third.

But his Majesty is further advised to say that he is "*confident* that in any measures" which the new parliament may propose for the adjustment of reform, they will "carefully adhere to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, by which the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people are equally secured." What is the meaning of this? His Majesty must know that, by sanctioning this principle of an appeal to the people on any occasion of public excitement in favour of any theoretical or popular measure, he sanctions that which is calculated to lay his prerogatives at the feet of the rabble, and make the rights of property and the institutions of the country the mere sport of the demagogue and the populace. If the parliament, after a few months existence, is to be dissolved in order to gratify popular feeling, on a question which has invariably been used as a firebrand at every period of national distress in modern times, why should a similar appeal not be made on other questions of equally great importance? For instance, suppose the present parliament should demur to any ministerial measure having for its object the overthrow of the Protestant church of Ireland, would not this appeal be a precedent for another appeal to the people? If the minister should wish to abolish tithes, or confiscate church property in England, applying its revenues to the consolidated fund for the benefit of our pensioners and stockholders, would not the minister be justified by the success of this reform question to appeal once more from a reluctant House of Commons to their darling and deluded democracy, the bludgeon constituency, the armed confederacy of ruffians, whom the *Times* newspaper called upon to commit acts of violence at all the hustings in the kingdom? Or suppose that ministers should contemplate the repeal of the Act of Settlement, making this an elective which is yet a hereditary monarchy, or this country a republic which yet has a king for its head, why might not an appeal be made to the "independent and enlightened electors of the United Kingdom?" We do not say that his present Majesty could, under any circumstances, be induced to sanction any of these latter proceedings. But, be it known to all men, that his most gracious Majesty is not immortal. We do not presume to say that he is fallible, as some other kings are; but, most assuredly he cannot live for ever. His successor, may, like him, be intimidated by his situation—the dread of revolution, and the love of tawdry popularity—the alternative of civil war—the charms of domestic peace—the virtue of sacrificing principle to repose—the amiable weakness of living on the smiles of his loving subjects by a culpable neglect of his sovereign duties—all these motives might conspire to induce the successor of William IV. to surrender every established and chartered right, every prescriptive privilege, every mark of honour dear to brave men, and every venerable institution, the pride and the boast of the country upon the altar of liberalism, and under the shallow and contemptible pretence of conciliating popular opinion. If we yield to it now, we give that, which was sufficiently powerful before, new and additional strength, at the exulting and authoritative mandate of which every leading interest and every man of property or intelligence would be compelled to bow. If an appeal is to be made to the people at every moment of clamour, or in order to promote the selfish purposes of faction, there will be no end to these appeals—no end to these defeats—no end to the usurpations and increased demands of the multitude—no end to the intimidation of the mob—no end to the transitions of castes, the servant dictating to his master, the labourer to his employer, the slave to his owner, till the crown itself merges in the vortex of lawless authority, the church is pillaged, the national creditor robbed, and the rights of property are swept away in the crowning carnage of agrarian ascendancy.

In the passage we have quoted, it

is true that his Majesty is advised to commend such a reform as shall not trench upon the "acknowledged principles of the constitution." But it is the lamentable fact, that the reform which his ministers contemplate is avowedly an inroad upon these principles. Is it not the law of England that no man shall be divested of his property so long as he performs the conditions under which he holds it?—that no man shall be stripped of his rights unless he have violated the tenure by which he enjoys them?—that no man shall be condemned without being first tried by his peers, and the accusation against him proved to the satisfaction of a jury subject to his own challenge? But in this proposed reform, so far as it is understood, is any regard whatever paid to these sacred principles? Peers and commoners, it is true, are charged with trafficking in seats, and using undue influence in the return of the representatives of the people. But where is there an instance of such a charge being made good without being followed by adequate and exemplary punishment? The parties accused are arraigned by public opinion alone—they are tried by the petty judges of the pothouse—found guilty by a cobbler, grown imperious over his beer—and led forth to execution by a quaker enacting the part of hangman, and a host of dissenters forming a sort of civic guard. Not one of these proscribed persons is tried by the laws of England—no man stands forth as his accuser, either in the established courts, or in that House where his rights of property are recklessly and unjustly voted away. The parties are condemned unheard, upon *ex parte* evidence offered by interested and hostile witnesses. And, yet, his Majesty, with these facts before his eyes, is advised to express his regard for those "acknowledged principles" of the constitution which he must be conscious his ministers mean to violate. The sentiment which his Majesty utters is evidently made a cover to the insidious designs of his servants. And this is rendered more manifest by the circumstance, that while the most specious phraseology is used in speaking of the "prerogatives of the crown," and the "acknowledged principles of the constitution," all allusion to the institutions in "church, in state," or the "religious establishments of the country," are carefully avoided. Ministers do not even conceal the fact that they are in heart hostile to those institutions, and that they meditate the same sweeping reform towards them as they have already proposed in the constitution and constituency of the lower House of Parliament. Earl Grey, with a degree of candour worthy of a better cause, has avowed it to be his opinion that the union between church and state has existed too long, and ought to be repealed. When we contrast these sentiments, uttered within the last few days by the noble Earl in his place in parliament, with the guarded expressions and suspicious silence of his Majesty's speech relative to this important subject, we can come to no other conclusion, than that the present is not the only question of reform which is to be submitted to the consideration of the legislature, and as to which, should the case require it, another appeal will be made to the sovereign voice of the people, which Lord Howick says is the ONLY *source of* LEGITIMATE *power!*

But, leaving the reform question, the speech next adverts to the affairs of Belgium, with respect to which, the King is advised to say, that "the *most complete agreement continues to subsist* between the powers whose plenipotentiaries have been engaged in the conferences of London." To say that we doubt the truth of this representation, would but feebly convey the distrust of this avowed cordiality, which every man must feel, who has paid any attention to the policy of France, the adroitness of M. de Talleyrand, and the refusal of his excellency to subscribe one of the most important protocols relative to the questions in dispute. From first to last, English diplomacy has cut but a sorry figure in the complicated affairs of Belgium. The English ministry have, perhaps quite unconsciously, and, if so, God help their imbecility! been playing the game of the war party in France. First, the King of Holland was shackled by the professed guarantees of his loving ally—bound hand and foot to certain conditions which he

could not in honour violate, and which the conference have not yet had the courage, and, possibly, have not the inclination to enforce—and there he lies, his frontier menaced by his rebellious subjects, the commerce of his kingdom injured, and his merchants writhing under losses, which are not only ruinous to them, but are inflicting much misery on the common people. Meanwhile, the farce of choosing a king, whom they knew was ineligible, was gone through with all the tinsel display and mock-heroic eloquence of rogues who were conscious they were but performing a part to gain time. Next, after the refusal of the Duke de Nemours, came the interlude of choosing a regent, followed by another monarchical farce in honour of Prince Leopold—who, whatever may be his professions, is too shrewd a man to accept a barren sceptre from a band of empirics, and who, we venture to assert, has no more intention of becoming king of Belgium than the Duke of Sussex has of usurping the vacant throne of Brentford, or Daniel Whittle Harvey of becoming Dey of Algiers.

But if Lord Palmerston has evinced little tact in this negociation, it cannot be said that Lord Ponsonby has not kept him in countenance. The minister restrained William of Holland from enforcing his rights, while the ambassador extraordinary endeavoured to strip him of his lands and hereditaments. The one held the king by the bridle, while the other attempted to take his purse. The consequence is, that the affairs at Belgium are as far from being settled as ever; M. de Talleyrand laughs at Lord Palmerston; Prince Leopold thinks of Greece, and sings—

"How happy could I be with *neither!*"

And, to bring the comedy down to the present writing, Lord Ponsonby is *recalled!* This is exceedingly pleasant; particularly so, seeing that the speech informs us that "the most *complete agreement* continues to subsist between the powers."—Ye powers!

The next passage in the royal address concerns the national honour, therefore he who hath ears to hear, let him hear. "A *series* of injuries and insults," committed by Portugal, *compelled* his Majesty to send a fleet to the Tagus, "with a *peremptory* demand for satisfaction!" The ministers of Don Miguel made an apology, which of course they would have done whether in the right or in the wrong, just as the skipper of a fishing smack would have done to the admiral on board a seventy-four, solely because he had no choice between begging pardon and being sunk. The honour of England has accordingly been vindicated, and his Majesty's fleet has returned to Portsmouth. This is, indeed, something to be proud of. We have not, indeed, heard of any promotions; nor, as far as we can ascertain, has Lord Key ordered an illumination; but the achievement is not the less signal and brilliant, and sure we are it reflects new lustre on the heroes of Trafalgar and the Nile. It must have been highly gratifying to his Majesty to be enabled to communicate so splendid a naval triumph in a speech from the throne!

But with humble deference we beg to submit that the necessity for this vast naval armament might have been avoided. If British subjects suffer wrong in Lisbon occasionally, the cause of it is sufficiently apparent, seeing with what alacrity and perseverance these subjects have interested themselves in Portuguese politics, engendering strife wherever they appear, and fomenting dissensions among a people who are neither enamoured of their pyebald constitutions nor their quixotic liberalism. Is it denied that British as well as French subjects are encouraging by every means in their power the schemes and the pretensions of the fugitive swindlers, who have hoisted their flag in the Island of Terceira? No, no. This is not denied; but then it is the policy of the liberal governments of the day to encourage rebellion in all foreign states, particularly in those from whom they have nothing to fear. If the British Government had seized these rebels, who thus threaten the peace of Europe, and had immured them in Newgate, there to remain till they had repaid the money which they fraudulently withheld from British creditors, they would have done

an act of justice, and avoided the fruitless expense of dispatching a fleet to Lisbon. But, so far from doing this, they first connive at the proceedings of these rebels, encourage British subjects to aid them, and when the consequences of this dishonourable conduct are visited upon English residents in Portugal, they turn round and complain of that which was the natural result of their own double and heartless policy. The trade of Portugal, so far as England is concerned, is totally annihilated. For the last four years we have lost the consumption of not less than seven millions sterling of manufactures, and for what? Merely that M. de Barbecena and Count somebody, we forget his name, may be permitted to beard the government of Don Miguel in the little island of Terceira. But one word as to the reigning King of Portugal. It is the fashion with every sixpenny critic, and small-beer and petty larceny politician in this country to assail and slander Don Miguel. This is all very well on the part of these persons. They labour in their vocation—and kings, with them, are fair game. But what are the facts? Miguel is accused of being sanguinary and tyrannical. Why? For the three years and upwards during which he has been king, he has imprisoned fewer persons for political offences than the *citizen king* Louis Philippe has done since last July. He has not hanged so many persons during the whole of this period as we have done in Ireland since last Christmas. If he had done this last act of justice on a few others whom he permitted to escape, he would have rid himself and some of the other governments of the continent of the worst pests of society. In short, considering who Nicholas of Russia is, and who Louis Philippe is, and who Bernadotte is, and one or two others, whom it would be indelicate to name, we think Don Miguel just as respectable as any other sovereign in Europe, William the Fourth of course excepted.

His Majesty next adverts to the finances of the country. He is advised to say, that "the large reduction of taxes which took place in the last and in the present year, with a view to the relief of the labouring classes of the community, has not been attended with a proportionate diminution of the public income."

Why should it? Instead of any diminution at all, which it appears there is, there ought, according to the calculations of the able financiers who have managed his Majesty's exchequer, to be a considerable increase of revenue. Last year, Goulburn, in the month of October, repealed the beer tax. The reduction of duty, however, he contended at the same time, would be amply compensated by the increased consumption, and the more extended inebriety of the king's subjects. And so it would had the country been in either a safe or prosperous state. The additional quantity of hops, malt, cocculus indicus, quassia, and tobacco juice, which under these circumstances would have been consumed, would have turned the balance of nominal reduction in favour of the public revenue. But in order to provide against contingencies, the same able financier imposed an additional sixpence upon the gallon of British spirits. This is, perhaps, what his Majesty is advised to class under the head of reductions in the *last* year. But so far from any reductions having taken place, the additional tax upon spirits was levied from the 5th July, whereas the reduction of the beer duty did not commence till the 10th October. As for the present year, under the equally able financial management of Lord Althorp, we know of no reductions which could have any visible effect on the national income. The coal tax, and the printed cotton tax;—these only took place a month or two ago, and the whole amount of them could not possibly do more than pay the pension of Lord Ellenborough. But it is confessed that there *is* a defalcation. True, most true, and there will be more of it by and by, to render the truth more striking, and worthy a place in the King's speech. His Majesty cannot be supposed to know much of these matters, but he will be better informed ere long. Lord Althorp is placed in a false, and a very unfortunate position. He is utterly unacquainted with business and the details of his own office. He is a statesman of unbounded faith. He

imagines, that the generosity of the public will, if occasion should require it, answer the call of his official embarrassments, and rectify his blunders by a largess equal to his own notions of public liberality. "Excellent woman!" as Tom Campbell ejaculated over the virtues of Lady Byron; he never sins but in the cause of charity—never does evil but from his zeal to do good. He has a hard task before him, and cruel would that man be who could raise fresh embarrassments in his way, or disturb his *present* dreams by any attempt to portray his *former* follies. We spare him accordingly!

The succeeding paragraph is of a serious and solemn cast, like that concerning the "series of injuries and insults" perpetrated by Portugal. "It is with *deep concern*," says his Majesty, "that I have to announce to you the *continued* progress of a *formidable* disease in the eastern parts of Europe." His Majesty alludes to the *cholera morbus*, or a malady which passes by this name, which first made its appearance among the Russian troops on the northern side of the Balkan, in the Turkish campaigns of 1828 and 1829. The Russians carried the disease home with them—first to Moscow, next to St. Petersburgh, and now they have brought it into Poland and northern Germany. It was caused by bad provisions and a humid atmosphere, and is chiefly fatal to the lowest class of persons, who subsist on the most unwholesome kinds of food. We, in England, have nothing to fear from its ravages, provided we can successfully resist the projects of the political economists, and prevent the labourers of England from being reduced to the wretched state of the corn-growers and peasantry of Pomerania. It is true, that Ireland, considering the nature of the diet which the emancipated Terry Alts of that country are condemned to, presents a wide and inviting field for the ravages of this disorder. And we confess we do not see how its indigenous and epidemical excesses are to be restrained *there*. The typhus fever of 1817, which afflicted the south of Ireland, spread northwards to Dublin and Belfast, visited Glasgow in 1818, and prevailed in England during that and the following year, had its origin, not only in a scarcity of provisions, but in unwholesome, fermenting, and putrescent bread. Every loaf that the poor people of Cork and that neighbourhood were enabled to purchase was mouldy, black, and we may add, putrid at the core. The potatoes were in the same unhealthy state; and the consequence was typhus, severe and fatal in many instances, but from the effects of which the patients in the hospitals generally recovered, by means of a generous and nutritive regimen. Fresh meat and port wine was a sovereign remedy in nine cases out of ten.

Considering what is called the cholera of "eastern Europe" to have its origin in similar causes, (and this opinion is sustained by the evidence of those who have been on the spot and paid minute attention to the subject,) we apprehend that the people of England, poorly fed as they now are, have little or nothing to fear from this "formidable disease." How impolitic, therefore, to sound the alarm, and magnify a remote danger, which is increased if not caused by the apprehensions which will naturally be excited by so extraordinary an announcement in a speech from the throne! Have we not difficulties enough to surmount, that the fears of sudden death should be impressed into the service of his Majesty's ministers? The newspapers have done much to extend the alarm; but *their* misrepresentations would have been comparatively harmless, had his Majesty not been advised to confirm the worst fears of the ignorant, and endorse the foul bill of health with the royal signature. What was idle gossip before, procreated by nervousness and timidity, is now stamped with the image of authority, and authenticated by the King's patent. What was simply a matter of commiseration, is now dragged into importance as a case of self-preservation. Every attack of sickness, every symptom of dysentery, will now be amplified into an attack of cholera morbus. If we are not visited with the *actual* disease this summer, we shall at least have to contend with the *mania* of cholera. Last year we had hydrophobia; mad dogs lay under our pillow, howled in our bedchamber, encountered us at church and market, and hunted us

through the halls of both Houses of Parliament. The numbers of worthy persons, particularly old women, who were bitten, is incredible. Alderman Wood proposed to legislate on the subject; Sir Robert Inglis moved that prayers be offered up in all the churches; Hunt prescribed cold water; the *Times* paper contained three or four columns of advice upon the subject daily, for upwards of three months; and the beadle of St. Bride's armed himself with a pitchfork and commenced a war of extermination against our canine brethren. This mania has in some degree subsided; but in its stead we have to encounter the more fearful mania of the cholera!!

We have already noticed the cautious and even disingenuous manner in which his Majesty has been advised to allude to the affairs of Belgium—the flippant sophistry which is employed in veiling the financial circumstances of the country—the stale falsehood of asserting the "*friendly* disposition of *all* foreign powers," at the very moment when Belgium is bidding defiance to the powers of Europe, our diplomatic relations with Portugal are suspended, the French preparing for war, sending an armament to Lisbon, and keeping possession of Algiers—at the very moment in fact when we have a large fleet ready for sea, riding at Spithead—we have seen all this with feelings of sorrow—seen duplicity, misrepresentation, and disingenuousness all marking the leading features of the address of a patriot king; but what falls in the order of being adverted to, exceeds all these blemishes put together in point of effrontery and mendacity.

His Majesty is advised to state, that "local disturbances, *unconnected with political causes,* have taken place both in this part of the united kingdom and in Ireland." The disturbances alluded to are the outrages committed upon life and property in Clare, at Newtownbarry in Wexford, and many other places in Ireland, and at Merthyr Tydvil and the Forest of Dean in England—these are the disturbances in which many lives have been lost, the rights of property trampled upon, and the law set at defiance, and which his Majesty is advised to say are "*unconnected with political causes!*" Good God! if a number of lawless men, instigated by local priests and itinerant incendiaries, rise up in arms to violate the laws, resolved no longer to pay tithes, taxes, or rents, these men at the same time contributing to the O'Connell fund, and demanding the confiscation of all church property and the repeal of the union, the repeal of that which binds Ireland to the British crown, and which, if carried, would deprive William the Fourth of seven millions of subjects, and some of the English nobility of their most valuable possessions—are we to be told that these outrages, and these insolent demands are "unconnected with political causes"? We might as well be told that Bellingham did not commit murder, or that a ruffian who fires a loaded blunderbuss at the King does not intend to commit treason. We might as well be told that the riots and massacre of the "three days" in Paris had no political origin, or that the abdication of Don Pedro did not result from any political movement. We might as well be told, that the late illumination, which gave a sort of nocturnal jubilee to all the blackguards of London, and menaced the lives and destroyed the property of innocent persons, had no connexion with the reform bill or the revolutionary proceedings of his Majesty's ministers. Such an assumption is not only shameless and untrue—it is monstrous and disgusting. It is an insult to the understanding of every sane man. It evinces a feeling of contempt for the reasoning faculties of his Majesty, who is compelled to utter such a speech, and of every rational being in his dominions.

In Ireland, for the last fifteen years, there has been a spirit at work, impregnating the minds of the common people with the most deadly hatred towards England, fostering every old and perverted prejudice, encouraging dissension by the propagation of slander and falsehood, holding up the institutions of the country to obloquy and derision, and making it seem a praiseworthy act on the part of him who is most prominent in violating the injunctions of law, and the security which it is the object of all law to confer. Far

are we from saying that this disorganized state of things is imputable to the present ministry. The work was the work of the Tories. We owe it to the Peels, Grants, Goulburns; to the ministries of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, and the Duke of Wellington; to that miserable class of publicists who, under the banners of a dishonoured party, professed to be Tories, acting upon Whig principles. During the whole of this long period Ireland has been managed like the estate of some profligate gambler who has been obliged to flee his country for debt. The attorney oppresses the tenant and robs the proprietor. The middle-man cheats the bailiff, the priest fleeces the middleman, and all unite in common cause against the tithe proctor and tax collector. In such a commonwealth of fraud and rapacity it is no wonder that the labouring classes are tempted to conspire against their superiors. They are instigated to do this both by precept and example. The fraudulent attorney assures his victim that the proprietor is a greater rogue and tyrant than himself. The priest, who exacts a half crown for every baptism, the same for a funeral, a crown for a mass, one and sixpence for every absolution, and fees at Christmas and Easter besides, tells his dupes that tithes and church rates are illegal and oppressive imposts. In this state of society the demagogue comes in to play his part. He holds in his hand the act of union, and he tells the peasantry that it is owing to this accursed and nefarious contract that the wind whistles through the crevices of the poor man's cabin; that it is owing to this he pays six pounds an acre for his land; that it is owing to this he sleeps on a bed of heath, boils his pot with stolen fuel, never smells the luxury of flesh, fish, or fowl, and walks the earth a "hereditary bondsman" without a shoe to his foot or a shirt to his back. The demagogue tells the peasant that the Protestant government of England feel no sympathy for the condition of the Roman Catholics of Ireland; that it is their policy to enslave them, and keep them poor and ignorant; that the taxes they extort are expended upon the sons and daughters of the English aristocracy, who live in indolence, retaining to themselves also the revenues of the church, all the lucrative offices in the state, and those lands and charitable institutions which their fathers once enjoyed. The effect of such appeals to the passions of a rude peasantry may be conceived. It goes home to the heart—it is smouldered in the ashes of long cherished resentments—it is treasured up like the relic of a patron saint—and it bursts forth at intervals in a torrent of blood.

These are the *political causes* whence spring the feuds, the midnight murders, the acts of incendiarism, the assaults upon the police and constituted authorities, the maiming of cattle, the upturning of meadows, and the many other inhuman outrages which exclude Ireland from the list of civilized states, and render property and life more insecure, and the labouring people more debased and turbulent than in any other country on the face of the earth. There is nothing done in Ireland, whether for good or for evil, whether it be a meeting after mass, or a procession of Orangemen, whether it be a gathering of hurlers, or a feast of attorneys and hedge-priests, which is not less or more connected with politics. And to such a length has this system been allowed to be carried, that it can scarcely be said there is any civil government in the country. The magistrates seem to have little or no authority, or when they do exert this authority for the peace of their district, it is ten chances to one that they are reprimanded, and their functions suspended, by a higher power sitting in Downing-street, and acted upon by some unseen influence. How audacious, therefore, is it to inform us, through the medium of the King's speech, that disturbances emanating from this source, and clearly and intimately connected with the proceedings and appeals of certain demagogues, are *not* traceable to "political causes!" It is impossible that the ministers themselves can believe what they thus affirm by the mouth of the Sovereign—at least, sure we are, that Lord Plunket, Daniel O'Connell, Remembrancer Blake, Shiel, Doyle, Steele, and Captain Rock, must secretly laugh at the proposition.

But this being the state of things,

and these the political vampires who prey upon Ireland, what measures have ministers adopted or recommended for the pacification of the country? These apostles of sedition have had too much power, and been tolerated too long; but his Majesty's advisers do not seem to entertain this opinion. They ought to know, however, that every concession that has been made to the Irish Catholics, or rather to their leaders, has only emboldened them to put forth fresh claims. They are now contending, not for a removal of disabilities, but the entire and complete separation of Ireland from the British crown. Let us disguise the bitter pill as we may, to this conclusion we must come at last. The repeal of the union means national independence; the restoration of its domestic parliament means the total exclusion of English influence, and a cessation of that international policy which has subsisted so long. But the King's ministers profess not to see or dread this. They do not seem to fear the consequences of confiding additional power in the hands of these artful men. They profess to be able to wean them from their hostility and their machinations, and convert them into loyal and obedient subjects. For this purpose they make the law of the land the object of their ridicule; giving them a triumph at the expense of the government; laying down, from pure cowardice, the arms they had raised against them; and making unpunished sedition the passport to their favour and forbearance. The disturbances every day assume a more alarming character; agitation is allowed to spread its obnoxious tendrils, and take deeper root; and yet the right hand of fellowship for factious purposes is held out to these men, and they are invited to the table of the state, in the hope that there they will drown their animosities, and sacrifice to hospitality those pledges which bind them to their dupes. Was it not for this that Shiel was brought into the House of Commons by Lord Anglesea? Was it not for this that the prosecution against O'Connell was abandoned? Was it not for this that Dr. Doyle was made a magistrate of that county, where he had for years vomited forth his calumnies against the government and the religion of England?

We have now noticed nearly all the topics of this remarkable speech, panegyrized as the corner stone of the new constitution, the outline of which has, for the second time, been submitted to the public by Lord John Russell. But we have forgotten the riots of Merthyr Tydvil before alluded to. These, too, it would appear, are not considered to have their origin in political causes.—Why? Because it is said they arose from dissensions between the workmen and their employers with respect to the rates of wages. Let it be so. But how is it that the workmen are instigated to the alternative of committing an outrage upon the laws rather than longer endure the privation and wretchedness to which they and their families are reduced? Let the policy of the last few years answer the question. Let the political economists, and liberals of the day, the chamber statesmen, and the philosophers, who have vainly been striving to reduce wages and prices in this country to the continental level, answer the question. Let the bawlers for cheap corn, who have reduced the agricultural labourers to pauperism, or, in other words, to the condition of the serfs on the banks of the Vistula, who grow the corn which we seek to import, and which they are not permitted to eat, answer the question. Let Sir Robert Peel, with the currency bill in his hand, which has produced more misery in England than all our other blunders put together, answer the question. And if the question be answered fairly, we shall have little difficulty in tracing the unfortunate disturbances at Merthyr Tydvil to "political causes." In short, Lord Grey must not think of sustaining the policy of his predecessors, which he appears to have adopted, by blinking matters of this importance, and concealing the truth from the country. We challenge him to a defence of this policy upon his own avowed principles on the currency question. We are ready to admit that, considering the discordant materials of the cabinet, it may not be in his power to carry his own views into operation. But he can only overcome this difficulty by exhibiting at

every available opportunity the fatal effects of Peel's bill. The disturbances at Merthyr Tydvil might have been turned to this account. He might have prepared the public mind for the repeal, or at least some modification of the bill, by shewing its pernicious operation. He has missed the opportunity, and, by his silence, or rather by the sentiments contained in the King's speech, has given his opponents the benefit of a triumph over his own declared opinions.

We now take leave of the speech with feelings of pain and mortification. It is a poor, shallow, tasteless, disingenuous document, unworthy of William the Fourth—unworthy even of Lord Grey. We imagine it must have been written by Lord John the historian. He appears to be the Caleb Quotem of the ministry—schoolmaster, clerk, poet, punster, bill-sticker, orator, anecdote-hunter, book-worm, doctor, undertaker, historiographer, auctioneer—and fool!

We cannot, however, close these rather rambling and desultory observations without adverting to a subject which has excited not a little speculation, and which we chiefly notice in the hope that this may tend to remove the invidious surmises to which the transaction, if not properly and satisfactorily explained, is calculated to give rise. We allude to the treatment recently experienced by the associates of the Royal Society of Literature, who have been accustomed to receive, since the institution of the society, in 1824, a hundred guineas each annually from the royal bounty. This mark of royal favour is now withdrawn. The bounty to the individuals in question was one only of the instances in which his late Majesty exhibited those generous traits by which he rendered himself entitled to the character of a gentleman, which he so justly bore. Can it be possible that these *honoraria* have been withdrawn as a matter of political speculation? It is a singular fact that these associates are nearly all Tories? They are indeed precisely the persons, political motives apart, who best might claim the proud distinction of their Sovereign's bounty; and we doubt not received it on the ground of their literary merits alone.* But the fact strikes us as curious, and we cannot avoid entertaining the suspicion that these worthy sons of Genius have been discharged in some such manner and on some such principle as the household servants of his Majesty were on the occasion of the Reform Debate. To three or four of these Associates the stipend is of service, and the withdrawal of it perhaps was thought would induce them, or some of them, to *rat*, in order to its continuance or substitution in some other shape. A compromise has been actually offered to "old Coleridge," but the high-spirited and truly philosophical poet, (blessings on his grey hairs therefore!) rejected the insidious offer of the Premier. Of the talents of such men, we admit, the party now in power are in great want.

We pause for an explanation!

* The associates are—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the Rev. Edward Davies, Dr. Jamieson, the Rev. T. K. Malthus, Mathias, author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, James Millingen, Esq., Sir William Ouseley, William Roscoe, the Rev. H. J. Todd, and Sharon Turner.

THE WANDERING JEW.*

A POEM.

BY THE LATE PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me."
St. John, xxi. 22.

Canto I.

"Me miserable, which way shall I fly?
Infinite wrath and infinite despair—
Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell;
And in this lowest deep a lower deep,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."
Paradise Lost.

The brilliant orb of parting day
Diffused a rich and mellow ray,
Above the mountain's brow;
It tinged the hills with lustrous light,
It tinged the promontory's height,
Still sparkling with the snow;
And as aslant it threw its beam,
Tipt with gold the mountain stream
That laved the vale below;
Long hung the eye of glory there,
And linger'd as if loth to leave
A scene so lovely and so fair,
'Twere luxury even, there to grieve.
All, all was tranquil, all was still,
Save when the music of the rill,
Or distant waterfall,
At intervals broke on the ear,
Which echo's self was charmed to hear,
And ceased her babbling call.

Light clouds in fleeting livery gay,
Hung, painted in grotesque array
Upon the western sky:
Forgetful of the approaching dawn,
The peasants danced upon the lawn,
For the vintage time was nigh:
How jocund to the tabor's sound,
O'er the smooth, trembling turf they bound,
In every measure light and free,
The very soul of harmony;
Light as the dewdrops of the morn,
That hang upon the blossomed thorn.

But see, what forms are those,
Scarce seen by glimpse of dim twilight,
Wandering o'er the mountain's height?
They swiftly haste to the vale below:
One wraps his mantle around his brow,
As if to hide his woes;
And as his steed impetuous flies,
What strange fire flashes from his eyes!
The far off city's murmuring sound
Was borne on the breeze which floated [around;
Noble Padua's lofty spire
Scarce glow'd with the sunbeam's latest fire,
Yet dashed the travellers on—
Ere night o'er the earth was spread,
Full many a mile they must have sped,
Ere their destined course was run.

Welcome was the moonbeam's ray,
Which slept upon the towers so grey.
But, hark! a convent's vesper bell—
It seemed to be a very spell—
The stranger checked his courser's rein,
And listened to the mournful sound:
Listened—and paused—and paused again:
A thrill of pity and of pain
Through his inmost soul had past, [fast.
While gushed the tear-drops silently and

A crowd was at the convent gate,
The gate was opened wide;
No longer on his steed he sate,
But mingled with the tide.
He felt a solemn awe and dread,
As he the chapel entered; [beaming,
Dim was the light from the pale moon
As it fell on the saint-cyphered panes;
Or from the western window streaming,
Tinged the pillars with varied stains.
To the eye of enthusiasm strange forms were
In each dusky recess of the aisle; [gliding
And indefined shades in succession were striding,
O'er the coignes† of the gothic pile.

The altar illumined now darts its bright rays,
The train past in brilliant array; [blaze,
On the shrine Saint Pietro's rich ornaments
And rival the brilliance of day. [the ear—
Hark!—now the loud organ swells full on
So sweetly mellow, chaste, and clear;
Melting, kindling, raising, firing,
Delighting now, and now inspiring,
Peal upon peal the music floats—
Now they list still as death to the dying notes;
Whilst the soft voices of the choir,
Exalt the soul from base desire;
Till it mounts on unearthly pinions free,
Dissolved in heavenly ecstasy.

Now a dead stillness reigned around,
Uninterrupted by a sound;
Save when in deadened response ran,
The last faint echoes down the aisle,
Reverberated through the pile,
As within the pale the holy man,
With voice devout and saintly look,
Slow chaunted from the sacred book,

* For "The Introduction" to this poem, see the June Number.
† Buttress nor coigne of 'vantage.—*Macbeth.*

Or pious prayers were duly said,
For spirits of departed dead.
With beads and crucifix and hood,
Close by his side the abbess stood;
Now her dark penetrating eyes
Were raised in suppliance to heaven,
And now her bosom heaved with sighs,
As if to human weakness given.
Her stern, severe, yet beauteous brow
Frowned on all who stood below;
And the fire which flashed from her steady gaze,
As it turned on the listening crowd its rays,
Superior virtue told,—
Virtue as pure as heaven's own dew,
But which, untainted, never knew,
To pardon weaker mould.
The heart though chaste and cold as snow—
'Twere faulty to be virtuous so.

Not a whisper now breathed in the pillared aisle—
The stranger advanced to the altar high—
Convulsive was heard a smothered sigh!
Lo! four fair nuns to the altar draw near,
With solemn footstep, as the while
A fainting novice they bear—
The roses from her cheek are fled,
But there the lily reigns instead;
Nine graceful novices around
Fresh roses strew upon the ground:
In purest white arrayed,
Nine spotless vestal virgins shed
Sabæan incense o'er the head
Of the devoted maid.

They dragged her to the altar's pale,
The traveller leant against the rail,
And gazed with eager eye,—
His cheek was flushed with sudden glow,
On his brow sate a darker shade of woe,
As a transient expression fled by.

The sympathetic feeling flew
Thro' every breast, from man to man,
Confused and open clamours ran,
Louder and louder still they grew;
When the abbess waved her hand,
A stern resolve was in her eye,
And every wild tumultuous cry
Was stilled at her command.

The abbess made the well known sign—
The novice reached the fatal shrine,
And mercy implored from the power divine;
At length she shrieked aloud,
She dashed from the supporting nun,
Ere the fatal rite was done,
And plunged amid the crowd.
Confusion reigned throughout the throng,
Still the novice fled along,
Impelled by frantic fear,
When the maddened traveller's eager grasp
In firmest yet in wildest clasp
Arrested her career.
As fainting from terror she sank on the ground,
Her loosened locks floated her fine form around;
The zone which confined her shadowy vest
No longer her throbbing bosom prest,
Its animation dead;
No more her feverish pulse beat high,
Expression dwelt not in her eye,
Her wildered senses fled.

* * * * *

Hark! hark! the demon of the storm!
I see his vast expanding form
Blend with the strange and sulphurous glare
Of comets through the turbid air.
Yes, 'twas his voice, I heard its roar,
The wild waves lashed the caverned shore
In angry murmurs hoarse and loud,
Higher and higher still they rise;
Red lightnings gleam from every cloud
And paint wild shapes upon the skies;
The echoing thunder rolls around,
Convulsed with earthquake rocks the ground.

The traveller yet undaunted stood,
He heeded not the roaring flood;
Yet Rosa slept, her bosom bare,
Her cheek was deadly pale,
The ringlets of her auburn hair
Streamed in a lengthened trail,
And motionless her seraph form;
Unheard, unheeded raved the storm.
Whilst, borne on the wing of the gale,
The harrowing shriek of the white sea mew
As o'er the midnight surge she flew;
The howlings of the squally blast
As o'er the beetling cliffs it past;
Mingled with the peals on high,
That, swelling louder, echoed by,
Assailed the traveller's ear.
He heeded not the maddened storm
As it pelted against his lofty form,
He felt no awe, no fear.
In contrast, like the courser pale*
That stalks along Death's pitchy vale
With silent, with gigantic tread,
Trampling the dying and the dead.

Rising from her death-like trance,
Fair Rosa met the stranger's glance;
She started from his chilling gaze,
Wild was it as the tempest's blaze,
It shot a lurid gleam of light.
A secret spell of sudden dread,
A mystic, strange, and harrowing fear,
As when the spirits of the dead,
Drest in ideal shapes appear,
And hideous glance on human sight—
Scarce could Rosa's frame sustain,
The chill that pressed upon her brain.

Anon, that transient spell was o'er,
Dark clouds deform his brow no more,
But rapid fled away;
Sweet fascination dwelt around,
Mixed with a soft, a silver sound,
As soothing to the ravished ear,
As what enthusiast lovers hear;
Which seems to steal along the sky,
When mountain mists are seen to fly,
Before the approach of day.

* "Behold a pale horse, and his name that sate upon him was Death, and Hell followed with him."—*Revelations*, vi. 8.

He seized on wondering Rosa's hand,
"And, ah!" cried he, "be this the band
Shall join us, till this earthly frame,
Sinks convulsed in bickering flame—
When around the demons yell,
And drag the sinful wretch to hell,
Then, Rosa, will we part—
Then fate, and only fate's decree,
Shall tear thy lovely soul from me,
And rend thee from my heart.
Long has Paulo sought in vain,
A friend to share his grief;—
Never will he seek again,
For the wretch has found relief,
Till the Prince of Darkness bursts his chain,
Till death and desolation reign—
Rosa, wilt thou then be mine?
Ever fairest, I am thine!"

He ceased, and on the howling blast,
Which wildly round the mountain past,
Died his accents low;
Yet fiercely howled the midnight storm,
As Paulo bent his awful form,
And leaned his lofty brow.

ROSA.

"Stranger, mystic stranger, rise;
Whence do these tumults fill the skies?
Who conveyed me, say, this night,
To this wild and cloud-capped height?
Who art thou? and why am I
Beneath Heaven's pityless canopy?
For the wild winds roar around my head;
Lightnings redden the wave;—
Was it the power of the mighty dead,
Who live beneath the grave?
Or did the Abbess drag me here,
To make yon swelling surge my bier?"

PAULO.

"Ah, lovely Rosa! cease thy fear,
It was thy friend who bore thee here—
I, thy friend, till this fabric of earth,
Sinks in the chaos that gave it birth;
Till the meteor-bolt of the God above,
Shall tear its victim from his love,—
That love which must unbroken last,
Till the hour of envious fate is past;
Till the mighty basements of the sky
In bickering hell-flames heated fly:
E'en then will I sit on some rocky height,
Whilst around lower clouds of eternal night,
E'en then will I loved Rosa save
From the yawning abyss of the grave.—
Or, into the gulf impetuous hurled—
If sinks with its latest tenants the world,
Then will our souls in union fly
Throughout the wide and boundless sky:
Then, free from th' ills that envious fate
Has heaped upon our mortal state,
We'll taste etherial pleasure;
Such as none but thou canst give,—
Such as none but I receive,
And rapture without measure."

As thus he spoke, a sudden blaze
Of pleasure mingled in his gaze:
Illumined by the dazzling light,
He glows with radiant lustre bright;
His features with new glory shine,
And sparkle as with beams divine.
"Strange, awful being," Rosa said,
"Whence is this superhuman dread,
That harrows up my inmost frame?
Whence does this unknown tingling flame,
Consume and penetrate my soul?
By turns with fear and love possessed,
Tumultuous thoughts swell high my breast;
A thousand wild emotions roll,
And mingle their resistless tide;
O'er thee some magic arts preside;
As by the influence of a charm,
Lulled into rest my griefs subside,
And safe in thy protecting arm,
I feel no power can do me harm:
But the storm raves wildly o'er the sea,
Bear me away! I confide in thee!"

CANTO II.

"I could a tale unfold, whose slightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine." *Hamlet.*

THE horrors of the nightly blast,
The lowering tempest clouds were past,
Had sunk beneath the main;
Light baseless mists were all that fled,
Above the weary traveller's head,
As he left the spacious plain.

Fled were the vapours of the night,
Faint streaks of rosy tinted light
Were painted on the matin grey;
And as the sun began to rise,
To pour his animating ray,
Glowed with his fire the eastern skies,
The distant rocks—the far-off bay,
The ocean's sweet and lovely blue,
The mountain's variegated breast,
Blushing with tender tints of dawn,
Or with fantastic shadows drest.
The waving wood, the opening lawn,
Rose to existence, waked anew,
In colours exquisite of hue,
Their mingled charms Victorio viewed,
And lost in admiration stood.

From yesternight how changed the scene,
When howled the blast o'er the dark cliff's side,
And mingled with the maddened roar
Of the wild surge that lashed the shore.

To-day—scarce heard the whispering
And still and motionless the seas [breeze,
Scarce heard the murmuring of their tide;
All, all is peaceful and serene,
Serenely on Victorio's breast
It breathed a soft and tranquil rest,
Which bade each wild emotion cease,
And hushed the passions into peace.

Along the winding Po he went,
His footsteps to the spot were bent
Where Paulo dwelt, his wandered friend,
For thither did his wishes tend.
Noble Victorio's race was proud,
From Cosmo's blood he came;
To him a wild untutored crowd
Of vassals, in allegiance bowed,
Illustrious was his name;
Yet vassals and wealth he scorned, to go
Unnoticed with a man of woe:
Gay hope and expectation sate,
Throned in his eager eye,
And ere he reached the castle gate,
The sun had mounted high.

Wild was the spot where the castle stood,
Its towers embosomed deep in wood,
Gigantic cliffs, with craggy steeps,
Reared their proud heads on high, [deeps,
Their bases were washed by the foaming
Their summits were hid in the sky: [day,
From the valley below they excluded the
That valley ne'er cheered by the sunbeam's
Nought broke on the silence drear, [ray;
Save the hungry vultures darting by,
Or eagles yelling fearfully,
As they bore to the rocks their prey,
Or when the fell wolf ravening prowled,
Or the gaunt wild boar fiercely howled
His hideous screams on the night's dull ear.

Borne on pleasure's downy wing,
Downy as the breath of spring,
Not thus fled Paulo's hours away,
Though brightened by the cheerful day:
Friendship or wine, or softer love,
The sparkling eye, the foaming bowl,
Could with no lasting rapture move,
Nor still the tumults of his soul.
And yet there was in Rosa's kiss
A momentary thrill of bliss;
Oft the dark clouds of grief would fly,
Beneath the beam of sympathy;
And love and converse sweet bestow,
A transient requiem from woe.—

Strange business, and of import vast,
On things which long ago were past,
Drew Paulo oft from home;
Then would a darker, deeper shade,
By sorrow traced, his brow o'erspread,
And o'er his features roam.
Oft as they spent the midnight hour,
And heard the wintry wild winds rave
Midst the roar and spray of the dashing
Was Paulo's dark brow seen to lour. [wave,
Then, as the lamp's uncertain blaze
Shed o'er the hall its partial rays,
And shadows strange were seen to fall,
And glide upon the dusky wall,
Would Paulo start with sudden fear.
Why then unbidden gush'd the tear,
As he mutter'd strange words to the ear?—
Why frequent heaved the smother'd sigh?—
Why did he gaze on vacancy,
As if some strange form was near?
Then would the fillet of his brow
Fierce as a fiery furnace glow,
As it burn'd with red and lambent flame;
Then would cold shuddering seize his
As gasping he labour'd for breath. [frame,
The strange light of his gorgon eye,
As frenzied and rolling dreadfully,
It glared with terrific gleam,
Would chill like the spectre gaze of death,
As conjured by feverish dream,
He seems o'er the sick man's couch to stand,
And shakes the dread lance in his skeleton
hand.

But when the paroxysm was o'er,
And clouds deform'd his brow no more,
Would Rosa soothe his tumults dire,
Would bid him calm his grief,
Would quench reflection's rising fire,
And give his soul relief.
As on his form with pitying eye,
The ministering angel hung,
And wiped the drops of agony,
The music of her syren tongue
Lull'd forcibly his griefs to rest,
Like fleeting visions of the dead,
Or midnight dreams, his sorrows fled:
Waked to new life through all his soul
A soft delicious languor stole,
And lapt in heavenly ecstasy
He sank and fainted on her breast.

'Twas on an eve, the leaf was sere,
Howl'd the blast round the castle drear,
The boding night-bird's hideous cry
Was mingled with the warning sky;
Heard was the distant torrent's dash,
Seen was the lightning's dark red flash.
As it gleam'd on the stormy cloud;
Heard was the troubled ocean's roar,
As its wild waves lash'd the rocky shore;
The thunder mutter'd loud,
As wilder still the lightnings flew;
Wilder as the tempest blew,
More wildly strange their converse grew.

They talk'd of the ghosts of the mighty dead,
If, when the spark of life were fled,
They visited this world of woe?
Or, were it but a phantasy,
Deceptive to the feverish eye,
When strange forms flash'd upon the sight,
And stalk'd along at the dead of night?
Or if, in the realms above,
They still, for mortals left below,
Retain'd the same affection's glow,
In friendship or in love?—
Debating thus, a pensive train,
Thought upon thought began to rise;
Her thrilling wild harp Rosa took;
What sounds in softest murmurs broke
From the seraphic strings!
Celestials borne on odorous wings,
Caught the dulcet melodies,

The life-blood ebb'd in every vein,
As Paulo listen'd to the strain.

What sounds are those that float upon the [air,
As if to bid the fading day farewell,—
What form is that so shadowy, yet so fair,
Which glides along the rough and pathless dell?

Nightly those sounds swell full upon the breeze,
Which seems to sigh as if in sympathy;
They hang amid yon cliff-embosom'd trees,
Or float in dying cadence through the sky.

Now rests that form upon the moonbeam pale,
In piteous strains of woe its vesper sings;
Now—now it traverses the silent vale,
Borne on transparent ether's viewless wings.

Oft will it rest beside yon abbey's tower,
Which lifts its ivy-mantled mass so high;
Rears its dark head to meet the storms that lour,
And braves the trackless tempests of the sky.

That form, the embodied spirit of a maid,
Forced by a perjured lover to the grave;
A desperate fate the madden'd girl obey'd,
And from the dark cliff plung'd into the wave.

There the deep murmurs of the restless surge,
The mournful shriekings of the white sea-mew, [dirge,
The warring waves, the wild winds, sang her
And o'er her bones the dark red coral grew.

Yet though that form be sunk beneath the main, [given;
Still rests her spirit where its vows were
Still fondly visits each loved spot again,
And pours its sorrows on the ear of Heaven.

That spectre wanders through the abbey dale, [share;
And suffers pangs which such a fate must
Early her soul sank in death's darken'd vale,
And ere long all of us must meet her there."

She ceased, and on the listening ear
Her pensive accents died;
So sad they were, so softly clear,
It seemed as if some angel's sigh
Had breathed the plaintive symphony;
So ravishingly sweet their close,
The tones awakened Paulo's woes;
Oppressive recollections rose,
And poured their bitter tide.

Absorbed awhile in grief he stood;
At length he seemed as one inspired,
His burning fillet blazed with blood—
A lambent flame his features fired.
"The hour is come, the fated hour;
Whence is this new, this unfelt power?—
Yes, I've a secret to unfold,
And such a tale as ne'er was told,
A dreadful, dreadful mystery!
Scenes, at whose retrospect e'en now,
Cold drops of anguish on my brow,
The icy chill of death I feel.
Wrap, Rosa, bride, thy breast in steel,
Thy soul with nerves of iron brace,
As to your eyes I darkly trace,
My sad, my cruel destiny.

"Victorio, lend your ears, arise,
Let us seek the battling skies,
With o'er our heads the thunder crashing,
And at our feet the wild waves dashing;
As tempest, clouds, and billows roll,
In gloomy concert with my soul.
Rosa, follow me—
For my soul is joined to thine,
And thy being's linked to mine—
Rosa, list to me."

CANTO III.

"His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sate on his faded cheek." *Paradise Lost.*

PAULO.

"'TIS sixteen hundred years ago,
Since I came from Israel's land;
Sixteen hundred years of woe!—
With deep and furrowing hand,
God's mark is painted on my head;
Must there remain until the dead
Hear the last trump, and leave the tomb,
And earth spouts fire from her riven womb.

"As dread that day, when borne along
To slaughter by the insulting throng,
Infuriate for Deicide,
I mocked our Saviour, and I cried,
Go, go, 'Ah! I will go,' said he,
'Where scenes of endless bliss invite;
To the blest regions of the light
I go, but thou shalt here remain—
Thou diest not till I come again'—
E'en now, by horror traced, I see
His perforated feet and hands;
The madden'd crowd around him stands.
Pierces his side the ruffian spear,
Big rolls the bitter anguish'd tear.
Hark, that deep groan!—he dies—he dies.
And breathes, in death's last agonies,
Forgiveness to his enemies.
Then was the noon-day glory clouded,
The sun in pitchy darkness shrouded.

Then were strange forms through the darkness gleaming,
And the red orb of night on Jerusalem beaming;
Which faintly, with ensanguined light,
Dispersed the thickening shades of night.
Convulsed, all nature shook with fear,
Earth trembled as if the end was near.
Rent was the Temple's vail in twain—
The graves gave up their dead again.

" 'Twas then I felt the Almighty's ire—
Those words flashed on my soul, my frame,
Scorched breast and brain as with a flame
Of unextinguishable fire!
By keen remorse and anguish driven,
I called for vengeance down from Heaven.
But, ah! the all-wasting hand of Time,
Might never wear away my crime!
I scarce could draw my fluttering breath—
Was it the appalling grasp of death?
I lay entranced, and deemed he shed
His dews of poppy o'er my head;
But though the kindly warmth was dead,
The self-inflicted torturing pangs
Of conscience lent their scorpion fangs,
Still life prolonging, after life was fled.

" Methought, what glories met my sight,
As burst a sudden blaze of light,
Illumining the azure skies,
I saw the blessed Saviour rise.
But how unlike to him who bled!
Where then his thorn-encircled head?
Where the big drops of agony
Which dimmed the lustre of his eye?
Or deathlike hue that overspread
The features of that heavenly face?
Gone now was every mortal trace;
His eyes with radiant lustre beamed—
His form confessed celestial grace,
And with a blaze of glory streamed.
Innumerable hosts around,
Their brows with wreaths immortal crowned,
With amaranthine chaplets bound,
As on their wings the cross they bore,
Deep dyed in the Redeemer's gore,
Attune their golden harps, and sing
Loud hallelujahs to their King.

" But, in an instant, from my sight,
Fled were the visions of delight.
Darkness had spread her raven pall;
Dank, lurid duskness covered all.
All was as silent as the dead;
I felt a petrifying dread,
Which harrowed up my frame;
When suddenly a lurid stream
Of dark red light, with hideous gleam,
Shot like a meteor through the night,
And painted Hell upon the skies—
The Hell from whence it came.
What clouds of sulphur seemed to rise!
What sounds were borne upon the air!
The breathings of intense despair—
The piteous shrieks—the wails of woe—
The screams of torment and of pain—
The red-hot rack—the clanking chain!
I gazed upon the gulf below,
Till, fainting from excess of fear,
My tottering knees refused to bear
My odious weight. I sink—I sink!
Already had I reached the brink.
The fiery waves disparted wide,
To plunge me in their sulphureous tide;
When, racked by agonizing pain,
I started into life again.

" Yet still the impression left behind
Was deeply graven on my mind,
In characters whose inward trace
No change or time could e'er deface;
A burning cross illumed my brow,
I hid it with a fillet grey,
But could not hide the wasting woe
That wore my wildered soul away,
And ate my heart with living fire.
I knew it was the avenger's sway,
I felt it was the avenger's ire!

" A burden on the face of earth,
I cursed the mother who gave me birth;
I cursed myself—my native land.
Polluted by repeated crimes,
I sought in distant foreign climes
If change of country could bestow
A transient respite from my woe.
Vain from myself the attempt to fly,
Sole cause of my own misery.

" Since when, in deathlike trance I lay,
Past, slowly past, the years away
That poured a bitter stream on me,
When once I fondly longed to see
Jerusalem, alas! my native place.
Jerusalem, alas! no more in name,
No portion of her former fame
Had left behind a single trace.
Her pomp—her splendour—was no more.
Her towers no longer seem to rise,
To lift their proud heads to the skies.
Fane and monumental bust,
Long levelled even with the dust.
The holy pavements were stained with gore.
The place where the sacred temple stood
Was crimson-dyed with Jewish blood.
Long since, my parents had been dead,
All my posterity had bled
Beneath the dark Crusader's spear,
No friend was left my path to cheer,
To shed a few last setting rays
Of sunshine on my evening days!

" How have I longed to plunge beneath
The mansions of repelling death
Where earthly sorrows cease!
Oft have I rushed to the towering height
Of the gigantic Teneriffe,
Or some precipitous cliff,
All in the dead of the stormy night,
And flung me to the seas.
The substantial clouds that lower'd beneath,
Bore my detested form;
They whirl'd it above the volcanic breath,
And the meteors of the storm.
Hark to the thunder's awful crash!
Hark to the midnight lightning's hiss!
At length was heard a sullen dash,

Which made the hollow rocks around
Rebellow to the awful sound,
The yawning ocean opening wide,
Received me in its vast abyss,
And whelm'd me in its foaming tide—
My astounded senses fled!
Oh—would that I had waked no more,
But the wild surge swept my corpse ashore—
I was not with the dead!

" I cast myself in Etna's womb,*
If haply I might meet my doom,
In torrents of electric flame;
Thrice happy had I found a grave
'Mid fierce combustion's tumults dire,
'Mid oceans of volcanic fire,
Which whirl'd me in their sulphurous wave,
And scorch'd to a cinder my hated frame,
Parch'd up the blood within my veins,
And rack'd my breast with damning pains;
Then hurl'd me from the mountain's entrails dread.
With what unutterable woe
Even now I feel this bosom glow—
I burn—I melt with fervent heat—
Again life's pulses wildly beat—
What endless throbbing pangs I live to feel!
The elements respect their Maker's seal,—
That seal deep printed on my fated head.

" Still like the scathed pine-tree's height,
Braving the tempests of the night
Have I 'scaped the bickering fire. [stands
Like the scathed pine which a monument
Of faded grandeur; which the brands
Of the tempest-shaken air
Have riven on the desolate heath,
Yet it stands majestic even in death,
And rears its wild form there.
Thus have I 'scaped the ocean's roar,
The red-hot bolt from God's right hand,
The flaming midnight meteor brand,
And Etna's flames of bickering fire.
Thus am I doom'd by fate to stand,
A monument of the Eternal's ire;
Nor can this being pass away,
Till time shall be no more.

" I pierce with intellectual eye,
Into each hidden mystery;
I penetrate the fertile womb
Of nature; I produce to light
The secrets of the teeming earth,
And give air's unseen embryos birth:
The past, the present, and to come,
Float in review before my sight:
To me is known the magic spell,
To summon e'en the Prince of Hell;
Awed by the Cross upon my head,
His fiends would obey my mandates dread,
To twilight change the blaze of noon,
And stain with spots of blood the moon.
But that an interposing hand
Restrains my potent arts, my else supreme command."

He raised his passion-quivering hand,
He loosed the grey encircling band,
A burning cross was there;
Its colour was like to recent blood,
Deep marked upon his brow it stood,
And spread a lambent glare.
Dimmer grew the taper's blaze,
Dazzled by the brighter rays,
Whilst Paulo spoke—'twas dead of night—
Fair Rosa shuddered with affright;
Victorio, fearless, had braved death
Upon the blood-besprinkled heath;
Had heard, unmoved, the cannon's roar,
Echoing along the Wolga's shore.
When the thunder of battle was swelling,
When the birds for their dead prey were yelling,
When the ensigns of slaughter were streaming,
And falchions and bayonets were gleaming,
And almost felt death's chilling hand,
Stretched on ensanguined Wolga's strand;
And, careless, scorned for life to cry.
Yet now he turned aside his eye,
Scarce could his death-like terror bear,
And owned now what it was to fear.

" Once a funeral met my aching sight,
It blasted my eyes at the dead of night,
When the sightless fiends of the tempests rave,
And hell-birds howl o'er the storm-blacken'd wave.

* " I cast myself from the overhanging summit of the gigantic Teneriffe into the wide weltering ocean. ' The clouds which hung upon its base below, bore up my odious weight; the foaming billows, swoln by the fury of the northern blast, opened to receive me, and, burying in a vast abyss, at length dashed my almost inanimate frame against the crags. The bruises entered into my soul, but I awoke to life and all its torments. I precipitated myself into the crater of Vesuvius, the bickering flames and melted lava vomited me up again, and though I felt the tortures of the damned, though the sulphureous bitumen scorched the blood within my veins, parched up my flesh, and burnt it to a cinder, still did I live to drag the galling chain of existence on. Repeatedly have I exposed myself to the tempestuous battling of the elements; the clouds which burst upon my head in crash terrific and exterminating, and the flaming thunderbolt hurled headlong on me its victim, stunned but not destroyed me. The lightning, in bickering coruscation, blasted me; and like the scattered oak, which remains a monument of faded grandeur, and outlives the other monarchs of the forest, doomed me to live for ever. Nine times did this dagger enter into my heart—the ensanguined tide of existence followed the repeated plunge; at each stroke, unutterable anguish seized my frame, and every limb was convulsed by the pangs of approaching dissolution. The wounds still closed, and still I breathe the hated breath of life."

I have endeavoured to deviate as little as possible from the extreme sublimity of idea which the *style* of the German author, of which this is a translation, so forcibly impresses.

Nought was seen, save at fits, but the meteor's glare, [the air;
And the lightnings of God painting hell on
Nought was heard save the thunder's wild voice in the sky, [mally by.
And strange birds who, shrieking, fled dis-
'Twas then from my head my drench'd hair that I tore, [life's gore;
And bade my vain dagger's point drink my
'Twas then I fell on the ensanguined earth,
And cursed the mother who gave me birth!
My madden'd brain could bear no more—
Hark! the chilling whirlwind's roar;
The spirits of the tombless dead
Flit around my fated head,—
Howl horror and destruction round,
As they quaff my blood that stains the ground,
And shriek amid their deadly stave,—
'Never shalt thou find the grave!
Ever shall thy fated soul
In life's protracted torments roll,
Till, in latest ruin hurl'd,
And fate's destruction, sinks the world!
Till the dead arise from the yawning ground,
To meet their Maker's last decree,
Till angels of vengeance flit around,
And loud yelling demons seize on thee!'

"Ah! would were come that fated hour,
When the clouds of Chaos around shall lower;
When this globe calcined by the fury of God
Shall sink beneath his wrathful nod!"

As thus he spake, a wilder gaze
Of fiend-like horror lit his eye
With a most unearthly blaze,
As if some phantom-form passed by.
At last he stilled the maddening wail
Of grief, and thus pursued his tale:—

"Oft I invoke the fiends of hell,
And summon each in dire array—
I know they dare not disobey
My stern, my powerful spell.
—Once on a night, when not a breeze
Ruffled the surface of the seas,
The elements were lulled to rest,
And all was calm, save my sad breast,
On Death resolved—intent,
I marked a circle round my form;
About me sacred reliques spread,
The reliques of magicians dead,
And potent incantations read—
I waited their event.

"All at once grew dark the night,
Mists of swarthiness hung o'er the pale moonlight.
Strange yells were heard, the boding cry
Of the night raven that flitted by,
Whilst the silver winged mew [flew.
Startled with screams o'er the dark wave
'Twas then I seized a magic wand,
The wand by an enchanter given,
And deep dyed in his heart's red blood.
The crashing thunder pealed aloud;
I saw the portentous meteor's glare,
And the lightnings gleam o'er the lurid air;
I raised the wand in my trembling hand,
And pointed Hell's mark at the zenith of Heaven.

"A superhuman sound
Broke faintly on the listening ear,
Like to a silver harp the notes,
And yet they were more soft and clear.
I wildly strained my eyes around—
Again the unknown music floats.
Still stood Hell's mark above my head—
In wildest accents I summoned the dead—
And through the insubstantial night,
It diffused a strange and fiendish light;
Spread its rays to the charnel-house air,
And marked mystic forms on the dark vapours there.
The winds had ceased—a thick dark smoke
From beneath the pavement broke;
Around ambrosial perfumes breathe
A fragrance grateful to the sense,
And bliss, past utterance, dispense.
The heavy mists encircling wreath,
Disperse, and gradually unfold
A youthful female form;—she rode
Upon a rosy-tinted cloud;
Bright stream'd her flowing locks of gold;
She shone with radiant lustre bright,
And blazed with strange and dazzling light.
A diamond coronet deck'd her brow,
Bloom'd on her cheek a vermeil glow;
The terrors of her fiery eye
Pour'd forth insufferable day,
And shed a wildly lurid ray.
A smile upon her features play'd,
But there, too, sate pourtray'd
The inventive malice of a soul
Where wild demoniac passions roll;
Despair and torment on her brow
Had mark'd a melancholy woe
In dark and deepen'd shade.
Under those hypocritic smiles,
Deceitful as the serpent's wiles,
Her hate and malice were conceal'd;
Whilst on her guilt-confessing face,
Conscience, the strongly printed trace
Of agony betray'd,
And all the fallen angel stood reveal'd.
She held a poniard in her hand, [brand;
The point was tinged by the lightning's
In her left a scroll she bore,
Crimson'd deep with human gore;
And as above my head she stood,
Bade me smear it with my blood.
She said, that then it was my doom
That every earthly pang should cease;
The evening of my mortal woe
Would close beneath the yawning tomb;
And, lull'd into the arms of death,
I should resign my labouring breath;
And in the sightless realms below
Enjoy an endless reign of peace.
She ceased—oh, God! I thank thy grace,
Which bade me spurn the deadly scroll;
Uncertain for a while I stood—
The dagger's point was in my blood.
Even now I bleed!—I bleed!
When suddenly what horrors flew,
Quick as the lightnings, through my frame;

Flash'd on my mind the infernal deed,
The deed which would condemn my soul
To torments of eternal flame.
Drops colder than the cavern dew,
Quick coursed each other down my face,
I labour'd for my breath; [Hell,
At length I cried, 'Avaunt! thou fiend of
Avaunt! thou minister of death!'
I cast the volume on the ground,
Loud shriek'd the fiend with piercing yell,
And more than mortal laughter peal'd
around.
The scatter'd fragments of the storm
Floated along the demon's form,
Dilating till it touch'd the sky;
The clouds that roll'd athwart his eye,
Reveal'd by its terrific ray,
Brilliant as the noontide day,
Gleam'd with a lurid fire;
Red lightnings darted around his head,
Thunders hoarse as the groans of the dead,
Pronounced their Maker's ire;
A whirlwind rush'd impetuous by,
Chaos of horror fill'd the sky:
I sunk convulsed with awe and dread.
When I waked the storm was fled,
But sounds unholy met my ear,
And fiends of hell were flitting near.

" Here let me pause—here end my tale,
My mental powers begin to fail;
At this short retrospect I faint:
Scarce beats my pulse—I lose my breath,
I sicken even unto death.
Oh! hard would be the task to paint
And gift with life past scenes again;
To knit a long and linkless chain,
Or strive minutely to relate
The varied horrors of my fate.
Rosa! I could a tale disclose,
So full of horror—full of woes,
Such as might blast a demon's ear,
Such as a fiend might shrink to hear—
But, no."—

Here ceased the tale. Convulsed with fear,
The tale yet lived in Rosa's ear—
She felt a strange mysterious dread,
A chilling awe as of the dead,
Gleamed on her sight the demon's form.
Heard she the fury of the storm?
The cries and hideous yells of death?
Tottered the ground her feet beneath?
Was it the fiend before her stood?
Saw she the poniard drop with blood?
All seemed to her distempered eye
A true and sad reality.

* *

Canto IV.

Οὔτοι γυναῖκας, ἀλλὰ Γοργόνας λέγω·
οὐδ' αὖτε Γοργείοισιν εἰκάσω τύποις·
——— μέλαιναι δ' ἐς τὸ πᾶν βδελύκτροποι·
ῥέγκουσι δ' οὐ πλαστοῖσι φυσιάμασιν·
ἐκ δ' ὀμμάτων λείβουσι δυσφιλῆ βίαν.

Æschylus. Eumenides, v. 48.

—— What are ye
So withered and so wild in your attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you, or are you aught
That man may question?" *Macbeth.*

Ah! why does man, whom God has sent
As the Creation's ornament,
Who stands amid his works confest
The first—the noblest—and the best;
Whose vast—whose comprehensive eye,
Is bounded only by the sky,
O'erlook the charms which Nature yields,
The garniture of woods and fields,
The sun's all vivifying light,
The glory of the moon by night,
And to himself alone a foe,
Forget from whom these blessings flow?
And is there not in friendship's eye,
Beaming with tender sympathy,
An antidote to every woe?
And cannot woman's love bestow
An heav'nly paradise below?
Such joys as these to man are given,
And yet you dare to rail at Heaven;
Vainly oppose the Almighty Cause,
Transgress His universal laws;
Forfeit the pleasures that await
The virtuous in this mortal state;
Question the goodness of the Power on high,
In misery live, despairing die.
What then is man, how few his days,
And heighten'd by what transient rays;
The varying passions of his mind
Inconstant, varying as the wind;
Now hush'd to apathetic rest,
Now tempested with storms his breast;
Now with the fluctuating tide
Sunk low in meanness, swoln with pride;
Thoughtless, or overwhelm'd with care,
Hoping, or tortured by despair!

The sun had sunk beneath the hill,
Soft fell the dew, the scene was still;
All nature hailed the evening's close.
Far more did lovely Rosa bless
The twilight of her happiness.
Even Paulo blest the tranquil hour
As in the aromatic bower,
Or wandering through the olive grove,
He told his plaintive tale of love;
But welcome to Victorio's soul
Did the dark clouds of evening roll!

But, ah! what means his hurried pace,
Those gestures strange, that varying face;
Now pale with mingled rage and ire,
Now burning with intense desire;
That brow where brood the imps of care,
That fixed expression of despair,
That haste, that labouring for breath—
His soul is madly bent on death.
A dark resolve is in his eye,
Victorio raves—I hear him cry,
"Rosa is Paulo's eternally."

But whence is that soul harrowing moan,
Deep drawn and half supprest—
A low and melancholy tone,
That rose upon the wind?
Victorio wildly gazed around,
He cast his eyes upon the ground,
He raised them to the spangled air,
But all was still—was quiet there.
Hence, hence, this superstitious fear;
'Twas but the fever of his mind
That conjured the ideal sound,
To his distempered ear.

With rapid step, with frantic haste,
He scoured the long and dreary waste;
And now the gloomy cypress spread
Its darkened umbrage o'er his head;
The stately pines above him high,
Lifted their tall heads to the sky;
Whilst o'er his form, the poisonous yew
And melancholy nightshade threw
Their baleful deadly dew.
At intervals the moon shone clear;
Yet, passing o'er her disk, a cloud
Would now her silver beauty shroud
The autumnal leaf was parched and sere;
It rustled like a step to fear.
The precipice's battled height
Was dimly seen through the mists of night,
As Victorio moved along.
At length he reach'd its summit dread,
The night-wind whistled round his head
A wild funereal song.
A dying cadence swept around
Upon the waste of air,
It scarcely might be called a sound,
For stillness yet was there,
Save when the roar of the waters below
Was wafted by fits to the mountain's brow.
Here for a while Victorio stood
Suspended o'er the yawning flood,
And gazed upon the gulf beneath.
No apprehension paled his cheek,
No sighs from his torn bosom break,
No terror dimm'd his eye.
"Welcome, thrice welcome, friendly death,"
In desperate harrowing tone he cried,
"Receive me, ocean, to your breast,
Hush this ungovernable tide,
This troubled sea to rest.
Thus do I bury all my grief—
This plunge shall give my soul relief,
This plunge into eternity!"
I see him now about to spring
Into the watery grave:
Hark! the death angel flaps his wing
O'er the blacken'd wave.

Hark! the night-raven shrieks on high
To the breeze which passes on;
Clouds o'ershade the moonlight sky—
The deadly work is almost done—
When a soft and silver sound,
Softer than the fairy song,
Which floats at midnight hour along
The daisy-spangled ground,
Was borne upon the wind's soft swell.
Victorio started—'twas the knell
Of some departed soul;
Now on the pinion of the blast,
Which o'er the craggy mountain past,
The lengthen'd murmurs roll—
Till lost in ether, dies away
The plaintive, melancholy lay.
'Tis said congenial sounds have power
To dissipate the mists that lower
Upon the wretch's brow—
To still the maddening passions' war—
To calm the mind's impetuous jar—
To turn the tide of woe.
Victorio shudder'd with affright,
Swam o'er his eyes thick mists of night;
Even now he was about to sink
Into the ocean's yawning womb,
But that the branches of an oak,
Which, riven by the lightning's stroke,
O'erhung the precipice's brink,
Preserved him from the billowy tomb;
Quick throbb'd his pulse with feverish heat,
He wildly started on his feet,
And rush'd from the mountain's height.

The moon was down, but thro' the air
Wild meteors spread a transient glare,
Borne on the wing of the swelling gale,
Above the dark and woody dale,
Thick clouds obscured the sky.
All was now wrapped in silence drear,
Not a whisper broke on the listening ear,
Not a murmur floated by.

In thought's perplexing labyrinth lost
The trackless heath he swiftly crost.
Ah! why did terror blanch his cheek?
Why did his tongue attempt to speak,
And fail in the essay?
Through the dark midnight mists, an eye,
Flashing with crimson brilliancy,
Poured on his face its ray.
What sighs pollute the midnight air?
What mean those breathings of despair?
Thus asked a voice, whose hollow tone
Might seem but one funereal moan.
Victorio groaned, with faltering breath,
"I burn with love, I pant for death!"

Suddenly a meteor's glare,
With brilliant flash illumed the air;
Bursting through clouds of sulphurous smoke,
As on a Witch's form it broke,
Of herculean bulk her frame
Seemed blasted by the lightning's flame;
Her eyes that flared with lurid light,
Were now with bloodshot lustre filled.
They blazed like comets through the night,
And now thick rheumy gore distilled;
Black as the raven's plume, her locks
Loose streamed upon the pointed rocks;

Wild floated on the hollow gale,
Or swept the ground in matted trail;
Vile loathsome weeds, whose pitchy fold
Were blackened by the fire of Hell,
Her shapeless limbs of giant mould
Scarce served to hide—as she the while
" Grinned horribly a ghastly smile"
And shrieked with demon yell.

Terror unmanned Victorio's mind,
His limbs, like lime leaves in the wind,
Shook, and his brain in wild dismay
Swam—Vainly he strove to turn away.
" Follow me to the mansions of rest,"
The weird female cried;
The life-blood rushed thro' Victorio's breast
In full and swelling tide.
Attractive as the eagle's gaze,
And bright as the meridian blaze,
Led by a sanguine stream of light,
He followed through the shades of night—
Before him his conductress fled,
As swift as the ghosts of the dead,
When on some dreadful errand they fly,
In a thunderblast sweeping the sky.

They reached a rock whose beetling height
Was dimly seen thro' the clouds of night;
Illumined by the meteor's blaze,
Its wild crags caught the reddened rays,
And their refracted brilliance threw
Around a solitary yew,
Which stretched its blasted form on high,
Braving the tempests of the sky.
As glared the flame—a caverned cell,
More pitchy than the shades of hell,
Lay open to Victorio's view.
Lost for an instant was his guide;
He rushed into the mountain's side.
At length with deep and harrowing yell
She bade him quickly speed,
For that ere again had risen the moon
'Twas fated that there must be done
A strange—a deadly deed.

Swift as the wind Victorio sped;
Beneath him lay the mangled dead;
Around dank putrefaction's power
Had caused a dim blue mist to lower.
Yet an unfixed, a wandering light
Dispersed the thickening shades of night;
Yet the weird female's features dire
Gleamed thro' the lurid yellow air:
With a deadly livid fire,
Whose wild, inconstant, dazzling light
Dispelled the tenfold shades of night,
Whilst her hideous fiendlike eye
Fixed on her victim with horrid stare,
Flamed with more kindled radiancy;
More frightful far than that of Death,
When exulting he stalks o'er the battle heath;
Or of the dread prophetic form,
Who rides the curled clouds in the storm,
And borne upon the tempest's wings,
Death, despair, and horror brings.
Strange voices then and shrieks of death
Were borne along the trackless heath;
Tottered the ground his steps beneath;
Rustled the blast o'er the dark cliff's side,
And their works unhallowed spirits plied,
As they shed their baneful breath.

Yet Victorio hastened on—
Soon the dire deed will be done.
" Mortal," the female cried, " this night
Shall dissipate thy woe;
And, ere return of morning light
The clouds that shade thy brow,
Like fleeting summer mists shall fly
Before the sun that mounts on high.
I know the wishes of thy heart—
A soothing balm I could impart:
Rosa is Paulo's—can be thine,
For the secret power is mine."

VICTORIO.

" Give me that secret power—Oh! give
To me fair Rosa—I will live
To bow to thy command.
Rosa but mine—and I will fly
E'en to the regions of the sky,
Will traverse every land."

WITCH.

" Calm then those transports and attend,
Mortal, to one, who is thy friend—
The charm begins."

An ancient book
Of mystic characters she took;
Her loose locks floated on the air;
Her eyes were fixed in lifeless stare:
She traced a circle on the floor,
Around dank chilling vapours lower:
A golden cross on the pavement she threw,
'Twas tinged with a flame of lambent blue,
From which bright scintillations flew;
By it she cursed her Saviour's soul;
Around strange fiendish laughs did roll,
A hollow, wild, and frightful sound,
At fits was heard to float around.
She uttered then, in accents dread,
Some maddening rhyme that wakes the dead,
And forces every shivering fiend,
To her their demon forms to bend;
At length, a wild and piercing shriek,
As the dark mists disperse and break,
Announced the coming Prince of Hell—
His horrid form obscured the cell.
Victorio shrunk, unused to shrink,
E'en at extremest danger's brink;
The witch then pointed to the ground,
Infernal shadows flitted around,
And with their prince were seen to rise,
The cavern bellows with their cries,
Which echoing through a thousand caves,
Sound like as many tempest waves.

Inspired and wrapt in bickering flame,
The strange, the awful being stood.
Words, unpremeditated, came,
In unintelligible flood,
From her black tumid lips,—arrayed
In livid fiendish smiles of joy;
Lips, which now dropped with deadly dew,
And now extending wide displayed,
Projecting teeth of mouldy hue,
As with a loud and piercing cry,

A mystic harrowing lay she sang,
Along the rocks a death-peal rang.
In accents hollow, deep, and drear,
They struck upon Victorio's ear.

A wilder, a more awful spell
Now echoed through the long-drawn cell;
The demon bowed to its mandates dread.
" Receive this potent drug," he cried,
" Whoever quaffs its fatal tide,
Is mingled with the dead."
Swept by a rushing sulphurous blast,
Which wildly through the cavern past,
The fatal word was borne.
The cavern trembled with the sound,*
Trembled beneath his feet the ground,
With strong convulsions torn,
Victorio, shuddering, fell;
But soon awakening from his trance,
He cast around a fearful glance,
Yet gloomy was the cell,
Save where a lamp's uncertain flare
Cast a flickering, dying glare.

" Receive this dear-earned drug—its power
Thou, mortal, soon shalt know ·
This drug shall be thy nuptial dower,
This drug shall seal thy woe.
Mingle it with Rosa's wine,
Victorio—Rosa then is thine."

She spake, and, to confirm the spell,
A strange and subterranean sound
Reverberated long around,
In dismal echoes—the dark cell
Rocked as in terror—thro' the sky
Hoarse thunders murmured awfully,
And winged with horror, darkness spread
Her mantle o'er Victorio's head.
He gazed around with dizzy fear,
No fiend, no witch, no cave, was near;
But the blasts of the forest were heard to roar,
The wild ocean's billows to dash on the shore.
The cold winds of Heaven struck chill on his frame;
For the cave had been heated by hell's blackening flame,
And his hand grasped a casket—the philtre was there!

* * * * *

Sweet is the whispering of the breeze
Which scarcely sways yon summer trees;
Sweet is the pale moon's pearly beam,
Which sleeps upon the silver stream,
In slumber cold and still:
Sweet those wild notes of harmony,
Which on the blast that passes by,
Are wafted from yon hill:
So low, so thrilling, yet so clear,
Which strike enthusiast fancy's ear,
Which sweep along the moonlight sky,
Like notes of heavenly symphony.

See yon opening flower
Spreads its fragrance to the blast;
It fades within an hour,
Its decay is pale, is fast.
Paler is yon maiden;
Faster is her heart's decay;
Deep with sorrow laden,
She sinks in death away.

'Tis the silent dead of night—
Hark! hark! what shriek so low yet clear,
Breaks on calm rapture's pensive ear,
From Lara's castled height?
'Twas Rosa's death-shriek fell!
What sound is that which rides the blast,
As onward its fainter murmurs past?
'Tis Rosa's funeral knell!
What step is that the ground which shakes?
'Tis the step of a wretch, nature shrinks from his tread;
And beneath their tombs tremble the shuddering dead;
And while he speaks the churchyard quakes.

Lies she there for the worm to devour?
Lies she there till the judgment hour?
Is then my Rosa dead?
False fiend! I curse thy futile power!
O'er her form will lightnings flash,
O'er her form will thunders crash,
But harmless from my head
Will the fierce tempest's fury fly,
Rebounding to its native sky.
Who is the God of Mercy?—where
Enthrones the power to save?
Reigns he above the viewless air?
Lives he beneath the grave?
To him would I lift my suppliant moan,
That power should hear my harrowing groan;
Is it then Christ's terrific Sire?
Ah! I have felt his burning ire,—
Wild anguish glooms my brow;
His flaming mark is fixed on my head,
And must there remain in traces dread;
I feel—I feel it now!"

As thus he spoke grew dark the sky,
Hoarse thunders murmured awfully,
"O Demon! I am thine!" he cried,
A hollow, fiendish voice replied,
" Come! for thy doom is misery!"

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* "Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name and sighed
From all its caves, and back resounded death."—*Paradise Lost.*

THE SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

A recent traveller in Italy has described a more singular and economic, than elegant species of embellishment, which he observed in one of the *palazzi* he visited, where the walls of a saloon were painted in such a manner, as, upon entering the room, to give the idea of its being hung with rich velvet, and filled with a fine collection of pictures in splendid frames; but on a nearer approach, the latter proved to be only paltry bits of tinselled deal, and the paintings mere shapeless blotches. Now, although such arrant *tromperie* and trumpery seem better calculated for the meridian of Smithfield than that of classic Italy, which has achieved such renown in art, the rival houses of Somerset and Suffolk might take a hint from it, and cover two-thirds of the walls of their exhibition rooms in the same ingenious manner, with equal advantage to art, and equal satisfaction to the well-informed, as, by hanging up the daubs they annually do, merely to swell out their catalogues, and to give the public an idea of every square inch of wall being concealed by "productions of art!"

Seriously speaking, the jumbled mob of pictures that crams every exhibition, is a sad drawback upon the gratification we should otherwise experience, in conversing with the few that are worth our attention. Like the Sybil's books, such collections would increase in value, in proportion as they decreased in number; whereas at present, even a good painting is sometimes as effectually concealed from observation, as a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. John Bull, however, we suspect, knows how much goes to a shilling's worth, much better than he understands art. And as to the Hanging Committees, why! Jack Ketch himself is not only a more clever, but a more merciful hangman than those gentry. Look at their execution this year in Suffolk Street: have they not put nearly all the largest pictures on a level with the eye, while the smaller fry are either unceremoniously used as mere rubble to stop up unsightly chinks—made to perform the office of a skirting-board against the floor, or else perched up out of sight, "like the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft"? We admit, indeed, that no little ingenuity is displayed in thus wedging and dovetailing together the whole *materiel* of the exhibition; yet we should also like to see less of contrivance in this respect, and more of propriety and common sense. We have not the least doubt but that nearly all the things thus put out of sight, are very deservedly so situated; but wherefore, then, are they hung up at all? Certainly there are many we do see, that ought never to have been admitted.

Excepting the Water-colour Society, none of the other exhibitions affect to be "Exclusives," as they charitably open their doors to all the comers they can accommodate, or rather more than they can accommodate. We have heard that about four hundred different works were turned away this year at the Suffolk Street Gallery for want of room; and if those which were rejected, were at all worse than some of those which have got in, they must have been deplorable objects indeed. Had we, however, the opportunity of judging for ourselves, we should perhaps find that the refused were not exactly the *refuse;* for we happen to know one or two works that were found unworthy of the honour they aspired to, and we shall only say that when we found such productions rejected, we naturally concluded that the display on the walls of the Suffolk Street Gallery would, this year, be very superior indeed to that of any former exhibition there.

But—and it is, perhaps, providentially so ordained, the collective wisdom of academicians, or of non-academicians, is not infallible. The Royal Academy can reject with about the same tact and discretion as the Society of British Artists; for, if it be any satisfaction to the latter to learn the circumstance, we can inform them, that one of the very best pictures they have got, was refused last year at Somerset House; while on the other hand, academicians have received one picture, if not more, at which the fastidious Suffolkites turned up their noses, and turned

out of doors; this is, therefore, to us at least, a tolerably convincing proof that rejection no more implies demerit, than admission does desert.

It has been said by some, that the present exhibition in Suffolk Street is superior to any preceding one: we have not been able to discover that such is the case, for, with the exception of some better portraits than usual, we do not perceive that any improvement has taken place.

Nay, we might say, if the pictures here congregated are to be taken as an average specimen of the state of British art, it must be low indeed. There are a few cleverly-treated subjects, and much clever execution; but nothing intellectual—nothing displaying invention. All the best pictures are little more than matter-of-fact; while a fearful majority exhibit the very lowest species of even that class, namely, the most homely occurrences and circumstances, either described with tame insipidity, or exaggerated into burlesque. If the number of productions of this kind afford—as we think they must be allowed to do—any criterion of the public taste, we should say that it seems to be retrograding rather than advancing. Such fungous matter growing on the stem of art is symptomatic of internal disease and decay; and, unless it be arrested, it must eventually destroy all vitality within. However unpalatable the truth may be, it can hardly be disguised that art, especially in oil painting, is becoming almost every day more and more trivial—that the subjects affected by our painters are grovelling, sordid, or absolutely vulgar—and not only low in themselves, but treated with poverty of mind, and without any of that gusto and that perfection of execution which render similar scenes of the Flemish school so delightful. There is not only an ordinary air, but a particularly unpleasing kind of "*second hand*" expression in the majority of those productions which come under the denomination of *tableaux de genre*, and which, excepting portraiture, constitute the mass of our exhibitions. We regret, too, to find that so many painters of the present day are prone to indulge in downright farce and buffoonery, while others affect a mawkish sentimentalism which is, if any thing, still more vulgar. Then again, we have others who seem to depend more upon the quaintness of the old-fashioned dresses in which they attire their figures, than any thing better. Newton has given a certain vogue to these modern antique affairs, but his imitators keep at a more respectful than respectable distance from him: they copy what is a mere circumstance—and by no means a particularly commendable one—in his pictures, while they omit what constitutes his merit. If we may utter a truth that is not very agreeable, we entertain an aversion to the queer masquerading and *make-believe* that are in such favour with so many of our artists. There is, also, by far too much of routine both in the selection of subjects, and in the mode of treating them, notwithstanding the oddity that is sometimes substituted for originality. Should this system be persevered in, there is great danger of every thing becoming forced and unnatural, and all other qualities sacrificed to a catchy, stage-like effect, both as regards subject, composition, and execution. As on the stage itself, so likewise in painting, farce and melodrame appear to be the order of the day: whatever is not the former, partakes of the latter, till nature on the one hand, and poetry on the other, will soon be as completely banished from fashionable pictures as they already are from fashionable novels. Of course we except portraiture, whether personal or topographical; which latter, by the by, is now almost altogether superseding *landscape*, properly so called, namely, that poetic style of ideal scenery in which Claude, Poussin, Ruysdael, and others have so successfully expressed nature under all her varying aspects of beauty. As a German writer has well observed, we have now-a-days mere *views*, and, in these, certain conventional and meretricious effects are introduced to flatter the eye, while the imagination is left unoccupied. We are, however, occasionally favoured with the theatrical, if not with the ideal, in this department of painting; for in the hands of Martin, Danby, and one or two others, landscape also has become *melodramatic*—mere scenic *spectacle*,

whose splendid hurly-burly and trick pass with the million for energy and grandeur. Martin himself is cloying enough in this way; but Martin, at second-hand, is actually nauseating. We do not say that painters of this class never shew us nature; but then it is almost always nature in hysterics, which may, without doubt, serve very well to make folks crowd to stare at a picture, and to excite what the newspapers call a "sensation." Some of these unnatural efforts, too, may exhibit strength, yet they indicate disease rather than health, just as the muscular power of a maniac far exceeds that of a person, equally robust, in sound health.

Nearly all the impulses of art seem at present to be centrifugal, flying off into the widest extremes, the superlatively bombastic or the superlatively trivial. As a per-contra to Mr. Martin's ultra-magnificence, and to the unintelligible enigmas that stare at us in the guise of history, we have enough, and far more than enough, of the familiar in the humours of the dog-kennel, the stable, the pot-house, and the butcher's and greengrocer's shop; in the waggeries of mischievous schoolboys and monkeys; and in that species of nature which deals principally with old-clothesmen. We greatly fear, therefore, lest the proverb should be verified, which warns us against the consequence of sitting between two stools, and that between these two extremes art will fairly come to the ground:—it is some consolation, however, to reflect that she has not far to fall.

But, mercy on us! our pen has played us a mischievous prank, and has scampered along, bearing us from Suffolk Street, we hardly know whither; or so at least our readers will think; for the real fact is, it has only been frisking about, while we have been considering how we should express our astonishment at what we behold there. Without going further, there are pictures in the anti-room, that would astonish any one. *Imprimis*, there is what is styled in the catalogue, "The Comic Muse," which we suspect to be a blunder of the press, and that its title was intended to be the "Comical" Muse; although even in that case, we do not perceive any particular drollery in the vacant grin the face exhibits; except indeed the silly expression of the countenance be intended as a kind of graphic epigram, satirically reflecting on the present idiot state of comedy, in which case we must allow it to be a very clever joke. Yes, one would swear that this is the very same muse that inspired Freddy Reynolds himself; but whom he has now turned off for his Comic Annual. Above this hangs, by way of contrast, a portrait of a lady, (349) who looks dismal, sulky, and dowdy enough; certainly not particularly lady-like. How we pity the people who are in the first place obliged to paint such sitters, and afterwards to smuggle them into exhibitions as "ladies." Alongside the comic and the sulky lady, hangs No. 353, from Prior's "Henry and Emma;" a far more conspicuous, than masterly affair. We think we have met with something very much like it before, figuring as a frontispiece to a sixpenny song-book, with the only difference that here the figures are magnified to the size of life, which is not by any means an improvement on the original idea, neither is it the most economic mode of designing such subjects. We should very much prefer to this great bit of canvas, Inskipp's "Harvest Moon," (358) which is a very clever picture, and possesses a considerable richness of tone; its execution, however, would suit the dimensions of the subject we have just mentioned, far better than it does its own; for the distance is a mere smutch, and has that disagreeable look that painters term "greasy," but which, we suppose, Mr. Inskipp considers "fat:" it is absolutely "extreme unction."

In No. 370, "The Banks of Keswick Lake," Havell has given us a most exaggerated specimen of colouring, where yellow and purple contend for mastery; yet unnatural and forced as it is in this respect, it manifests some talent. Perhaps too, it may look more gaudily tinted than it otherwise would, owing to the cold tone of some of its neighbours.

We were rather surprised to find such an admirable portrait as that of the "Turkish Consul," by Thompson, thrust into this outer room, when many others, in every respect its inferiors, have obtained situations in the large one. The countenance

is remarkably keen and intelligent; and both the colouring and drawing are exceedingly good. There is also a considerable degree of character and expression even in the attitude alone, which, without being at all affected, exhibits as much novelty in this respect, as such a subject will allow.

Under the whimsical title of "Exeunt Omnes," (300) which, as it is a mere name, not at all indicative of the nature of picture, cannot well fail to excite curiosity, Pidding exhibits one of those practical jokes, which seem to be in so much request: a mischievous monkey has just cut the cord of a basket of fish, with which a woman is descending a steep flight of steps, and the scaly fry are—to use the style of cockney grammarians—*being* precipitated headlong, according to the laws of gravity, but not in a mode very well adapted to pictorial representation; since the motion is too instantaneous for its effect to be described by the pencil, and a painter, therefore, ought never to attempt any thing of the kind, unless absolutely compelled to do so; but here, the whole subject hinges upon this very incident. The fish are very well painted, and they and the monkey are evidently the principal actors in the scene. The woman is badly drawn, the steps are out of perspective, and the whole arrangement of the picture is exceedingly formal and awkward. We should not have bestowed so much notice on this piece, were it not that it seems to have attracted much attention, and may therefore serve as an instance of what are popular exhibition articles. One would almost imagine that the Suffolk Street people professed to make their pictures not only "intelligible to the meanest capacity," but also to adapt them to the *meanest* taste.

No. 295, "The Valley of St. Vincente," by Westall, is a very good landscape, and in fact one of the best things in this room. There is also a pleasing little picture by Clater, called "Morning Ablution," in which we think he has been far more happy than in some of his larger and more laboured productions, where he relies too much upon antiquated silks and finery.—But it is time to enter the great room, although on looking at the picture over the door, which is rather ominously called "Indecision," it is not easy to decide whether we may venture any further. At least we must pause, to take a view of the "Green-room" lady and gentleman who are stationed in the frame there, looking very uneasy in their finery, and as if they could not tell what to make of the Suffolk Street artists and their exhibition. They must of course be portraits, for no artist would have thought of painting a fancy subject of this kind; and we really compassionate Mr. Meyer for having sitters who insist upon being depicted in such puppet-show trim, and in such a very sheepish, lackadaisical *tête-à-tête*.

Well, we have at length entered the great room, which certainly contains some great pictures as far as size goes, but not many great performances. We also observe several old acquaintances from Somerset House, none of whom are so particularly interesting as to give us much satisfaction on beholding them again. We do not know whether the admission of previously exhibited pictures be altogether in conformity with the laws of the society or not, but it does not strike us as a particularly politic measure, more especially when it seems such a vast number of works were rejected for want of room; unless indeed these latter were altogether so infamously bad, that they could not pass muster even here. As we have already observed, however, we have seen three or four works by different artists, that were rejected, and must say that they were at least of equal merit with nine tenths of those which are hung up. Still, as the committee of management are perfectly irresponsible, either to critics or any one else, they must certainly be left to manage as they please, and precious management they seem to make of it. They have, accordingly, favoured us with a second edition of Sir W. Beechey's "Psyche," Kidd's "First Child," and various other pieces that we had seen before. No doubt the knight's name was considered a good "catch," and would have proved a passport to almost the worst of the things that were turned out; but we do not exactly understand why the name of the picture itself should be altered from "Psyche," which was

the one it originally bore, to that of "Hebe." If it be a typographical error, it is certainly a most extraordinary one; nevertheless such it may be, for the catalogue is most villainously full of misprints and blunders. It is of course made out by the porters; but the committee of management ought to send them to school to learn to spell, and to understand the use of the article, that they may not insert such absurd titles as, "*The* Triumphal Arch," "Banquetting House," &c., instead of, "*A* Triumphal Arch," and, "The Banqueting House."

So exceedingly chary, in truth, have the catalogue-makers been of words, that the titles of some of the pictures may be quoted as exquisite models of the laconic style: we meet, for instance, with the words "Fruit," "Landscape," "Portrait," "Fish," "Study," at least fifty times; and with a variety of such designations as, "Water-cart," "Rabbit," "Village Church," &c. Really! the Suffolk Street Annual forms an admirable primer for little boys and girls; and the only objection to it for such a purpose is, that it is printed in quarto. Then again, we meet with "Cow's Head," yet how this dish is dressed, or in what style it is served up, the catalogue does not inform us. Another curious lot is marked "Sea;" which, however, we suspect to be a misprint, and that it ought to have been "Tea," the other being a rather unusual article for any person to deal in.—In the next catalogue, we suppose, we shall see "landscape," abridged to "land." Perhaps, however, these obscure and Lilliputian titles have been affected from some odd notion of facetiousness, since even the Suffolkites must have heard, if not read, that brevity is the soul of wit.

En revanche, however, we are favoured with some rather particular and curious specifications: viz.: "The Portrait of a favourite Spaniel, the property of a Gent.;" for which exact, and exceedingly interesting information, we feel most especially grateful. Neither ought we to pass over, without due acknowledgement, the singularly beautiful *morçeaux* of poetry that enrich the catalogue, some of which are not only original, but evidently written expressly for the subjects they accompany; so that with all their economy, this society it seems retains a laureate, in the person of "J. O. Cumming, A. B." But come, let us close our chapter on catalogues, or our readers will fairly fall asleep.

This year, the society have got some bits of Sir Thomas Lawrence Simpsonised, that is, merely the heads and hands painted by the late president, and the rest of the figures and backgrounds painted by Simpson, who has not shewn himself to be much of a Samson in art. It is no wonder, therefore, that we do not recognise the hand and the taste of Lawrence in these portraits, since the countenances want the last inspiring touches of his Promethean pencil. But even such as they are, they do not exactly serve as foils to Lonsdale's "Portrait of the Lord Chancellor," the colouring of which is cold and sullen, and the figure devoid of dignity. A certain inkiness of tone in the shadows and hardness of outline mark, in fact, all the works of this artist, while they possess few, if any of those redeeming qualities that would compensate for such defects.

Hurlstone's "Portrait of Viscount Shane" is in a very different style from the preceding, and one of the best things we have seen by his pencil: it is indeed a very clever and attractive picture of a very charming little boy, and possesses much of that happiness of character which distinguished the late Sir Thomas's portraits of children. Indeed Mr. H. appears to have here taken Lawrence for his model.

Not far from this hangs another excellent portrait, by Thompson; which is, however, rather injudiciously named "The Rambler;" for, besides that it needs no recommendation beyond its own merits, this unlucky title has induced a writer in a contemporary journal, to display his wit at the expense of his taste, and to notice it in the following strain: "The Rambler—The Idler—a Gentleman wet-nursing a Newfoundland dog."—The observation is certainly *cynical* enough, and quite undeserved; since this picture—and it really is a *picture* as well as a portrait—is tastefully composed, and spiritedly painted: the countenance is expressive and intelligent; the colouring clear and good; and the

whole striking and effective, yet perfectly natural and unaffected. In short, the artist who can produce such works as this and the former one we have mentioned, need not shrink from a comparison with any of our living portrait-painters. We wish we could speak as favourably of the portraits in general, which are more numerous this than any former year; but the majority of them evince very little talent, and some none whatever. The painters will, perhaps, impute the fault entirely to their sitters; yet although they cannot make vulgar people look like what the catalogue styles them, viz. ladies and gentlemen, or render stupid faces particularly interesting, there is surely as much room for the display of art in the homeliest visage that ever parodied the "human face divine," as in a surloin of beef and cabbages. In sober earnestness, we wish some of the limners of faces would condescend to take a lesson from those who paint portraits of trussed turkeys and dead game; and then we should not be shocked, as we now are, by coarse daubings, in which there is not so much life and nature as in those wax-work gentry who grace the shop-windows of our perruquiers.

Enough of portraits!—Let us now pay our respects to some of the other subjects; and as Nos. 7, 161, and 222, are the three most conspicuous and conspicuously placed pictures, let us examine them first. If we may judge from his "View of Civita Castellana," we should say that Mr. Linton's visit to Italy has rather sobered his style than invigorated his imagination. Independently of the picturesque locality of the site it represents, his present landscape exhibits no extraordinary merit, nor any peculiar quality; nay, we apprehend that, were it not for the masses of building which come in exceedingly well, it would be a rather tame affair. The tone of colouring is too monotonous; and the fore-ground deficient in spirit. After all, however, we prefer it to such productions as his "Arrival of a Grecian Fleet," which had too much of the "playhouse" in it to be to our taste. No. 161, "The Grand Entrance to Rouen Cathedral," by Roberts, is an admirable architectural painting, and a fine delineation of that gorgeous pile; in point of colour, however, we consider it not so good as some of his interiors, there being an unpleasing greenish hue in the building, and a want of greater transparency in the shadows. Neither is his outline always so firm and decided in his oil-pictures, as could be wished: we would recommend him to look at his neighbour Maddox's architectural subjects, which are finished with a degree of accuracy and perfect intelligence in all the details, that enable them to bear the most critical examination. Mr. R.'s picture of the Cathedral would have been seen to far better effect, had it been hung somewhat higher; for, as it is now placed, the spectator looks down upon the building.

Of Mr. Davis's "Chase," No. 222, we hardly know what opinion to express; for, notwithstanding the ability it displays, the spirit and nature with which the individual horses are drawn, the truth of the details, and the fidelity of the whole scene, taken altogether, it is far better calculated to please a sportsman than a connoisseur. What constitutes its merits in the opinion of the former, detracts from its value in that of the latter. We are almost sorry to see so clever a painter tasked to execute such subjects; and also to find that productions of this kind are considered fit pictures for an exhibition of works of art.

There is not a single historical composition in the present exhibition, unless any one can find it in his conscience so to style the monstrous burlesque of "Esther and Ahasuerus," which the society ought to have rejected, if not out of compassion towards their own reputation, at least out of charity towards the person who perpetrated it: instead of which it is actually placed upon the *line*, as it is technically termed—while the "Committee of Management," we presume, were all fast asleep. And then, too, the four hundred rejected pictures!—surely not one in the whole number could have been so vile as this. All that can be said of the matter is that this and some other trash may have been admitted for the purpose of relieving the mass of mediocrity that constitutes the greater part of the things here congregated, and for that of

giving an additional value to the scanty sprinkling of good ones.

Among these latter, Hart's "Festival of the Law," (157) occupies a prominent place. We do not, however, exactly coincide with those who have termed it the gem of the whole exhibition. Undoubtedly, the effect is exceedingly brilliant, the light and shadow finely managed, the grouping very clever, and many of the heads admirable; yet there is more of vivacity than of richness of colour, and the imitation of Rembrandt is too evident.

Prentis's "Eleventh Hour," No. 114, is a picture above the average of its class; and the artist deserves to be commended for having attempted to convey an impressive lesson. He seems to have failed chiefly in imagination. The principal figure, for instance, where we naturally look for evidence of the greatest power, is not so satisfactory as some of the others; nor does the expression in the face of the usurer appear to us to be exactly that of a dying sinner; while the clergyman is rather too affectedly puritanical in his appearance. We will not, however, be too severe in noting deficiencies where there is so much promise; neither will we be so unkindly complimentary as to tell Mr. P. that he is absolutely a second Wilkie. He has still much to learn in pictorial expression; for, at present, his style is rather deficient both in ease and taste. His pains-taking industry is too obvious, while he does not seem thoroughly warmed with his subject.

Harvey's "Covenanters," No. 132, is likewise one of the redeeming points of the exhibition. The characters are well marked and discriminated; and the picture exhibits a degree of quiet, serious humour, that gives it an intellectual relish.

Kidd's "Presumptive Pinch," No. 138, is one of the many pieces in this exhibition, that serve to confirm our observations as to the notions our painters entertain of humour. It has, we dare say, extorted an honest grin from many a visitor, and forced something like a frown from those who conceive that we already have by far more of these kind of pleasantries than is altogether creditable either to painters or their customers. Subjects of this description are all very well in the proper places, namely—at the window of a print shop, or on the top of a tobacco-box: that is the proper sphere of their popularity, and to that they should be confined.

In No. 213, "Sir Roger de Coverly and the Spectator in Spring Gardens," Clater has attempted a rather "delicate" subject, which he has managed so as to render it as little offensive as possible; and the costume of the times seems to be well preserved. Still it is not a picture particularly to our fancy, although better than many others we have seen by this artist. Vickers's "Reading the Manuscript," (25) has merit as a mere sketch in oil; but is in every respect too vague and undefined to enable us to judge whether much could be made of it as a subject, it being mere effect, without the least indication of character. Liversege has a somewhat sketchy, yet remarkably clever little piece, entitled the "Grave Digger," (78) from the well-known scene in Hamlet: it is well conceived, and has a smack of originality about it that pleases us. We observe that it is sold, as is also its *pendant*, No. 80, "The Grandfather," by Knight, a picture of equal, although of a different species of merit. No. 101 is another and more ambitious composition by the same artist, namely, "Auld Robin Grey;" our chief objection to which is, that it seems rather too much like two distinct subjects painted on the same canvas, and we should certainly prefer that side of it which contains the fairer half of it, namely, Jenny and her "Mither," who are an admirable group.—A few more such works as these last would have mollified our *tranchant* style completely.

We have said so much as to the predilection manifested here for subjects of still life and eatables, that it is but fair to see whether any of the works of this description possess aught of that merit which alone can redeem the insignificance of the objects pourtrayed. We are happy, therefore, to be able to say that Derby's "Christmas Present" is a superlative specimen of its kind,—something very superior to a mere fac simile of the beef and bottles, and other articles it represents. The same remarks will apply to Lance's "Larder;" nor should we have at

all objected to two such productions, in that department of painting, as these. They would have been "enough," and a "feast" besides; but when we behold picture after picture—and some of them very mediocre performances, of the same "still lively" subjects, we become absolutely surfeited.

Mr. H. E. Dawe has provided a very different kind of entertainment for us in a large picture, (No. 404) intended to be particularly pathetic, yet which it is hardly possible to contemplate without a smile. The subject is a shipwrecked female, about to be swallowed up by the waves, with her infant; but the whole is such a theatrical, *melodramatic* affair, and she is balancing the child with so studied an attention to effect, that we are assured that she is only sinking very cleverly through a trap-door in the stage, and that the sea and sky, and the nicely painted mast of the ship, are nothing but canvass. We are, too, the more comfortably convinced that such is the case, as the strong glare that falls upon her and her baby evidently proceeds from the footlights, and not from any rent in the pitchy clouds.

In the same room, No. 458, by Boxall, is a very clever small portrait of a gentleman; and the next piece, 459, by Durman, is one of the best landscapes in the exhibition,—full of effect and vigour. We said that "Esther" was the only attempt at historical painting, yet we now find that we were mistaken, as we suppose No. 459, "The Angel Destroying the Assyrians," will claim to be so styled. This latter is certainly not worse than the other; but we are not quite sure that it is many degrees better. Unless the Society can obtain something better in the way of history, it would be only prudent in them to decline it altogether, and to stick in future to *natural history* exclusively.

We are of opinion, too, that it would be as well were they to reject architectural designs *in toto*, since the productions of that class are so exceedingly few, and so exceedingly poor, that they only serve to remind us of the absolute weakness and deficiency in this department. It seems they are glad to take even such things as an "Elevation of Greenwich Hospital;" yet, if copies of pictures are inadmissible, much less ought the mere orthographical representations of executed buildings to be received; since there can, of course, be no invention whatever in such things; while the execution is so purely mechanical, that a piece of penmanship might as well be considered a work of art. In fact, it is the idea alone that constitutes the merit of such productions; so much so, that it is notorious, that many of the finest designs which have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, are not drawn by the architects whose names they bear. But the Suffolk-street people, we apprehend, would prefer a neatly finished drawing to the most original sketch ever produced: and, perhaps they are right, for we doubt whether half-a-dozen of their visitors could appreciate the latter. Indeed, we may form some opinion of their taste in such matters, from the "Model of Sandpit Gate, in Windsor Park," which would hardly pass as a sample of carpenters' gothic.

We have said nothing of the water-colour drawings and miniatures; yet, although they are not the worst part of the exhibition, and certainly display less glaring failures than we observe in many of the oil pictures, we have hardly left ourselves room to particularize any of them separately, and can, therefore, merely refer to two or three that especially arrested our attention. Among these is Holmes's "Shrimp Girl," (No. 614,) which is executed with no ordinary taste, and with great delicacy of finishing. Nos. 613 and 615, by Bone, after the two celebrated Vandykes in Sir R. Peel's collection, are admirably done, especially the female portrait. But what we particularly covet in this room, is the frame No. 749, containing four masterly subjects by Roberts: as studies, these are perfect treasures. Crome appears this year only as a water-colourist; which should not be, unless he had reserved his oil pictures for the Royal Academy; which, however, does not prove to be the case. His "View of Amsterdam" is very clever, yet not particularly striking. Both Miss Corbeaux and Miss Sharpe sustain the reputation of the lady-artists in this department; there are likewise some excellent miniatures by other ladies.

"THE GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS."

No. XIV.

THE EARL OF MUNSTER.

THE treaty of Munster gave religious peace to the empire in 1648. We are sorry to say that the peerage of Munster did for a short time somewhat the contrary in our empire in 1831. It is, however, a tender point; and we shall pass over the slippery surface with a flying foot; as we have already said, our object in these sketches is far removed from private gossip. As for the clamour about this elevation of a most worthy and honourable gentleman, it is almost forgotten already.—Those who compare it with the doings in the days of Charles II., know very little of our history.

We have only to consider the Earl of Munster in his literary capacity—and certainly, except the King of Bavaria, whose poetry is not altogether equal to Homer's, no scion of royalty, no matter how descended, has, in our times, wielded the pen in a more authorlike fashion. His Lordship campaigned with the Tenth, at the close of the Peninsular war; and was dismissed, with the other officers of that regiment, for having committed an unprecedented breach of etiquette in that corps—by fighting. Quentin knew far better what was the duty of a dandy regiment, and kept a prudent position in the rear. Fitz-Clarence had the impertinence to charge and break the enemy's line; for which he was broken himself, and sent to India. In those days, (as his Lordship is an author, he must pardon us for attributing to him a *literary* failing,) he did not particularly abound in rupees, and it was so much the better for himself. If he had gone to India as a princeling, he would have come back not much better; instead of which, he set about reading, writing, translating, interpreting, stewing, working, drilling, parading, moonsheeizing, and a long list of &c.'s of the same kind, and turned out at last, what is so rare a character, we are sorry to say, but when it *does* occur, so very accomplished a character, a literary soldier—a wielder of the pen and the sword. His *Journey overland from India* is a masterpiece in its way. A hundred years ago it would have set all Europe in wonder—and even now, when Eastern travellers are as plenty as Russia ducks in summer weather—it is by no means to be sneezed at. If we, magazine bred as we are, could venture to violate the awful sanctity of anonymous writing, we could point out papers of his in the *United Service Journal* which would have made glad the heart of old Folard; as it is, they rejoiced, that—(or those)—of the Siamese Twins, Colburn and Bentley.

We have depicted his Lordship as an officer, in full *fig*. Those who know him will see that our sketch is a wonderful likeness (except that it is a little too cross) not only in physiognomy—the *family* physiognomy by the way—but in the general air, and *mise*. Behind him our painter has placed a set of Indian Gods, some of whom much resemble certain friends of ours of the Whig party—the one to the extreme right is a striking resemblance of Lord ———, (a new *English* creation)—some queer oriental matters, and a manuscript of nail-heads, or other wonderful affairs, unknown to all mankind.

These perhaps may be his private studies, but, if fame speak not untruly, he has, lying by him, things far more valuable than any which he has as yet published, and which we hope are not to be smothered by the coronet. Why does he not write articles for this, our super-excellent Magazine? As we have not yet the benefit of his hand, we have taken the liberty of inserting his head; and as he is about making up his household—offer a *page*

> To one who can right well pen, sword, or gun stir—
> Colonel Fitz-Clarence, Earl of song-famed Munster.*

* Momonia, sweet dwelling of song. See *Fraser's Magazine* for June, p. 556.



AUT OF A "JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND."

Published by James Fraser 215 Regent Street London.

THE BIRD AND EGG.—A TALE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Where three roads meet, there met three men,
With pack and staff in hand;
Each cried, "Well met, and, Brother, hail!"
And laughed and made a stand.

"The roads are long, and days are short,"
Said one, "and folk grow nice
In choosing gear; and, as for gowd,
They grip it like a vice."

"The wind is cold," the second said,
"And nights are chill and lang;
And, worse, the taste has left the land
For sermon or for sang."

"O gowd has wings," the third one said,
"And flies where few can take it;
And when will woman buy a gown?
For fashion says, go naket."

Thus said they, shook their heads, and looked
East, west, and north, and south;
The winter night was closing in,
Black as a badger's mouth.

The sun was sinking 'hint the hill,
The night cloud was na slack
To rise up as the other sank,
Wi' tempest on his back.

"And where shall we three lodge this night?
I fain would ken," said Pate:
"There's fire and water in yon cloud;
Besides it's growing late.

"John Thomson's barn 's a roomy barn,
But then it stands by Lochar;
The straw is moist, the sacks are damp,
And I hae sic a clocher.

"Will Rodan is a kindly man—
But to his weary fiddle,
We all night there, wi' sappy queans,
Maun foot it, jink, and diddle.

"Rob Ferguson 's a soul sedate,
Chaunts psalms baith loud an' lang;
I holloed there last Hallowmas
Till all the laverocks sang.

"James Taylor talks of paradise,
And of a place called Tophet;
And then his daughter's een wou'd wile,
Frae me my half-year's profit.

"Hugh Gunnion is a smuggler rude,
His house is near and handy;
But it suits ill three pedlar lads
To change their wares for brandy."

They shook their heads, and look'd fu' grave,
The sky looked mickle graver;
"The moon," quo' Jock, "has hid her horn,
The night will be a raver."

"The Clouden linns begin to roar—
Feel—there's the big round drops,"
Quo' Davie, "and the Cavens-craws
Have left the pine-tree tops.

"Hugh Rabson has a wide warm house,
Nae farther off than Preston;
But how to make our lodgings good,
Pate, that's the kittle question.

"The carle, he has curious ways—
The king in all his glory,
He wadna lodge unless he went
Wi' some weel worded story.

"Gif we gang there we mauna let
Auld fiction's fields lie fallow—
Hugh has a true believing lug,
And a most wondrous swallow.

"We maun step ben like pedlars bauld,
And eke like pedlars lie—
Consider, Pate, and bait a hook
Will lodgings catch for three."

Pate rubbed his chin, looked up, looked down,
To let the thought flow free;
"It is a poser," quoth young Pate,
"But listen, lads, to me.

"We'll tell him tales sae marvellous,
Will haud him by the lugs,
As sicker as Tam Branks was held
When he stood in the jouggs.

"Tales deep in wonder, steeped, and bright
With fancy's gems and spangles,
Will haud him like Will Howatson tup
When he was in side-langles."

He whispered, as he whispered, lo!
Their looks cleared up and brighten'd:
The night grew clearer too, a cloud
Aboon them gaped and lighten'd.

He spoke, and as he spoke their laugh
Thou might'st have heard at Clouden.
Jock struck his elwand thrice, and cried,
"By jing, sir, that's a good one!"

" Weel, let us to our wark," said Pate ;
Syne off to pleasant Preston,
He hoyed—I wat it was na time
To stand on farther question.

The wind came with a sweeping gust,
Enough to raise the banes
Of buried men ; it was nae night
To stand on stepping stanes.

The moorland burns came plunging down,
Thud, thud, like paviors' rammers ;
The window fa'breds raised a din,
Like twenty tinklers' hammers.

A blacksmith frae his lips the ale
Wiped, and prayed loud and pithy :
" If it's THY will to coup the kirk,
I hope thou'lt spare the smithy."

A lover far to see his love,
Came—as he came he muttered,
" This storm shall speak such words for me,
As lips have never uttered."

A tinker, smutched with smoke, ran by,
And he wi' joy was grinnin :
" This levin bright lends lantern light,
To steal my lady's linen."

Pate laid his hand on Preston door,
And up the latch he raised ;
Stept quietly ben—his bonnet doffed,
And said, " His name be praised."

" Be praised for what ?" Hugh Rabson said.
I here say *nota bene*,
This man of Preston knew right weel
A gray groat frae a guinea.

" Be praised for what ?" Hugh Rabson said ;
And here I warn thee, reader ;
This man of Preston, though a saint,
As weel's a sound seceder,

Was still a man ; and though a man,
That might be called a scholar,
Since he had read Toplady through,
Was nae saint in his choler.

" Be praised for what ?" Hugh Rabson said,
" For sending thee, land-louper,
Sma' praise may serve." He swore an oath,
Wad scared a sworn horse-couper.

" My house is filled, as ye may see,
And some are sitting double :
Your legs are lang as weel's your tongue—
Be off—or come to trouble."

" Waes me, the mercy," quoth young Pate,
" That lies 'tween Nith and Thrieve;
A clocking.hen could haud it a'
Within her steeked neeve.

" The storm without is wild and loud,
And there ye sit in glory;
Gude'en—but, oh! gudeman, this night,
Ye've missed a marvellous story."

" A story, lad?" quo' Hugh, "I'll swear,
It's ane nae throat can swallow;
Pate Kissock 's kenned the kintra round
For a facetious fallow."

" Aye, but this is nae laughing wark,
The thing is too alarming;
I'll warrant it, in choking mirth,
Wad match an action sermon.

" Now I maun gang—the way is lang
And rough. But I am saying,
There's signs and wonders in the land;
Caerlaverock folk are praying."

" Are praying!"—up Hugh Rabson sprang—
" Have they quat stoup and chappin
And taen to prayer? then help the land,
There's something sad to happen!

" Come hither, Pate; see, here's a seat—
Sit yont there, Nell and Charley—
Mind book and roke, now loose your powk,
And tell your story fairly."

" The man, said Pate, who can read signs,
Hung high amang the stars,
Will guess at this. I dread, gudeman,
It bodes us civil wars.

" Alack! and than, war's red-wud han'
Wad stop the spinning-jenny;
And what wad come of cotton twist,
And my bit daily penny?

" I trow it wad be sad to see
This land red reeking gory—"
" The thing may be," Hugh Rabson said,
" Drap that, and tell thy story."

" O ye shall hear it soon enough,"
Quo' Pate, and stirred the fire,
As pedlars do, and chaffed his hands,
And hitched his seat aye nigher.

" Far in the north—ayont the Forth,
There came from the wild sea,
A mighty bird. I scarce can tell't,
It looks sae like a lie.

"For three whole days—morn, noon, and night,
There lay dark in its shadow,
Three counties—Cromartie is ane—
Hill, mountain, moor, and meadow.

"Ye couldna see the hills at morn,
Nor yet the kirk at noon—
Three Caithness creel-wives shrieked to see't,
And lie yet in a swoon.

"Sax douce divines came forth with prayer,
And every word that's lawfu',
To drive away the pest. Gudeman,
Think ye na this was awfu'?

"It stayed and stayed: last Monday night,
When all was dipt in darkness,
Awa this boding sea-bird sailed—
Gosh here comes Davie Harkness."

The latch it rose, and up the floor
There stalked full keen and crousely,
The second pedlar—"Pate's grave looks,"
Said Davie, "do it doucely."

Hugh Rabson hollow spoke and sture,
As if he spoke through humlock—
"And where come ye frae, honest man?"
Quo' he, "I come frae Cumlock."

Up, up, Hugh Rabson started then,
And waved his bonnet broad.
"Away to Cumlock tramp again—
Ye ken the market road."

"If I to Cumlock gang, gudeman,
I'll tell't frae dale to parish,
Ye turn'd a douce man frae yere door,
Ae winter night to perish."

Low down to him Hugh Rabson bowed,
In meek and mock obeisance,
"Say what thou wilt, and how thou wilt,
But rid me of thy presence."

"If I to Cumlock gang, gudeman—"
"For God sake gang," quo' he:
"Thy infamy I'll lend it wings,
Through Scotland wide to flee."

Quo' Hugh, "unto a pedlar's word,
He will be rash that lippens;
Gae tell the truth baith north and south,
I'm cursed if I care tippence!"

"In Sanquhar I shall tell the tale,
And eke in green Dalgarnock—
Take up the tune in Mauchline town,
And sing it in Kilmarnock.

" How godly Hugh, the Whig and saunt,
Is sae wi' Mammon bitten,
His heart 's as hard 's the outlyer stots,
Which graze on Delmakitten."

Hugh coughed, and groaned, and thought " I maun
Proceed on gude advizement;
This loon will to my errors be
A walking advertisement.

" Come ben—be seated; are ye right?
Lay pack and elwand owrter—
If I may call the stick an ell,
That 's a gude thumbreadth shorter."

Quo' Davie, " there sits Andrew Trams,
Wha made its length a jest:
I thrashed him sae, I'm sure he'll say,
It is an ell at least."

" Aweel," said Hugh, " a glisk of fire
And seat, they may be had;
Ye have them—now win wi' a tale
Thy supper and thy bed."

" A tale," quo' Davy, " oh! gudeman,
Think ye a lad like me,
Wha has his soul to save, can find
Out leisure-time to lie?

" I learned it frae John Fairlie gude,
He preached it sure and sicker,
That ilka word of truth 's a stave
Ta'en out o' Satan's bicker.

" While that a false word is the fuel,
That feeds the fires o' Tophet;
I stick to truth—I sigh to say't,
It scrimps me in my profit."

" Weel, profit here, or profit there,"
Said Hugh, and on his crupper,
Sat bolt upright: " out wi' a tale,
Or sleep without a supper."

" Weel, I maun make a plain tale do't;
I'll say just what my een
Wide-waking witnessed: 'twas a sight,
I saw—and saw't yestreen.

" As I came down Dardarroch bank,
And by the moonlight water,
Wi' sax Scots ells of sea-green silk,
For Laird Maclellan's daughter;

" I walked—and on my fingers thus,
Was reckoning up my means,
Just twal pund Scots—the moon shone sae
Ye might hae gathered preens.

" I cried—preserve me, what is this?
And like a stane stood still:
Lo! Criffel mountain's safely been
Delivered of a hill.

" And sic a hill! high, large, and round!
The three times sifted snaw,
Ne'er shone sae white on ony hill,
In all wide Gallowa.

" And sic a hill! as smooth it shone,
As shines the polished glass:
Nae sheep could haud a foot on it,
Or find a blade of grass.

" I laid my hand on't—how I stared
And could na stir a peg—
It was, gudeman, as kindly warm
As is a new laid egg."

" An egg!" quo' Hugh, and wiped his specks,
And shook his wig three storied:
Coughed twice and said, " Lord what an egg!
Heigh, sirs, but this is horrid!"

" I walked, and walked, and better walked,
And might been walking still;
For as I walked, the hill rolled round—
It could na be a hill.

" First up came wild Rob Rorison,
And he vowed by his feg,
' We soon shall have another earth,
The world has laid an egg.'

" Syne up came Benjie of Burjarg,
A man much gien to jokin,
' Well hap auld Criffel wi' the shell
When earth has done wi' clockin.'

" Next there came carlins in a flock,
And ane vowed by her crutches,
This egg 's of an unhallowed kind,
It's clecket by the witches.

" ' Na, na,' cried Nell, ' a fowl wi' wings
As wide as Thrieve's frae Annan
Layed it—they say frae sea to sea
There 's scarce a steeple stannin'.'

" ' I vow it's of the corbie kind,
Quo' Kate, ' look at the speckle.'
Said Ann, ' it's off ane owre sea hen,
I heard the auld ane keckle.'

" Dame Beck put on her spectacles,
And leant out owre her crutch;
' It *is* an egg—I dought na say
I like the looks on't much.'

"'It's a dark parable,' quo' Bess,
'And speaks to loon and limmer,
Wi' tongue o' steel—Will Kate Macreel,
Think ye, keep owre the simmer?'

"It wad look liesome like to say
What every body said;
It even made Pate Linton pray—
'Twas marvellous how he prayed."

Hugh Rabson he put on a look,
And all to silence signed—
The look a weaver wears when he
Has kittle pirns to wind.

"The coming of this was foretold,"
Quo' he, "by Sandie Peden—
Oh! what will come of Gallowa,
That's called the second Eden?

"In Scotland's kirk the owls will screech,
And sure as I'm a sinner,
At douce Kirkcudbright's market cross
Will foxes take their dinner.

"Fate up a bitter testament
Has ta'en against our sins,
And Satan in his deepest dub,
Will soundly scaud our shins.

"Of Nithsdale's crops of christians,
Will Cloots become the shearer;
For all our eastern priests sit mute,
O'er mony a brandy-cheerer.

"From what is heard and what is seen,
Wiseman divine, what next
Will come to pass?—Now harken, friends,
I'll clear this kittle text."

The latch it rises—up the floor,
Tramp follows fast on tramp—
"The third one of the brood," quo' Hugh,
And he held up his lamp.

In came a man, lang, lean, an strang,
With visage some deal sallow;
A rough hand at a Roslie-hill,
A rackless looking fallow.

"Away," cried Hugh, "evanish—fly!"—
And to the door he pointed—
"Into this house ye canna come,
Were ye the Lord's anointed."

While he spoke—rap, a thunder clap
The house took by the riggin,
And shook it like a pouch—"His hand,"
Quo' Jock, "be round the biggen."

"Great need," cried Hugh, while frae his een
The liquid wrath seemed drappin;
"Three pedlars at my supper-board,
Lord, what is next to happen?"

Quo' Jock, "ye may say that, gudeman,
The world is ripe wi' wonders:
It's no for nought the stars shoot down,
There 's meaning when it thunders.

"But thunder's just a fire-flaff,
A tongue is come to teach."
"I'll teach ye wi' a rung," said Hugh,
"Fule fellow, wad ye preach—

"When burning fire and thunder dint
Are rending earth asunder?"
"Thunder!" cried Jock, "it's sax times warse,
I wish it were but thunder."

"What mischief is it, man?" quo' Hugh.
"Now list," said Jock, "and mark,
There 's nae sic ferly been since light
Was sundered first frae dark.

"It is na thunder-dint, I wat,
Nor raised by cantrip glamours;
But sure as sin, it's just the din
Of twenty thousand hammers."

"Hammers?" cried Hugh, and loud he leuch,
"Feel how the earth is quaking;
It's thunder, man—hammers, ye gowk,
What sorrow are they making?"

"Indeed," quo' Jock, "it's hard to say,
But thus the rumour ran,
Ten thousand tinkers sit by Thrieve,
And make a copper pan.

"The sides they are sae high and wide,
When all the loons are dinging
The rivets in, they canna hear
Each other's hammers ringing.

"There's twenty thousand quaighs and stoups,
To haud them moist wi' drink;
The laverocks drap dead frae the lift,
To hear their dinsome clink."

"I see it all," cried Hugh, "alake,
Since sinful auld Gomorrha
Sank in the lake, there has na been
Sic signs o' dule and sorrow."

"I see it, too," said Jock, and groaned,
And of his een the white
Turned up, and spread out baith his palms,
And said, "I'll lend ye light.

"There's awful meaning in't and wrath,
Though mystical and mirk;
Ye think it means the government—
I think it means the kirk."

"Born-gowk," cried Hugh, "how dare ye speak
Till ye have got a call;
Sit down and haud yere whisht—your words,
They have no weight at all."

Sae uprose Hugh, and down sat Jock,
O! ne'er on Preston floor
Sat ane mair willing down, or looked
Mair mim-mou'd and demure.

Quo' Hugh, "I'll make this mystery plain,
Nor yet rise in a rapture,
Like black Jock Crocket when he lacks
Sense for some kittle chapter.

"All signs are certain marks of grace,
Shewn special to this nation;
And symptoms of good will beneath
The Christian dispensation.

"It's no for nought the wild hare runs
Across the wanderer's road;
It's no for nought the wild fire gleams
Along the miry sod.

"It's no for nought on cottage roofs,
At morn the magpie chatters;
Nor yet for nought the pale wraith shrieks
Alang the moonlight waters.

"Then think ye, man, it is for nought,
This bird of marvellous kind
Has shaded Scotland with its wings—
Trow ye, Hugh Rabson's blind?

"Believe ye that she laid this egg,
Wi' mony a spot an' speckle;
Nor stayed to cleck it, for the sake
That she might raise a keckle?

"And trow ye that this wondrous pan,
Where thousands ten are toiling,
Is but to boil this marvellous egg;
I mean what men call boiling?"

The Pedlars three held up their hands,
And up their voices gat;
"Lord, where's the like o' yon gudeman,
For laying this to that?"

Pate wi' his elwand poked the fire,
And stirred the glowing embers;
"How ye can eke a lame tale out,
And mend its crippled members?"

"Were this the kirk," Hugh Rabson said—
"As it's a humbler place,
I wadna mind to shaw my lights—
Ye seem a lad o' grace."

Quo' Pate, "Auld Sandie Peden preached,
Where'er a lad in prayer,
Knelt wi' a lass behind a bush,
That Scotland's kirk was there."

Quo' Hugh, "then Bird, and Egg, and Pan,
Just mean these kingdoms free;
A parable I'll make as plain,
As two and one are three.

"The Bird is England, for her wings
Are long, and warm, and wide;
She chucks owre us, and clucks owre us,
Wi' all a mither's pride.

"The Egg is Scotland, mind and soul,
Baith in the mystery meet;
It's hale and wholesome, fresh and fair,
And every morsel meat.

"The Pan is Ireland. It seems queer,
That in a brazen pan,
Deep mystery should be hid. But, mark,
That power is given to man

"To solve it, and 'tis thus I do't:
The thousands ten of tinkers,
Are what men call the Catholic Board,
Wild talkers and weak thinkers.

"With fire and water will they work,
And vow, as I'm a sinner,
To boil douce Scotland's Egg, and roast
Proud England's Hen for dinner."

The pedlars three held up their hands,
And cried the like o' that—
"Now that cowes a'; na, but, gudeman,
Weel ken ye what is what."

The pedlars three held up their hands—
I wish you had but seen,
How they upon each other glower'd,
And opened wide their een.

The barnmen shook their duds, and ane,
Whom men called Stocking Sawney,
Of Ecclefechan town, cried out,
"Lord, Hugh, yere scarcely cannie!"

Quo' Hugh, "ye seem three learned lads,
And lads that's slea and couthie;
Haste, Kate, and bring the bottle out,
This converse makes me drouthy.

"Ye chase quicksilvery fortune's foot,
And ye hae chance to grup 'er;
If ye ay work as wise and weel,
As ye have wrought for supper."

Hugh Rabson's kenned the country round,
His word nae man will question;
He says, "Make oft a tale like this,
And come and tell't at Preston."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.*

In our capacity of reviewers we generally contrive to keep clear of what are called "popular libraries." It is only when some great name, as in the present instance, throws us off our guard that we can be induced to bestow any attention upon the ware which issues from the press under that denomination. On various occasions we have freely and emphatically expressed our entire disapprobation of the manner in which this new species of book-making is carried on, and lamented that an instrument of such extensive appliance, and capable of accomplishing so much good if rightly used, should do almost nothing but spread abroad and cherish a spirit of empty self-conceit and dilettanteism. Instead of being employed to communicate real knowledge, or a taste and reverence for real knowledge, the publications in question are doing more than any other in the present age to degrade literature and science, and convert them altogether into mere objects of mercantile speculation. It ought to be known and felt distinctly that the publishers, notwithstanding all their magnificent pretensions, have hitherto kept no other or higher end in view than their own immediate interests, and made it their chief study to minister to the craving vanity of the "reading public," and turn it to the best account. It were beneath the dignity of criticism to speak of the trash they have already put forth, as it ought to be spoken of, and indeed it is much wiser to let it have its day, and be quietly forgotten. No sensible man can be much longer deceived in regard to its true value; and feeling assured of this, we shall silently commit it to the speedy oblivion which it deserves, and cannot fail to obtain.

These observations will not be misunderstood by any of our readers. We have shewn ourselves constant advocates for the diffusion of knowledge among all classes of the community, and will continue to do every thing in our power to promote that object. We felt it painful to speak in such terms of reprobation concerning the means hitherto used for the purpose; but conceived it to be a duty we owed to the public and to ourselves thus plainly and sincerely to express our opinion. Let the publishers of these "popular libraries" present something less unworthy of their professions, and we shall be the first to second them with heart and hand. It will give us much pleasure to have an opportunity of bestowing praise, with a clear conscience, upon any work designed for the purpose of spreading information more extensively. "Knowledge is not, like food, destroyed by use, but rather augmented and perfected. It acquires not, perhaps, a greater certainty, but at least a confirmed authority, and a probable duration by universal assent; and there is no body of knowledge so complete, but that it may acquire accession, or so free from error but that it may receive correction in passing through the minds of millions. Those who admire and love knowledge for its own

* A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., A. M. London, 1830.

sake, ought to wish to see its elements made accessible to all, were it only that they may be the more thoroughly examined into, and more effectually developed in their consequences, and receive that ductility and plastic quality which the pressure of minds of all descriptions constantly moulding them to their purposes, can alone bestow." Real knowledge cannot be too widely diffused, and will never produce any but good effects; it is only the show of knowledge, without the substance, that can prove injurious by giving rise to self-conceit and presumption, with their ruinous consequences.

There is a prejudice which still lingers in the hearts of many worthy persons, and which cannot be too soon rooted out. We allude to the supposed tendency which the "study of natural philosophy, and indeed of science in general, has to foster in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, and lead them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion." Now, we apprehend, it is only shallow dilettanteism that can lead to such results; for nothing can be better calculated to excite humility in any well-ordered mind, than the study and contemplation of nature; and the smallest insight into the minuteness, the vastitude, and inscrutable majesty of her operations will prove to every good man a sure lesson of reverence towards the Author of the whole. Sir Isaac Newton became more humble, more conscious of his own incapacity, and more full of devout admiration in proportion to the increase of his knowledge. The prejudice in question seems, indeed, to owe its support in modern times chiefly to the examples which France has furnished among her scientific men; but these examples evidently prove nothing more than the well-known fact, that no reverence or religion, worthy of the name, could thrive in the unkindly, cold, barren soil of French philosophy. This is what the French are beginning to see themselves: a better spirit has already shewn itself among their most eminent scientific men. In France, as in all other countries, it would now be esteemed a token of great vanity for any man to call himself "a genius equal to the majesty of Nature." But without insisting farther on these topics, we shall proceed to say a few words of the volume before us, by which they were suggested.

The *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy* is one of the very few works that deserve to be exempted from the censure applicable to the great majority of the class to which it belongs; and that is the main reason why we have resolved to notice it here. Mr. Herschel occupies no mean rank in science, and he has never, to our knowledge, written any thing worthless or undeserving of attention. It was not without great expectations that we came to the present work; and yet the perusal of it has not disappointed us, but, on the contrary, left a conviction that the author has done no discredit to himself or to science by condescending to treat it in this popular form. He has handled his subject in a way to be understood by any reader of common attainments; he has given the most interesting and familiar illustrations of the principles which he lays down; and yet he makes you all along feel the dignity and largeness of true science, and the reverent spirit in which alone it can be deeply and successfully cultivated. The style, in some instances, it is true, seems a little clumsy and lumbering; and we might have liked to see Mr. Herschel descending with more ease and dexterity into this new arena of authorship, but we are not disposed to find fault where there is so much to praise. The volume, on the whole, approaches more nearly to our idea of what such works ought to be, than any other of the same class that has come under our inspection: it contains much interesting information in a simple and popular form; and the subject, notwithstanding, is treated in a way to elevate instead of degrading it. Without attempting any detailed account of it, which would be out of place here, we shall merely illustrate these remarks by adducing one or two passages, submitting them to the attention of our readers as important in themselves, and as affording the most just and effectual recommendation of the work. The

first regards the rise and progress of science, and its gradual applications to our physical and moral wants.

"Art is the application of knowledge to a practical end. If the knowledge be merely accumulated experience, the art is *empirical;* but if it be experience reasoned upon and brought under general principles, it assumes a higher character, and becomes a *scientific art.* In the progress of mankind from barbarism to civilized life the arts necessarily precede science. The wants and cravings of our animal constitution must be satisfied; the comforts, and some of the luxuries, of life must exist. Something must be given to the vanity of show, and more to the pride of power: the round of baser pleasures must have been tried and found insufficient before intellectual ones can gain a footing; and when they have obtained it, the delights of poetry and its sister arts still take precedence of contemplative enjoyments and the severer pursuits of thought; and when these, in time, begin to charm, from their novelty, and sciences begin to arise, they will, at first, be those of pure speculation. The mind delights to escape from the trammels which had bound it to earth, and luxuriates in its newly found powers. Hence the abstractions of geometry, the properties of numbers, the movements of the celestial spheres; whatever is abstruse, remote, and extramundane, become the first objects of infant science. Applications come late: the arts continue slowly progressive, but their realm remains separated from that of science by a wide gulph, which can only be passed by a powerful spring. They form their own language and their own conventions, which none but artists can understand. The whole tendency of empirical art is to bury itself in technicalities, and to place its pride in particular short cuts and mysteries, known only to adepts; to surprise and astonish by results, but conceal processes. The character of science is the direct contrary. It delights to lay itself open to enquiry, and is not satisfied with its conclusions till it can make the road to them broad and beaten; and in its applications it preserves the same character: its whole aim being to strip away all technical mystery, to illuminate every dark recess, and to gain free access to all processes, with a view to improve them on rational principles. It would seem that a union of two qualities almost opposite to each other—a going forth of the thoughts in two directions, and a sudden transfer of ideas from a remote station in one to an equally distant one in the other—is required to start the first idea of *applying science.* Among the Greeks this point was attained by Archimedes, but attained too late, on the eve of that great eclipse of science, which was destined to continue for nearly eighteen centuries, till Galileo, in Italy, and Bacon, in England, at once dispelled the darkness: the one by his inventions and discoveries; the other by the irresistible force of his arguments and eloquence."

The concluding part of the introduction contains some observations respecting the indirect influence of physical science upon the institutions of society, and the means employed to improve them. These observations have a portion of truth in them; though we cannot help feeling that they sound a little hollow and complimentary; and seem more to resemble laboured declamation than the free and spontaneous utterance of real conviction.

"Finally, the improvement effected in the condition of mankind by advances in physical science, as applied to the useful purposes of life, is very far from being limited to their direct consequences in the more abundant supply of our physical wants, and the increase of our comforts. Great as these benefits are, they are yet but steps to others of a still higher kind. The successful results of our experiments and reasonings in natural philosophy, and the incalculable advantages which experience, systematically consulted and dispassionately reasoned on, has conferred in matters purely physical, tend, of necessity, to impress something of the well-weighed and progressive character of science on the more complicated conduct of our social and moral relations. It is thus that legislation and politics become gradually regarded as experimental sciences; and history, not as formerly, the mere record of tyrannies and slaughters, which, by immortalizing the execrable actions of one age, perpetuates the ambition of committing them in every succeeding one, but as the archive of experiments, successful and unsuccessful, gradually accumulating towards the solution of the grand problem—how the advantages of government are to be secured with the least possible inconvenience to the governed. The celebrated apophthegm, that nations never profit by experience, becomes yearly more and more untrue. Political economy, at least, is found to have sound principles, founded in the moral and physical nature of man; which, however lost sight of in particular measures, however even temporarily controverted and borne down by clamour, have yet a stronger and stronger testimony borne to them in each succeeding generation, by which they must, sooner or later, prevail. The idea once conceived and verified, that great and noble ends are to

be achieved, by which the condition of the whole human species shall be permanently bettered, by bringing into exercise a sufficient quantity of sober thought, and by a proper adaptation of the means, is of itself sufficient to set us earnestly on reflecting what ends *are* truly great and noble, either in themselves, or as conducive to others of a still loftier character; because we are not now, as heretofore, hopeless of attaining them. It is not now equally harmless and insignificant whether we are right or wrong, since we are no longer supinely and helplessly carried down the stream of events, but feel ourselves capable of buffeting, at least, with its waves, and, perhaps, of riding triumphantly over them; for why should we despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes should, if permitted and assisted by the providence of God, achieve a far more difficult conquest; and, ultimately, find some means of enabling the collective wisdom of mankind to bear down those obstacles which individual short-sightedness, selfishness, and passion, oppose to all improvements, and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted and the fairest prospects marred."

One more passage we cannot help quoting—not for any charm of novelty that it possesses, but because it strikingly states some truths which are too frequently overlooked and forgotten. In speaking of the future prospects of physical science, "and the probable occurrence of those happy accidents which have had so powerful an influence on the past," he goes on to say:—

"Boyle has entitled one of his essays thus remarkably: *Of Man's great ignorance of the Uses of Natural Things; or that there is no one Thing in Nature whereof the Uses to Human Life are yet thoroughly understood.* The whole history of the arts since Boyle's time has been one continued comment on this text; and if we regard among the uses of the works of nature, *that*, assuredly the noblest of all, which leads us to a knowledge of the Author of nature through the contemplation of the wonderful means by which he has wrought out his purposes in his works, the sciences have not been behind hand in affording their testimony to its truth. Nor are we to suppose that the field is in the slightest degree narrowed, or the chances in favour of such fortunate discoveries at all decreased by those which have already taken place: on the contrary, they have been incalculably extended. It is true that the ordinary phenomena which pass before our eyes have been minutely examined, and those more striking and obvious principles which occur to superficial observation have been noticed and embodied in our systems of science; but, not to mention that by far the greater part of natural phenomena remain yet unexplained, every new discovery in science brings into view whole classes of facts, which would never otherwise have fallen under our notice at all, and establishes relations which afford to the philosophic mind a constantly extending field of speculation, in ranging over which it is next to impossible that he should not encounter new and unexpected principles. How infinitely greater, for instance, are the mere chances of discovery in chemistry among the innumerable combinations with which the modern chemist is familiar, than at a period when two or three imaginary elements, and some ten or twenty substances, whose properties were known with an approach to distinctness, formed the narrow circle within which his ideas had to revolve? How many are the instances where a new substance or a new property, introduced into familiar use, by being thus brought into relation with all our actual elements of knowledge, has become the means of developing properties and principles among the common objects, which could never have otherwise been discovered! Had not platina (to take an instance) been an object of the most ordinary occurrence in a laboratory, would a suspicion have ever occurred that a lamp could be constructed to burn without flame; and should we have ever arrived at a knowledge of those curious phenomena and products of semi-combustion which this beautiful experiment discloses?

"When we look back on what has been accomplished in science, and compare it with what remains to be done, it is hardly possible to avoid being strongly impressed with the idea that we have been and are still executing the labour by which succeeding generations are to profit. In a few instances only have we arrived at those general axiomatic laws which admit of direct deductive inference, and place the solutions of physical phenomena before us as so many problems, whose principles of solution we fully possess, and which require nothing but acuteness of reasoning to pursue into their farthest recesses. In fewer still have we reached that command of abstract reasoning itself which is necessary for the accomplishment of so arduous a task. Science, therefore, in relation to our faculties, still remains boundless and unexplored, and, after the lapse of a century and a half from the era of Newton's discoveries, during which every department of it has been cultivated with a zeal and energy which have assuredly met their full return, we remain in the station in which he figured himself—standing on the shore of a wide ocean, from whose beach we may have

culled some of those innumerable beautiful productions it casts up with lavish prodigality, but whose acquisition can be regarded as no diminution of the treasures that remain.

"But this consideration, so far from repressing our efforts, or rendering us hopeless of attaining any thing intrinsically great, ought rather to excite us to fresh enterprise, by the prospect of assured and ample recompense from that inexhaustible store which only awaits our continued endeavours. In whatever state of knowledge we may conceive man to be placed, his progress towards a yet higher state need never fear a check, but must continue till the last existence of society.

"It is in this respect an advantageous view of science, which refers all its advances to the discovery of general laws, and to the inclusion of what is already known in generalizations of still higher orders; inasmuch as this view of the subject represents it, as it really is, essentially incomplete, and incapable of being fully embodied in any system, or embraced by any single mind. Yet, it must be recollected, that, so far as our experience has hitherto gone, every advance towards generality has at the same time been a step towards simplification. It is only when we are wandering and lost in the mazes of particulars, or entangled in fruitless attempts to work our way downwards in the thorny paths of applications, to which our reasoning powers are incompetent, that nature appears complicated:—the moment we contemplate it as it is, and attain a position from which we can take a commanding view, though but of a small part of its plan, we never fail to recognise that sublime simplicity on which the mind rests satisfied that it has attained the truth."

The extracts we have made are not the most popular parts of the work; but they are among the most remarkable for the general reader, and will give some conception of the manner in which the subject has been handled. Referring our readers to the work itself, we shall only express a hope that the reception of the present treatise will be sufficiently encouraging to induce its author to favour the public with more of the same sort. And we confidently anticipate that, having finished the preliminary and most difficult part of the series contemplated, he will be enabled in future to avoid the faults with which it is chargeable. In treating one branch of science only, instead of having to speak of the whole in a popular shape, so rich a mind as Mr. Herschel's, will move more easily, and be less tempted to indulge in excursions.

LISETTE.

(Altered from the French.)

LISETTE! what, is it you?
Can it be you, Lisette?
With gems so fine and new,
And a silver vinaigrette!
Eh! no, no, no,
Lisette is not your name.
Eh! no, no, no,
It cannot be the same.

The ground you scarcely tread,
So light and so complete,
With flowers on your head,
And satin on your feet.
Eh! no, no, no,
Lisette is not your name.
Eh! no, no, no,
It cannot be the same.

Your mouth is perk'd a bit,
The pretty teeth to shew;
Your small talk goes for wit—
Or dandies *think* it so.
Eh! no, no, no,
Lisette is not your name.
Eh! no, no, no,
It cannot be the same.

How altered, and how gay!
When formerly we met,
The Queen who rules to-day,
Was only a Grisette.
Eh! no, no, no,
Lisette is not your name.
Eh! no, no, no,
It cannot be the same.

Lisette; it is not you!
Or, if it be, I wot,
A pretty face may do—
Good Lord! what may it not?
Eh! no, no, no,
Lisette is not your name.
Eh! no, no, no,
You cannot be the same.

THE SEPULCHRE.

> " But how to think of what the living know not,
> And the dead cannot, or else may not tell!
> What art thou? oh! thou great mysterious power!"—*Hughes.*

THERE Manhood lies! Lift up the pall.
How like the tree struck down to earth
In its green pride, the mighty fall,
Whom life had flatter'd with its worth!
Life is a voyage to our graves;
Its promises like smiling waves,
Invite us on onward o'er a sea,
Where all is hidden treachery.

What statued beauty slumbers there!
But mark those flowers pale as the brow
Which they have wreath'd; if Death could spare
A victim, he had pitied now.
To-day she hoped to be a bride—
To-day, 'twas told, her lover died!
Here death has revell'd in his power,
The riot of life's fairest hour!

Look on that little cherub's face,
Whose budding smile is fixed by death.
How short indeed has been its race!
A cloud sail'd by, the sun, a breath
Did gently creep across a bed
Of flowers—its spirit then had fled.
A morning star a moment bright,
Then melting into heaven's own light.

Behold that picture of decay,
Where nature wearied sank to rest!
Full fourscore years have pass'd away,
Yet did he, like a lingering guest,
Go from life's banquet with a sigh,
That he, alas! *so soon* should die.
Our youth has not desires so vain,
As creep into an age of pain.

But there how mournfully serene,
That childless widow'd mother's look!
To her the world a waste has been,
One whom it pitied, yet forsook.
Calm as the moon's light, which no storm,
Raging beneath it can deform,
Did her afflicted spirit shine,
Above her earthly woes divine.

Thus death deals with mortality,
Like flowers, some gather'd in their prime,
Others when scarcely said to be
Just numbered with the things of time:
With life worn out some grieve to die,
To end their griefs here others fly.
Life is but that which woke it, breath—
Look here, and tell me, what is death?

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

[The following story is translated from the *Unterhatlungen Deutscher Ausgewanderten,* ("Entertainments of German Emigrants,") by Goethe. Its defects and beauties lie much nearer the surface, and are much more easily appreciated, than is usual with the works of that author. We have only to add, that it is related hastily and extempore by a singular old clergyman, or chaplain, who is one of the Family of Emigrants. It is our purpose, on some future occasion, to lay before our readers "*the* tale;" so called emphatically, because it is regarded by all critics as the highest thing of the kind in the German language; and certainly it is the most fascinating and extraordinary production that has come under our inspection.]

In a seaport town of Italy, some time ago, there lived a merchant who, from his youth upwards, had distinguished himself by his activity and prudence. He was besides a good seaman, and had acquired great riches; for he himself used to sail to Alexandria, and by purchase or barter procure costly wares, which he would then dispose of again at home, or send into the northern countries of Europe. His wealth increased from year to year, the more, because he found his highest pleasure in his occupation itself, and no time was left him for expensive dissipations.

Till his fiftieth year, he had continued assiduously to employ himself in this way, and had acquired but little knowledge of the social pleasures with which quiet citizens contrive to season their lives. Even the fair sex, with all the superior charms of his countrywomen, had as little attracted his attention; except in so far as he knew their taste for costly ornaments extremely well, and could sometimes turn it to his advantage.

How little, then, was he prepared for the change which was to take place in his mind, when one day his richly laden vessel entered the harbour of his native town, just on the occasion of a yearly festival which was celebrated chiefly for the sake of the children. After service, the boys and girls used to present themselves in manifold disguises, sport through the town, now in troops, now in processions; and then, in the field upon a large open space, engage in all sorts of games, display little tricks and feats of dexterity, and in quaint contests gain small prizes prepared for them.

At first, our seaman felt pleasure in being present at these festivities; but when he had long contemplated the lively gladness of the children, and the joy of their parents, and beheld so many human beings in the enjoyment of a present pleasure and the most delightful of all hopes, he could not refrain from comparing his own condition with what he saw, and strikingly feeling its loneliness. His empty house now for the first time began to make him uneasy, and he accused himself in thought.

Unhappy, that I am! Why are my eyes opened so late? Why have I not till this time of life recognised the good things which alone make man happy? Though my vaults are indeed full of precious wares, my coffers of noble metals, my presses of ornaments and jewels; yet these things can neither cheer nor content me. The more I accumulate them, the more companions they seem to demand: one jewel requires another, one piece of gold another piece. They acknowledge not me as master of the house, they keep calling out impetuously: 'Go! hasten, and bring more of us!' Gold rejoiceth only in gold, and jewel in jewel. Thus have they ruled me all my life, and not till late do I feel that in all this there is no enjoyment prepared for me. Now, alas! when years are coming, I only begin to reflect and say to myself: Thou enjoyest not these treasures, and no man will enjoy them when thou art gone! Hast thou ever adorned a beloved wife with them? Hast thou portioned a daughter? Hast thou put a son into a condition to win and confirm the affection of a worthy maiden? Never! Of all thy possessions, none of thy kindred has ever possessed any thing; and, after thy death, all that thou hast collected with such toil, some stranger will wantonly squander.

Oh! how differently will these

happy parents assemble their children around their tables, praise their dexterity, and excite them to good deeds! What joy gleamed from their eyes, and what hope seemed to arise out of the present! But shouldst thou then entertain no hope at all thyself? Has old age already come upon thee? Is it not enough that thou now perceivest thy error and neglect before it is too late? Truly, thou mayest still think of wooing, without being guilty of folly! Thy wealth will enable thee to win a brave wife, and make her happy; and if thou shouldst see children in thy house, then will these latter fruits give thee the utmost satisfaction; whereas, to such as receive them from heaven too early, they often prove a burden and perplexity.

No sooner had he strengthened his purpose by this soliloquy, than he called two of his shipmen, and opened his thoughts to them. They who were accustomed to yield him willing and ready obedience in all cases, did not fail to do so on this occasion also. They hastened to find out the youngest and fairest maiden in the town; for their patron, when he once began to long for such ware, would not be satisfied with an inferior article, but must needs find and possess the best.

He himself wooed as little as his messengers. He went, questioned, saw and heard, and soon found what he was seeking in a lady, who, at that time, deserved to be called the fairest of the whole town—about sixteen years of age, well-formed and well-educated, whose bearing and shape were most agreeable to look upon, and promised exceedingly well.

After a short conversation, in which the fair one was assured of the most advantageous terms, both during the life and after the death of her husband, the marriage was consummated with great pomp and joy; and from that day forwards our merchant, for the first time, felt himself in the true possession and enjoyment of his wealth. He now gladly expended the richest and finest stuffs in clothing her beautiful person; the jewels glanced quite otherwise on the breast and in the hair of his love, than formerly in his caskets; and the rings received an infinite value from the hand that wore them.

Thus did he feel himself not only as rich, but richer than before; for, by being shared and applied, his wealth appeared to increase. In this manner the happy pair lived almost a whole year in the greatest satisfaction, and he seemed to have quite exchanged his love of an active and wandering life, for the feeling of domestic felicity.

But old habits are not so easily cast off, and inclinations acquired in early life, may indeed be laid aside for a short time, but can never be altogether eradicated. And thus had our merchant also frequently experienced the stirrings of his old passion, when he beheld others embarking or returning safely to the harbour; nay, even in his own house, by the side of his wife, he had frequently been seized with unrest and discontent. This desire increased with time, and was at length converted into such a longing, that he could not help feeling himself extremely unhappy, and, at last, became really sick.

What will become of thee, now? said he to himself. Thou dost now experience how foolish it is in latter years to think of exchanging an old way of life for a new one. How shall we ever get that which we have constantly pursued and sought after, extracted out of our thoughts again, nay, out of our very members? And how fares it with me now—with me, who, heretofore, loved water like the fish, like the bird free air—when, with all sorts of treasures, and amid the splendour of wealth, and with a young and beautiful lady, I have thus imprisoned myself in a building? Instead of the hopes I cherished of gaining contentment by these means, and enjoying my wealth, it seems to me as if I were losing every thing, since I am gaining nothing more. Unjustly are those men esteemed fools, who seek to heap up riches upon riches in restless activity; for that very activity itself is happiness, and to him who can feel the pleasures of uninterrupted endeavour, the riches acquired are of no account. For lack of employment I become miserable; for lack of motion, sick; and if I take no other resolution, I shall not have long to live.

'Tis truly a venturous undertaking to part from so young and lovely

a wife. Is it just to woo a charming and charmable maiden, and then, after a short time, leave her to herself, to ennui, to her feelings and desires? Do not these young silken gentry even now keep walking up and down before my windows? Do they not, at church and in public places, seek to attract the attention of my little wife? And what will happen when I am once away? Am I to believe that my wife is to be rescued by a miracle? No! at her age, and with her constitution, it were foolish to hope this. If thou goest away, thou mayest expect to find the affections of thy wife, her faith and the honour of thy house, for ever lost at thy return.

These considerations and doubts, with which he tormented himself for a time, aggravated the misery of his condition to the utmost. His wife, his relations, and friends were grieved on his account, without being able to discover the cause of his disease. At length he took counsel with himself once more, and after some consideration exclaimed, Foolish man! why dost thou take on so bitterly, attempting to preserve a wife, whom thou must soon leave behind thee to another if thy malady continues. Is it not at least wiser and better that thou shouldst seek to save thy life, even though thou shouldst run the risk of losing in her what is esteemed the highest good of woman? How many men are unable by their presence to prevent the loss of this treasure, and yet patiently endure the want of what they cannot preserve! Why shouldst not thou have courage to forego such a thing, when thy life depends upon this resolution?

With these words he took heart, and ordered his shipmen to be called. He commissioned them, in his usual way, to freight a vessel, and get every thing ready for setting sail with the first favourable wind. He next explained his intentions to his wife in the following manner:—

"Do not wonder at seeing a commotion in the house, which may lead thee to conclude that I am preparing for departure. Grieve not when I confess to thee, that I purpose once more to undertake a voyage. My love towards thee is still the same, and it will surely remain so the whole of my life. I know the value of that happiness which I have hitherto enjoyed with thee, and would feel it still purer, were I not often forced in silence to reproach myself with my inactivity and negligence. My old inclinations are again aroused, and old habits again attract me. Permit me to visit the market of Alexandria once more. I shall do so now with greater zeal, seeing it is for thy sake that I shall hope to procure the costliest stuffs and the noblest jewels. I leave thee in possession of all my goods and all my wealth. Use them freely, and enjoy thyself with thy parents and relations. The time of my absence will soon pass over, and we shall meet again with manifold joy."

Not without tears did his lovely wife reproach him in the tenderest manner, affirming that without him it would be impossible for her to pass a single moment of happiness, and begging of him, since she neither could detain him, nor wish to limit him in any way, that in his absence he would sometimes think of her with kindness.

After they had spoken about some business and household affairs, he made a brief pause, and then continued: "I have still something at heart, which thou must allow me to speak of with freedom. Only I beg thee most earnestly not to misinterpret what I say, but esteem this very anxiety an additional proof of my affection."

"I can conjecture what it is," replied the fair one: "Thou art anxious on my account, because, as men usually do, thou esteemest our sex once for all—frail. Hitherto thou hast seen me young and gay, and now thou thinkest, in thy absence, I shall prove giddy and be easily led astray. I do not blame this disposition, for it is common with you men. But I know my own heart, and may venture to assure thee, that nothing can so easily make an impression upon me; and no possible impression work so deep as to lead me astray from the path in which I have hitherto walked at the hand of love and duty. Be not apprehensive; for at thy return thou shalt find thy wife as fond and faithful, as thou wast wont to do in the evenings, when after a short absence thou camest back to my arms."

"These sentiments I give thee credit for," replied the husband, "and

beseech thee to persist in them. But let us consider the extreme case. Why shouldn't we prepare ourselves for this also? Thou knowest how much thy beautiful and charming figure attracts the eyes of our young fellow citizens. They will pay thee still more attention during my absence; they will use every means to approach thee, yea to please thee. The image of thy husband will not always scare them away from thy door and thy heart; as his presence now does. Thou art a noble and good child, but the demands of nature are legitimate and powerful; they are ever at war with our reason, and commonly gain the victory. Do not interrupt me! In my absence, even when thou rememberest me dutifully, thou wilt certainly feel the longing by which the woman attracts the man, and is attracted by him. For a time I shall be the object of thy wishes; but who knows what circumstances may concur, what opportunities present themselves, and another will in reality reap what thy imagination had destined for me. Do not be impatient, I beseech thee; hear me out!

"Should the case occur, of which thou deniest the possibility, and which I too do not wish to hasten, that thou canst no longer remain without company; then promise me this one thing, not to choose in my place any of those giddy youths, who, however pretty they may be to look upon, are still more dangerous to the honour than to the virtue of a lady. Governed more by vanity than by any thing else, they make their court to every one, and think nothing more natural than to sacrifice one to another. Shouldst thou feel thyself inclined to look about for a friend, seek for one deserving the name, who can modestly and silently enhance the joys of love by the favour of secrecy."

Here the fair lady could no longer conceal her grief, and the tears which she had hitherto restrained, flowed copiously from her eyes.—"Whatever thou mayest think of me," exclaimed she, passionately embracing him, "nothing can be farther from me than the crime which thou seemest to think unavoidable. If ever such a thought arise in me, may the earth open and swallow me, and may all hope be snatched away from me of that future blessedness, which the continuance of our being holds out! Banish mistrust from thy breast, and leave me the full, pure hope of seeing thee soon in my arms again!"

After seeking to compose his wife by every means in his power, he embarked next morning. His voyage was prosperous, and he soon reached Alexandria.

Meanwhile his spouse lived in the peaceful possession of great wealth, with all pleasure and convenience, yet retired, and used to see none but her own parents and relations. Whilst the business of her husband was carried on by trusty servants, she inhabited a large house, in whose splendid apartments she daily renewed with pleasure the recollection of her husband.

But notwithstanding her quiet and retired way of life, the young men of the town had not remained inactive. They neglected not frequently to pass her window, and in the evening sought to attract her attention by music and songs. At first the fair solitary felt these efforts unpleasant and troublesome; but she soon became accustomed to them, and, in the long evenings, without taking any concern, allowed herself to be pleased with these serenades as an agreeable entertainment; and withal, on such occasions, could not suppress many a sigh relative to her absent one.

Instead of her unknown adorers, as she hoped, becoming weary by degrees, their efforts seemed to increase and become incessant. She could now distinguish the returning instruments and voices, the melodies repeated, and soon could not help indulging her curiosity by ascertaining who the unknown might be, and especially the persevering among them. There could be no harm surely in allowing herself this pastime of curiosity.

She therefore began, from time to time, to peep through her curtains and half shutters into the street, to observe the passers by, and especially to distinguish those who kept her window longest in their eye. These were mostly handsome, well-dressed, young people, but who, indeed, in their gestures as well as their whole exterior, betrayed no less indiscretion than vanity. They seemed desirous rather of making themselves remarkable for their attention to the house

of the fair one, than of showing any sort of respect to herself.

"Truly," said the lady jokingly to herself, "Why! my husband has hit upon a cunning fancy! By the very condition under which he grants me a lover, he excludes all those who endeavour to gain my favour, and might doubtless please me. He knows well, that prudence, modesty, and discretion are the properties of peaceful age, which our understanding indeed prizes, but which by no means can stir up our imagination, or provoke our affections. As for those who besiege my house with their compliments, I am sure they can awaken no confidence; and those, in whom I could place confidence, I find not in the least amiable."

In the security of these thoughts, she allowed herself more and more to indulge in the pleasures of the music and of viewing the handsome figures of the youths who passed; and, without her observing it, a restless longing grew up in her bosom, which she thought of withstanding only when it was too late. That solitude and idleness, that easy, comfortable, luxurious life, were an element in which irregular desires could not fail to spring up sooner than the good child thought.

She now began, yet not without still sighs, to admire among the qualities of her husband his knowledge of the world and of mankind, but more especially of the female heart. "What I contended against, with such vivacity, was possible then! and it was also necessary, in such a case, to give judicious and prudent counsel. Yet what can judgment and prudence accomplish, where merciless chance seems sporting with an indefinite longing. How can I choose one whom I do not know; and, on a nearer acquaintance, does any choice remain?"

With such thoughts and a hundred others of the same description, the fair lady aggravated the evil which had already taken firm enough possession of her. In vain did she seek to divert her attention; each agreeable object excited her feelings; and her feelings, even in deepest solitude, produced pleasing forms in her imagination.

Such was her condition, when, among the other news of the town, she heard from her relations, that a young lawyer who had studied at Bologna had just returned to his native town. People did not know how to praise him sufficiently. With extraordinary acquirements, he showed a degree of prudence and dexterity rarely found in young men; and with a very handsome figure, the greatest modesty. As a procurator he had soon gained the confidence of the citizens and the respect of the judges. He appeared daily at the Senate-house for the purpose of attending to his business.

It was impossible for the fair one to hear the description of so perfect a man, without longing to know him more intimately, and cherishing the silent wish, that she might find in him a person to whom, even agreeably to the directions of her husband, she could surrender her affections. How attentive was she, therefore, on being informed that he daily passed her house! How carefully did she mark the usual hour of assembling at the Senate-house!—Not without emotion did she at length perceive him passing; and, though his beautiful figure and his youth failed not to charm her, his modesty on the other hand made her anxious.

For several days she had observed him in secret, and could now no longer help wishing to attract his attention. She dressed with care, walked out upon the balcony, and her heart palpitated as she remarked him coming along the street. But how grieved, nay confounded, was she, when, as usual, with measured steps and downcast eyes, he passed on his way in the featest style, without even observing her.

In this same way did she seek to attract his notice for several days, but in vain. He always went on at his usual pace, without lifting his eyes or turning them this way or that. But the more she looked at him, the more he seemed to be the very person she was in want of. Her attachment became daily stronger, and at length, as she did not resist it, altogether incontrollable. "How!" exclaimed she, "when thy noble and intelligent husband foresaw the condition in which his absence would place thee; and now that his prophecy is come to pass, that thou canst not live without a friend and favourite, shouldest thou consume thyself and pine away, at a time when

fortune sends thee a youth entirely to thy own taste and the taste of thy husband—a youth with whom thou mayest enjoy the pleasures of affection in impenetrable secrecy. Foolish, who neglects opportunity; foolish, who attempts to resist the power of love!"

With such thoughts, and many more of the same sort, our fair lady sought to strengthen herself in her purpose; and she was not much longer driven about by uncertainty. But in short, as it usually happens that a passion, which we have been long withstanding, finally hurries us on at once, and exalts our feelings to such a degree, that we regard apprehension and fear, reserve and modesty, duties and relations with contempt, as slender hindrances; so she at once adopted the rash resolution of sending her servant, a young girl, to the beloved youth, and of procuring an interview, cost what it would.

The girl hastened and found him just sitting at table with some friends. She punctually delivered the compliments her mistress had taught her. The young lawyer was nowise astonished at this message; in his boyhood he had known the merchant,—he was aware of his absence; and although he had heard of his marriage only from afar, he conjectured that the lady, who had been left behind, probably, in the absence of her husband, required his legal assistance in some important affair. He, therefore, answered the girl in the politest style, promising that, as soon as the company rose from table, he would not fail to wait upon her mistress. With unspeakable joy, the fair one learnt that she should soon have an opportunity of seeing and speaking with the object of her love. She hastened to dress in her best style, and ordered the house, and especially her apartment, to be trimmed and ornamented in the daintiest fashion. Orange leaves and flowers were scattered about, the sofa was covered with the costliest carpet. Thus the brief interval before he came passed amid occupations, else it would have seemed to her insupportably long.

With what emotion did she meet him when at length he arrived! With what confusion did she recline upon the couch, and desire him to sit down upon a seat which was standing near it! She was silent, in his presence which had been so much longed for: she had not considered what she would say to him. He also was silent, and sat modestly before her. At length she took courage, and observed, not without anxiety and agitation:

"It is not long since you came back to your native town, sir, and yet already you are on all hands esteemed a highly-gifted and trust-worthy man. I also give you my confidence in an important and singular affair; which, when I rightly consider it, seems to belong rather to the confessor than the lawyer. For more than a year I have been married to a worthy and rich man, who paid the greatest attention to me as long as we lived together; and I should not now complain of him, if a restless longing to travel and make merchandize had not, some time ago, torn him from my arms.

"Like an intelligent and upright man, indeed, he felt the injustice he was going to inflict upon me by his absence. He felt that a young wife cannot be preserved in the same way as jewels or pearls. He knew that she bears more resemblance to a garden full of fine fruits, which would be lost to every one as well as to the owner himself, should he obstinately close the gate of it for years. He therefore addressed me with great earnestness before his departure, and assured me, that I should find it impossible to live without a friend; and, in addition to this, he not only gave me permission, but urged me, and made me promise to indulge, freely and without hesitation, the inclination which would arise in my heart."

She paused an instant, but an encouraging glance from the young man quickly gave her spirit enough to proceed with her confession:

"My husband annexed only one condition to his otherwise indulgent permission. He recommended me to use the utmost prudence, and expressly required that I should choose for myself a steady, trust-worthy, prudent, and circumspect friend.—Spare me the rest, sir!—Spare me the confusion, with which I should confess how much I am prepossessed in your favour. And from this act of confidence, conjecture what are my hopes and my wishes!"

After a brief pause, the amiable

young man replied, with proper deliberation: "Much am I bounden to you, fair lady, for the confidence by which you honour me so highly, and make me so happy. I only wish with all my heart, to convince you that you have not had recourse to one who is unworthy of your favour.—Permit me first of all to answer you as a lawyer; and as such I confess to you, that I admire your husband for having perceived and understood his injustice so distinctly: since it is certain that he who forsakes a young wife for the purpose of visiting distant lands, is like one who entirely relinquishes and abandons any other property, and by the plainest dealing renounces all right to the same.—Now as the first comer is permitted to seize a thing which has been thus freely given up; so in like manner I hold it to be still more natural and just, that a young lady who finds herself in such situation, should make a second gift of her affections, and without hesitation bestow them upon some friend whom she thinks agreeable and discreet.

"And, moreover, if it should happen, as in the present instance, that the husband himself, conscious of his injustice, permits the wife he has left to do what he cannot forbid her, then no doubt at all remains; the more so, as no injustice is done to the man who declares he suffers it voluntarily.

"And now," continued the young man, with quite altered looks, and the most passionate expression, taking his fair friend by the hand—"And now, if you select me to be your servant, you impart to me such happiness as I have hitherto had no idea of. Be assured," exclaimed he, kissing her hand, "be assured, you could have found no fonder, more devoted, more faithful and discreet servant!"

How composed did the fair lady feel herself after this declaration!—She ventured to shew her tenderness in the liveliest manner: she pressed his hands, drew nearer him, and laid her head upon his shoulder. They had not remained long in this position, when he sought gently to withdraw himself from her, and began, not without sadness: "Is it possible for a man to be placed in more singular circumstances? I am constrained to withdraw from you, and to do myself the greatest violence, at a moment when I should surrender myself to the sweetest feelings. I dare not at present appropriate the good fortune which awaits me in your arms. Alas! the delay may cheat me of my fairest hopes!"

The lady inquired anxiously after the cause of this singular disclosure.

"When I was just about to finish my studies at Bologna," he replied, "and was using my utmost exertions to qualify myself for my future destination, I fell into a severe illness, which threatened, if not to take away my life, at least to derange my bodily and mental powers. In the greatest extremity, and under the most violent bodily pain, did I make a vow to the Holy Virgin, that if she would restore me to health, I would pass a whole year in strict fasting, and refrain from all enjoyments, of whatever kind they might be. Already have I kept my vow ten months in the strictest manner; and, reflecting on the benefit I had received, the time has not at all seemed long to me, since I have not found it difficult to forego many a customary and well-known pleasure. But what an eternity will the two months which remain be to me; seeing that before the expiration of that term I may not participate in a pleasure which surpasses all conception! Do not let the time seem long to you, and do not withdraw that favour which you have so freely reserved for me!"

Our fair one, not singularly gratified with this explanation, did yet recover better spirits, when her friend, after some consideration, went on to say: "It is not without much apprehension, that I venture to make a proposal to you, and to point out the means by which I may be sooner released from my vow. If I could find any one who would undertake to keep the vow as strictly and certainly as myself, and share with me the time which still remains, I should be so much the sooner free, and then nothing would stand in the way of our wishes.—Would you not consent, my gentle friend, to remove a part of the obstacle which opposes us? To none but the most trustworthy person can I give a share of my vow: it is severe, for it allows me only to partake of bread and water twice a day, and at night

to pass only a few hours upon a hard couch; and, in spite of all my engagements, I have to say a great many prayers. When it is impossible for me, as was the case to-day, to avoid appearing at an entertainment, I dare not on that account postpone my duty; I have to resist the allurements of all the dainties that are presented. Could you but resolve likewise to observe for a month all these laws, you would take still more pleasure in the possession of a friend, from the consciousness of having gained him yourself by so praiseworthy an undertaking."

It was not without dissatisfaction that the lady heard the obstacles which stood in the way of her inclination; yet the love she bore the youth was so much increased by his presence, that no trial seemed to her too severe, provided it secured the possession of an object so worthy of her affections. She therefore with much courtesy replied: "My worthy friend! the miracle by which you recovered your health is a matter of such importance to myself, and inspires me with so much respect, that I esteem it a pleasure and a duty to share the vow, which you in consequence are bound to fulfil. I rejoice in being enabled to give you so certain a proof of my affection. I will follow your directions most exactly; and, till you yourself absolve me, nothing shall lead me from the path to which you introduce me."

After the young man had punctually agreed with her about the conditions, under which she might spare him the half of his vow, he took his leave, with the assurance that he would speedily pay her another visit, and see if she were constant in her purpose. And so she was forced to let him go, and part from her without a squeeze of the hand, without a kiss—with scarcely a significant look.

It was fortunate for her that her singular resolution gave her occupation, for she had much to do in completely changing her way of life.—First, the fine flowers and leaves were swept out, which had been strewed for his reception; and then, instead of the soft downy couch, came a hard unkindly pallet, upon which, for the first time in her life, with scarcely enough of bread and water, she lay down in the evening. On the following day she was busy cutting out and sewing shirts, a certain number of which she had promised to get ready for a charity house. While engaged in this new and uncomfortable employment she kept entertaining her fancy with the image of her dear friend, and the hope of future happiness; and amid such ideas, her scanty fare seemed to give her heart-strengthening nourishment.

Thus passed one week, and, at the end of it, the roses on her cheeks had already begun to wax somewhat pale. The clothes, which used to fit her well, had become too wide; her limbs, which were wont to be so sprightly and vigorous, had grown languid and weak, when her friend appeared again, and by his visit gave her new life and strength. He exhorted her to persist in her purpose, cheered her by his example, and through these trials shewed her from afar the prospect of undisturbed enjoyment and felicity. He staid but a short while, and promised soon to return.

The work of beneficence again proceeded with increased activity; and no abatement was made in the strictness of diet. But, alas! at the same time, she could not have been more exhausted by the severest disease. Her friend, who visited her again at the end of the week, looked upon her with the greatest compassion, and strengthened her with the thought that half the time was now gone by.

The unusual fasting, praying, and working became daily more burdensome, and the excessive abstemiousness seemed entirely to derange the sound health of a body, which had been accustomed to ease and rich nourishment. The fair lady could at length no longer hold her feet, and was compelled, in spite of the warm weather, to wrap herself in double and triple clothing, that she might in some measure support the internal heat now almost totally vanishing. Nay, she could no longer remain in an erect position, and was even at length compelled to keep her bed.

What reflections was she there forced to make regarding her condition! How often did that strange occurrence pass before her mind; and how grieved was she, when ten days had elapsed without her being visited by the friend who had cost her such extreme sacrifices! On the other hand,

however, in these hours of melancholy, her complete recovery was preparing—yes, it was decided! For soon after, when her friend appeared, sat down upon the very same seat on which he had listened to her first declaration, and was encouraging her kindly, nay, in some measure, tenderly, to hold out with stedfastness the short time that remained, she interrupted him with smiles, and said: "No farther persuasion is requisite, my worthy friend; and I will keep my vow these few days with patience, and with the conviction that you have imposed it upon me for my good. I am too weak at present to express my gratitude as I feel it. You have preserved me! You have restored me to myself! and I shall acknowledge that it is to you I owe my whole existence from this time forth.

"Truly! my husband was wise and prudent, and knew the heart of woman! He was just enough not to chide me for an inclination which might arise in my bosom by his fault—yes, he was magnanimous enough to postpone his right to the demands of nature. But you, sir, are both discreet and good; you have made me feel that, in addition to that inclination, there is something else within us which can counterbalance it; that we are capable of renouncing every accustomed enjoyment, and banishing from us even our warmest wishes. You have introduced me into this school through error and hope. But both are no longer necessary, when we have made ourselves acquainted with the good and mighty faculties which dwell within us so silently and peacefully, and which continue,—till they gain the mastery in the house,—at least by tender admonitions incessantly to make us aware of their presence. Farewell! my friend. I shall see you in future with pleasure. Do to your fellow-citizens as you have done to me. And let it be your task, not only to explain the perplexities which too easily arise regarding property; but to shew them also, by gentle guidance and by example, that in every human being the power of virtue germs in secret. Universal esteem will be your reward; and more than the highest statesman or the greatest hero, will you merit the name of Father of your Country."

SONG OF A SCEPTIC.

The sky is dark behind, Jack,
The sky is dark before;
And we drive along in a current strong,
Without helm, sail, or oar.

We know not whither we wend, Jack,
And we know not whence we come;
We are sure that our voyage must end, Jack,
But where is the haven-home?

No star in the sky to guide, Jack,
But all is dark, dark, dark;
And still colder runs the tide, Jack,
The longer floats our bark.

We hear not the noise of the stream, Jack,
But we feel that we hurry on—
And where we shall go—shall we never know,
Till the weary voyage is done.

And when our bark has arrived, Jack,
Oh, what will the welcome be?
Why, no one can tell, whether ill or well,
It will fare for thee and me.

So hand me the bottle aft, Jack,
And I'll hand it you fore again;
And, cheered by the thoughtless draught, Jack,
We'll float down the darksome main.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ.*

A SERIES of autobiographies has been started, and it is unnecessary to say that the collection is interesting and amusing in the highest degree. If the managers of the concern wish to add the autobiography of the new member for St. Ives, the representative of Mr. Wellesley Pole, to their list, he has supplied them the means in the last number of the *New Monthly Magazine*—whether it will contribute to the interest of their series we do not presume to assert. For our own parts, however, we shall say that it has made us laugh excessively.

In imitation of *Fraser's Magazine* the *New Monthly* has taken up the practice of giving portraits of literary characters; but, without unduly flattering ourselves, we think the imitation has not been successful. We back *our* Mrs. Norton against *their* Mrs. Norton—indeed, the lady herself has been pleased to express her superior satisfaction at the usage she has received from us; and as the only gentlemen they have as yet selected as the patterns and exemplars of the living literary characters of England are Messrs. *Paul Pry* Poole, *Spy* Cooper, and *Pelham* Bulwer, we think they will find it hard to continue the line with due consistency, unless their next portraits give us the venerable countenances of Rophino Lacy, Felix M'Donough, and Robert Warren, of 30, Strand. But, be that as it may, we have a few words to say at present on the thirteen pages and a half, which Mr. Bulwer has in the number before us devoted to himself.

In the course of his essay on his interesting subject he tells us that philosophy is his forte, and accordingly the article opens with some philosophical reflections on English literature, as follows—

"The great first cause why our English literature has obtained so high a character for truth and nature is, that it has always reflected, as in a mirror, the age which was passing over it. The chivalric romances were filled with the spirit of their times. The dramas, with their passionate poetry and rich variety of incident, were transcripts of their own wild and adventurous day. The *Revolution* next left its mental imprint. Milton embodied the stern energy of resistance which had been in action, while the satire of *Hudibras*, and the light and licentious comedies which followed, were no less faithful pictures of the wit and profligate indulgence which then prevailed. The ensuing age was one of political intrigue rather than of excitement," &c.

Our autobiographer here makes some rather unexpected discoveries. In our early English literature we had no chivalrous romances worth speaking of. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* can scarcely be deemed an exception, and if not, there is no other. The dramas referred to, appeared in the last days of Elizabeth, precisely at the least wild and adventurous period of the whole century. Milton and Butler, here described as the creatures of the revolution, died, the former fourteen, the latter eight years, before that event occurred; and it would be hard indeed to connect the pervading ideas of *Paradise Lost* with the politics of its author's party. Why the age of Marlborough's wars should have lacked excitement, is a theorem which we do not pretend to solve; but as the passage is infinitely fine writing, we suppose its *dicta* must pass unquestioned by the admirers of that species of commodity.

After a passing kick at the coarseness of Fielding and Smollett, and a single sentence bestowed on "the poetical age just departed," we come to the great author of our own times. There is no mistake. The man is Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer. Hath he not said it in the following sentences:

"With that keen perception of reality, which is the executive power of genius, he has entered into the spirit of his own times. Mr. Bulwer is the *first novelist* who has placed his best reward, and his great aim, in the utility of his writings. He has seen, that in order to improve, we must first enlighten; and that ridicule, if not the test of truth, is, at least, a good conductor to its lightning. His genius has taken service with reality. In every

* From p. 437 to p. 450 of the *New Monthly Magazine*, No. CXXV. May, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

event he has wrought out, in every character he has created, he has never had the actual out of mind; and his works are living pictures, filled with the crimes and the virtues, the thoughts and the feelings, the hopes and the fears which are now among us in daily operation."

Shade of Le Sage, blush, if shades can blush, to think how you are eclipsed. Bulwer is the very first novelist whose works contain living pictures filled with the crimes and the virtues, &c. &c. which are in daily operation. *Gil Blas* is nothing—*Candide*, nothing—*The Vicar of Wakefield*, nothing—*Tom Jones* nothing. As for Scott and his progeny, they are disposed of in a word—Scott is poetical, and, as we gladly admit that Bulwer is not, the baronet has no chance against the M. P. But, giving up these overthrown writers, there is still one for whom we shall plead. We stand up for Anne of Swansea. Perish the other novelists, from Cervantes to Sir Walter, but the lady's fame we must uphold. She, at least, is worthy of being compared with the author of *Pelham*. Her plots are more original, her delineation of character as striking, her reflections as profound, her historical lore as *recherché*. We shall probably some day compare, with all requisite minuteness, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of these great authors, and, by a most searching and impartial analysis, endeavour to award with unbiassed judgment the relative rank, in romantic lore, of the fair author of *Secrets in every Mansion* and the "highly intellectual as well as handsome" gentlemen to whom the town is obliged for *Pelham*.

It was a mere accident of chronology that prevented Mr. Bulwer from being a Scott or a Byron, a Wordsworth or a Coleridge.

"Mr. Bulwer is essentially imbued with the spirit of poetry: perhaps, born a few years sooner, he would have been a poet *only*; but, though circumstances do not make genius, they certainly have much to do with its direction. He had early read largely, and seen much of society: his judgment thus balanced his imagination, and the same accuracy of observation which has since shewn itself to be one of his most characteristic merits, told him, that the celebrity of one age must be sought in an opposite path by its successor. We had been rich in poetry, even to luxury; and when has not luxury led to satiety?"

It was fortunate that he was born so late. He else would have been a poet *only*—nothing more than that trite and every day character. How completely he has escaped from that melancholy imputation may be seen in his *Siamese Twins*.

He schooled himself, however, for the high vocation to which he was afterwards to be called by writing romance and sentiment. His earlier works had but one fault—but that was fatal—they were too intensely beautiful. He admits their beauty, and regrets it. People were tired of *Ivanhoe* and such ordinary compositions, and Mr. Bulwer got out of the line. He had "a brighter and a higher aim," and therefore he wrote *Pelham*. It was a bright and high effort.

This illustrious work made an immense sensation.

"*Pelham*, one of the most successful novels of our day," [this is rather too much in the usual puff line,] "appeared in 1828. Its delineations were too true not to be taken as personal affronts in these days, when every author is identified with his hero, if in that hero there is anything that offends. If we except the *Literary Gazette*, which perceived and did justice to the extraordinary mind then putting forth its powers, 'the whole commons' of periodicals, like those 'in Kent, were up in arms.' One represented *Pelham* as an insolent sneer at the middle ranks, reprobated the effeminacy of perfumes, and talked of an English cook and the *Magna Charta*, their own and their country's constitution, in a breath. Others, again, considered it as," &c.

The deep critical perception of the *Literary Gazette* is here the object most worthy of applause. Can any body conjecture why the *Gazette* puffed *Pelham?* The work was published at a certain house in New Burlington Street; but that could not have any thing to do with the matter. No—it was sheer admiration of the extraordinary mind then putting forth its powers—nothing else.

Mr. Bulwer then proceeds to inform us that the great charm of his *magnum opus* is the mind that breaks out in every part. An English Rochefoucault, he assures us, might be made from its pages. In justice to himself, however, he feels obliged to add, that the Bulwerian maxims would abound in feeling of a higher sense of excellence, in which the Frenchman is so

deficient. In order to convince of this, he quotes two or three, "the truth of whose thoughts can only be equalled by the grace of their expression." Of these admirable apophthegms we take one :—

"The object of education is to instil principles which are hereafter to guide and instruct us; facts are only desirable so far as they illustrate those principles; principles ought, therefore, to precede facts."

i. e. to say, digestion ought to precede eating. We admit that it would not be easy to find such wise reflections as this in Rochefoucault.

Then succeeds a catalogue of the other immortal productions of the autobiographer, prefaced by an observation of Lord Byron, "who makes a very true remark in one of his letters, that the most prolific authors have always been the most popular." Heaven help his Lordship! The same was said many a long day before he was born, but with no great quantity of truth. All the Greek authors of renown, of whatever kind, can be comprised in four or five quartos—the Latin in two. His Lordship's own *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, which are the only long works he ever wrote—and of which he was thinking when he made the remark—would find room in three or four numbers of our magazine. Even Sir Walter Scott, with all his multifarious polygraphy—what is he beside the goodly *Summa Theologiæ* of Thomas Aquinas, or Viner's *Compendious Abridgment of the Statute Law*. Homer himself has left behind him less than thirty thousand verses—no more than a five or six hundred page volume. What Lord Byron, or those who said it before him, thought of, was the quantity of mind directed in various ways which a great writer evolved in the course of his career. His Lordship certainly never imagined that the production of half a dozen, or half a score of trumpery novels, and some hundred pages of dull verse, was such a prolificness as to render the name of the author worthy of being popular. It would be easy indeed to prove the very reverse. But it is of no consequence.

Of the *Disowned*—but hold! Suppose we extract, as he suggests, all the piquant maxims of the article before us, and weaving them into a pretty garland under the title of

EDVARDI BULVERI DE SEIPSO APOPHTHEGMATA.

I. *Mr. Bulwer upon himself in general.*

"Young, rich, (?) and high-born, Mr. Bulwer lacked many of the ordinary excitements to exertion. * * * * We must remember, that to this class Mr. Bulwer belongs, in order to do justice to the energy of mind which has so nobly preferred exertion to indulgence."

II. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of "Weeds and Wild Flowers," "The Rebel," and his first prose work, "Falkland."*

"Each of these productions bears the same stamp—the broad arrow of genius. But they were too selfishly beautiful."

III. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of "Pelham," and "The Disowned."*

"*Pelham* was a moral Diorama—a view of London, as it is. The *Disowned* was a poetical and imaginative picture, but not the less true because the colours were created and combined rather than copied. It is not, perhaps, fair to ascribe YOUR OWN supposed plan to an author, but WE have always thought that the *Disowned* was the finest illustration of ambition possible—an illustration, too, of its many varieties.

* * * * *

Mordaunt is one of those ideals of excellence which WE respect an author for conceiving. The *Disowned* also developed a new talent, that of description: there are several landscapes as beautiful and as English as those of our natural painter, Collins."

IV. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of "Devereux."*

"For OURSELVES," [*i. e.* divested of the critical plural *myself?*] "we are free to confess, that *Devereux* is our favourite of all Mr. Bulwer's works. It is at once an historical, philosophical, and a poetical novel. The historical scenes have that which is usually admitted as the great merit of historical fiction, verisimilitude—if not exactly what people did do, it was exactly what they might be supposed to have done: to use a theatrical phrase, the illusion is well supported. But they have also another great and peculiar merit, the lesson pointed for the apprehension of even the most careless reader. Moral knowledge is the fine gold extracted from the crucible of moral satire."

V. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of the pro-*

priety of puffing oneself in one's own publisher's own Magazine.

"Mr. Bulwer himself says, that to do justice to a great man [*i. e.* Mr. B.] "is the highest of literary pleasures."

VI. *Mr. Bulwer's parallel in the manner of Plutarch, between Pelham and Devereux.*

"It is curious to mark the likeness of position and the dissimilarity of character between Pelham and Devereux: both are young, noble, panting, first for pleasure, next for worldly distinction; and both are fops, 'mandarins of the first class,' but still how different. Pelham's worldliness is the philosophy of his calm, calculating, yet high nature: that of Devereux, on the contrary, is a disguise and a security. The coxcombry of Pelham is like a cast from his features; that of Devereux is a mask to his face. The difference is imagination in the one, the want of it in the other. This is especially shewn in their love.—love, which if but an episode in the active life of man, is a lasting influence in his ideal one. We do not think the most susceptible," &c.

We may stop at the end of the page. The fine writing however of this passage suggests a similar train of thoughts to our mind. "It is curious to mark the likeness of position, and the dissimilarity of character, between Charles Wright and Edward Bulwer; both are sparkling, genuine, panting first for renown in their several lines, next for pay; and both are puffmongers, 'mandarins of the first class;' but still how different. Charles Wright's puffery is the philosophy of his open, paid for, calculating, and over-the-counter nature: that of Bulwer, on the contrary, is done under disguise and with due security. The puffs of Wright are written by amiable authors, honestly paid by him at so much a line—that of Bulwer is concocted by himself with a mask upon his face. The difference is, that one wants to palm off his champagne, the other his novels, as prime. This is," &c. &c. &c.

VII. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of "Paul Clifford."*

"*Paul Clifford* is at once a political satire, a romance of middle life; a practical and moral treatise, put forth in the popular form of a novel."

* * * * *

"As a matter of taste, we have owned to liking *Devereux* the best; but as matter of principle, we give the preference to *Paul Clifford.* The use of the last is more actual and immediate."

Much more follows, which we have not time to extract; but it all goes to prove that *Paul Clifford* is one of the most magnificent books ever written. Q. E. D.

VIII. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of the "Siamese Twins."*

"We have heard the term satire objected to, as applied to the *Siamese Twins;*" [how strange!] "we confess it does not belong to the Sunday-newspaper school of satirists, in which real names and nicknames, personality and brutality constitute what is called a powerful article; but if abuse is not the whole of wit, to wit—the keen and the ready—this poem may well lay claim. *If Mr. Bulwer wants any thing,*" [impossible, good sir! impossible!] "it is that innate gaiety, which in a writer, like good spirits in a companion, carries us along with it. Mr. Bulwer's serious satire is more apparent than his more playful vein, simply because the one has, and the other has not, the impress of his own mind. *Nothing, especially in poetry, divides opinion more than great originality;* readers are at fault when no good old rule is at hand to serve as a gauge—and when at a loss, it is always safest to condemn. To be the first to praise requires more self-reliance than the generality of people possess, and the *Siamese Twins* is too different from its predecessors for early opinions to be safely trusted to walk alone. But its feelings and its thoughts, 'the deep and the true,' daily become more familiar; the fine passage is remembered—the exquisite expression quoted—and the laurel puts forth its green boughs, leaf by leaf, till it stands forth a stately tree. This poem is dedicated to his mother—genius making affection as beautiful in expression as it is in spirit. We cannot conceive a more touching tribute. Mr. Bulwer's father died when he was but three years of age, and the care of his education devolved on a mother, whose love and whose pride must equally be gratified by the result."

Hum! we remember what a pretty figure Pelham's mother cuts in the novel, "in every character of which he (Mr. B.) had never the actual out of mind." We agree, however, with Mr. Bulwer, in thinking that the Sunday newspapers would hardly accept the *Siamese Twins* as a present; (we leave it to T. * * * * and C. * * * * * * * * *)—that his playful vein is not apparent—that read-

ers were at fault to find any thing to praise—and that it is a work very likely to be put forth leaf by leaf, for purposes more useful than any to which its author ever expected it would be applied.

IX. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of the manner in which he has here puffed himself in this autobiography.*

"We have now, as far as our power extends, done our duty (for what is justice but a duty?) to this extraordinary writer. If we have cordially expressed our admiration, it is because we have cordially felt it. We have neither attempted to detail the stories nor describe the characters; the meagre sketch of a tale, or the bare outline of a character, is as a skeleton, which requires to be clothed in flesh before it can rise up in grace or beauty. We have endeavoured to give our own strong impression," &c.

Very well done, indeed.

X. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, in which he has* not *been noticed.*

"We cannot but remark on the singular silence preserved towards the most rising author of their day," [Bulwer to wit,] "in the two pseudo-called great Reviews, the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*. The former might have hesitated to censure in the very beginning, made wise by experience: for nothing is more mortifying than your own prophecy unfulfilled; and it is somewhat disagreeable to find the general judgment in direct opposition to your criticism. We may suppose that Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, &c. have served as landmarks. Every one of these names are now standard ones in our 'land's language;' and the Reviewer is remembered by his injustice. Mr. Jeffrey was the Judge Jeffries of literature—a most partial and unjust judge. The faculty of appreciation, that highest sign of a great mind, was wanting in his: and, take the range of our first-rate authors, they are all instances of public opinion reversing the verdict which proceeded from his tribunal. As for the *Quarterly*, we all know it is too well trained, to wander beyond the districts of *Moravia*. It has not room, forsooth, for works that are in every one's hands, whose thoughts and whose feelings are actuating thousands; but let a dull tragedy, now as much forgotten as the Emperor of Constantinople, whose name it bears; or a volume of travels, whose young writer carefully records the slender ankles and dark eyes of every Spanish girl with whom he had a flirtation; or let the laureate of *Wat Tyler*, and the apotheosis of George III. put forth the poetical annals of the pantry, and mark in italics the pathos of a young lady, not ringing her bell for coals or candles;—let any of these issue from Albemarle-street, and the *Quarterly* at once finds room for analysis and adulation. The truth is, that we have no great literary Review, each being engrossed in"

—any thing but reviewing the works of "the most rising author of his day." But what do you think of calling Jeffrey "the Judge Jeffries of literature?" Call you this backing your friend? The Whig member for Lord Fitzwilliam ought to call out the Whig member for Long Wellesley. They need not put bullets in their pistols: there is a case in point. Consult Tom Moore.

XI. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of the Reviews and Magazines by which he* has *been noticed.*

"Who shall deny that the great body of critics are made up of unsuccessful writers?—the inferior magazines and journals are truly the refuge for the literary destitute. Men who are anonymous are usually abusive, and want of principle and want of responsibility are only too synonymous. Nothing can be perfect in this world, but two rules would greatly conduce to the perfectibility of criticism:—the first to speak, not of the author, but of his works; his pages, not himself, are amenable to your remarks: secondly, to do away with the present anonymous system; this would have a double advantage; it would force the critic to be just, if not generous, for his own sake—for men weigh opinions for which they are to be instantly answerable; and also, when the critic is known, the public would be able to judge, from previous knowledge of what he had himself done, how far he was competent to decide on the labours of others; but our present literary bush-fighting is as deteriorating as it is disgraceful. *There are some excellent remarks, and written in the best spirit of criticism, in the dedicatory epistle to 'Paul Clifford.'*"

The last sentence, which we have taken the liberty of marking in italics, is one of the most beautiful specimens of the puff oblique we ever recollect. As for the staple of the argument, be it observed, that Bulwer himself is here writing *anonymously*, in a magazine filled with *anonymous* papers, and therefore that the abuse of the practice is a little out of place. If the criticism to which Bulwer has been subject had been honestly dealt

forth, we fear that he would have little reason to exult in the presence or absence of a name attached to it.

XII. *Mr. Bulwer's opinion of his electioneering placard for Southwark.*

"If first-rate talents, enlarged and liberal views, strong and noble principles, can make one man's future an object and benefit to his country, we are justified in the high anticipations with which we look forward to Mr. Bulwer's future. Last year, he was eagerly solicited, by a large body of its most respectable inhabitants, to stand for Southwark. Reluctance to oppose Mr. Calvert made him decline the honour; but we cannot conclude this article better than by part of his first declaration of public faith—'I should have founded my pretensions, had I addressed myself to your notice, upon that warm and hearty sympathy in the great interests of the people, which, even as in my case, without the claim of a long experience or the guarantee of a public name, you have so often, and I must add, so laudably, esteemed the surest and the highest recommendation to your favour. And, gentlemen, to the eager wish, I will not hesitate to avow that I should have added the determined resolution to extend and widen, in all their channels, those pure and living truths which can alone circulate through the vast mass of the community that political happiness so long obstructed from the many, and so long adulterated even for the few."

Have we not read the most of those fine words already? Are they not written in five hundred electioneering addresses, every time our legislators are let loose upon the public? They are, of course, doctored up for the present occasion, reform and all that being the order of the day; but they are the old and well-trained words after all, though perhaps pressed into somewhat extraordinary service. Pray, Mr. Bulwer, what did you mean by "extending and widening *truths*." Are not truths ever and aye the same in all their dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness? That you might widen the channels in which truth is to run, is perhaps possible, though the figure even so is bad, and you are hardly the person from whom such a task is to be expected; but you can no more widen or extend a truth, than you can widen or extend a sunbeam. However, it is all one.

Here somebody will say, or if he will not, we shall ourselves say it for him, how do you know that this paper in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in which all these fine things about the Bulwerian writings is the composition of the Bulwer itself?

We answer, first by external evidence. In the first place *, &c. Secondly, Colburn himself * * * * * * *——. In the third place, Hill —— Paul Pry in person

* * * * *.

Lastly, Bulwer at * * * * * *.

Secondly, by internal evidence. Good reader, are you anxious to know who Mr. Bulwer is, with his birth and parentage?

"Edward Earle Lytton Bulwer is the third and youngest son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth Park, Herts. Both these are very ancient families. The Bulwers have possessed lands still held by them in Wood Dalling, Norfolk, since the Conquest; and Knebworth has been the property of the Lyttons since the reign of Henry VII., when it passed into the hands of the first De Lytton, of Lytton, in Derbyshire, Treasurer to that King, and Governor of Boulogne Castle. Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer has two brothers: one, William, the present proprietor of Heydon Hall; the other, Henry, the present Member for Wilton: with both of these he has been sometimes confounded. Both in the paternal and maternal branches, Mr. Bulwer's family is connected, by ancient intermarriages, with some of the most distinguished in England—viz. the De Greys, ancestors of the Lords of Walsingham; the Cecils, of the Marquess of Exeter; the Spencers, of the Duke of Marlborough; the St. Johns, of Bletsoe; the Lords Falkland; the Wyndhams, of Felbrig; the Longuevilles," &c. &c.—*See Collins's Baronetage and Peerage.*

His education?

"*We believe* Mr. E. L. Bulwer was never at a public school."

His marriage?

"Mr. Bulwer married Rosina, only surviving daughter of the late Francis Massey Wheeler, Esq., of Lizard Connel, Limerick, grandson of Hugh Lord Massey, by Anna, daughter of Archdeacon Doyle."

A marriage, we are happy to learn on such good authority, of a kind that ranks him "among the instances

that genius is very compatible with domestic happiness." By the way, we remember a picture of a Mrs. Wheeler as frontispiece to a work written by a man of the name of Thomson, which, we think, treated generally of polygamy and population. Who is she?

His manners?

"Mr. Bulwer is silent and reserved in society; but this may in some measure arise from his extreme distaste to mixing with it: for at times nothing can exceed the flashing wit of his gayer converse, unless it be the originality and interest of his more serious discourse."

His appearance?

"We often hear complaints that the author does not sustain the *beau ideal* of his hero; this complaint, at least, cannot be made of Mr. Bulwer. His appearance is distinguished, his features chiselled and regular, and the whole expression of his face highly intellectual as well as handsome."

All this, we submit, bespeaks a rather intimate acquaintance; but the quotations—aye, the quotations—Here are a few taken faithfully from the *New Monthly*:—

1. "Mr. Bulwer's first works, *to use his own words*, were brought from

"'———— the poet's golden land,
Where thought finds happiest voice and glides along
Into the silver rivers of sweet song.'"

2. "Mr. Bulwer's writings belong to those earlier days, when, *to quote himself*, 'Romance, that bright magician,' was wont

"'O'er the dim glades of duller life to fling
Hues from the sun and blossoms from the spring.'"

3. "Mr. Bulwer seems to have laid it down as a principle, that, though poetry may 'breathe the difficult height of the iced mountain-tops,' its most precious gift, *as he beautifully says*, is

"'————————To sing over all,
Making the common air most musical.'"

4. "Mr. Bulwer's inexpressibly touching account of Devereux's abiding affection, when, *to quote an exquisite passage from the* 'Milton' in after-years, 'her memory made the moonlight of his mind,' and

"'Her thoughts stole o'er like a spirit's lay!
Singing the darkness of his fate away.'"

5. "Mr. Bulwer's exquisite single 'lines, painting by words,' such as hopes,

"'That *colour* while they *point* the goal;'"

or such a description as

"'The storm slept dark on the dull sea.'"
&c. &c. &c.

Gentle reader—we suppose you to be a most ardent student of our contemporary literature, a lady or gentleman of unwearied patience, and inexhaustible memory—and we put it to you, have you the slightest recollection of any one of these passages so appositely introduced?—Could you, if you were to be hanged for it to-morrow, illustrate any argument, or support any position by a quotation from the works here quoted as glibly as if "Milton, a poem" were Milton the poet? Not you, the halter would seize its prey, and you would gasp in vain for the neck-verse to release you from your perilous position. Is not this one circumstance proof positive that the excellent article we have been reviewing is Bulwer's own—that it is an autobiography? Joy to its illustrious author! and when he makes his first speech in Parliament may we be there to hear! One thing is certain, that he has a right good opinion of himself, and that is no small recommendation in the house into which he is going. Let him, however, avoid drinking too much brandy to inspire confidence, remembering the fate of another of his illustrious name. Adieu!

AUNT SUSAN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"Are there ony fo'ks i' the house forby you, aunt?"

"What gars ye speer that, creature? An' what for are ye standin, gaping, and glouring that gate?"

"Because—oh, aunt! I saw something ben i' your bedroom."

"Ye saw something ben i' my bedroom, creature? What was it?"

"I dinna ken what it was. It was something."

"Why, but speak out, ye wasp: what was't like?"

"It was like a man!"

"A man in my bedroom at this time o' night! how dare ye say sic a thing, ye little howlet?"

"I didna say it was a man, for it was nae man. I only said it was *like* a man. An', oh, aunt! its throat was cuttit, an' its een were set in its head, an' its hands were hangin sae powerless-like down; I'm sure it was the ghost of a murdered man."

"His presence be round about us! then we're a' gane! Did ever ony body hear sic an awsome-like story as that? Oh, what is to become o' us! kin, ye little brat, and send Andrew directly for your father; an', d'ye hear, gar him take the best horse i' the stable."

"But, aunt, I darena gang for the ghost o' the murdered man."

"Hout, rin like a good bairn; ye ken the ghost's ben the house in the bedroom."

"Na, na, it's no there, for it vanished away out o' the room, an' me looking at it. Wad it no be better to send for the minister to pray against it an' speak to it?"

"No, no, Vear, I like not ministers speaking to spirits, for then there may come out confessions and secrets that neither ministers nor other men have aught to do with; and then, you know, if your father have murdered any body, or if your late mother have murdered any body, or if I—oh! what was I going to say?—pray stand near me, girl."

"Eh! I don't know. What *were* you going to say, aunt? Were you going to say, that if *you* had murdered any body, then the spirit might tell on you? I should account it an honest and respectable ghost if it did. I believe it was about this time last year that you lost my uncle, your husband, aunt?"

At this question Aunt Susan uttered a loud shriek, held up her hands to heaven, her eyes rolled wildly, and, at length, she uttered these ominous words in a deep, half suppressed voice: "Is this the night?—this the night?—the very night, as I live, of that dreadful trial! Then there was an eye in heaven and another in hell that saw the deed—that beheld it!—oh!"

"Whisht, whisht, dear aunt, an' dinna scraugh that gate! It wad hae been a dreadfu' thing if ony body had murdered my uncle. Pray tell me what he was like, for I can tell you precisely what the apparition was like that I saw."

"Oh, creature, haud that tongue o' yours, an' dinna pit me out o' my reason authegither; for there is a devil possesses you that can conjure things up out o' the pit."

"Hae patience, dear aunt, ye can be nae the waur o' hearing distinctly what I saw. It was an auld man wi' thin gray hair; he was long and lean, wi' a snuff-brown coat an' waistcoat. An' there he was sitting on a muckle chair, wi' his arms hangin down, his head leaned back ower the back o' the chair, an' his throat cuttit frae the ae side to the ither."

At every sentence of this speech Aunt Susan uttered a shriek, and when Vear uttered the last sentence, Susan fell down in a fit, kicking and spurning for some time; and, at length, in stepped her brother-in-law, John Burgess, from a closet in which he stood concealed. He appeared in great perturbation of mind, while his only daughter, little Vear, was snapping her fingers and laughing at him. "Do you believe it now, sir?" cried she, "I think I have her on the hip now."

He shook his raised fist and his head at her to make her hold her peace, and then lifting the rigid female, he carried her gently to her own bed, and called in assistance. She recovered slowly and fearfully, and caused Burgess and the dairy-

maid to sit up with her all that night, while Vear was tripping through and through the house chanting the following stave in an under voice :—

> " A fairy is a spirit sweet,
> A brownie kind and just too;
> But a ghaist row'd in its winding sheet,
> I own, is nought to trust to."

She slept in the kitchen bed with the other servant maid that night, declaring that she would never sleep with her aunt again for fear of the ghost, for that she was determined to leave her and it to their own society, and she was sure she would yet get some excellent fun with them. She proved as good as her word, for she would not go to sleep with her aunt again, but continued to sleep with the two maids in the kitchen, and Aunt Susan having become nervous and afraid to sleep by herself, was obliged also to change her bed for one nigher to society.

But before proceeding further with the description of the scenes that took place at Ernet-holm, which was the name of John Burgess's farm, it will, perhaps, be as good to give the history of Aunt Susan, which is rather an equivocal one.

In the spring of the year 1777, John Burgess, whose father was then living, went to a great border hiring fair, where he engaged two of the prettiest girls for servants that his eyes had ever beheld. They were, indeed, beauties of the first order, but of a peculiar cast. Their eyes were full and blacker, and more bright than the purest jet, their hair like the wing of the raven, their forms of the most exquisite symmetry, and their features of that expression of all others the most fascinating to amorous young men. In short, they were gypsies, real tinker gypsies, but discovering, by experience, their extraordinary attractions for the other sex, they went and hired themselves at a distance from home by way of an adventure in pushing their fortune. Jack Burgess was a dashing young farmer at that time, sorely kept in by an old niggardly father, but for all that, beyond measure, fond of a bonny lass. Such a prize he never met with in his born days as these two lively, lovely, and altogether matchless maidens. He could hardly credit his own senses when he found that he had actually engaged them for his fellow labourers and daily companions. Such a vista of delicious sweets now opened before the eyes of Jack Burgess as youth's enraptured eye never peeped through ! What glorious days and nights lay before him ! Boundless treasures of love, perhaps hard to be won, for the value of such exquisite charms was generally known and duly appreciated, but for that only the more dearly to be enjoyed ! In short, the time from the hiring-market until the term, proved an age to Jack Burgess. The two lovely brunettes were never from his mind's eye, sleeping or waking, and twenty times a day would he endeavour to settle with himself which of the two was the prettiest ; but the thing was impossible. Their names were Susan and Mary Kennedy. Susan was rather tallest, a very small degree stouter, and her manner was more frank, free, and volatile than the other ; but the gentleness, beauty, and modesty of Mary, O they were beyond all description ! Sometimes the one, sometimes the other, was superior in his estimation, according to the temperament of his mind ; but Susan oftenest.

The term arrived, and the two maidens came home to their service. Jack, who was upon the look out, met them a short way from the house, welcomed them home—shook hands with them—praised their improved looks—asked after the health of their relations, and altogether shewed more kindness than a young master ought to have done. He could not help that kindness, it was the overflowing of an amorous heart.

Not so with old Burgess, who was a crabbed, niggardly body, and though abundantly rich, kept his son's pocket very bare, and himself hard at work. When he came into the kitchen at night, with the muckle bible below his arm, to make family worship, he looked hard at the two girls, " Wha hae we gotten here the night ?" said he—" tinklers ?"

" My certy goodman, but ye tinkler weel," said Susan. " Now I wad like to refer to an impartial judge wha's the maist tinkler like, you or me."

" Ye may weel say't," says Jack.

" Weel say't, Mr. John ? An' hae

ye the face to back an impudent hizzy out against your father in that gate? Ill-bred ne'er-do-weel! it will be seen the gate you'll gang yet. But, my braw lasses, we dinna quarter ony o' your gang, sae ye had better chap your ways afore we begin to the prayers. Ye'll ken o' some learn or some up-pitting no far off, I's warrant."

"Na, na, Mr. Burgess," said Susan, "no sae fast as that, honest man, gin ye like. We'll keep the haud we hae gottin, that ye may depend on. You an' us will be better acquaint't afore we part yet."

"Aye, aye, woman! An wha may you be that sets up your crest sae crously?"

"They are the twa lassss that I hired at the fair, come hame to their service," says Jack, like to burst with vexation at his father's rudeness. "And I really wish, father, that ye wad speak respectfully to fo'ks that are as good as you."

"As good as him!" exclaimed Susan, disdainfully, "Ay, my certy, an' a great deal better! I wadna be an auld crabbit tyke like that for ten times the riches that he possesses! He ought to have been *my* servant, and no me his; but, sir, I was hired in a public market, and urled in a public market. I *ken* I can do the work I hae ta'en in hand, sae either pay me down meat and wage for six months, or here I remain."

"A tinkler! A downright gypsie tinkler, were I to be sworn on't. Pray, my braw accomplished servant lass, that kens the law sae weel, what may your name be?"

"My name is Susan Kennedy, sir. I think nae shame to tell it."

"I kend it! I kend it! I kend it, Kennedy! Rank tinklers o' the very warst description! He, he, he! He, he, he! The tinkler Kennedies come to wark our wark! This beats a'! Poor man! Poor man! Ye never did a wise turn a' your life, nor never will! *But this beats a'.*"

The truth is that they were *not* good workers. They liked much better to toy and frolic with their young master and other sweethearts, than to work hard; and Jack, poor fellow, had often to work double, in order to make up a feasible day's work among them. But in recompense for that, he was favoured with every opportunity of making love to them. They were kindness and affability personified, and Jack's heart was delighted. Still he could not tell which of the two was the loveliest, or which he liked best. But all the neighbours thought it was Susan, and it was even reported through the parish that they two "wear mair sib than they sood hae been."

Martinmass drew on, and the maidens were to flit, for old Burgess continued his hostility against them, and entered his solemn protest against their farther services. But Susan, that she might not lose such a chance, engaged herself with a neighbour for the ensuing half year. However, when it came close upon the term, there had come a qualm over Jack's conscience at parting with his kind, gentle, and modest Mary; so one night he ran off with her and married her.

Old Burgess was perfectly deranged with fury and disgust at such an alliance. He discharged his son from his house and service; but at the same time generously proffered to supply him with some tools wherewith to begin the tinkler business; such as a mould for making horn spoons, a hammer for mending kettles, and some soldering utensils.

But of all others, Susan was the most grievously disappointed. She had calculated with certainty of being herself mistress at Ernet-holm, and did not believe that her young master could have parted with her. He had so often protested that he loved her, and caressed her so fondly, that she weened she had his whole heart. But the love that is too bland and flaming, is not that on which a maiden ought most implicitly to rely; but rather that which is diffident and respectful. Jack Burgess, after all his gallantry with Susan, ran off with Mary, and married her.

Susan after that spoke not a word either to her sister or brother-in-law, nor, as some asserted, to any one person as long as she remained there. Neither did she go home to her new place, but went off at Martinmass, and left that district altogether, crying bitterly, her proud heart galled at being slighted by her lover, and undermined by her sister. It cannot be supposed that a girl bred like her, without principle, could have had any very ardent affection for an impassioned and changeable

lover, yet certain it is that she was exceedingly unhappy afterwards; her temper grew unbrookable, and she could not rest in any place. Whenever she went to a distance from home, however, her beauty always insured her plenty of suitors; but the prize at which she had aimed was lost, and for several years she rejected all proffers of marriage with scorn. Her choice at last fell upon an old rich miser in the town of Peebles, who, in a fit of amorous dotage, married her. They lived together for several months as happily as could have been expected, and at length went into Edinburgh, to spend a few weeks, about Christmas. In the month of February following she returned without him; but thereby hangs a tale. He returned no more to domineer it over her.

She was now a rich and lovely widow, and might soon have made a suitable match; but no living wight could calculate on the workings of her dark mind. Instead of waiting a decent time, and accepting of some respectable proposals made to her, she sold off every thing that had belonged to her late husband for ready money, and set off a distance of sixty miles to live with her sister, whom she had not seen since her marriage.

She thought proper to travel the last stage in a postchaise, and when she alighted at Ernet-holm none of them knew her. She was clothed in mournings, and looked so beautiful and so like a lady; and coming in that style, too, her friends were utterly astounded. She found Mary mistress there herself, old Burgess having been long dead and forgotten; but her sister's reception of her was not so kind as some might have calculated on. Her manner was dry and distant, and whatever she knew of her sister it was manifest to all that she would rather not have seen her as a guest to reside there. Not so John Burgess. He was as kind, as glad to see her, and apparently as fond in every respect as he was the first night she came to Ernetholm. His wife, Mary, had borne him one sole daughter, after which she had grown delicate in health, and was now far outshone by Susan in beauty.

No man can say that it was inconsistent in John Burgess to fall on and toy with Susan as he had formerly done; it was the very consistency of the thing that made it worse; for it shewed the man's unguarded and volatile disposition. He had kissed and toyed with the one sister before, when his heart was united with the other, so that this was only a repetition of the former scene. A man's behaviour to a woman generally continues the same through life, be their relative situations what they will. As it begins and is established in youth so it carries on till old age, and so it proved with John Burgess and Susan Kennedy. Early and late were they toying together, bantering, teasing, quarrelling, agreeing again, and kissing good friends. The servants and neighbours were scandalized at their behaviour, and Mary was offended. She gave her husband several hints to no purpose, and at length she awakened on her sister, and gave her a complete hearing, ordering her to go about her business, and never look her nor her husband in the face again. She had better, perhaps, have let alone; for, in a few days afterwards, she was seized with what they called a *cholera morbus*, which cut her off in a few hours. But there is no coroner's inquest in Scotland, so that people die whenever they have a mind to do so, and of whatever disease suits them or their friends the best. So Mary Kennedy died and was buried, and now Aunt Susan, the dashing, rich young widow, was left sole mistress at Ernet-holm, with the charge of her niece, Vear Burgess.

Vear was a girl of uncommon sharpness and activity, she had all the shrewdness and cunning of the gypsy, with the docility and keenness of the country maiden. At first she appeared to have some reliance on her aunt as her only female relative; but that reliance changed by degrees into disgust, and disgust into hatred.

Aunt Susan had a dangerous idiosyncracy for an evil doer to possess. She was a great talker in her sleep, a singular propensity which I do not comprehend, but which the ingenious M'Nish would call a distribution of sensorial power to the organs of speech, by which means they do not sympathize in the general slumber, but remain in a state

fit for being called into action by particular trains of ideas. I have often slept beside sleep-talkers, and very disagreeable companions they are. They generally appeared to me to have some weakness of mind about them, as well as some derangement in their mental faculties. Sometimes their language is perfectly consistent and regular, and other times incoherent; but always relates to those circumstances of life that lie nearest the heart. I remember of a girl once falling asleep below my plaid, on a wet day, when, in the depth of her slumber, she fell a talking, and, addressing me as another man, revealed a secret of her own which she ought not to have done. When she began to speak, I was frightened, for her voice was so much altered, that I thought it was not hers, but that of a spirit speaking through her. When I heard the subject that she was on, curiosity kept me from awakening her until she had told me all. When I apprised her afterwards of what she had told me, she cried bitterly, and said, " she had tauld me a great big lee, but she coudna help it."

Such a weakness was constitutional to Aunt Susan. She told strange things to Vear in her sleep —dreadful secrets! which she repeated over and over again till the girl had them all by heart, and could almost make her repeat them whenever she liked, indeed always when her sleep was deep. Yet Vear continued to regard them as vagaries, which had taken possession of her aunt's mind she wist not how.

Vear had an uncle in Edinburgh, a respectable tailor, in a place called St. Mary's Wynde, to whom she went in two or three months every winter to the school. His name was Abram, and he was kind to his little motherless brood as he called her, he having no daughter of his own. One Sunday evening, on their return from a walk in the King's park, a Mr. Thorburn, who was of the party, stopped short before a house near the head of the Cannongate, and said, " Abram, is not that the house where the old man was murdered the other year?"

" Yes, sir, that is the very house, on the second flat there, and still kept by the same persons as then. No good set!"

" Were *they* not suspected of the murder?"

" Yes, that they were, and all taken into custody and tried for it, but all fully acquitted. I heard the trial from end to end."

" It strikes me that there was something remarkably mysterious about that murder."

" Exceedingly so. But step down to our house here, and I'll detail the evidence to you." The party went down the wynde to Abram's house and had some ale to drink, while the worthy tailor related his tale, while Vear stood at his knee imbibing every sentence as the ox drinketh in water.

" It was on a new-year's night that a man, apparently a countryman of the middle rank of society, came into yon house with an exceedingly handsome country girl, and asked for a room and something to drink, which they got. But in a little while they were followed by an old man, who enquired for his wife, and there being no other strangers in the house he was shewn into the same room with the first comers. Loud and violent altercation was heard at first, but by degrees it subsided and all was peaceable, and in less than a quarter of an hour the party left the house.

" It was a curious matter, sir, but it was clearly proven that, when they went out, the youngest man brought the candle in his hand and paid the reckoning in a sort of trance or lobby within the entrance door. At that time the girl was standing on the landing place, and Mrs. C——n hearing other steps on the stair, naturally concluded that the whole party was gone; so she took the candle from the gentleman's hand, bade him good night, and went to her own room.

" More than two hours after that, some more company having called, they were shewn into the same room, and behold there was the old man sitting stark dead on a two armed chair! his throat cut across to the very bone, his head leaning back over the chair, and the room deluged with blood. There was nothing about his person that could lead to the discovery of who he was, but he was described as a tall thin old man with grey hair, and clothed in a snuff brown coat and waistcoat.

The murderers were never discovered, as no clue could be found whereby to identify or trace them. They were suspected to have come from Berwickshire from their tongues, but no such people could be found in all that country."

"That is a very extraordinary story, sir," said Mr. Thorburn. "Well they will be discovered sometime or other, for murder will out. Was there nought that they were heard saying to each other that could lead to a discovery of the perpetrators of so foul a murder?"

"No, there was very little heard," replied Abram. "When the girl took the two in some spirits, she heard the stranger girl saying, 'I don't like this room, John. It is not retired enough.'"

When Abram pronounced these words, Vear uttered a scream and held up her hands. "What ails the fairy?" cried her uncle. "I could bet a thousand pounds I know one of the murderers at least," cried Vear. She had heard these words repeated a thousand times in the dark and silent watches of the night. It was the most familiar sentence to her ear of all others. But on her uncle saying to her she was mad, she perceived she had gone too far, and said no more. Only she made Abram tell her the tale very often, and repeat and re-repeat every word which that bad girl was heard to say. There was one or two sentences more: "Dare you call me an impudent strumpet, dotard?" and, "There will be a shower in the headlands for that, yet:" which were equally familiar to her ear with the other, and which she treasured up in her heart without blabbing any thing, but took care to ascertain the very night and hour of the murder, resolved to make a trial of her aunt's conscience, if she had any, which Vear greatly doubted.

On returning home she told her father that there was a report that Aunt Susan had assisted, or been present, at the murder of her husband on such an hour and night; and that she, (Vear,) would like to make a little trial of her conscience on that night by way of experiment, to find out if there was any truth in the report. But Aunt Susan was grown such a favourite with her father, that poor Vear was only reproved very sharply. She was even apparently a greater favourite than Vear herself, or than ever her mother had been, for she had lent him plenty of money, which had enabled him to extend his farming concerns, and make a good figure in the country, as the saying is.

But Vear was cunning and persevering, and besought her father daily to humour her so far; as it could do no harm, and had a great chance to convince her of her aunt's innocence, which she desired above all things. At length the frequent solicitations of an only and pertinacious child prevailed, and her father condescended to conceal himself in a closet off the parlor, and listen to Vear's grand trial, resolved to turn the tables against the minion, in order to keep her quiet.

In the mean time, though Vear hated and abhorred her aunt, she kept her feelings close in her own breast and slept with her as usual, principally in order to hear the same sentences repeated which had been heard in that base house at the head of the Cannongate. But now another theme had become predominant in Aunt Susan's nightly dialogues, and that seemed to be some angry controversy with her late sister. Vear was thrilled with horror to the very soul. She could have brought her on to talk of the murder of the old man in her sleep, by whispering some of the words into her ear which her associate in the murder was heard to utter; but she rarely now began it of herself, as it appeared some other scene of enormity had taken possession of her waking thoughts. Vear began to think that her aunt might have heard the tale of the murder, and been deeply affected with it; but then, the time answered so *nearly* at least, to the loss of her husband, that it had a very suspicious appearance, and she resolved to make a trial of her feelings on the new-year's evening at ten, which she did with the most astounding effect, and thus the two ends of my tale have met after a curious zigzag circle.

It was evident John Burgess must after that exhibition have been convinced that all was not as it should have been. It was impossible he could have remained incredulous, yet, nevertheless, he continued to cherish

Aunt Susan with more fondness than ever, to the disgust of his daughter, and all well-wishers beside. O how Vear did wish and pray that the old grey-headed man with the snuff-brown coat and waistcoat, would appear in good earnest, with his windpipe cut, and his arms hanging down. But the old man did not appear, and the former ghost, as may easily be perceived, was one of Vear's own making.

Time flew on, and matters in nowise improved about Ernet-holm. In the mean time Vear reached woman's estate, a perfect, though improved likeness of her mother, and a phenomenon of beauty. But her aunt ruled with a rod of iron, and made her life miserable; for her father approved of every thing his beloved sister did or said. The ghost of the old man did not appear, and to bring the deed home to her, in a court of justice, was impossible.

But there is an eye that never slumbers nor sleeps, from which the most secret deeds cannot be concealed, and all at once the rod of vengeance appeared heaved over the heads of the transgressors. One night as Burgess and his beloved Susan were sitting up late, the parlour door was gently opened, and the late mistress of the house entered; she had on her common every-day robes, and her face was pale as death, yet her look seemed more in sorrow than in anger.—She pointed with her finger to a certain part of the room. It was the bed on which she had expired, made some signals with her hand, and retired.

The two friends became rigid statues as they sat staring at one another; but no one knows how they spent the night. Their countenances were so much altered the next day, that their own servants did not know them. And now that the deceased had returned from the grave, she haunted them without intermission. The very next morning, as Aunt Susan was taking a walk to breathe a little fresh air, ere ever she was aware, she beheld her late sister approaching her, dressed in her dead-clothes. She turned, and tried to run, but her knees lost the power, and she fell prostrate on the road, where she lay till she was lifted. Burgess likewise perceived her hovering about him again and again, and in short the Ernet-holm became a home too hot for either the one or the other. They became like people deranged, merely, it was weened, through terror and dismay. They left it and retired to a market town at the distance of six or seven miles; but finding the populace going to wreak some vengeance on them, they left that town likewise, and were never more seen in that district.

Many years afterwards, it was reported, and generally believed, that the ghost that banished them both from the house, was no other than Vear. She, chancing one day to visit an old woman who had nursed her when young, the woman started up as in a fright, "Preserve us a', miss! sicken a surprise as ye hae gi'en me," cried she, "I's no be the name I am, gin I didna think ye war your mother's ghost! sic another likeness of ae body to another my een never beheld."

This speech suggested an idea to Vear's fertile mind, and not being able to bring up the old man with the snuff-brown coat and waistcoat, she determined to raise up another which would at least cause as much dismay to the woman she both dreaded and abhorred. So going to her late mother's wardrobe, of which she always kept the key, and dressing herself in a suit of her clothes, when looking into the glass, she was so affrightened at her own shadow, that she had nearly fainted. The metamorphosis was complete, and its efficacy undoubted; so after whitening her face properly, she appeared to her father and aunt, and from that hour was not slack in her visits. This was reported, but I do not vouch for its truth.

There is undoubtedly a strong propensity in some minds inducing their possessors to revisit scenes in which they were involved in, or witnessed, the deepest horrors. But the following instance of it is so singular, that I cannot help attributing it to the immediate agency of an Almighty and invisible power. A woman came breathless to the procurator fiscal of Edinburgh one day, and told him that the identical man and woman who had murdered an old man in her house at such a time, were returned, and had entered the same room. She set watchers over them to trace them till the legal measures were taken. They were seized, tried, and both executed.

HEWITT DAVIS, ON FOREIGN CORN IMPORTATION.

"Alack! sir! he is mad!"—SHAKSPEARE.

POOR DAVIS! was the expression when we found this pamphlet on our table some time ago; our mind could not help reverting to that unfortunate *de lunatico inquirendo* business from which he had so narrow an escape. We assuredly did not remember whether his Christian name was *Hewitt* or not; but when we saw in the title, "*this work is intended to prove that farmers would not be eventually injured by the free importation of foreign corn, &c. &c.*" it seemed to our mind to contain such internal signs of stark-staring madness, that, heaving a sigh for poor humanity, we deposited the effusion in a pigeon-hole, and went on with some other occupation. Last week, however, we were positively assured that he was not THE Mr. Davis, who we were reminded was a tea-dealer, while this was a farmer near Croydon; still our informant could not swear he was not of the same family. To satisfy ourselves on this point, we resolved to imitate the oracle of Barns Elms, and take "a ride;" in a very short time we were in sight of the house, but not caring to trust ourselves in the power of a person who, whatever he might be then, had shewn he was not always *lucid*, we allowed our horse to saunter very leisurely along the road, and, fortunately, met with one of his workmen, who furnished us with all the information required. We must give the conversation, which will allow our readers to draw their own inference.

We. "Pray, my good fellow, do you know any thing of Mr. Hewitt Davis?"

Labourer. "Oh! yes, sir! I knows him *tarnation* well; I works for him: and my old 'oman she washes there."

We. "Ah! you are the very man we were seeking for. Pray, is he at all—(*touching our forehead*)—you know what we mean."

Labourer. "Why, no, sir! he's not exactly mad, if that's what ye mean; but he's a good deal altered within this last twelvemonth: he runs about the country now with a *memoryandum* book, 'quiring how much people eats and drinks, and goes a kalkillating instead of minding his farm. The beginning on it was this: on the 1st of April, 1830, he sends me down to the coach, with a parcel directed to 'The Editor of the *Times* newspaper.' Well! about nine days after, a newspaper was sent down; and when he got it, and begun to read, my old 'oman, who was there, said she thought he would have gone mad; he hallowed, and laughed, and sung, and danced, and kicked, and ran round the room, and bounded about, as she says, 'like a shin of beef in a beggar's kettle.' I was at work in the garden, when out runs the old 'oman—'Ned!' says she, 'Ned! for God's sake come! Master's gone mad! and he's going to *pisun* himself; he's going to swallow a newspaper.' So I runs in; and there I found him, sure enough, quite out o'breath; but the fit was off; he had got the newspaper in his hand. Howsomever, he did not swallow it, which you'll allow was a good thing; for they do say, as that 'ere paper has *pisuned* a monstrous sight o' people lately."

We were satisfied with this: we were satisfied that Mr. Davis was not a *madman;* though we very much doubted whether he were not cousin-germane to one: in short, we had a shrewd suspicion, that he was a "——;" our meditations were at this moment interrupted by our friend S——, of the Chancery Bar, who, speaking of the reform in Chancery, was observing that the subject, (that is, the *de lunatico inquirendo* part of the Chancery business,) being mentioned at a cabinet council, the great head of all reform took occasion to state, while he was about it, he should avail himself of the opportunity to make arrangements for issuing certain writs, called "*de stulto inquirendo;*" and was about to shew the necessity, by referring to Poulet Thompson's bill, when he was interrupted by L— G., who said, he was sure the Chancellor's object was to decrease the business of his court

as much as possible; that if writs of this kind were allowed, the suits would be interminable, &c. &c.

Lord Drum, however, boldly taxed him with what, in fact, was the truth, viz., "that he wished to have his brother-ministers put into confinement, that he might reign lord-paramount. He called for a division; the clamour and confusion was tremendous; and Lord B——, seeing that he should be in a glorious minority of one, declared it was only a joke; so, patting some on the back, and chucking others under the chin, harmony was at length restored, and different business brought forward to occupy their attention. Now, we make a note of this, to shew our friend Davis how much he is interested in the duration of his majesty's present ministry; as he may rest assured, that a kindred feeling, which such persons must always entertain for each other, will protect him from the consequences of such a writ, as the one last referred to, issuing out of that particular court; although he will find, in spite of all their power, it will be in vain to avoid a similar mandate, which has so often gone forth from our own tribunal, it being one of the purposes for which that tribunal was established, and before which we shall forthwith proceed to examine him.

The commencement of his preface shews him beginning his literary career as a correspondent of the *Times*; he then "endeavours more fully to express his ideas;" he then gets "introduced to several *distinguished*" (for what?) "members of parliament, "who did me the honour to listen to me," (patient animals!) "and even to receive my remarks with attention," (good natured people!) "and to express a desire to see my arguments more in detail;" as well they might.

Very well! So, in compliance with their wishes, he endeavours to express himself more fully, and then supports his expressions "by calculations founded on experience; and to *the truth* of these calculations, Lord Milton has done me the honour thus to express himself:—'Your calculations, respecting the proportions in which labourers spend their wages upon various articles of consumption, correspond very much with the result of my own inquiries; and as they have been made in very distant and different counties from yours, *they confirm each other*.'"

"Thus," says our friend, "thus ably supported"—that is to say—having Lord Milton, the man who so handsomely came forward to represent the agricultural interest in Northamptonshire, (the bosom friend of Lord Althorp, who, by-the-bye, was the father of the late budget,) and thereby every way capable of giving, through that connexion, every confirmation to people's calculations; —having, then, Lord Milton on his right hand, and on his left calculations founded on experience, or which is the same thing, Cocker himself; Cocker, too, confirmed by Lord Milton; having all this support, he, Hewitt Davis, of Croydon, farmer, comes forward and tells the agriculturist, notwithstanding he may be opposed in theory to the thing, to try the matter by the proper and *simple* test —namely, "taking the gross amount of his expenditure and rates for one year, and try if the deduction of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would not compensate for a loss of 12*s*. per quarter in the sale of his wheat."

Having said thus much, he makes his bow, and then comes the "you shall see what you shall see" part of the subject; namely, HOW the $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is to be saved on the gross amount of the expenditure—that very Q. E. D. part of the affair, which, notwithstanding all the support of Messrs. Milton and Davis, is a failure; for, be it known, gentle reader, that Cocker is turned out of the firm long before the business is concluded.

The first, and greater part of his second page, contains nothing but the old story over again; "manufacturers and merchants, higher prices and lower prices, remunerating prices, marketable values, expense and invention, manual and mechanical, cheaper labour, and cheaper food, interests and evils, and schisms and stuff," but no $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. However just at the bottom, he lets us into a small part of the secret: "*an ingenious manufacturer*," he says, "pointed out to me how much he would be benefited in his *foreign* trade, by a

slight reduction in his expenditure for labour and which deduction he said could not be made, without a proportionate reduction to his labourers in their expenditure for food. This led me to reflect, that if a manufacturer would be so much benefited by a reduction in the cost of food, would not a farmer also be so benefited? and might not the reduction in *all* his expenses, be equivalent to his loss in the sale of *part* of his produce?"

And so he, Hewitt Davis, farmer of Croydon, began for the first time in his life "to reflect;" and he scratched his head, and hitched up his breeches, and the result was, "that he convinced himself that it would compensate the farmer;" and the result was that he published this pamphlet, having convinced himself that it would compensate him; and the result is, that we are convinced that the one, will be about as likely as the other.

It was in the winter of 1829,30, that he made the agricultural labourers give him a return, how their wages were expended weekly, and he found that they were spent in the undermentioned proportions. We really cannot deprive the reader of the proportions, but before they are presented, we must give him possession of another secret; "a man, woman, and *two* children, are about the average of the labourers' families." Hear it, Malthus! Don't *you* trouble yourself any more about the increase of pauper population. We, like you, used to think that the labourers were that blessed sort of men who had "their quivers full of them;" but it is evident we were mistaken. Nevertheless it is no less evident, that the children *do* swarm and increase in the poor people's cottages, but they don't belong to them. It is in vain we have searched the pamphlet through to find whence they come; but Mr. Davies says nothing more, and we must refer you either to him, or Lord Milton, who no doubt are perfectly well acquainted with the sources of that increase, but who, perhaps, do not think it advisable to publish it to all the world. Here is the way, however, in which they spend their wages, fifteen shillings a week—here we have it! bread and butter, candles and coffee, soap and sugar, all *done into* decimals.

	Decimals of 1			
Bread and flour	375	equal to	5	7½
Meat	120		1	9½
Butter and cheese	80		1	2½
Tea, coffee, and sugar	100		1	6
Beer and spirits	70		1	0½
Firing, candles, and soap	100		1	6
Clothes	105		1	7
Potatoes	50		0	9
	1,000		15	0

This is the first chapter of "the calculations founded on experience," to the truth of which Lord Milton has done the writer the honour thus to express himself: "your calculations respecting the proportions in which labourers spend their wages upon various articles of consumption, correspond very much with my own enquiries; and as they have been made in very distant, and different counties from yours, *they confirm each other!*"

Here, then! is one of the mysteries of the 7½ per cent., why the labourers in the "very distant, and different counties," as well as the county of Surrey, *never pay any Rent!!* Bravo! Messrs. Milton and Davis; why have ye two hid your lights so long under bushels, to shew them but at this eleventh hour of agricultural misery? why have you concealed your decimal powers? But, stop! let us listen to the defence which, in our mind's ear, we think is heard from the knight of Northampton. "Did I not say 'articles of consumption,' now is rent an article of consumption? I answer triumphantly, *no!* A man does not *consume rent*, it is the rent that *consumes him;* or, what is the same thing, his wages. As well might you say that the coals consumed the fire, and not the fire the coals. Rent then,

not being an article of consumption, was most properly left out!" (*Hear, hear!* from Mr. Davis.)

There is no withstanding the force of an argument like this, we must therefore proceed to some other more vulnerable part.

You are directed to observe from this account, how large a proportion of the wages is laid out in the purchase of wheat, *and* the produce of the land, and you are told too, how much *more* would be expended, if the sum of wages was *less*. As soon as this amount was regularly checked and confirmed, he began to examine what would *really* have been the loss to the farm he cultivated by the free importation of foreign wheat.

He supposes a free importation, would cause a decline of 12*s*. a quarter in his wheat, and he then finds, to his astonishment, which is not to be wondered at, that the result would be as under.

"The debtor side shews what would have been lost in the sale of the wheat, and the credit side what consequently would have been saved, *supposing* wheat, which has, on an average, sold for 60*s*., should (by a free importation) decline to 48*s*. per quarter."

Now all we have to observe here, is, that when you wish to come to correct conclusions, "by calculation," there is nothing like *starting on a supposition*, and leaving out the rent.

"The farm I cultivate, contains 1,000 acres, of which 500 are arable, and 500 grass and seeds," [happy division!] "There come 150 acres annually in for wheat, which have produced, one year with another, 450 quarters.

"The 7½ per cent. deducted from the labour, is the proportionate reduction to a fall of 20 per cent. in the wheat, the labourers' returns proving that 3-8ths, or $\frac{375}{1000}$ of their wages, are expended in bread and flour. On this proportion, 1-6th, it is calculated, would be saved; that is, 7½ per cent. on 37½, which is equal to 7½ per 100."

Here it may be as well to remark, that the 7½ per cent. is to be deducted from the *manual*, not the *horse* labour; for it is not as yet proved that the farmers' horses eat wheat; and we would also hint, that the rent, which the labourer pays out of his 15*s*., amounting to 3*s*. a week, is more than half of the 3-8ths which he expends in flour, and consequently a great deal more than the 1-5th, we should say, nearly three times as much as that sum, upon which he builds his hypothetical 7½ per cent.; and moreover that this does not prove a reduction in *all* his expenses, to say nothing about rent and tithe, unless he leaves *his* rent also out of calculation.

THE STATEMENT

From a fall of 20 per cent. in the value of Wheat, to a Farmer of 1,000 Acres.

Dr. Loss.	£.	s.	*per Annum.* *Gain, Cr.*	£.	s.
Loss on 450 qrs. wheat, at 12*s*. per qr., the produce of 150 acres, ...	270	0	7½ ℔ cent. saved on 2,800*l*., the amount I expend in wages, yearly	210	0
Balance, being the clear saving to me of	25	15	7½ ℔ cent. saved on 320*l*., the amount of my parish rates, yearly	24	0
			7½ ℔ cent. saved on 250*l*., the amount of my tradesmen's bills, for labour only; viz. carpenters, wheelers, blacksmiths, &c. . .	18	15
			20 ℔ cent. saved on 140*l*., my family's consumption of bread and flour	28	0
			7½ ℔ cent. saved on 200*l*., expended in clothing, furniture, and other necessaries . . .	15	0
	£295	15		£295	15

That he will lose 270*l*. by the fall in his wheat is an item in the account which no one will dispute, the question lies on the other side; let us

take the first article : there are 2,800*l.* paid for wages alone! Here are wages for upwards of *seventy men* employed principally upon 500 acres of arable land! Why, it is double the proportion of labourers necessary in Kent and Sussex, where their hop plantations require so much spade husbandry. It must be a blunder, but admitting it, for a moment, to be correct, if "3-8ths of their wages are expended in bread and flour," or, what will come to the same thing, *wheat*, and if by reducing the price of wheat 20 per cent., selling to *them* the portion they need, and deducting 7½ per cent. from their wages, he will be a gainer of 210*l.* per annum, *why has he not done it?* There never was any clause in the corn laws prohibiting that. He need not wait till they are repealed to put that part of his saving plan into execution, at all events. Allowing, for a moment, that he does carry it into effect, granting that these labourers *do* expend 3-8ths of their wages, that is, 3-8ths of 2,800*l.* in wheat, how much will they require? Why, 350 *quarters!!* within 100 quarters of the whole produce of his farm! His family consume 140*l.* worth more, or, what is the same thing, upwards of 46 quarters in addition, leaving him a surplus of about 52 quarters of wheat to carry to market! We should not wonder, indeed, if the farmers ate all their wheat in this way, that the *ingenious* manufacturer got the wind in his stomach; well may he cry for free importation.

As for the stuff about the tradesmen's bills, every body knows how the consumer is benefitted by the repeal of an indirect tax; it may be very well to talk about competition in a crowded town like London, but if we are to go into the country, where one has some times five miles to send for a carpenter to repair a three-legged stool; or if it should so happen, as once occurred to us when out with the hounds, on breaking a stirrup leather, we were directed to the village collar-maker's shop, and found, to our dismay, on his shutters, "Attendunse giving hear on Thorsdays and Satordays;" we say, in such instances, which is the case with half the agricultural districts, the cant of competition refutes itself; the farmers are completely at the mercy of the tradesmen, who have not and never will reduce their charges in the proportion described. And this project of repealing the corn laws, if carried into effect, would place the cultivator still more at the mercy of the manufacturer and village tradesman. If an increased importation of foreign corn did not cause an increased exportation of cloths and muslins, of cottons and hosiery, and, consequently, an increase in the price of these commodities, and the wages of the artisan, the farmer would undoubtedly suffer, but the manufacturing labourer would reap no benefit whatever. And if the latter derived no benefit from the change, why propose it under the disingenuous pretence of bettering the condition of the former? This looks very like fraud, Master Davis, even though approved of by Lord Milton. Be honest, man, even though you should fail in proving yourself to be a philosopher. If, by repealing the corn laws, the condition of the farmer should be improved, why should not the repeal of all protective duties in favour of manufacturers, also benefit the artisan? Ah! ah! There's a hole in your coat, Master Davis! What would the *million* of fancy shoemakers of England say to a repeal of the duty on French shoes? This is your generous panacea for the farmers—propose it to the "enlightened operative," and, by Jupiter! what a risk you would run of being some of these mornings, exalted *à la lanterne!* But we have dwelt too long already on this part of the history, let us proceed. We quote him once more:—

"Still, to be more certain, and as a check on this account, I turned to my farming estimates, and, taking the course of croppings on wheat land, I first took the expense of cultivating one acre for eight years, and then tried if the deduction of 7½ per cent. on the labour would cover the loss of 12*s.* per quarter, and again I found the loss more than covered, as is here shewn."

This is doing the thing with a vengeance. First he draws up an account from what he calls facts, and then proceeds to confirm it by *an estimate!!* Why, this beats my Lord Milton's confirmation; but we must take the estimate out, and then, invoking the spirit of Joseph Hume, proceed to dissection.

Dr. *Eight Courses of Cultivation*

		£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
1st Year.	Rent and Taxes..	1	10	0			
Tares.	Tythes, Rates and Management	1	10	0			
	Ploughing, Harrowing, and Rolling	2	0	0			
	Seed and Sowing	1	4	0			
	Manure	4	0	0			
					10	4	0
and	Ploughing, Harrowing, and Rolling	1	10	0			
Rape.	Seed and Sowing	0	4	0			
	Hoeing	0	6	0			
	Manure	4	0	0			
					6	0	0
2nd Year.	Rent and Taxes	1	10	0			
Wheat.	Tythes, Rates, and Management	1	10	0			
	Ploughing, Harrowing, and Rolling	1	10	0			
	Hoeing	0	6	0			
	Seed and Sowing	1	10	0			
	Reaping, Carting, Threshing, &c.	1	0	0			
					7	6	0
3d Year.	Rent and Taxes	1	10	0			
Beans.	Tythes, Rates, and Management	1	10	0			
	Ploughing, Rolling, and Harrowing	2	0	0			
	Seed and Sowing	0	18	0			
	Hoeing	0	6	0			
	Cutting, Carting, and Threshing	1	0	0			
					7	4	0
4th Year.	Rent and Taxes	1	10	0			
Oats.	Tythes, Rates, and Management	1	10	0			
	Ploughing, Rolling, and Harrowing	2	0	0			
	Seed and Sowing	0	13	9			
	Hoeing	0	6	0			
	Reaping, Carting, Threshing, &c.	1	0	0			
5th Year.					6	19	9
Tares and	Same as 1st Year	10	4	0			
Rape.	Same as ditto	6	0	0			
					16	4	0
6th Year.	Same as 4th Year	6	19	9			
Oats.	Sown with Red Clover	0	16	0			
					7	15	9
7th Year.	Rent and Taxes	1	10	0			
Clover.	Tythes, Rates, and Management	1	10	0			
	Rolling and Stone Picking	0	10	0			
	Mowing and making into Hay	1	10	0			
					5	0	0
8th Year.	Same as 2d Year				7	6	0
Wheat.							
					£73	19	6
	Less Rent and Taxes, on which I will suppose there would be no deduction				10	0	0
	Leaves				£63	19	6
	On which I should save by the fall in the price of Labour 7½ per Cent. on £63. 19*s*. 6*d*.				£4	16	0

Now our readers will find on the bottom of "the debtor" side of the statement, the sum of 73*l*. 19*s*. 6*d*., by deducting the rent and taxes from which he gets the sum of 63*l*. 19*s*. 6*d*., on which, by a fall of 7½ per cent. in the price of *labour*, he is to save 4*l*. 16*s*. This brings us again back to the original question, *how?* it will be borne in mind, that Mr. Davis states "the 7½ per cent." which is deducted from the labour, "is the proportionate reduction to a fall of 20 per cent. in wheat, the labourers' returns proving that 3-8ths, or $\frac{375}{1000}$ of their wages are expended in bread and flour," *and, therefore,* according to his estimate, must be also deduct-

on Heavy Soils. *Cr.*

		£. s. d.	£. s. d.
1st Year.	Half fed off by Sheep	2 0 0	
	Half cut for Horses	2 10 0	
			4 10 0
	Fed off by Sheep		2 10 0
2nd Year.	Wheat, 4 qrs. at 60*s.*	12 0 0	
	Straw, 1¾ loads, at 32*s.*	2 16 0	
			14 16 0
3d Year.	Beans, 5 qrs. at 40*s.*		10 0 0
4th Year.	Oats, 7 qrs. at 28*s.*	9 16 0	
	Straw, 1¾ loads, at 24*s.*	2 2 0	
			11 18 0
5th Year.	Same as 1st Year	4 10 0	
	Ditto	2 10 0	
			7 0 0
6th Year.	Same as 4th Year		11 18 0
7th Year.	Hay, 2½ loads, at 84*s.*		10 10 0
8th Year.	Wheat, 3 qrs. at 60*s.*	9 0 0	
	Straw, 1¾ loads, at 32*s.*	2 16 0	
			11 16 0
			£84 18 0
	The Two Crops of Wheat produce 7 qrs., on which I have supposed there would be a loss of 12*s.* per qr., or		4 4 0
	Leaving a balance of		0 12 0
	Or 1*s.* 6*d.* per acre per ann. in favour of lower prices		£4 16 0

ed from tythes, rates, and management! Ploughing, harrowing, and rolling!! Seed, and sowing!!! and (ye gods!) *manure!!!!* It is really "too bad" to make such an assertion, without even bringing forward any bread and butter decimals or fractions to prove that *manure* "spends 3-8ths, or 375/1000 of its wages" in bread and flour; though we do recollect an instance in which such a case may be possible; we allude to a certain description of tailors called "*dungs;*" a good mixen of these dungs might consume a great deal of bread and flour, but till we are positively informed that is the description of manure alluded to, we shall take the

word in its more general acceptation; why are the tare and rape seeds to be reduced 7½ per cent.? are any wages paid them? do they "consume 3-8ths, or $\frac{375}{1000}$ &c." or the horses, will their stomachs be 3-8ths smaller because the ports are open for the free importation of wheat? or will any respectable dignitary of the church throw off 3-8ths of his tythes, because those tythes on wheat have been reduced 20 per cent.? With every admiration of their christian charity, "which beginneth at home," we have strong misgivings that such will not be the case, they would be much more likely to cry out on the sacrilegious robbery already committed.

But allowing, for sake of argument, that manure, tares, and rape, do spend 3-8ths of their wages in flour, that horses' stomachs will diminish, and that the parsons *will* throw off; that, in short, the whole of the farmer's expenses will be reduced 7½ per cent.—what then? What are a farmer's expenses? Are they not almost all included in what is termed his valuation, in which nearly the whole of his capital was embarked on entering his farm, and this has been paid for by him under the protection of the corn laws: they are repealed, and, according to Mr. Davis, his expenses are reduced 7½ per cent., or, in other words, 7½ per cent. is taken off his valuation—what then? Why, out of the two thousand millions embarked in the agriculture of this country, one hundred and fifty millions are to be sacrificed *instanter*, that the *ingenious* manufacturer may sell a few more razors and broadcloths to foreigners.

But to apply this theory to the farm supposed to be occupied by Mr. Hewitt Davis, the capital embarked cannot be less than 6,000*l.* at the least, 450*l.* would be struck off, and he is to lose 270*l.* per annum in the sale of his wheat; allowing then only *four* per cent. on his capital, his loss would be 288*l.* per annum, against which he would have, as a set-off, his 7½ per cent. on 1,340*l.* for the *manual* labour required on his farm; and on the produce so affected, amounting to about 100*l.* per annum, we defy him to make it more even according to his own estimate. The result would be that he would find himself minus 188*l.* per annum, and as he would then no doubt bestir himself to get out of his farm, he would make the agreeable discovery of that beneficial loss of 450*l.*; in addition, moreover, be convinced, when too late, that "a reduction in all his expenses, and a loss in the sale of part of his produce" could be of no advantage.

There are several items in this singular estimate which appear to us quite inexplicable, and did we not know for a fact that Mr. Davis is a good *practical* farmer, we could not believe it to have been written by any one who had ever seen a plough. He surely must have swallowed a bit of that newspaper which the man described as having seen in his hand; it can be accounted for in no other way; how, for example, does he reap, cart, and thrash the produce of an acre of wheat for 1*l.*? The reaping alone would cost 14*s.*, the carting not less than 4*s*, and we know he cannot have it thrashed for less than 4*s.* 6*d.* a quarter; supposing then he had, according to his account, four quarters, here would be 18*s.* more, making a total of 1*l.* 16*s.* The same accuracy is to be discovered in many other items which have shewn themselves in the course of our examination, for the purpose of getting at the actual amount of manual labour, from which, according to his theory, we had a right to deduct the 7½ per cent.

As the account and estimate contain the pith of the pamphlet, we shall pass over the rest with but a few cursory remarks. There is no notice taken of the necessity of a fallow, nor is it thought worth while to allow for any loss from unfavourable seasons, and the crops are such as no farmer can vouch for as average ones.

With regard to the horse labour, the price of that will be affected only in such a proportion as the manual labour employed in the production of that which the horses consume is affected, which is very trifling, and not on the whole consumption.

The case of the farmer here is something like a man who has a coal pit. Supposing it produced him 40 chaldron *per diem*, and that it was possible for his steam engine to require 10, his friend comes to him and says, "you are now selling your

coals at 20*s*. the chaldron, reduce the price to 10*s*., and your engine, instead of costing you 10*l*. *per diem*, would only be 5*l*." The collier would reply, "What, would the engine *consume less?* Certainly not. It matters not then what the price of the consumption may be stated at, if the quantity be not altered. It is the price of the thirty chaldrons that I must look to; and although I might *nominally* save 5*l*. on the engine's consumption, I should in reality lose 15*l*. in the sale of my surplus produce, by which I pay my rent and other expenses."

A page of his work is wasted in proving a self-evident fact, namely, that if oats were dearer than wheat, the labourer would purchase the latter in preference to the former. A little further on we are told, one of the arguments against him is, "that during the war, when wheat was so dear, the farmers prospered;" his reply is, "did not the grazier and every other description of farmer then likewise prosper?" We confess we are at a loss to see how his reply refutes his antagonists' assertion.

The market gardeners "who are now comparatively ruined, then made immense profits, and yet the return *from* high prices for corn could not benefit them."

Now, if Mr. Davis had taken the trouble of asking these market gardeners, he would have found, that the distress resulting from low prices, had forced the farmers, within twenty miles of London, to seek those profits which were hitherto gained by them alone, and that in consequence an immense quantity of the vegetables with which the metropolis was formerly supplied from the market gardeners, are now sent from the farmers; but the moment a higher price was given for corn, this system would cease, and the market gardeners would immediately reap the advantage. These poor devils are also suffering from the benefits of an unrestricted trade in fruits, which the French are allowed to carry on, that has caused a depreciation of full 50 per cent. in the value of their fruit plantations.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Davis; we have not the pleasure of knowing him, but having heard he is "a dev'lish good sort of a fellow," we shall refrain from inflicting that castigation which such publications as this most richly deserve. From what we could learn when "chopping it" last week at the Shirley inn, we are led to conclude he is but a puppet in the hands of that *ingenious manufacturer* who owes his fortune, and his seat at Shirley, to those contracts which government entered into during the war. We don't object to the attempts of any manufacturer to better himself at the expense of the landed interest, but let him come forward openly, and in his true character. He may, and perhaps has, persuaded Lord Milton and a few other good easy people; but when we see the Bedfords, and the great "bell wether," Coke, and their followers, joining the flocks of these pseudo-agriculturists, it becomes high time to send out the watch dogs, and bring them back to the fold, lest they eventually fall sacrificed to those wolves in sheep's clothing which are now prowling about in the shapes of reform and free trade.

LANDOR'S POEMS.

It is somewhat remarkable that Lord Byron, whose own vast powers were called into play by the unfair criticism of small wits, should, in the blaze of his fame, have delighted in low ribaldry and misrepresentation of almost every contemporary poet, with the exception of pretty *Little* Tommy, and one or two others. In his silly poetical commandments we are told :—

> "Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
> Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey,
> Because the first is crazed beyond all hope;
> The second drunk; the third so quaint and mouthy;
> With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
> And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy;
> Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
> Commit flirtation with the muse of Moore."

And why not, Geordie Gordon? Why not play tricks with the banker and the toady? We think we hear a voice from thy grave replying, "My dear Yorke, don't be too hard on me—Rogers and Moore both were moving in my favourite society, and they could both write smart epigrams :—

> 'And wit is but a weathercock,
> And that's the reason why.'"

Yes, the secret of all his lordship's literary loves and hatreds is to be found in his egregious and all-devouring vanity. This made him sneer at Shakspeare, among the dead, and write fulsome dedications to Moore, among the living. Of those who were honoured by the noble lord's scurrility, the author of the volume before us is one. He is called

> "That deep-mouthed Bœotian, Savage Landor."

And deep-mouthed he may be, but not more so than he is deep-minded and deep-hearted. His *Imaginary Conversations* are known to every reader as being among the most original and powerful productions of modern times; and the poems now given to the world are, though not likely to enjoy extensive popularity, replete with proofs of force and elegance of mind. We say this with reference to the volume generally. Of *Gebir, Count Julian, Ines de Castro, Ippolito di Este,* and *Gunlaug*, as distinct productions, we cannot speak highly, but in all of them we find traces of a truly poetical spirit. The shorter poems, however, please us most. They abundantly shew that the author is of a higher and purer school than that which Byron and Moore, with their long train of tawdry twaddlers, have endeavoured, we trust vainly, to establish. Landor never arrays debasing thoughts in melodious diction :

> "*He* never has laboured a lay of vile lust
> To curse the chaste heart with unquenchable fire;
> Nor tinsel hath spun to veil Vice from disgust,
> And hide the dark hues of degrading desire."

In no part of his volume do we find the monstrous notion advanced, that when lust begins to pall, it is time for man to die. Surely accurst must be that creed, which acknowledges no higher hope or aim in our existence than the gratification of base desires, and proclaims, that when animal enjoyment fails, the soul has nothing left deserving her admiration or her love! Yet this, in effect, nay, in express terms, is inculcated in the writings of Byron and Moore. In the song, written by his lordship on his last birthday, he stimulates himself to valour by the thought that he is now like the Copper Captain,

> "A fellow of no reckoning,
> Nor worth a lady's eye."

And because his lust is at last a self-devouring flame, he exclaims,

> "If thou regret thy youth, *why live?*
> The land of honourable death
> Is here;—up to the field, and give
> Away thy breath!"

And the Tomtit, working his wee energies into a state of vehement ejaculation, exclaims :—

> "Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
> When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
> And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
> Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!"

We crave leave to observe that this "exquisite" *morçeau* of maudlin sentiment is not taken from the "kiss-be-my-passport-to-heaven" period of Moore's life and writings, nor from that when he was engaged in the "delightful task" of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," by placing Captain Morris's energetic strains of blasphemy and lust *à-la-portée* of youthful gentlemen and ladies, who swallowed his

> "sweet syllabubs of sinful song,"

and took

> "his word about his moral."

No, the pure passage of English poetry, with which we have now to do, is taken from that volume of *Irish Melodies*, which, many years ago, was eulogized by the *Edinburgh Review* as containing nothing in it which could call a blush to the cheek of Mr. Jeffrey's grandmother. Admitting, as we do, that the said volume is less redolent of the stews than many other perpetrations of the penny-trumpet poet; we distinctly aver that there are not, from the first page to the last, more than some half-dozen songs—and these have a political reference—in which high and noble feelings are not insulted by ill-disguised impurity, or the tinsel of meretricious taste, so utterly at variance with sincerity. The tendency of the whole poetic existence of Byron and of Moore has been to extend and strengthen the dominion of the passions at the expense of all that should dignify the character of woman or man. And shall we silently allow their insolent ridicule against men like Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell and others, who, whatever may have been their faults of style, and their sins, whether political or personal—for we suppose they are subject to the errors of humanity—have written nothing against the moral interests of their fellow-men,

> "No line which, dying, they need wish to blot?"

This last is the "sort of thing" which shall always have our support. After the long literary intimacy which has existed between our readers and ourselves—an intimacy honourable and advantageous to both parties—we need hardly say that the mere advocacy of the moral cause cannot save dulness from our castigation. There is a well known, duly appreciated, and therefore justly despised generation of moon-struck mortals who have ransacked the sacred volume for imagery and lofty allusion, and produced what they are pleased to call "Sacred Poetry." This they have recommended and sold, and puffed on the score of its moral tendency; thinking that, by such pious plagiarisms they might "do good by *stealth*, and blush to find it *fame*." But we have taught them a different story; and now, when we find a man of really original genius devoting his powers to the exaltation of the beautiful and the true, we shall not linger on any peculiarity whether in his general conceptions or his particularly queer orthography, but shall shew that Landor *is* a poet—though *son genre n'est pas le premier*.

First, however, we will just notice the preface, which we are bound to say does not please us. And here we could be rather eloquent and very successful on the subject of prefaces and dedications generally. But we prefer brevity to display. Still we must take leave and space to say, and we say it advisedly, that if ever an author makes an especial ass of himself, it is in his preface and dedication. Look at the eternal records of time-honoured ink—look at the late reign—fix your eyes upon the present, and declare whether nauseous vanity and fulsome adulation are not the invariable components used by all the praters in verse or prose, who have ever loved "to hear themselves converse" in either of the forms which we are now deprecating. By the way, not one among the living claimants to the laurel which they may chance to lose, has

so wofully played the deuce with himself in this respect as the self-satirist, of whose person the Royal Academy and the *New Monthly Magazine* have at present two several lying representations, and of whose poetical powers the *Siamese Twins* will convince a butter-purchasing posterity. Well, let that pass. At present we have to do with Walter Savage Landor, and we quote accordingly.

"There are many things in this volume of little weight and value: the only reason why they are collected is, that more, and worse, either written by me in youth, or with equal idleness afterward, may never be raked together by the avarice of venal editors and bankrupt publishers; such as have lately disinterred the rankest garbage of Swift and Dryden, who had already left too much aboveground. It is only the wretchedest of poets that wish all they ever wrote to be remembered: some of the best would be willing to lose the most."

Now with respect to the first part of this extract, which tells us that "there are many things in the volume of little weight and value," we assure our friend Walter Savage that the things of the greatest *weight* in his volume, *i. e.* the heaviest, are those of the least value. But, to be serious, we do think that the "modest assurance" of setting the bibliopolists of after-years at work to rake up the literary remains of Landor, argues in the said Landor a little more than that fair portion of self-appreciation, which it is, perhaps, necessary to possess and prudent to encourage. This preface—as every other egotistical effusion of a clever man—says just what, if said at all, should have been said by his friend or reviewer. Coming from the quarter it does, it only serves to sharpen the appetite of the small critic for any faults which the work itself may contain.

Of *Gebir,* a poem composed when the imaginary converser was a capital cricketer, and written originally in Latin, we may say that nothing can surpass it in a tendency to convince all men of what a wag once said—namely, "that it did any man credit to understand Mr. Landor's poetry." In the preface to the edition of 1803, the author himself calls it the fruit of Idleness and Ignorance; and, really considered as a work of art, it is by no means unworthy of its parents. He goes on to say, that "he has chosen blank verse, because there never was a poem in rhyme that grew not tedious in a thousand lines." Verily, Mr. Landor, your blank verse is somewhat ungrateful for the preference thus given to it, for Gebir could not have been more thoroughly tedious had it consisted of ten thousand lines of rhyme. Still, though occasionally obscure, quaint, queer, and absurd, the writing is, in some passages, as beautiful as the spelling is ridiculous. The poet was attached to this spelling in 1803, and has made as many converts as a man without hands may count on his fingers. But to proceed. Some of his fanciful descriptions would do credit to ourselves. Take the following of the sea shell:—

"I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

We have rarely met a more descriptive line than the following in italics:

"Far off at intervals the ax resounds
With regular strong stroke, and nearer home,
Dull falls the mallet, with long labour fringed."

This personification of the Prayers we think beautiful:—

"Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixt,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the Prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Tho' different, glows with beauty; at the throne
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosom'd, and indignant Jove

Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand. let us arise
On these high places daily, beat our breast,
Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his wrath."

So is the following description.—

"Him Gebir followed, and a roar confused
Rose from a river rolling in its bed,
Not rapid, that would rouse the wretched souls,
Nor calmly, that might lull them to repose;
But with dull weary lapses it upheaved
Billows of bale, heard low, yet heard afar.
For when hell's iron portals let out night,
Often men start and shiver at the sound,
And lie so silent on the restless couch
They hear their own hearts beat.

We should be vehemently delighted if any mother's son among the modern geniuses who write the vilest possible verse with the greatest precision, by counting their feet on their fingers, would have the goodness to mark, read, and inwardly digest the following passages, if indeed their poetic stomachs retain the power after so long subsisting on

"Decoctions of a barley-water muse."

"Lo! mirror of delight in cloudless days,
Lo! thy reflexion 'twas when I exclaimed,
With kisses hurried as if each foresaw
Their end, and reckon'd on our broken bond,
And could at such a price such loss endure
'O what to faithful lovers met at morn,
What half so pleasant as imparted fears!'
Looking recumbent how Love's column rose
Marmoreal, trophied round with golden hair,
How in the valley of one lip unseen
He slumber'd, one his unstrung bow imprest.
Sweet wilderness of soul-entangling charms!
Led back by Memory, and each blissful maze
Retracing, me with magic power detain
Those dimpled cheeks, those temples violet tinged,
Those lips of nectar, and those eyes of heav'n!"

Is not this a picture?—

"She held the downcast bridegroom to her breast
Lookt in his face and charm'd away his fears."

* * * * *

Again—

"Grief favours all who bear the gift of tears!
Mild at first sight he meets his votaries,
And casts no shadow as he comes along."

Again—

"*On the soft inward pillow of her arm
Rested her burning cheek.*"

How true the following!—

"In the too tender, and once tortured heart
Doubts gather strength from habit, like disease;
Fears, like the needle verging to the pole,
Tremble and tremble into certainty."

On the death of Gebir, Charoba bursts into this lament:-

"Who will believe me? what shall I protest?
How innocent, thus wretched! God of Gods,
Strike me—who most offend thee most defy—
Charoba most offends thee—strike me, hurl
From this accursed land, this faithless throne.
O Dalica! see here the royal feast!
See here the gorgeous robe! you little thought

How have the demons dyed that robe with death.
Where are ye, dear fond parents! when ye heard
My feet in childhood pat the palace-floor,
Ye started forth and kist away surprise:
Will ye now meet me! how, and where, and when?
And must I fill your bosom with my tears,
And, what I never have done, with your own!
Why have the Gods thus punisht me? what harm
Have ever I done them? have I profaned
Their temples, askt too little, or too much?
Proud if they granted, griev'd if they witheld?
O mother! stand between your child and them!
Appease them, soothe them, soften their revenge,
Melt them to pity with maternal tears—
Alas, but if you cannot! they themselves
Will then want pity rather than your child.
O Gebir! best of monarchs, best of men,
What realm hath ever thy firm even hand
Or lost by feebleness or held by force!
Behold thy cares and perils how repaid!
Behold the festive day, the nuptial hour!"

If the reader, relying on the long intimacy, to which we have alluded, between him and ourselves, should ask us, in confidence, whether we understand the story of *Gebir*, or, in other words, "what it's all about," we must candidly confess that we can make nor head nor tail of the said story. A monarch, named Gebir, sovereign of Bœotic Spain, is bound by a vow, administered *à-la-Hannibal*, to invade Egypt. He invades accordingly, but falls in love with the Queen Charoba, whose attendant, Dalica, participating in the terror of the queen and people on the first news of the invasion, and knowing nothing of the mutual flame which is defying the engines of the moral insurance office, goes to some hag of her acquaintance and obtains a poisoned mantle, which she throws over the shoulders of Gebir when he is "thinking of nothing at all," or, what is, in the end, as little to the purpose, of the charms of his bride, Queen Charoba, who sits beside him. In consequence of being thus cruelly *kilt*, Gebir dies, and Charoba, as most women would do under the circumstances, bursts into tears and upbraids the Gods.

Of *Count Julian*, the author tells us, that "it is rather a dialogue than a drama, and never was offered to the stage," which we take to be the only reason why it was not rejected. Not that the merit or demerit of a production has any thing to do with its acceptance at the Convent or the Lane; but *Count Julian* is an affair which

"Nor Gods, nor Pit, nor Boxes"

could support. *Ines de Castro* is another dialogue, in which there are good passages, but the general effect of which is feeble; a remark equally applicable to *Ippolito di Este*. We suspect Mr. Landor is too deficient in *passion* ever to treat a subject dramatically. But in his shorter pieces the spirit of the man comes forth, and a warm and generous one it is. From a series of short poems, under the general name of *Ianthe*, we select the following:—

"I often ask upon whose arm she leans,
She whom I dearly love,
And if she visit much the crowded scenes
Where mimic passions move.
There, mighty powers! assert your just controul,
Alarm her thoughtless breast,
Breathe soft suspicion o'er her yielding soul,
But never break its rest.
O let some faithful lover, absent long,
To sudden bliss return;
Then Landor's name shall tremble from her tongue,
Her cheek thro' tears shall burn."

"Flow, precious tears! thus shall my rival know
For me, not him, ye flow.
Stay, precious tears! ah stay: this jealous heart
Would bid you flow apart.
Lest he should see you rising o'er the brim,
And hope you rise for him.
Your secret cells, while he is present, keep,
Nor, tho' I'm absent, weep."

"Ianthe! you resolve to cross the sea!
A path forbidden *me!*
Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
Upon the mountain-heads,
How often we have watcht him laying down
His brow, and dropt our own
Against each other's, and how faint and short
And sliding the support!
What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest,
Ianthe! nor will rest
But on the very thought that swells with pain.
Oh bid me hope again!
Oh give me back what Earth, what (without you)
Not Heaven itself can do—
One of the golden days that we have past,
And let it be my last!"

"Clifton, in vain thy varied scenes invite,
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;
The sheep that, starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant church his mellow chime;
As o'er each limb a gentle horrour creeps,
And shakes above our heads the craggy steeps.
Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
The frolic Naids drawing from below
A net of silver round the black canoe.
Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve."

Landor has been subject to the ridicule of vanity, foppery, and folly for his connexion with what is called the *Lake* school. If to this connexion he owes such pervading sympathy with natural beauty as is expressed in the following passage, he has no reason to regret it:—

"And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold."

Passing over some serious attempts at humour and some political allusions to a nobleman, now long dead, we come to a set of verses, which we quote principally for the note appended to them:—

"Let this man smile, and that man sigh
To see the wheels of Fashion whirl;
Place me in some cool arbour nigh
My mild and modest country girl!

Or under whitening poplars, high
O'er flirting brooks, that glance and purl
To attract such flowers as peer and pry,
My mild and modest country girl!

Would you not tire there?—no, not I—
Acids that melt the richest pearl
Are envy, pride, satiety,
My mild and modest country girl!

Power, office, title—up they fly
Against one light and sunny curl,
That plays above thine azure eye,
My mild and modest country girl!

Knighthood's new spur the squire would try,
And vicount be emblazoned earl.
Content is only seated by
My mild and modest country girl!

Possession kings must fortify
With moat and barbican and merl:
Thine dwells in free security,
My mild and modest country girl!

Great riches, great authority
Turn the best-tempered to a churl;
With health and thee no crosses lie,
My mild and modest country girl!

Tho' Fame and Glory to the sky
Ambition's wind-worn flag unfurl,
With thee I'd live, for thee I'd die,
My mild and modest country girl!

Thus round and round thee busily
Teaching my tinkling rhymes to twirl,
I did not well hear thy reply,
My mild and modest country girl!

Here we are in a considerable fidget to know who this "country girl" could have been. And, lo! the above mentioned note announces the illusion-dispelling fact that she was nobody at all. Hark to the note:—

"If the reader has any curiosity to know the origin of these trifling verses, they were composed on the remark of a scholar, that *puella* in its cases ended many in Latin, and that *girl* ended none in ours, from the impossibility of finding such a rhyme as would suit the subject. It is something to do anything which nobody can do better."

Now this is another affirmation which would come with better grace from any one than from the author.

The beauty of the two following descriptions must strike every reader.

"SPRING.

"Hark! 'tis the laugh of Spring—she comes,
With airy sylphs and firy gnomes;
On cruel mischief these intent,
And those as anxious to prevent.
"So, now for frolic and for fun,
And swains forsworn and maids undone;
So, now for bridegrooms and for brides,
And rivals hang'd by river-sides.
Here the hearse-wooing dove is heard,
And there the cuckoo, taunting bird!
But soon along the osier vale
Will warble the sweet nightingale,
Amid whose song chaste Eve must hear
The threats of love, the screams of fear,
The milk-maid's shriek of laughter shrill
From hovel close beneath the hill,
Before the door the whirring wheel,
Behind the hedge the ticklish squeal,
The shepherd rude, the hoyden wroth,
The boisterous rip of stubborn cloth,
The brisk repulse, the pressing pray'r,
Ah do! and *do it if you dare!*"

PROGRESS OF EVENING.

"From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve procede:
First thro' the deep and warm and secret glens,
Thro' the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And thro' those alders by the river-side:
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But, ah! look yonder! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides
Until they sink and melt away like chalk;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,
All one vast ocean! and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves."

We now come to the *Poems on the Dead,* of which the author tells us—"they occupy but little of the reader's time, and are placed here to gratify my feelings." To us, it appears that they should and will occupy much of the reader's time, and that *his* feelings will be deeply interested by them. They are written with a pure and natural pathos; and their merit will long receive a tearful acknowledgement from all capable of accompanying a poet through the wondrous mazes of his grief.

"And thou too, Nancy! why should Heaven remove
Each tender object of my early love?
Why was I happy? O ye conscious rocks!
Was I not happy? when Ione's locks
Claspt round her neck and mine their golden chain,
Ambition, fame, and fortune, smiled in vain.
While warring winds with deaf'ning fury blew,
Near, and more near, our checks, our bosoms, grew.
Wave after wave the lashing ocean chased,
She smiled, and prest me closer to her waist.
'Suppose this cave should crush us,' once I cried;
'It cannot fall,' the loving maid replied.
'You, who are shorter, may be safe,' I said;
'O let us fly!' exclamed the simple maid.
Springing, she drew me forward by the hand
Upon the sunny and the solid sand,
And then lookt round, with fearful doubt, to see
If, what I spoke so seriously, could be.
"Ah memory, memory! thou alone canst save
Angelic beauty from the grasping grave.
And shall she perish? by yon stars I swear,
Here she shall live, though fate hath placed her there.
The sigh of soft surrender, and the kiss
For absence, doubt, obedience, merit this.
Tho' Nancy's name for ever dwell unknown
Beyond her briar-bound sod and upright stone;
Yet, in the lover's, in the poet's eye,
The gentle young Ione ne'er shall die."

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee."

"Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone,
O Dorothea! thou wert bright with youth,
Freshness like Morning's dwelt upon thy cheek,
While here and there above the level pews,
Above the housings of the village dames,
The musky fan its groves and zephyrs waved.
I know not why, since we had each our book
And lookt upon it stedfastly, first one
Outran the learned labourer from the desk,
Then tript the other, and limpt far behind,
And smiles gave blushes birth, and blushes smiles.
Ah me! where are they flown, my lovely friend!
Two seasons like that season thou hast lain
Cold as the dark-blue stone beneath my feet,
While my heart beats as then—but not with joy!

"O my lost friends! why were ye once so dear!
And why were ye not fewer, O ye few!
Must winter, spring, and summer, thus return,
Commemorating some one torne away,
Till half the months at last shall take, with me,
Their names from those upon your scatter'd graves!"

We cannot conclude these quotations better than by giving the following lines:—

'FOR AN EPITAPH AT FIESOLE.

"Lo! where the four mimosas blend their shade,
In calm repose at last is Landor laid;
For, ere he slept, he saw them planted here
By her his soul had ever held most dear,
And he had lived enough when he had dried her tear.'

As we said at the outset, Landor is not likely ever to become a popular poet—nor do we think the form in which he here is seen, the most favourable to him. But in whatever way a man of genius may please to pour forth the treasures of his mind, they should be received with reverence and gratitude; and such reception he will ever meet with from *Regina*, whose ruthless denunciation and castigation of dulness and pretension affords, to a discerning eye, the strongest pledge of her devotion to the fame and interests of the gifted few.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—BY OLIVER YORKE.

No. II.

Nobody can be ignorant of the fate appointed for "a house divided against itself," but we have seldom witnessed so apposite an illustrative comment upon the text as the long looked-for dissolution of the late parliament. Happen what would, it was manifestly predestined to an ungentle end, and the only question to be decided was, whether it would prefer the classical alternative of falling voluntarily on the sword of cunning temper prepared for it, or give up the ghost upon compulsion. It stood precisely in the predicament of suspected witches in the days of Queen Bess, who were carbonated in the fire because they unreasonably resisted drowning in the millrace. The concluding scene was pregnant with interest, and will not quickly pass from the memory of a spectator; but any attempt to describe it would be encroaching on the legitimate province of "Journalism." The deportment of the former Home Secretary was perfectly in character with the occasion: he took an imposing attitude,—made what Sir Charles Wetherell might call a thaumaturgical display, and presented no inapt image of the Colliseum gladiator who expired with a commendable observance of stage effect.* As parliament, however, is now reconstructed, although not indeed of the same identical elements into which it originally resolved, it will not be out of season to assay some few supplementary goose-quill etchings of those members who, at a bird's-eye glance, appear sufficiently prominent to justify a notice. To select only men of genuine intrinsic merit, whose reputation will wear well, overlooking those who are apparently indebted to mere adventitious circumstances for a temporary notoriety—often far from creditable—which ministers to their self-esteem but for a season, is none of our design. Rousseau has finely observed of Richardson's contemporary novelists, that their actors occupy attention just for the hour of perusal, and flit before the eye like gaudy figures in a phantasmagoria, that

* We had thought of the famous "*Jam, jam*" hexameters, supposed to be uttered by father Anchises, but the association was too much connected with anility; and as for a dying stag, that poor brute, under such circumstances, in one respect rather resembled the disconsolate Horace Twiss, of whom it is currently reported, that "the big round tears" were discerned "coursing one another down his innocent nose in piteous chase!" He spoke not, it is true, but "thought the more."

Silence in *Twiss* betray'd more woe,
Than all the eloquence of words.

vanish as they appeared, and leave no vestige of their existence, whereas the characters pourtrayed by the master-hand survive in their native strength, and leave an ineffaceable impression upon the fancy.* So is it with many who quicken in the slime of party beneath a too fervid political atmosphere, and, wriggling into light, for a time nauseate beholders with their ephemeral vitality. But the more conspicuously such creatures obtrude themselves into light, the greater their danger of premature annihilation. The exposure of a nuisance is necessary to its abatement. We cannot better exemplify the remark, than by a descriptive sketch of at least one demagogue out of the pernicious race that multiply for our pest with an alarming fecundity amongst us:—

> "Not so thick swarm'd once the soil
> Bedropt with blood of Gorgon."

To one who, happily for himself, has never come in contact with the manifold pollutions of a mob-meeting, and who, therefore, has had no previous opportunity of properly appreciating the merits of the Henry Hunt school of oratory, it must appear matter of surprise how this embodied *cholera morbus*, whose face is absolutely bronzed over with impudence, should have acquired his present reputation. Perhaps it will be suggested, that a solution of the paradox is involved in a limb of the sentence in which it is propounded; but mere impudence is, now-a-days, no such rare quality as to prove a sufficient lever for virtually raising its possessor to a level with the *élite* of the whole empire. Could the dragon strength of the *audacia perdita* prevail, should not Cobbett, whom it encrusts like scales upon a centipede, have long since strutted bedight with star and garter in the presence-chamber, and yet is he left to gnash his teeth over derided puffs and mildewed corn, while he of the blacking-pot has become a *fore-ground* figure in our political panorama. For sheer, unsophisticated blackguardism, Cobbett stands by himself,

> "In shape and gesture proudly eminent;"

whilst Hunt, even on his own dunghill, is jostled by every-day compeers in *raggamuffinry*. Cobbett inhales an atmosphere of his own creation,—he breathes

> "The difficult air of the lone mountain top;"

whilst Hunt, in common with the mere haddock-huckster tribe, has ascended no higher than the table-land of Billingsgate;—pooh! 'tis as if we should compare a waggoner's frock of kersey or linsey-woolsey with welded armour of "triple brass."

Then, in the matter of education, Cobbett is professedly an instructor! and writes bad English perhaps not more than twice or thrice in every half dozen of his rancid pages, whereas Hunt cannot speak three consecutive sentences without grievously offending both against grammar and good taste—notion of style he has none whatever. Cobbett is, moreover, distinguished for another valuable quality, in which the chosen of Preston does not equally participate—he is a bug in politics, "whose stench is worse than his sting," and, therefore, the more to be dreaded by all who are sensitive to that kind of annoyance. The similitude of dissimilitude is a figure of speech in which we very sparingly indulge, but in this instance we are reminded of the sandal-tree, which, it has been prettily said, imparts its aromatic flavour to the axe that fells it, as the man of benevolence recompences good with evil. Just so with Cobbett: who so rash as to wrestle with a leper? The offensive effluvia of his character must, more or less, contaminate every one who falls foul of him; and were he in parliament tomorrow, O'Connell and Hunt would be the kindred twain, and they alone, who, in the collision, could contract no additional defilement. It is only in excited times, when the moral element becomes turbid by agitation, that the putrescent lees of society ever float thus to the surface. The preferment of the member for Preston is, never-

* The passage has been shabbily plagiarized in a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, "*suo more*," and applied to the copyists of Sir Walter Scott. It is to be found in the *Confessions*. Tom Jones, we presume, could not have penetrated to the Hermitage of Montmorenci; for surely Fielding, of all writers, is least obnoxious to any such animadversion.

theless, decidedly an extreme case, which it is most difficult to account for on any principles of ordinary calculation. Judging of human nature theoretically, one would be inclined to pre-suppose that the choice of the populace, properly so called, would have rather fallen on a candidate who least assimilated to themselves; but the whims of "unwashed artificers" are hardly reducible to philosophical criteria. Their honourable member was merely a single unit of a genus, composed of many with equal, and some with superior pretensions, if estimated by the standard to which the merits of radicals are usually referred. His speeches are a tissue of coarse ribaldry and arrogant assumption. Illiterate and self-sufficient, without the address of a gentleman, or the dignity of a senator, he stands self-emancipated and disembarrassed from the conventional courtesies incidental to civilization or refinement. Some of the "rabble-rout" have absolutely made it a ground of reproach that their Sidrophel should have treated the House of Commons with too much respect, but this certainly is a stigma on his character which we would willingly contribute our assistance to remove; the truth is, that he bawled and swaggered like another Thersites in the tent of Agamemnon.

Night after night were his egotistical, pointless, and irrelevant harangues tolerated with a degree of indulgence which would not have been extended to gentlemen beyond comparison better entitled to attention; yet no sooner did his exhausted hearers at length begin to manifest the slightest symptom of impatience than this delegate of *sans-culotterie* would bristle up with unparalleled assurance, and insolently demand, forsooth, who should dare to "put him down?" Such a course of conduct, to say the least of it, was unreasonable, when so many others of rank and property, of respectability and experience, of talents and education, were equally anxious to be heard, and had surely as valid a claim to participate in the privilege. Let us assume that the sitting of the House lasted for eleven hours, which it did, on an average—that the members in attendance amounted to but three hundred—we would ask by what process of computation did our caterer to *decrotteurs* arrive at the conclusion that he was entitled, either as Henry Hunt, or in his capacity of half-representative of a Lancashire borough, to appropriate an hour and a half of the public time almost every evening in the week, leaving, independent of the forms of business, little more than eight hours to be apportioned amongst the other 299 gentlemen who represented the insignificant remnant of the three kingdoms? But this individual's career in parliament, maugre his re-election, will probably soon draw to a close, and we shall only add an humble aspiration that the shoes and boots within the bills of mortality* may henceforward exclusively monopolize his good offices; for, be it remembered—

> "These little things are great to little men."

After contemplating an irreclaimable Philistine like Hunt, we turn with a sensation of relief to characters of a different mould, and composed of materials in every point dissimilar. Mr. Spencer Perceval is a gentleman evidently entitled to credit for conscientious rectitude of principle, and an earnest anxiety for the fulfilment of what he sincerely believes to be his duty as a Christian, at a crisis when so many miscreant blasphemers are abroad, who would extinguish the hallowed fire of religion in the fœtid exhalations of their damnable infidelity. We do not consider the honourable member to be one of that class, who are

* On second thoughts it seems but fair to retract the limitation, seeing that the patentee himself, in a debate of peculiar interest, actually assured the House that his business was already so extensive as to require seventy-three agents in different parts of the country. Prodigious! From this time forth let no one presume to gainsay the puff collateral: such a sentence, spoken as it was, *con strepito*, could never have been uttered but by a man of *shining* talents. By the way, a few days ago, while sauntering through the Faubourg Saint Antoine, the following announcement met our admiring gaze:—"*Cirage sans pareil, et l'encre indestructible, de Monsieur Hunt de Londres!*"

"So full of zeal they have no need of grace;"

neither do we classify him with "Sir Having Greedy, and all the rest of the nobility" who tarried in Vanity Fair, while Christian and Hopeful proceeded on their pilgrimage; but though we most fully acknowledge the purity of his intentions, we may be allowed to question the policy of introducing a matter of religious discipline, as a legitimate subject for parliamentary discussion. The speech in which he urged the expediency of appointing a set day for a general fast, although not altogether so extravagant as the fanfaronade of Habbakkuk Mucklewrath, was indiscreet and unseasonable, inasmuch as it amounted to a grievous offence against the three political unities of time, place, and circumstance. Indeed it required no ordinary degree of nerve to spout such a piece of declamation on a full stomach, at a period when numbers, as well of Englishmen as of Irish, were assailed by "the wolf at the door," and clamoured loudly for pabulum wherewithal to sustain nature. We particularize the case of poor Mr. Bull, to shew the exigence of the crisis; for had the Irish alone been starving, it would have been but consistent with national fitness of things. Famine holds a prominent place amongst the Hibernian Penates; starvation is the rule, plenty, the exception. No one can wonder that the inhabitants of Connaught were so shy of petitioning to be allowed to *get up* a fast, seeing that they were already such every-day amateurs at the performance. The project, nevertheless, took prodigiously in *York-shire,* where the five-meals-a-day men, six feet in girth, and sleek ecclesiastics without count, were wonderfully desirous to make a merit of mere curiosity to ascertain the exact nature of what perhaps they supposed to be rather a droll sort of sensation. Why was it that the member for Newport took up after so hobbyhorsical a fashion, this curious theme for legislative enactment, when the bench of bishops, to whom it regularly belonged, with more practical knowledge of the world, were comparatively passive? A question so intimately connected with church discipline assuredly came within the legitimate province of gownsmen, and by them alone should it have been mooted.

Amongst the future peers by birthright who at present occupy seats in the lower House, the heir to the earldom of Carlisle, as a man of literary habits, and a frequent public speaker, apparently aspires to no common share of reputation. The speeches of his lordship are chiefly remarkable for being at once elaborate in construction, ostentatious in effect, and theatrical in delivery. Lord Morpeth invariably manifests a too evident consciousness of intellectual parturition—just as the simplest of household birds cackles a farmyard pæan at the moment of her delivery, not a whit the less exultant though her production may be addled. The most unobservant can discover that he always looks, according to the quaint phrase of Xenophon, "like unto one who seems to have said something," and, while speaking, uniformly exhibits as self-complacent a deportment as Tommy Moore's "crow in a circumvallation."* He seems to stand as high in his own good graces as the footman in the comedy, and tells us at every glance that he "would not wish to be a bit taller, or a bit shorter," or willingly undergo any modification whatsoever which could possibly make him other than the individual Viscount Morpeth, who had then the honour to "make a leg" before the House of Commons. A premeditated effort at display is "visible to the naked eye" in all that he says or does, and the noble lord (shall we confess it?) continually reminds us of an indifferent piper, whose endeavours to discourse most eloquent music, draw the attention of all hearers rather to the labouring of his bellows than to the melody of his instrument,—if indeed melody there be in it.† Brydone, we remember, makes mention of a French

* This the polite reader must be aware is intended by the poet as an improvement on the less exalted phraseology of the adage,—"a crow in *a gutter.*"

† By the bye, we cannot well imagine that playing on the bagpipes should be one of the principal recreations of the blessed, but that such is the fact no person who has visit-

marquis, who, to obtain a graceful levity of gait, procured the insertion of steel springs in his shoes; but the unnatural jerk, which consequently accompanied his every motion, forthwith, exposed the "beau's stratagem" to derision; and thus it is with the artificial rhetoric of the noble member for Yorkshire. His tumid enunciation would enable him to harmonize most happily as Altamont, with an amateur Lothario, and the claptrap commonplace which constitutes the staple of his soft wares, might be prepared "according to order," within any given period in the first form at Eton. Yet notwithstanding all this, we should be any thing but grateful, did we not fully acknowledge his lordship's considerate regard for the public interest, as manifested by specially addressing himself to the back row of the strangers' gallery,—in one respect the most important bench that the edifice, with all its dignity, ever contained. To Lord Morpeth we may well apply what Boswell once said of another equally distinguished character—every word uttered by so eminent a man must be valuable to the vulgar, and certes the world would have need of consolation, should a single sentence, excudated in such a smiddy peradventure escape record. Had nature but invested the noble lord with physical powers commensurate with his parts, we should have been enabled to appropriate to the right honourable object of our reverential regards the graceful eulogy conceded to a mighty man of valour; we mean

"General Bombastes, whose resistless force
Alone surpass'd that of a brewer's horse."

A late proprietor of a morning paper was remarkable for avowedly holding cheap all such "inflammatory branches of learning" as are cultivated in colleges, and men of experience in public business, it must be owned, although they would hardly go so far as Mr. T., usually canvass with distrust the pretensions of young gentlemen who come amongst them peculiarly redolent of University reputation. It might be supposed, that the gloss imparted by golden opinions in *Alma Mater*, would naturally conduce to a favourable reception in the House, whereas, in truth, the prejudice of the Collective Wisdom runs quite the other way. Success in college, and success in parliament, are by no means convertible terms, inasmuch as they have in reality but few requisites in common; and of course there is no *vis consequentiæ* to make the existence of the one conclusive as to the sequence of the other. Indeed it is pretty notorious that, "within doors," (what a dainty phrase!) there has always appeared some vague feeling of sullen jealousy which often envelopes, as with a wet blanket, the kindling energies of your *débutants* who have been in any degree the talk of clubs or the nine days' wonder of tea-table coteries. To have acquired a certain importance, or even notoriety abroad, without having previously gained the all-sufficient sanction of a good name at St. Stephen's, is, in itself, no venial ground of offence; but if the distinction be of a scholastic character, it is scarcely susceptible of further aggravation. Signal examples confirmatory of the remark, occur almost every session; but the last case in point, is that of Mr. Cavendish, the elegant extract from Cambridge. This illustrious exotic from the classic groves of Cam, gave the House "a taste of his quality" on the Reform question, and was received with more than ordinary indulgence,—but it would not do. If the testimony of the historian be correct, the statues at Rome, in the reign of Augustus, were numerically equal to the amount of population (eunuchs inclusive). To the truth of so apocryphal a statement, we, however, beg leave to demur, and can well imagine that the mistake arose from the censor hav-

ed the far-famed Rosslyn chapel can well be allowed to doubt, forasmuch as one of the righteous, who appears on a footing of the closest intimacy with St. Peter, is there represented in goodly sculpture, enjoying, *con amore*, that delectable Caledonian pastime. This is quite as good as the whimsical conceit of Domenichino, who puts ponderous violoncellos into the hands of certain little personages, with gosling wings, obviously intended for angels (of what order we know not,) in their minority. Had Collins been a highlander, Brown Exercise, "his skill to try" would assuredly have indulged in a voluntary on the choromantic union, even at the risk of a trifling anachronism.

ing erroneously classed such public speakers as Mr. Cavendish amongst the specimens of sculpture that adorned the vestibules of patricians. The honourable gentleman looked like a finger-post, ague-smitten during a hard winter—his voice, "small by degrees, and beautifully less," at length became "so fine, that nothing lived 'twixt it and silence," and he resumed his cushion without having uttered a single passage which might not have been spoken *extemporè* by the Duke of Gloucester, supposing his Royal Highness to hold similar opinions.

Earl Grey, throughout the entire of his career in either house of parliament, has been allowed, on all hands, to be at least one of the leaders of the Whig aristocracy; but with reference to his house, we much doubt whether it will ever be said, that "Amurath to Amurath succeeds," for of all the rising generation who, in the regular course of nature must attain to the peerage, (we mean of those whom we should point out to a stranger,) there is hardly one of less promise than the present Lord Howick. Since his father's elevation, this young man has been certainly thrust forward a little too prominently, considering his mediocrity of talent and inaptitude for the performance of any business beyond that which appertains to mere ordinary routine. His personal appearance is no fit subject for comment, but so sinister an assemblage of physical disqualifications, it is pretty obvious, would at once preclude the possibility of his being an agreeable or prepossessing speaker, "charm he never so wisely." The harsh thin screech of the noble youth is at all times more offensive to the *teeth* than a Siberian crab-apple; and, whenever he attempts to give peculiar emphasis to his opinions, a pig in a gale of wind would have a right to consider itself insulted by the comparison. No one can fail to perceive that Lord Howick's "action and utterance" are exclusively his own; but for the rest, neither on emigration, nor on any other subject that he has yet handled, have we heard a single able argument, point, or suggestion from his lordship, which we could conscientiously believe to have originated with himself. Dogberry has sagely observed, that "all are not alike," and it would be rather too unreasonable to expect that every man who appears in public life should exhibit intellect of the highest order; but where loftiness of pretension is accompanied by debility of mind, as in many of the present underlings of office—whose ignorance of the commonest forms of business, to the nightly annoyance of the Speaker, might make them somewhat more modest—we do insist that their claims should be scrutinized with the more severity.

When we reflect that he has but just emerged from the last stage of adolescence, we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Stanley the most rising man of his entire party, either in Lords or Commons. He has indisputably displayed more abilities already, than even Peel received credit for, long after he had arrived at the estate of manhood, and indeed there are many points of resemblance between the secretary for Ireland and the right honourable baronet at the time when he first began to acquire notoriety during the Liverpool administration. His figure, though tall and slender, is gracefully-proportioned, and his countenance, albeit rather too babyish and petit, as a whole is well-favoured, and the more so, because, illustrated by a bland ingenuousness of expression in perfect accordance with his urbanity of deportment. These remarks on Mr. Stanley's exterior, it will be perceived, are equally applicable to Sir Robert Peel; and, like him also, his hair is of that undefinable shade between red and yellow, which might have distinguished the twin sons of Leda,

> "What time, careering in well-foughten field,
> They kept together in their chivalry;"

and which has been always held in such estimation amongst the Aborigines of Teutschland. An eminently conciliating address, euphonious enunciation, well-balanced periods, and a capability of lucid exposition united with a spirited earnestness of delivery, and an easy confidence of manner without being at all dogmatic, opinionative, or self-sufficient, are the Irish secretary's main recom-

mendations. The present government, it must be confessed, have for the most part made such miserable blunders in domestic policy as to justify our comparing their course to that of purblind wanderers in "a boggy syrtis," who no sooner find their footing unsure in one place, than they flop into another still more equivocal, and flounder through a morass only to stumble on a quagmire;

> "Treading the crude consistence, neither sea,
> Nor good dry land, nigh foundered:"

but amidst so many sins of omission and commission, amidst so much of error and miscarriage—on one point, at least, they might have looked back with comparative satisfaction, had they not since been compelled to neutralize their success. O'Connell was irretrievably entangled in the *Furcæ Caudinæ* of the King's Bench, his character for veracity (always below zero) must have been utterly annihilated, even amongst his own grovelling, infatuated adherents, and the bloated reptile stood before the world exposed in all his moral deformity, and begrimed with more of infamy and shame than ever fell to the lot of any public character since the date of Arbuthnot's draft of a future epitaph for the execrable Chartres. The chastisement which this pernicious *eleemosynary* demagogue received from the hands of Mr. Dogherty was mere playful bagatelle, that "recommended itself sweetly unto his gentle senses," compared with the poisoned chalice which then descended on his dishonoured head and ran down, like Aaron's ointment, even unto the skirts of his clothing. Never did green dragon on a sign-board undergo heavier "punishment" beneath the horse's hoofs of the redoubtable St. George, than did "the member for all Ireland" under the excruciating inflictions of the "shave-beggar."* Every word smote the baffled bully like a felon's brand between his brows, and there he sat, festering in disgrace, "a hissing and a scorn" amongst gentlemen and men of honour.† Nothing could have been more decisive than his discomfiture, and Mr. Stanley was unanimously applauded by men of all parties for the perspicuity and vigour of his unanswerable statement. On that memorable occasion he acquitted himself unexceptionably, but, in general, he is perhaps, like the Westminster baronet, a little too much addicted to verbiage, and seems often not to know the precise point at which he should conclude, losing sight of Butler's valuable maxim, which all speakers, public and private, would do well to bear in mind, viz.—

> "That brevity is very good
> When we are or are not understood."

At the same time it must also be observed of Mr. Stanley, that no flashes of fancy or tints of imagination are discoverable in his speeches, nor do we remember ever to have heard him utter a single sentence of brilliancy or beauty such as continually fall from the lips of men of genius. He pleases always, and says nothing that does not indicate the presence of a good understanding and a cultivated taste, but neither dazzles by intellectual grandeur nor once touches those chords of human feeling which a true orator could often cause to vibrate with emotion; and as for literary ornament, it is looked for in vain.

Another scion of the noblesse who at present occupies "ample room and verge enough" upon the Treasury bench, is my Lord Nugent, whom people at first sight invariably have supposed to be a sort of sedentary sarcophagus,‡—a mere *homo natus consumere fruges*, with Bologna

* This slang phrase refers to a practice of Irish provincial barbers, who teach their apprentices the "craft and mystery" of shaving, by allowing them to operate on beggars until they shall have been enabled to handle the razor with professional dexterity. On the same principle, it is said, stripling ministers are sent to Ireland to be initiated in statesmanship preparatory to preferment at home. The application was originally suggested either by Curran or M'Nalley.

† Had this same "member for all Ireland" been taught some five lustrums since to anticipate Paganini in executing a *Chaccone voltisubito*, (that is to say, "a dance of swift movement" after "a turn-over quickly,") *on one string*, his constituents, from Belfast to Bantry, would have had abundant reason for chaunting a national *Gloria in Excelsis.*

‡ Σαρξ, *flesh*, and φαγειν, *to eat.*

sausages for brains, and a "pulsation on the left side" by way of apology for a heart;—but little they knew Calista! His lordship is in truth a man of a thousand—overflowing with sensibility—open to "soft impeachments"—prone to "babble o' green fields"—penserose and sentimental beyond conception—addicted to romance and *all that*—and they say has even been known to warble "as how" he'd be a butterfly. Certainly for a man of poetical temperament it were to be wished that his figure was a little more attenuated, and that he could be brought somewhat less to resemble a certain venerable bird of plethoric habit, called by naturalists a Dodo. We are told by the immortal bard, in good set terms, that "there is a Deity who shapes our ends," but this, it is presumed, could never have been meant to apply to a case like that of Lord Nugent, for surely such clumsy journeywork must have been produced by the bungling operations of some greatly inferior agent. To this too we incline the more, having often heard that there exists but one general rule without an exception—the sagacious will anticipate it: by daylight or candle-light *U.* follows *Q.* Lord Nugent delivers himself of "perilous stuff" occasionally, but between his style and his person there is in truth sufficiently close an affinity to induce his hearers to hope that his exhibitions *comme sa,* may "be short and far between." Of his speeches as such we can best express an opinion in the couplet of the poet—

> "Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
> We wish from our souls they were better or worse."

The classic outline of his lordship's countenance, however, must be a great advantage to any public speaker, particularly as it is such an object of interest in the eye of a sculptor, that Canova is reputed to have said he thought it worth while to visit London, merely to be afforded an opportunity of beholding Waterloo bridge as a work of art, and Lord Nugent's head as a perfect specimen of Saxon physiognomy. *Nota bene:* it is seen best in profile.

Now that we are on the subject of "stout gentlemen," it would be unpardonable to omit Honourable mention of a certain obese baronet, who, if merit were to be adjudged by mathematical mensuration, would assuredly be promoted at once to the head of the victualling department, where his services, we doubt not, might be found eminently efficient. We allude to Sir R. W. Vaughan, and certes if a truly magnificent superfices of square inches could have recommended him to the good graces of a Cæsar, as tradition would imply, the susquepedalian son of Cambria must have ranked with "the noblest Roman of them all." Even in our own degenerate days this prodigious baronet will probably find his level, and we do not despair, when universal suffrage shall come into play, to see him elected with acclamation by the grateful paviors, if they can but procure a Giraffe to sustain the onerous duty that would be imposed by the ceremony of chairing. A shovel hat, a light-grey broad-skirted coat (after the Benjamin Franklin cut), which he has seldom the temerity to button—a Marseilles' waistcoat (yard and half square)—fawn-coloured kerseymere inexpressibles, terminated by white stockings and little black spatterdashes, constitute his customary apparel; a queue somewhat longer than a parsnip, and much of the same colour, together with a portentous bamboo cane, complete the outline. Welshman though he be, we consider him a more genuine representative of a John Bull of the true old breed, than any other member in the House. His talents are "rather of the silent cast," but in Bellamy's *cuisine* he is indeed a "well-graced actor," and there alone does "the fine Atlantic of his countenance" ripple into spontaneous undulations of voluptuous complacency. Sir R. Vaughan's obesity, it should be observed, by no means indicates a morbid temperament, but seems, on the contrary, the effect of good digestion, pure blood, and laughing spirits, united with a predisposition to a full habit, which these pathological causes in themselves would be quite sufficient to produce. During the immense attendance of members on the Reform debates, the next neighbours of our Welsh friend strongly re-

minded us of the "*infelix Theseus,*" whose seat in the regions of dolour is described by the poet to have been none of the most enviable. They appeared ever and anon ready to exclaim with Hamlet—

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew."

Who has not heard of the pathetic adventures of poor Peter Schlemil after he had the misfortune to part company with his shadow? Now heaven forefend we should be so uncharitable as to wish that the Quinbus Flestrin of the Principality might experience a similar privation; but were his person by any accident to be disconnected from "the boundless contiguity of shade," which has attended it hitherto, what an extensive tract of territory would thenceforth be admitted to the public privilege of sunshine! One word more, and we have done with this enormous and most unmanageable subject. should the right of franchise ever be extended to the British mountains—and in these times who can prescribe a halt to the march of liberality?—we would advise the baronet thus "fallen into flesh," as they say in Ireland, without delay to have himself put in nomination as "a fit and proper person" to represent Plinlimmon or Penmanmaur in the Imperial Parliament. It is pleasant to be secure against the contingency of a contested election.

To estimate the amount of talent in the House of Commons, by the aggregate of speechification, at a time when love of talk has become the universal passion, would be about as reasonable as the project of Elagabalus to ascertain the population of "the eternal city," by issuing an imperial edict for the counting of the cobwebs! Nevertheless those who apparently seek renown "for their much speaking," at least succeed in attracting sufficient notoriety to call for a critical examination of their pretensions. The most indefatigable, and unquestionably the most important, individual unit of this great national rookery, is Joseph Hume, umquhile member for Montrose, Arbroath, and certain contributory hamlets, where kailbrose and singed sheep's heads held an infinitely higher place in the good graces of his constituency; but now—by virtue of lungs that never wearied, impudence that never faultered, and gallimawfry that never failed him—representative of the metropolitan county of Middlesex. He can hardly be considered a mere component part of a class, for he is, in truth, a creature *sui generis*—a tribe in his own proper person—as peeping Tom says of Lady Godiva, he is "a procession in" himself. Perhaps no man that was born of a woman ever before evinced such confidence in the universality of his powers: nothing comes amiss to him. The degree of evidence requisite to sustain a divorce bill, or the repeal of the union—the architecture of the pillars in the Museum Library, or a naval contract for pigs' cheeks—the policy of a protocol, or the mess-table of the guards—the question of a metallic standard, or the massacre of mad-dogs—the duty on muscovado, or the slops of the marines—the abolition of suttees, or the power of the stage-licenser—are, each and all of them, alike the province of this admirable Crichton, who in a single night would run the gauntlet of the whole, should it so happen that these subjects could by any possibility undergo separate and successive discussion at one sitting. Before the appointed business of the evening is mooted, the presentation of petitions regularly takes place, and Mr. Hume alone usually produces about two dozen, on all of which, severally and respectively, he delivers himself of a speech, even although the topic to which they relate should stand amongst the notices of motions for that selfsame day. It is his practice to read the greater part of each, clause by clause, interpolating a little twaddle of his own as he proceeds; and the result is, that the statements and composition of others (when the matter is either curious or important,) with an occasional comment from Joseph himself, appear embodied in one heterogeneous mass under his illustrious monosyllabic surname in the newspapers of the day following. The details in those petitions may not be worth near so much as half a handful of swine's bristles, and yet our stickler for economy constantly causes them to be printed at the public expense, and

that, moreover, after having so tediously informed the House of almost every iota that they contained. Were we to affirm that the member for Middlesex never uttered a speech, correctly so called, in his life, the paradox would at once be derided, and disbelieved; but the fact is, that Mr. Hume only throws out notes for a speech, which, when grammatically put together, often read admirably as a whole, whereas he himself, *viva voce*, hardly ever went through an entire sentence which Horne Tooke or Lindley Murray would have sanctioned, when literally reduced to writing. The import of what he says, or intends to say, is never to be mistaken; but to finish a sentence as he begun it, without attempting to dovetail it with another, we do conceive would be to him as novel an experiment as if he were to address the House in hexameters, like the swift-footed son of Peleus, or any other of *his famous* [illegible] *Greeks*, beneath the walls of Priam's capital. He is continually proved to have been incorrect in his arithmetical details; but, in such cases, so far from acknowledging his error, he replies by reiterating the very same statement more stoutly than before, and maintains his ground with the most dogged, imperturbable assurance in the face of a cloud of evidence which would have overwhelmed any one else with irretrievable confusion. Generosity is a word of which he knows not even the meaning, and he seems totally incapable of taking an expansive view of any subject whatsoever. Of literature, ancient and modern, he is no less ignorant than we may suppose a gardener's dog to be concerning the relative beauties of the flowers which his master in pride of heart on a holiday has appended to his tail. We will, therefore, readily guarantee the honourable gentleman against the fate of a certain father of the church, who, it is alleged, was scourged by angels for having devoted too much precious time to the profane study of the classics. His notions of economy are pitiful and contracted beyond conception, and just of the kind to set him upon proposing the reduction of some poor devil of a clerk's salary from one hundred pounds a-year to ninety, on the principle that others could be got to discharge the same duties for the pittance which he would recommend. One recognizes in him exactly the sort of character that might have figured in the ancient story of Meleager, in which we find some two score of heroes were leagued against a hog, and afterwards, like gallant and chivalrous gentlemen as they were, quarrelled with a lady for the head. Thelwall, they say, for an immense length of time endeavoured to discipline Mr. Hume for public speaking, and often boasted, (with truth,) that he had at least been successful in giving the honourable member a distinct enunciation, whatever other elocutionary graces he might have failed in communicating. Frequent Scotticisms are also to be numbered amongst the corruptions of his style; but, with all his defects, Joseph *Stylites*, alias Joseph of "the pillar," possesses an uncouth originality of sentiment, and a clumsy audacity of manner, which renders the most wearisome speaker in the House occasionally one of the most entertaining also.

Any body who has ever witnessed the droll spectacle of an Irish dance for a cake, must have observed with what energy the village candidates perform all their saltatory evolutions within the compass of a trencher: Mr. Hume, however, indulges in a further development of the principle, for he can practise the art of rhetoric during a full half-hour on a half-crown piece; and any effort to dislodge him from his two-and-sixpenny position would resemble the enterprize of the worthy of old, who, in attempting to kick with his mule, only excited the laughter of the spectators, and left the name of Ctesiphon a standing jest to after-times.

Passing from the member for Middlesex to the contemplation of such an individual as Sir Thomas Denman, seems like a transition from the foggy atmosphere, and the lumpish speculators of the money market, to the goodly scenery of a Claude, and the classic figures of a Leonardo. The Attorney General is gifted by nature with advantages that must always contribute to success with a popular assembly,—a commanding person, in which both dignity and grace are

in good keeping,—a finely-sculptured Roman head,—features fit for a medallion, and singularly expressive,—together with a voice at once firm, flexible, and sonorous. Every tone that he utters, even in the very whirlwind of his characteristic enthusiasm, is marked by exquisite modulation, and happily harmonizes with action that in itself "doth speak with most miraculous organ," and had been worthy to accompany the fervent eloquence of Tyrtæus. It has become too much the fashion to sneer at the public speaker who requires preparatory study, in order to produce what men of intelligence will listen to with pleasure, and men of letters will peruse for their intellectual gratification. Undoubtedly, a debating talent, or, in other words, practised promptitude in a species of intellectual exercise properly indigenous to this country, is infinitely more useful as a good working-day quality in parliament; but, although Mr. Locke defines stupidity to be nothing more than "excessive slowness," it is very possible for the comparatively slow man to be positively the more brilliant man notwithstanding. Horace Walpole was one of the most showy persons of his day, and found himself so much cleverer at "a talk" than Goldsmith, that he characterized poor Goldy as "an inspired idiot;" yet who would compare the egotistical puerilities of Strawberryhill, with the merest trifle that ever emanated from the poet of the Deserted Village! Cicero himself was so much perplexed at the prospect of being obliged to speak in the Forum without being permitted what he considered sufficient time for preparation, that he actually manumitted a slave who brought him the acceptable news of the postponement of the cause in which he was to have pleaded. Perhaps there is not amongst either ancient or modern writers, a more fascinating author than "downright Montaigne:" his style is delightfully natural and unaffected, as well as full of valuable matter which none have surpassed and but few have equalled; yet he frankly owns that it would have been impossible for him to utter a sentence in public, unless he should previously be allowed ample opportunity for composing it. These considerations certainly predispose us to be somewhat indulgent to speakers of exalted talent, who want withal that readiness, the possession of which renders men of inferior intellect occasionally much more efficient in debate: we do not therefore impute it as any very signal reproach to Sir Thomas Denman, that he is calculated rather for a field-day, than for the ordinary wear and tear of the House of Commons. At the same time, it must not be imagined that the learned gentleman rates in this respect below the average of members who habitually take part in the debates, for we estimate his merits by a higher criterion, namely, his own reputation as a man of eloquence and taste. Where a more elevated style is assumed, proportionally superior talents are required to sustain it. The declamation of this celebrated speaker is in general decidedly grand, but we have never heard an orator of equal eminence, who so often stumbles in his career for absolute dearth of language to support him. In some of his loftiest strains, although far from being reduced to the deplorable predicament of Matthews' Scotch minister, he is sometimes compelled to pause, and lay about him for a word to satisfy the voracious sentence that gapes the while with "hideous orifice," and must often fain be doing with homely phraseology, that in all likelihood had never before been introduced into such dignified grammatical society. Sir Thomas Denman's mode of extrication precisely resembles the ingenious expedient of a housewife, who by pouring a pail of dirty water on the dry sucker of her pump, causes the refractory engine to flow uninterruptedly as before. Like all men of warm temperament he is occasionally betrayed into saying somewhat too much, and even in the midst of his most brilliant display of intellect chastened and relieved by the happiest touches of feeling, when one fine period instinct with soul and of faultless beauty rolls after another in rapid and magnificent succession—when the sympathies of attentive listeners are running breast-high in his favour, and all seems to bespeak the unequivocal triumph of the orator, we can never feel assured that some

untoward *gaucherie*, which a mere *homo* would infallibly have avoided, may not deform the whole, and most completely neutralize its effect. A single instance will sufficiently illustrate our meaning. Not long since, just at that "witching hour of night," when the "shepherds" in the gallery, in common with those who have the honour to occupy less elevated seats in St. Stephen's, felt well inclined to go to roost, Sir Thomas Denman rose to defend the ministerial Reform Bill. It was his object to rebut the arguments of those who urged that the monied interest had cause to look with distrust at the probable operation of the measure, and for this purpose he endeavoured to shew that this body was in effect incorporated with the rest of the community, and ought of course to be influenced by the same reasons which induced the people generally to support it. He contended that the monied interest were essentially men of the world, men of cultivated understandings, men of weight in the country, men of political experience, who mingled with society, were parties like others to the transactions of every day life, like others shared in popular opinion on any important question which agitated the public mind; "and—and," continued he, "I would ask the House," which foregad he did, and with all the gravity of an excited rhetorician,—"I would ask the House whether they do not also habitually *take part in field-sports*, thus evincing a perfect community of——" here the learned gentleman's anti-climax was interrupted by an explosion of cachinnation from all quarters, that might have disturbed the slumbers of an invalid whelp in the Exchequer Coffee House. The image so inopportunely suggested was indeed ludicrous enough—Goldschmidt angling for gudgeons—Alexander Baring intent upon drawing a badger—and Rothschild himself in the act of securing a scut! To a public character, and to an Attorney General more particularly, it is a disadvantage to be so much a creature of impulse, so full of generous sensibility, and fervent affections, as Sir Thomas Denman has invariably shewn himself, although we will hardly assert that he is one to whom one could fairly apply the maxim of Seneca,

> "Male cuncta ministrat
> Impetus."

It is, however, tolerably notorious that his celebrated defence of the late Queen was perhaps as injudicious a "piece of work" in some respects as an advocate could well have employed, ably as he must be acknowledged to have spoken, if we regard the performance only as a beautiful exhibition of extraordinary intellectual power. Never was peroration more unfortunate; and, when he wound up all with that most infelicitous allusion to the case of the woman taken in adultery, a stare of surprise was turned upon him from every peer and prelate in the House, Brougham frowned, the entire party were embarrassed, and the Queen herself immediately rose from her seat and retired in indignation. Mr. Attwood's recent reference to a peculiarly painful passage in this memorable speech, ungenerous and uncalled for as it was, elicited in a single sentence from Sir Thomas Denman one of the happiest replies that has ever been uttered within the walls of parliament. The honourable and learned gentleman deserves the highest praise for his truly constitutional principles respecting the liberty of the press, which such fresh experience of *ex-officio* tyranny renders the public more capable of duly estimating in him. We have thus briefly adverted to the merits of the learned member for Nottingham, rather as an individual than in his present character of Attorney General, seeing that men in office, in times like the present,

> "Are like the Borealis race,
> That shift ere you can mark their place."

"In the morning of life, when the blandishments of passion took the reason prisoner," as a great living philosopher, by name Goss, has romantically expressed it, we were somewhat disposed to doubt the universality of that love of fame which Young has made the subject of such an epigrammatic satire; but an intercourse of half a century with the world has abundantly undeceived us, and that curious specimen of animated nature *in print* usually called Mr. Robert Gordon, is a living example of the extreme to which this kind of vanity may be carried.—

Here is an individual, whose very appearance might in itself suffice to confute, or, at least, render very apocryphal, the flattering aphorism of the last of Roman sages, *[illegible] homo mundus et elegans [illegible] est,* who seems quite unconscious that one of "the artificial sex" is not more incapacitated from becoming the theme of an [illegible] than he is disqualified from addressing a public assembly with credit to himself, pleasure to his hearers, or advantage to the interests which it is his object to recommend. Yet does he fidget for an entire evening like a mouse in a barrel of pitch, and "fret like a gummed velvet," until he thinks he has insured to himself the probability of getting his name introduced about half-a-dozen times under the head of "Parliamentary Intelligence" in the morning papers of the day following: after which the honourable gentleman sits down on the best possible terms with himself, evidently enjoying the chuckling consciousness of a twenty-four hours' immortality. To see him, however, to particular advantage, or, in other words, to get "a glut" of speeches *à la* Robert Gordon, one should have found the House in Committee on the Estimates; then it was that the passage of arms between him, Hume, and Maberly, on the one side, with the giant strength of Goulburn, Herries, and Dawson, on the other, would revive our war-like reminiscences of the Homeric *Batrachomyomachia*—campaigns in which those formidable quadrupeds, "magnanimous" mice, "armed all in proof," frowned defiance at the warriors of the fen, while inflated common frogs, and blustering bull-frogs, "charged with all their chivalry." When Mr. Gordon succeeded, as occasionally he did, in obstructing an estimate until some three and fourpenny suggestion should be carried into effect, he presented, as it appeared to us, no inapposite similitude to the Remora shell-fish, which, how insignificant soever in itself, was enabled for a season, to retard the Imperial galley by fastening its proboscis on the prow. Let this Bœotian but for once, if only by way of novelty, speak upon any given topic, during full ten minutes, without causing his lethargic audience to "yawn like an oyster-bed at turn of the tide," and we will cheerfully tender, for his own special accommodation, a handsome pair of stout, serviceable pattens, which feminine foot has never pressed, ("Think of that, Master Brook!")—We will, moreover, whisper a word of honourable import in the ear of Tusculum—and, last of all, with poor distraught Ophelia, we will devoutly believe that "the owl is a baker's daughter." Many fanciful Oriental fables, it is now generally admitted, are in reality metal allegories, of which the meaning is more or less intelligible according to the degree of imagination wherewith the poet may have been pleased to invest them. In some such tradition of the Talmud, we are given to understand that the faithful on their entrance into Paradise, in [illegible] that [illegible] streams [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] to all eternity. What mystic truth so pretty a piece of fiction may be intended to embody, we are ignorant, but certain it is, that the current of Mr. Robert Gordon's eloquence actually possesses a property similar in effect, although not altogether of so celestial an origin; for, all who are admitted to the delectable privilege of hearing him once, invariably turn away, "full of the dear ecstatic power," and satisfied (*usque ad nauseam,*) for ever and for ever.

Were it not that Shakspeare has so satisfactorily explained the genealogy of Love-in-Idleness, we should have been tempted to conclude that that delicate weed was at least Welsh uncle to the exquisite George Bankes. He is really the most picturesque bagatelle that ever "stinted and said aye," at the suggestion of Mr. Speaker—quite "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes"—an edition of human nature bound in morocco, redolent of civet, and gilt like a literary "Souvenir," but neither corrected, revised, nor illuminated—in fine, an aristocrat of the toilette, who seems to live in perpetual danger of being "carried unanimously" by the softer moiety of the creation. A placid serenity ever reposes on the intellectual stagnation of his countenance, which is in beautiful moral keeping with gloves of primrose-coloured kidskin, and "hyacinthine curls" that

the Princess Bourampouther might have envied him. It is recorded of the celebrated Pyrrho, that he tranquillized the terrors of a boat's crew in a tempest, by pointing to the unruffled aspect of an aged hog that shared in the common danger, but nevertheless awaited the event in a state of philosophical security most creditable to a swine which, at the moment, probably saw but little chance of being enabled to save its bacon. Now, the physiognomy of Mr. George Bankes is, in our humble opinion, no less calculated to impart comfort to us patriots in crises like the present, when "the island is 'frighted from its propriety" with an outcry of more fearful significance than that which of yore alarmed the household of Athaliah. At times, however, he certainly does look rather more lackadaisical than ordinary, and exhibits such a shade of expression as we should expect from one who was about to utter that pathetic complaint which the "pensive public" may find amongst the Percy ballads,—

> "I am the most unhappy man
> That ever was in Christian land,
> For I courted a maiden all meik and mild,
> And hae gotten nothing but a woman with
> child."

But the honourable gentleman is in a state of single blessedness; and our quotation, touching as it might originally have been, is here introduced, only on account of its remarkable literary beauty!! The matter and manner of his speeches in general—and they are not very numerous—sufficiently prove Mr. George Bankes to be one of that multitudinous class to whom we may apply Milton's somewhat unfilial language respecting the general mother of mankind, when he describes her as being—

> "In outward show
> Elaborate, of inward less exact."

His brother and himself, God wot, are as happily matched as the legs of an isosceles triangle.

But enough of the House of Commons: it were less irksome to pine, "imprison'd in the viewless winds," or even, "upwhirl'd aloft," to

> "Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
> Into that Limbo large and ample, call'd
> The Paradise of Fools,"

than to prolong our melancholy stand, like the Roman warrior of old, amid the ruins of departed glory.

Alas! for poor Sir Joseph Yorke! in the true spirit of Prince Hal's pithy reflection, it may be said of him, "we could have better spared a better man."

SONNET

TO TERPSICHORE.

Come, trip it on the light fantastic toe,
Terpsichore! and twinkle thy fine feet;
And in harmonious measures thus complete
The symmetry of form. I love thee so,
That I could madden in thy praises. Go,
Go to Apollo, and thy sisters eight,
And bid them to the dance; and on the height
Of thy Parnassus weave it; till they glow
Over the bosom fervidly, and rushes
The blood above it, in a thousand blushes:
Weave it e'en as the love of Raphael's scholar,
Julio Romano,* wove it. Great Apollo,
Quivered and crowned with myrtles, looks and flushes
In thy full face, and they thy dulcet echoes follow.

* His picture—"The Dance of the Muses."

THE OXFORD CONTROVERSY.*

ONE of the principles on which this Magazine is conducted, is that it shall be universal in its topics. A system of exclusion too much prevails in most literary periodicals. They are devoted to a set purpose, confined to one chamber of human interest, and are accordingly circulable only among particular classes, instead of the whole of society. Of one world is made many worlds—nay, there are many worlds in one county, city, town, or village. There is the literary world—the political world—the religious world—and divers *nondescript* worlds, about which *Regina* troubleth herself not. Each of these worlds sets up its own periodical, which is consequently of a sectarian rather than of a catholic character. Now we belong not exclusively to any of these worlds—we are not "cabined, cribbed, confined" within the four corners of any one thereof—but hold ourselves free denizens of all. To all by turns we make excursions, and bring home news suited to the tastes of all hearers. Every one may find in *Regina* something suited to his peculiar business—something calculated to come home to his proper bosom. The effect of this rule has been, that our circulation is as universal as our topics, and from the increased capital which we have thereby accumulated we are enabled to advertise our readers of the ongoings of all classes of society. In order to get at secrets we spare no expense—which may well account for the frequent exclusiveness of our information. It ought to be exclusive, for, at the price which it bears, no *madame* would look "scorney." The reader will scarcely believe that some of our articles cost us a little less than five hundred pounds.

Well! of these worlds, whereof we have been prosing, none are set so far apart as the literary and religious, closely as their interests are identified. The latter is apt to neglect the former—the former all too oft despises the latter. Neither understands its vocation, or this state of things could not possibly be. Hence the one is vapid and the other ungainly. Beauty and holiness are separated, which should never be disjunct; and genius is relegated from the holiest place, wherein its presence would be most appropriate, as being, in the words of an apocryphal writer, "the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty."

In effecting the reunion of this long-estranged sisterhood, religion and literature, we have found it necessary, for the sake of truth, to stand forward against some of the professed ministers of the elder and elect lady, who, while they probably, with the best intentions in the world, pretended to render their *devoirs* to her fair sanctity, were only, for want of their acquaintance with the younger beauty, playing such antics before high heaven as made the angels weep. That younger beauty, if not so heavenly fair, is yet an angel, and as the handmaiden of the more celestial queen, is well fitted and better disposed to instruct her votaries in the courtly airs and graces with which that majestic lady rejoices to be approached. In plain language, we have detected many of heterodoxy, many of prejudice, and some of entertaining designs against the church of the country, or, at least, of groundless objections against a national establishment.

These are times—times of peril—

* A Sermon on 1 Corinthians, ii. 12, preached before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's, on Sunday, Feb. 6, 1831. By the Rev. H. B. Bulteel, M. A., late Fellow of Exeter College, and Curate of St. Ebb's, Oxford. 4th edition. Oxford, printed by W. Baxter. Hatchard. 1831.

Remarks upon a Sermon, preached at St. Mary's, on Sunday, Feb. 6, 1831. By the Rev. Edward Burton, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity. Oxford, printed by W. Baxter. Rivingtons. 1831.

A Reply to Dr Burton's Remarks upon a Sermon preached at St. Mary's, on Sunday, Feb. 6, 1831. By the Rev. H. B. Bulteel, M. A., &c. &c. Oxford. 1831.

One Reason for not entering into Controversy with an Anonymous Author of Strictures. Oxford, printed and sold by W. Baxter. 1831, &c. &c. &c.

when it behoves the heads and principals of all established institutions to look well to their foundations, lest they may have been sapped, either through neglect or decay, or by evil design, or evil work. The Rev. H. B. Bulteel, a zealous Calvinist, at the close of a sermon preached before the University of Oxford, alleged severe charges against the want of discipline in the colleges and halls, by way of practical conclusion to his discourse. He complains, in the first place, that the meaning of the thirty-seventh Article is perverted, and that the appointment of the bishops is improperly intrusted to the King:—

"So that while the principle of the article remains sound and consistent with the spirit of Christianity, yet the practice of the church in this matter is unsound, and fraught with the most disastrous consequences.—For mark, brethren, how the case stands. The King's minister recommends such and such a one to the King to be a bishop; it may be, because he is a relation, or his son's tutor, or because he is a good scholar; but one thing is sure, that except this minister know Christ, he is not likely to recommend one that knows Christ. Then the King recommends to the clergy, which recommendation has the force of a law. The bishop so appointed has the ordination of a multitude of inferior clergy, and so the pulpits are filled. Now the consequences are plain to every impartial eye. A young man, either in search of preferment, or because the church is a respectable profession, or aspiring to a seat in the House of Peers, or because there is a good living, which he is sure of by going into the church, beholds too many attractions in our establishment not to catch at the gilded bait."—pp. 44, 45.

Mr. Bulteel afterwards asks, whether,

"From such a state of things can we be surprised, if, on looking through the generation of church ministers of all orders, and at all times, we find a large proportion of them to be either men of pleasure, such as play and opera goers, card-players, ball-frequenters, and dancers; delighting in horse-races and hunting, or the more refined and seducing amusements of music, the concert, and the oratorio? Or else further than this, men that have been habitual gamblers, drunkards, misers, gluttons, fornicators, adulterers, or even worse than they?"

The preacher then proceeds to assert,

'That the heads and resident fellows of colleges in the University have had, and have now, no small share in the introduction and perpetuation of these corruptions. They know better than I can tell them, how many times they have, by recommending improper persons for the ministry, brought a reproach upon the Church of England. Almost every bishop requires college testimonials from the young man who comes to him for ordination, and nothing can be more proper; these testimonials affirm, that during the time of his residence at college he hath behaved himself '*honestly, piously*, and *soberly*;' and now I speak not at a venture, but from my own certain knowledge, and affirm, that these testimonials of pious and sober living have been given to men notorious for nothing so much in their day as profaneness, debauchery, and all kinds of riotous living; and, on the other hand, I also know for a certainty, that these testimonials have been withheld from piety, honesty, and sobriety, for no other reason than that they happened to be accompanied with a profession of the grace articles of the Church of England."—pp. 46, 47.

Such are the charges brought against the economy of collegiate discipline and church government. Dr. Burton, the regius professor of divinity, has taken up that formidable weapon, the pen, in defence of the university authorities. In the matter of college testimonials, the professor acknowledges, that "colleges may have sinned; but as a general remark," he adds, "and as applicable to the present day, I confidently assert it to be utterly untrue, that college testimonials for orders are thoughtlessly and improperly signed.* We are greatly improved in this respect. In all matters connected with the parochial ministry, I can see a decided advance in spiritual-mindedness among those who are in authority." The doctor also alleges that if a person should be pointed out to him, who is now in the ministry, and who once was a sinner such as Mr. Bulteel describes, he knows but of one question which he should put:—

"I should ask," says he, "had he repented of and abandoned his sinful course, before he was ordained? I am aware, that some persons look upon repentance as having little to do with this question; but the Apostles, who always coupled repentance and remission of sins, thought otherwise; and it seems to be forgotten, that if sin-

* We have known several instances, where, to save a fellowship, testimonials have been given to young men who did not deserve them.

ners, who are so unsparingly denounced, had been led by faith in Christ to ask forgiveness of their former sins, the charge becomes more than unmeaning, it is uncharitable and unchristian. It is not for us to say, whether a notorious profligate is not *now* fit to be admitted into the ministry; and if it were not for the personality of the allusion, I would quote the author of this sermon at p. 31, 32, as deciding the question in the affirmative.* I will not dwell upon the fact, which ought to have presented itself to the preacher's mind, and which might have qualified the bitterness of his expressions, that he may have known, when a young man, the vices of his companions, which yet had not come to the knowledge of the head or tutors of his college: neither is it correct to say, that these testimonials affirm, that *during the time of his residence at college* he hath behaved himself honestly, piously, and soberly. this is said, at least in most instances, if not all, of *the three years last past*, and not of the whole time of residence; which makes a most material difference. But without dwelling upon these points, I repeat, that the mere fact of a man *having been* a sinner, (and the cases which are mentioned amount only to this,) is not a sufficient proof that he is for ever unfit for the ministry."—pp. 6, 7.

On the royal appointment of the bishops, Dr. Burton asks—

"Can it be supposed that the Church of England or its rulers were raised in the opinion of the congregation, when the appointment of our bishops was pronounced to be a violation of the articles, and fraught with the most disastrous consequences? If it had been said in plain terms, that bishops ought, under no circumstances to be appointed by the Government, it would have opened a fair ground of argument; and, though I should have declined entering at present into so irrelevant a discussion, I should duly have appreciated the sincerity of the opinion. But it is asserted that the appointment of the bishops is not only wrong in itself, but is in violation of the thirty-seventh Article. I will allow, if required, that the Article is ambiguous upon this point: (though, as will easily be seen, the Article does not really touch upon the appointment of the bishops.) but, in cases of doubtful interpretation, the best of all comments is the recorded opinion or practice of the authors. Now it is notorious, that those great and good men (for such they undoubtedly were,) who composed our Articles, received their episcopal appointment from the crown. It is impossible, therefore, that they drew up an Article which intended to assert that such a mode of appointment was contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England. And when we read, that the appointment of every one of the bishops is entirely in his Majesty's hands; so that while the principle of the Article remains sound, yet the practice of the Church in this matter is unsound,' it is obvious to reply, that the practice as well as the principle is precisely now what it was at the framing of the Articles, when the appointment of every one of the bishops was entirely in his Majesty's hands."—pp 8, 9.

We must now turn again to Mr. Bulteel.

In his reply to Dr. Burton's remarks, the preacher re-asserts his charge as to the college testimonials, and imputes to the professor an excess of charity, which has made him believe things to be in the state he wishes they should be.

"I have been almost provoked," says Mr Bulteel, "to disclose things in consequence of this remark, which might not look very well on paper, nor tell very well for the heads and resident fellows of colleges. But I forbear for the present, simply because I do not wish to wound the feelings of any man unnecessarily, and in the hope that the shameful practice disavowed by the professor will soon be abandoned. But if any man doubt the correctness of my statement, and the incorrectness of Dr. B.'s, concerning the 'much

* We have not the same objection as Dr. Burton to quoting it, and therefore extract the passage here:—

"If then there be this witness in faith, we need not go to any of faith's fruits in order to know our own state; if it were so, indeed, how could the sinner have hope who has never yet produced any fruits? But we have, indeed, cause to bless God, that such is the fulness of the riches of the blood of Christ, that the veriest wretch that the earth ever produced, if he do but trust in that blood, hath as much right to the fullest assurance of his state before God, as the most advanced believer in all the family of God's elect; for there is but one and the same title to all, even the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ.

"Now that such a knowledge and assurance of our state to Godward is vouchsafed to sinners, he that speaketh at this moment is a witness. If to have broken nearly every commandment of the ten, in the very letter, constitute a sinner, he is one; and if God's eternal purpose of love and mercy to sinners' souls could have been frustrated thereby, he is the man that should have done it. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved him, even dead in sins, hath quickened, justified, saved him, and given him the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins."

improvement' he talks of, I can now add from authority, that more than one tutor, within a day or two from the delivery of my sermon, confessed publicly to their pupils the truth of my assertion on this head; and told them, that they should therefore no longer sign testimonials in the same general way which was practised before.

"Two things more strike me considering this part of the remarks: first, that no notice whatever has been taken of the fact, that testimonials have been withheld from piety, sobriety, and honesty, on account of their being accompanied with a profession of the doctrines of grace: and next, the insinuation, p. 5, 6, that these testimonials are never granted except in cases where a long season of repentance has intervened. But I happen to know that this is not the case; and, if I am attacked again on this point, I will produce *proof*, and, if possible, put the university to the blush. One thing more I merely observe here. Dr. B. supposes 'that the vices of the young men might possibly not come to the knowledge of the heads or tutors of the colleges,'—p. 6. Some vices probably may not. But what shall we say to those which take place within the college walls? What mean this *bleating of sheep* in mine ears? What mean those horrid execrations, oaths, and curses? What mean those notes of revelry, and songs of lewdness and profanity, in which the whole company join chorus, each one testifying his approbation by the demolition of plates and glasses, brought into violent contact with the mahogany table? What! are the heads and tutors altogether deaf and blind that they cannot discover these things? Then, I say, who so blind as he that will not see? and who so deaf as those that will not hear? But the college authorities know these things, and must know them; and yet they suffer them, and say, 'young men will be young men.' Wherefore let them know, that those whose consciences will not suffer them to give testimonials to a pious Calvinist, and yet bestow them on such characters as these, do but 'strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.' It is false charity to give them fairer words.

"In what remains to be said, I am happy to find that the Professor and myself are entirely of one mind, viz. that there are certain 'spots that disfigure the fair fabric of the church of England;' and the feeling which passes across my mind, in consequence, is a feeling of unfeigned sorrow (p. 7). I also grieve that those highly honoured and venerable men, who had light enough to draw up the thirty-seventh Article, and their successors after them, should not have courage to act up to the principle therein maintained; for it were better for the Church of England to lose every farthing of her temporalities than to give the world a just occasion for casting it in her teeth, 'your practice does not correspond with your principles.' But while the feeling is one of sorrow, yet not of sorrow only, it is a feeling which leads us to the use of all means for the removal of the mischief. It ought, indeed, to be followed by earnest prayer to God, as Dr. B. most properly remarks; but would he go no further than this when a door of utterance is opened to him? The Professor would confine his griefs to the closet; but I will tell out mine boldly from the pulpit; I will proclaim it publicly before those who ought to have weight, influence, and authority in the church. It may be they will hear even such a feeble voice as mine, and take measures to strike at the root of the corruption. 'Wiser heads' (p. 9) may be puzzled about this question, but common sense sees clearly that the kingdom of Christ *is not of this world*. And, whatever many may imagine, to me it is also clear, that forgetfulness of those plain words of the Saviour has been the cause of the reign of Anti-Christ, and the establishment of Babylon. Let us then, by all lawful means, endeavour to cut asunder this unholy tie. What signifies the loss of park and land, and all the hardships of a *præmunire*, if our conscience do but assure us that it is in the cause of Christ and his church, of God and his truth? The body of clergy, who should first decline the honour of receiving a bishop at the royal recommendation, would well testify their attachment to their Article, deserve the thanks of the church of England, and the sincerest gratitude of the true church of Christ within her pale."—p. 52-55.

Such is the state of the controversy at Oxford respecting the discipline of the University, and of the Church of England. The Church of England should rejoice that the controversy has begun rather within than without her pale. Let her recollect that the necessity for reformation in the Church of Rome was felt and expressed by her own children in the first instance; nay, that the reformers went forth from her own bosom to escape from the corruption which they could not avoid within. Let her also recollect that the large classes of people who go under the denomination of Methodists might have been at this time and from the beginning part and parcel of the national establishment, (from which, even now, they wish not to consider themselves dissenters,) but from the apathy to the cause of religion among the poor of

those in whose hands lay the destinies of our ecclesiastical institutions. Our churchmen are (very absurdly) afraid of what is called enthusiasm. Wesley was an enthusiast—Bulteel is an enthusiast. Granted. But nothing great was ever yet done by a spirit exanimate of enthusiasm and ambition. Wesley had both—Bulteel evidently has one, and at Oxford is looked upon by many, by most, as a madman. But wherefore need the words be accepted in a bad sense? Why should not the word enthusiasm be most frequently understood according to its primary meaning, as signifying the presence of deity in the soul of man? It is a superfluity of soul which may well be qualified as divine, and should be esteemed as sacred. Man should not place his happiness lower than himself, neither in the circumstances of his physical being. Every tendency to selfishness should be withstood, and the first endeavour of our immortal soul should be to emancipate itself from the mechanism of existence. The calculations of worldly prudence should be resisted and substituted by a generous self-devotion, which looks for no reward but the success of its efforts for the welfare of our fellow men. In its desire for this reward consists the ambition with which an enthusiastic character is, in general, charged. But the ambition partakes of the same unselfish traits which distinguish the enthusiasm. It receives its recompence and satisfaction in the sympathy which it excites in others, and which re-acts on itself. To vulgar appreciation it may appear to be only a love of popularity, but it is a higher passion. It desires to know and to be known, that it may communicate the benefit of the knowledge and the means of happiness which it possesses itself—to unite all mankind into one community—to raise them all to one elevation—and embrace them in one sublime fellowship of feeling, thought, and action.

Would that in the seats of learning and piety we had more enthusiasts! It is therefore with no regret that we record our opinion that we think Mr. Bulteel is "quite correct" in the matter of the college testimonials, and that his enthusiasm so far deserves encouragement and countenance. We, however, do not think him equally happy with regard to the appointment of bishops. It is needful to make a distinction between a national, and what is properly called the Catholic church. In the Jewish theocracy, the Jehovah was the covenanted king, and God still remains the unity of every Christian nation. In that character proclamation was made throughout all the land of Israel, by sound of trumpet, at the appointed time. "The land is not yours," saith the Lord, "the land is mine. To you I lent it." Even so is the king of a Christian country the majesty or symbolic unity of the whole nation. As the head of the English theocracy, (to this extent goes the thirty-seventh Article in dispute,) the land is declared to be his—part of which he lends on trust to certain proprietors, the rest he reserves for national uses. Now the national church, in the language of Elizabeth, is the *third* great venerable estate of the realm; the first being the estate of the land-owners or possessors of fixed property, consisting of the two classes of the barons and the franklins—the second comprising the merchants, the manufacturers, free artisans, and the distributive class. In the third estate the reserved nationality was invested, in which that interest, which is the ground, the necessary antecedent condition of the permanency and progression of the nation, is provided for. We must be men in order to be citizens, and in order to the cultivation and harmonious development of those qualities and faculties that characterize our *humanity*, a permanent class or order has been found requisite. The object of the third estate was to secure and improve the means of that cultivation and development in every branch of knowledge and learning, art, science, and religion, and to maintain for the people at large a character of general civilization. The class or order to whom this object was intrusted, was composed of *clerkly* or learned men, and formed what has been called the clergy.

Of this clergy is the national church constituted, which church, in its primary acceptation and original intention, comprehended the learned of all

denominations—the professors of all the liberal arts and sciences. Even under the name of theology or divinity were contained (as is shewn by Mr. Coleridge in his pamphlet on the Constitution of Church and State,) "the interpretation of languages; the conservation and tradition of past events; the momentous epochs, and revolutions of the race and nation; the continuation of the records; logic, ethics, and the determination of ethical science, in application to the rights and duties of men in all their various relations, social and civil; and, lastly, the ground-knowledge, the *prima scientia*, as it was named,—PHILOSOPHY, or the doctrine and discipline of *ideas*." The same writer who, on this subject, must be esteemed an oracle with us, also writes, that theology, though it had deserved precedence, formed only a part of the objects, as the theologians formed only a portion of the clerks or clergy, of the national church. "The theological order had precedency indeed, and deservedly; but not because its members were priests, whose office was to conciliate the invisible powers, and to superintend the interests that survive the grave; not as being exclusively, or even principally, sacerdotal or temporal, which, when it did occur, is to be considered as an accident of the age, a misgrowth of ignorance and oppression, a falsification of the constitutive principle." The students and possessors of other sciences and sorts of learning have gradually detached themselves from the national clergy, and under the name of a professional class, now form an intermediate link between the established clergy and the burgesses.

Of a national church thus constituted, the King is properly the head—a national church thus constituted, is indissolubly united with the state. Both must have the same foundation, both the same capital. The national clergy, and every member of the same, from the highest to the lowest, are fully and exclusively citizens of the state, neither acknowledging the authority, nor within the influence of any other state in the world—full and undistracted subjects of this kingdom, and in no capacity, and under no pretences, owning any other earthly sovereign or visible head but the King, in whom alone the majesty of the nation is *apparent*, and by whom alone the unity of the nation, in will and in deed, is symbolically expressed and impersonated.

"Fearfully great and grievous," says the writer just quoted, "will be the evils from the success of an attempt to separate their civil from their religious character—an attempt long and passionately pursued, in many forms, and through many various channels, by a numerous party, that has already the ascendancy in the *state*; and which, unless far other minds, and far other principles than the opponents of this party have hitherto allied with their cause, are called into action, *will* obtain the ascendancy in the *nation*."

We hope it will be long ere that party obtain the ascendancy in the nation; and we are sorry that a clergyman of Mr. Bulteel's abilities should, in any one particular, start a point which, however remotely, should tend to favour their cause.

For we have to accuse those same religionists of lukewarmness towards religion itself in the abstract. We have detected among them men who are neither cold nor hot—nay, worse—who would partake of the accursed thing, and reconcile God and Mammon. The annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society took place at Exeter Hall, Strand, on the 4th of May. With all the proceedings of this Society, staunch churchmen have never been well pleased. They have complained, and not without reason, that the new versions of the Bible which have appeared under its direction at various times, have been executed for the most part by incompetent translators. This charge was brought against them by the *Quarterly Review* in its 71st number, and although the charge was answered by Thomas Pell Platt, M. A., F. A. S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, the force of many objections yet remained. That gentleman himself had edited many of the reprints; such as the Ethiopic Gospels, Syriac Testament, and ancient and modern Greek Testament; and, though his own competency may be indisputable, a fellow interest warped his judgment of his coadjutors, and the bishops and

clergy of the Church of England still entertained a suspicion that in the selection of editors and translators the Society had been singularly unhappy. The Mohawk version was confessed on all hands to be bad, execrably bad—although the report, (the 10th, 1826,) was content to state that "the versions heretofore published have been less perfect than could be desired," and to say something of "a strong inducement being supplied for renewed efforts to procure further and more correct translations." In a similar situation were the Calmuc, Chinese, Turkish, and Bengalee Scriptures. And the Society was fain to shield itself behind Sir George Staunton's remarks, that "the writer of the article in question demanded qualifications in a translator of the Scriptures, and a degree of perfection in the translation itself, which, however desirable in the abstract, would, in the case of *Indian versions,* have necessarily the effect of postponing the accomplishment of the work to an indefinite period; and consequently wholly frustrate the object in view, as far as respects the communication of religious knowledge to the natives of *India* of the present day, through such a medium."

Let not, however, our readers suppose that we are inimical to British and Foreign Bible Societies, or to the one at present established. We are ready to agree with Mr. Platt, that the Society has undertaken a great work—a work that tends to results of the last importance to mankind at large—a work of which the difficulties are proportionate to its greatness.

"That its managers and directors," says the same advocate, "or those who have carried on its work, have in all cases fully overcome the difficulties with which they had thus to struggle, it would be rash indeed to assert But the attempt was noble in itself, and they went forth to it, not in their own strength, but in the strength of HIM who is Almighty; and hence, doubtless, it is that their success has been, in many respects at least, so astonishingly great. A committee is formed, not out of the mighty and learned of the earth, but from among a few pious men, most of them altogether unknown by name to the world. Their plan is denounced as hostile to ancient religious societies, hostile to the established church of the kingdom, dangerous to the very existence of our eastern empire, and against all this they stand, they 'put forth branches,' and, in less than twenty years, literally cover the face of the whole earth. By their means, establishments for a perpetual supply of the scriptures are set up, under royal and ecclesiastical sanction, in half the kingdoms of Europe—a translation of scripture is sent forth, for the first time, from St. Petersburg, in the national language of the Russian empire, while, at the same time, the people of China and of Western America, of Iceland, and of the islands in the southern sea, are receiving, every man in his own tongue, the record of the wonderful works of God."

This is fair boasting, though it must not be taken too literally, since it cannot be alleged that all the versions are faithful, or in language that is commonly read and understood. We admit much that is alleged in mitigation of whatever charges have been brought. But it is to be regretted that institutions of this kind are not first of all established by the dignitaries of our national Church, instead of being left to the leaders of dissent. The Church of England is mainly blameable in this—that she suffers her rivals to get continually the whip-hand of her, in projects for the diffusion of religious truth. This is pity—for who possesses like her, the means of doing these things effectually? With her are the mighty and the learned of the earth, and these charges of ignorance and incompetence, might thus be precluded from infecting such good schemes at the beginning, or impeding them in their progress. Another benefit would arise from our Church assuming the initiative, which ought to be her part of the performance. Such institutions would thus be placed far above the necessity of courting improperly popular support. When it might be for the strength of an institution to sit still—it would then be able to pause, without inconvenience in its career. But to pause, presents a difficulty almost insuperable to a merely popular society. It was this necessity, inherent in every one such, that gave ground for the accusation against the management of the British and Foreign Bible Society, that they considered a new version of the Bible, principally as the means of quickening the liberality of the pub-

lic, and swelling the funds in the hands of the committee.

Verily, it must be a chief aim with a society of this kind to get money, and, in consequence, the present has enrolled among its members and subscribers, all sorts and conditions of men—Roman Catholics and Socinians. In the words of some of its reverend supporters, they cared not who gave the Bible, so they got it; and money, say they, is only mammon, from whomsoever procured. This too liberal doctrine, however, like some other liberal doctrines, is not according to principle, and has been found practically inconvenient in the proceedings of this society. The last annual meeting in Exeter Hall was, from this cause, converted into a perfect "bear garden." The collision is described as having been most violent; the ebullition of feeling high and almost frightful; the want of self-command, or common decency, and of all Christian order and moderation, truly mournful, and in the last degree discreditable to the bulk of the meeting.

The occasion of this disgraceful scene, arose from the determination formed by Captain Gordon to move an amendment on the usual annual report, that Socinians should not for the future be admitted into the society. It is the custom of religious societies to commence business with prayer—in this society the presence of Socinians rendered the practice impossible. "They cannot address themselves to the Divine Mediator," said Captain Gordon, "for in this society there are knees which will not bow before his name. There are tongues in this society which will not confess that our Jesus is the Lord of Hosts. You may dedicate a temple such as this to his glory, but you cannot consecrate to his worship the services therein performed, because you have allowed the Moabite and the Ammonite to tread within its hallowed courts." A proposition was accordingly suggested by an auxiliary, recently made, and also by one of long-standing, that a test might be adopted as a qualification for members. The committee, however, were *point blanc* set against this proposition, and directed some paragraphs of the report in contravention of the principle on which it was based. The committee did ill in not granting a day for the special consideration of the question; opposed as they were by a host of intelligent clergymen and preachers. It has been suggested that the committee anticipated that the Socinians were prepared to come out to their support in large numbers, and that the congregations of the other two denominations of dissenters in London, the *Independents* and *Baptists*, who are united with those philosophists in one body, in two distinct and separate associations, would pour out in multitudes to defend a union in the Bible Society, which gives a sort of relief and countenance to their own more melancholy unions with the same sect of unbelievers. However this might be, so the fact turned out, and the different motions put by Captain Gordon and the Reverend Mr. Foote, in opposition to the committee, were, with great violence and tremendous uproar, negatived.

Thus it is with the Dissenters ever. The cause of dissent is with them always superior to the cause of religion, and to strengthen a crusade against the national Church, they will league with the very devil himself, and make a covenant with hell. Thus they sell their souls in opposition to the principles of good government, and for the high places of the earth, and the possession of that power which their envious hearts grieve to witness in other hands than their own, are willing to stand the hazard of the die. Our readers, therefore, will not wonder that the late numbers of the Evangelical and Congregational Magazines are equally zealous in defence of a system which authorizes this agreement between light and darkness.

The same morning there was a pleasant meeting of the Clergy of the Church of England, who scouted the idea of such absurd and abominable agreement—who would not consent to consider the Socinians as what they are not, Christians. They were of opinion that these deists under another name—these wolves in sheep's clothing—should be prevented from taking any active part in the official management of the Society—and should be excluded both from the committees and the platforms. Any motion, however,

going no further than this, would be insufficient, and was, therefore, properly negatived. They should be precluded from becoming members at all. Captain Gordon rightly remarks, that—

"After Tobiah the Ammonite had opposed publicly, though impotently, the rebuilding of the wall of Jerusalem, a trimming high-priest, regardless of the duty which he owed to his colleagues and his brethren, and what was of more importance, to his God, assigned to that said Tobiah an apartment in the temple. That apartment was the chamber in which the frankincense was kept; accordingly that frankincense was expelled, for the purpose of affording accommodation to Tobiah the Ammonite. Now what we want in this case is, some honest Nehemiah, who will turn Tobiah and all his stuff out of the place where the frankincense should be kept; for, wherever Tobiah gets in, thence the other is driven out."

A religious newspaper points out the close connexion in which the Dissenters subsist with the Socinians.

"Socinians, Independents, and Baptists form one regularly constituted body; address the throne as the ministers of Jesus Christ; under that character alone are admitted to, and bow before the throne of their earthly sovereign; and we noticed at the time of their last introduction to the throne, that the Socinians were their leaders and guides; and that again, upon voting a petition to the House of Commons, a few weeks afterwards, one of these heretics was publicly announced as being in the chair, and another as secretary to the meeting. Again, turning over yesterday's *Times*, we perceived an advertisement from the deputies of the several congregations of dissenting ministers within twelve miles of London, *appointed* to protect their civil rights. Here, again, at this meeting of this distinct and regularly constituted body, William Smith, Esq (THE AVOWED SOCINIAN, and who, in the House of Commons, used openly to glory in his profession,) is in the chair."

The fifty-first annual meeting of *the Naval and Military Bible Society*, was held at Exeter Hall on the 10th of May. The same question was then started again, with respect to this institution, but it met, to the honour of the society, with a better reception.

This statement of facts will shew the public, that if, in point of discipline, the clergy of the nation are found weaker than they ought strictly to be; yet that, in the ranks of dissent, a more grievous deficiency in this respect is apparent. It is also worthy of notice, that the word of reproof has been met with a very different spirit by the two parties; rage, and all the evil passions were manifested by the sectarists at the Exeter Hall Meeting; while Mr. Bulteel has been answered in a mild and christianly temper by Dr. Burton.

It is to be regretted, however, that the disputants should have involved so much discussion on doctrinal points in the controversy. Mr. Bulteel brings forward all those Ultra-Calvinistic tenets which are likely to meet with opposition; while Dr. Burton, notwithstanding that he very properly rebukes the dogmatism that boasts, "I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos," yet pits Luther against his antagonist's authorities. In this, however, he has been unfortunate, for Luther's notions of predestination are as far removed from his view as Calvin's. It is time that the clergy of this country should learn that Christianity, like every other thing, is progressive. Perfect in itself, and as it is found in the inspired records, it is, nevertheless, capable of more and more development in its subject recipients, with every advance of social institutions, with the progress of knowledge, and the discoveries of philosophy. Philosophy now has taught us that the will of man is free, and the free will article of the Church touches only the power of man to carry into effect the decisions of the will, and not the liberty of human volition. There is, however, nothing in this fact which is inconsistent with those attributes of Divine Providence, by which the Deity, in the sublime language of Isaiah, "declared the end from the beginning." It is not denied that man has a will; and, if he has, it cannot be operated upon by any influence, divine or human, but by reason of its freedom. What is wanting, therefore, is, that the clergy of this country should set themselves with a philosophical spirit to examine the great doctrines of the Church, and to consider them in the clear light of present science rather than the twilight of former times.

Let us, however, not be mistaken as impugning those times. Bentham, in his *Book of Fallacies*—a book which defends more fallacies than it exposes—says of the Thirty-nine Articles, that "they were framed 262 years ago, the date of which, the ignorance and violence of the time considered, should suffice to satisfy a reflecting mind of the impossibility of their being all of them really believed by any person at present." Never was there a more ridiculous conclusion than this. These Articles, in consequence of the *violence* of the time, or rather times, (for we shall waive the *ignorance* as a perfectly gratuitous assumption, which it is unnecessary formally to deny,) are just such as can now be readily conceded in. They were the mean result and final decision of general debate and conflicting opinion. Extreme parties in the church complain of their ambiguity, but, in fact, they keep the safe and middle way beneath the two forces, which, at both sides, press upon the narrow path, whereon only *they* will walk who would enter in at "the strait gate" which leads to everlasting life. By one and the other party they are interpreted to be both Calvinistic and Arminian; two opposite systems, which one would think could not meet together in the same form of words. But the truth is, that they are neither Calvinistic nor Arminian, but were framed, as stated in "His Majesty's Declaration," "to conserve and maintain the church committed to our charge in the unity of true religion and the bond of peace." They, therefore, deal not with those things in which Christians differ, but with those in which they agree; a principle which the declaration aforesaid thus recognizes:—

"That for the present, though some differences have been ill raised, yet we take comfort in this, that all clergymen within our realm have always most willingly subscribed to the Articles established; which is an argument to us, that they all agree in the true, usual, literal meaning of the said Articles; and that even in those curious points, in which the present differences lie, men of all sorts take the Articles of the Church of England to be for them; which is an argument again, that none of them intend any desertion of the Articles established."

IOTIS DYING.

(*From the Romaic.*)

Ο ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΙΩΤΗ.

I ARISE from dreams of night ere the stars their farewell take,
And I bathe me in the waters of the pure and limpid lake;
I hear the pines that murmur—I hear the oak trees groan,
And the klepths weep in their citadel—their captain they bemoan.
O rise! O rise, Iotis! sleep not now that slumber deep—
Thy foes they all surround us, raging on thy band they leap.
Ah! what unto my children, my poor heroes, shall I say;
Mortal is my wound, and deep the ball—lift up my head, I pray.
O place me on my seat, and bring in haste the purple wine,
That I may drink; and then forget once more that I recline:
And sing all sad and mournful songs. O! would that I now stood
Upon the lofty mountain's top, or the dark and sombre wood,
Where feed the flocks, divided from the goatherd's neighbourhood.

BURIAL OF MRS. SIDDONS.

A MISERABLE controversy has been going forward among some of the best guides of public opinion, as to whether Mrs. Siddons deserved the honours of a public funeral, and a "snug lying in Westminster Abbey."

In France, where every thing is dramatic, they refused to bury even Moliere in consecrated ground—in England, we appear to be not quite so angry with the histrionics—we only refuse to admit them into the more theatrical of our sepultures.

The thing is hardly worth wasting paper upon. Let us merely remark that, in France, the objection comes from their clergy—notoriously illiberal in every sense of the word—and, in England, from the press, which is the pink and pattern of liberalism.

We may turn to other things. The craft of an actor, we are told, is low and mechanical, because he has only to represent the ideas of others—because, do what he will, he does no more than perform what a superior mind has dictated. There is, of course, some truth in this description of an actor's labours, but it is not very much to the purpose.

We shall not go over again all that Aristotle, and others, in Grecian times, have told us, about the merits of μιμησις—or re-write in commonplace English, the magnificent Latin commonplaces of Cicero, in the case of Roscius—but the art of acting is, like all other arts, bottomed upon the power of imitation. There is nothing whatever, in the face or figure of an every-day lord, or a couple of boors drinking on the head of a cask, or a handful of herrings, or a tumbling-down street in a perishing town, or a couple of fellows cheating one another, or trying to do so, at cards; or a Whig cabinet, or a group of thieves; and yet pictures by Teniers or Lawrence, of these most paltry things, are regarded, and justly regarded, as matters deserving of the highest applause. In like manner, in acting, the performer may have to represent only the thoughts of others, but the real question will be, *how* that is done?

Away, however, with this special pleading, on what every body feels. A great theatrical performer is a great genius. Every generation, or rather every second generation, produces one actor. Six generations have scarcely passed away since an actress has at all graced our boards; and in these six Mrs. Siddons stands alone. We deny not the merit of our Garricks, Quins, Kembles, Keans—we grant to them all the excellence which their most devoted admirer could demand; and yet we maintain, that the combination of talent requisite to produce a great actress in the higher walks of the drama, is far greater than what can be claimed by an actor of the same standing. We, of course, limit this praise to the power of representing the sterner characters, because in other departments the natural graces of woman, beauty, elegance, enchantment of voice, and other feminine fascinations, go far of themselves to give a lady a rank in her profession in the secondary characters, though a style of acting equal to hers would be intolerable in a male performer.

Since Mrs. Siddons has left the stage we have had no queen of tragedy. We say this with perfect recollection of Miss O'Neil, and with a due admiration of the pathetic powers of that distinguished actress. But in her pathetic only could she be set up as a rival to her great predecessor. The melancholy beauty of her face, her fine and melting eyes, the penetrating pathos of her tones, fitted her for parts where suffering, supplication, unhappy love, were to be depicted. This is no small praise. But where the emotions were of a loftier range, where terror, not pity, predominated, where the Æschylian heroine came upon the stage, there she failed, or, as in the times of her more successful career, shrunk altogether from the attempt. She could, in Constance, supplicate for her son, and never was supplication more touching, or more tender; but when Constance rises to denounce the perfidy of princes, and to heap malisons upon the leagues and wars of kings, then we missed the superior genius whose voice inspired dread, whose glance was that of command.

One wonderful conception of Shakspeare—Lady Macbeth—was Mrs.

A WORD AT PARTING—ALSO, A SENTIMENTAL SONNET.

THE great days of July have come back again, and they see us now at the conclusion of our third volume. On casting a glance back at the last year, what an immense alteration do we not see in all human affairs. Truly may we say that

> "We look and see the face of things all changed."

A little year ago, and George IV. ruled in England and Hanover—Charles X. in France—Pius VIII. in Rome—Charles Felix in Sardinia—Francis Janvier in Naples—Anthony in Saxony—Pedro in Brazil—Charles in Brunswick—William had the kingdom of the Netherlands—Nicholas was undisputed autocrat of Poland. Where are they now?—in the grave—in exile—or shorn of their dominions. And yet the revolution has not much more than begun. A new spirit has been unchained, and he hovers over the world whether for good or for evil. We have had no comet shaking its horrid hair above us, but earthly portents of direr kind, with fear of change, are perplexing monarchs.

> "Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
> Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
> (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
> The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
> How happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
> Hold out this tempest."

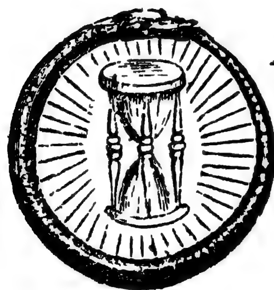
While we write, Lord John Russell is tugging hard at the cloak and cincture of that old constitution, under which we have so long defied the pelting of the pitiless storm—by the time the next Magazine comes into the hands of our readers much of the work may be done. Already, however, it is evident that Ministers are not so sanguine in their prospects as they were in the last Parliament, and as they have somewhat sobered down their bill, it is not impossible that by the time it has got through the Houses (if it does get through) it may not erect so threatening a front as that which it originally displayed. As for its rejection occasioning any discontent, let not that weigh heavy on any body's soul. Discontent no doubt does exist in the country; but it arises from causes far different indeed from any modification of Parliament. There is a certain bill, commonly called Peel's bill, that has much more to do with it; but it would be unphilosophical and contrary to that grand procession generally known and respected by the name of the march of mind, to repeal any thing so very scientific and in accordance with sound principles. However it would be contrary to etiquette to discuss any thing so grave and momentous in so brief a postscript as this.

We just take up the pen to bid our readers adieu for the third time. In spite of reports, in which the wish was father to the thought, disseminated by certain persons, and of petty slanders, inserted anonymously in quarters apparently unconnected with the writers, the full and accurate history of all which we know, and shall, when it perfectly suits our own convenience, unmask, to the annoyance of folks who are doing the dirty work of their employers, in an ostrich-like security of concealment—we are flourishing most vigorously, and upholding the flag of Toryism, which we originally advanced, as boldly and successfully as ever. The fate and fall of kings affects not us; though, as her name and title indicates, of royal rank, *Regina* remains firm upon her throne, unshaken by the neighbouring concussions.

Just as we had got thus far, by one of what the newspapers call "remarkable coincidences," a friend, breathless with haste, and in direful apprehension lest he should be too late, brought us a sonnet embodying our very thoughts in rhyme. We remember the day when sonnets were in great vogue. There was a whole colony of people at Hampstead a few years ago, occupied in doing nothing else but manufacturing them—but the fashion seems somewhat past. Nevertheless, when a sonnet is good it is a good thing—we invite, therefore, our readers to turn over the page, and peruse a—

Sonnet on the Fall of Kings, and the Rise of Fraser's Magazine in the course of the last Year.

GEORGE SLEEPS IN WINDSOR—CHARLES TO HOLYROOD,
DRIVEN BY A FURIOUS PEOPLE, DRIVELS ON.
PIUS THE EIGHTH HATH TO ST. PETER GONE—
FRANCIS OF NAPLES IS FOR WORMS THE FOOD—
DEAD ALSO IS CHARLES FELIX, LITTLE GOOD.
POOR BOOBY BRUNSWICK MOURNS HIS DUCHY LOST,
DON PEDRO AND HIS EMPRESS FROM THE COAST
OF FAR BRAZIL HAVE FLED. THE SABLE BROOD
OF MONKS AND FRIARS COULD NOT GUARD THE THRONE
OF ANTONY THE SAXON. THE DUTCH KING
O'ER FLANDERS NOW AUTHORITY HATH NONE.
THE POLES FROM NICHOLAS ARE TAKING WING.
THRONES FALL AROUND; BUT THOU, PROUD MAGAZINE,
ART STILL, UNDIMMED, IN EVERY INCH A QUEEN!!



Gunnell and Shearman, Crown Court, Fleet

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ons's alone. We ne'er, in all ability, shall look upon its like in; for Nature seldom indulges in freak of producing two such acsses in the same half century. We l remember the harrowing energy which the ambitious lady urged forward the reluctant Thane—the dreadful eloquence of eye and gesture with which she tempted him to forget all the horrors of crime by its golden and glorious consequences—the firm determination of mien, which spoke that perfect conquest over her own feelings which she had obtained, and the inflexible resolution to obtain her prize, no matter what it cost—and the deadly agonies of that awful sleep-walking scene, in which conscience, no longer overmastered by the mental power which was then lulled into repose, spoke forth its terrors. No lady who ever trod the boards could body forth these conceptions of the poet but Mrs. Siddons—none represent the stern composure of mind, which, in the midst of horrors, never swerved a moment from its bloody resolutions. One passage still lingers upon our ear as distinctly, as when in years long bygone it first thrilled upon them. When Macbeth, horror-struck at the proposed murder of Duncan, and ready to draw back from attempting it, suggests the possibility of failure, he says, in desponding tone,

> "If we should fail"——

the reply is,

> "We fail!"

As commonly acted, as indeed Mrs. Siddons herself for some years performed it, these words are made an indignant question, with the emphasis upon the pronoun.

> "If we should fail—
> WE fail?"

"Is it possible that we could fail—do not fancy any thing so absurd."

Far different was the reading of her more mature years.

> "If we should fail,"

says Macbeth, in his last hope that the prospect of the ruin and dishonour attendant upon failure would terrify his wife, whom he had already found insensible to all other considerations of pity, remorse, loyalty, or generosity. In a deep, but perfectly tranquil t[illegible] it barely filled u[illegible]—

> "If we s[illegible] of B[illegible]—
> [illegible] fail."

'Well—we may [illegible] and what then? I have determined on playing a game, and must submit to the chances of ill success."

The deadly indifference to the result was spoken in the cold and almost-careless style of the answer; contempt for him who thought that a possibility of the want of success should be an apology for not being "in act and valour as in desire," flashed from her eyes. But as the enterprize could not be carried without his co-operation, she immediately hastens to remove that last objection. For herself she was contented to run all risks in aiming at the crown; and failure, with all its concomitants, had no terrors for her. "*We fail,*"—be it so! I have at least gloriously attempted. This was for herself.

> "But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
> And we'll *not* fail."

"If you act boldly, success is certain. The prize you look for may be obtained without danger." This was for *him*. No words, however, can convey any adequate idea of this great piece of acting, in which, by three or four simple words, the superiority of the mind of Lady Macbeth, both in strength and in wickedness, over that of her husband, is depicted with a force and a distinctness which volumes of declamation or reams of criticism would fail to effect.

But we had no notion of writing critiques on Mrs. Siddons's acting when we began to write these two or three hasty pages. We believe that we may take it for granted there will not be many dissentients on the subject. She was the greatest tragic actress of England. Abroad we do not know whom we should bring to be compared with her, with the single exception of Pasta, who, we fear not to say it, is as great in tragedy as she is in song. The question then arises, are those honours which we have been in the habit of paying to the memory of those whose genius has honoured and illustrated our

Cupid to the Dames (to her remains, if the ...can's *Court of Ve* We think not. The time is gone... hence it could be pleaded that th... s of the author of *Paradise Lost* ought to exclude him from the depository sacred to our illustrious dead. In fact, although the objection was urged by a Dean, and a very clever and learned Dean moreover, he had not the most reverent notion of what is consecrated ground. There is nothing in Westminster Abbey, canonically considered, more sacred than in the lowliest burying ground. The humble resting-place where—

" The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

is as sacred a spot as that which enshrines the embalmed relics of kings and princes—it has been blessed by the same rites, opened with the same solemn ceremonies, prayed over from the same liturgy, and watered most certainly by far sincerer tears. He who from degrading causes is unworthy of lying in Westminster Abbey, is unworthy of lying in consecrated ground at all. But this objection will be hardly started now. There is nothing *necessarily* attaching itself to the embodying in act the conceptions of Shakspeare that can degrade the character or debase the mind. In Mrs. Siddons's case we are sure that *her* mind was heightened and improved by the perpetual identifying herself with the proudest emanations of the greatest genius that ever wrote. Her life, always pure and blameless, was rendered more scrupulous, and even lofty, by the proud consciousness that she was the living representative of Shakspeare's heroines. This being allowed, if it still be urged that, say what we like, she was only an actress, we have nothing to offer in reply. It will be only a proof that the spirit of old Prynne is not yet extinct, and that some still continue to be of the opinion of that old Histriomastix, who contended gravely that all actresses should suffer the fate of Jezebel, and be torn to pieces by dogs, because, like her, they painted their faces.

We need not fear that Westminster Abbey will be troubled by many similar applications. Since the days when Davenant first introduced a mob, men on the stage, to the present ... ment, Mrs. Siddons is the only ...terly ...ef- for whom we should claim the ...nour. How far is she in all ...le in attributes of genius superior to but the half dozen great names now treasured there—how much above the rabble of gentlemen, who, because they wrote with ease rhymes without poetry, or prose without a thought, have been embalmed among poets and philosophers—how much more useful in her generation than many of the second rate or fifth rate soldiers or sailors there admitted! It is a queer world in which we live, when the greatest genius that ever graced a difficult intellectual pursuit, a lady admitted on all hands to be supereminent in her line, is considered as unworthy of a place in a church where stands a statue of Francis Horner, a sterile brained writer of quackery in forgotten reviews. Nobody objects to honouring the political economist, who drugged the readers of the *Edinburgh Review* with narcotical essays upon currency—it is a question whether a similar compliment should be paid to her on whose tongue thousands hung enchanted, and who impressed the divinest of poetry on the souls of a nation. It seems as if it were considered a more glorious feat to compose a report for a blundering Bullion Committee, whose names are already consigned to oblivion, than to be the inspired living commentator on Shakspeare, and to represent the creations of the mind of him who

" Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new,"

with genius fully responsive to his own.

But so it is. No honour, however, will be lost to Mrs. Siddons. The fame of a player is the most transitory, and succeeding generations must take her fame upon trust from us, who are now the rapidly declining number of her contemporaries. But it will survive, as Garrick's has survived, without being diminished in the slightest, because she lies in an obscure churchyard in Paddington, instead of a marble sepulchre in Westminster Abbey.